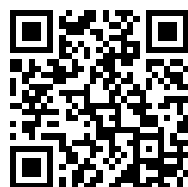
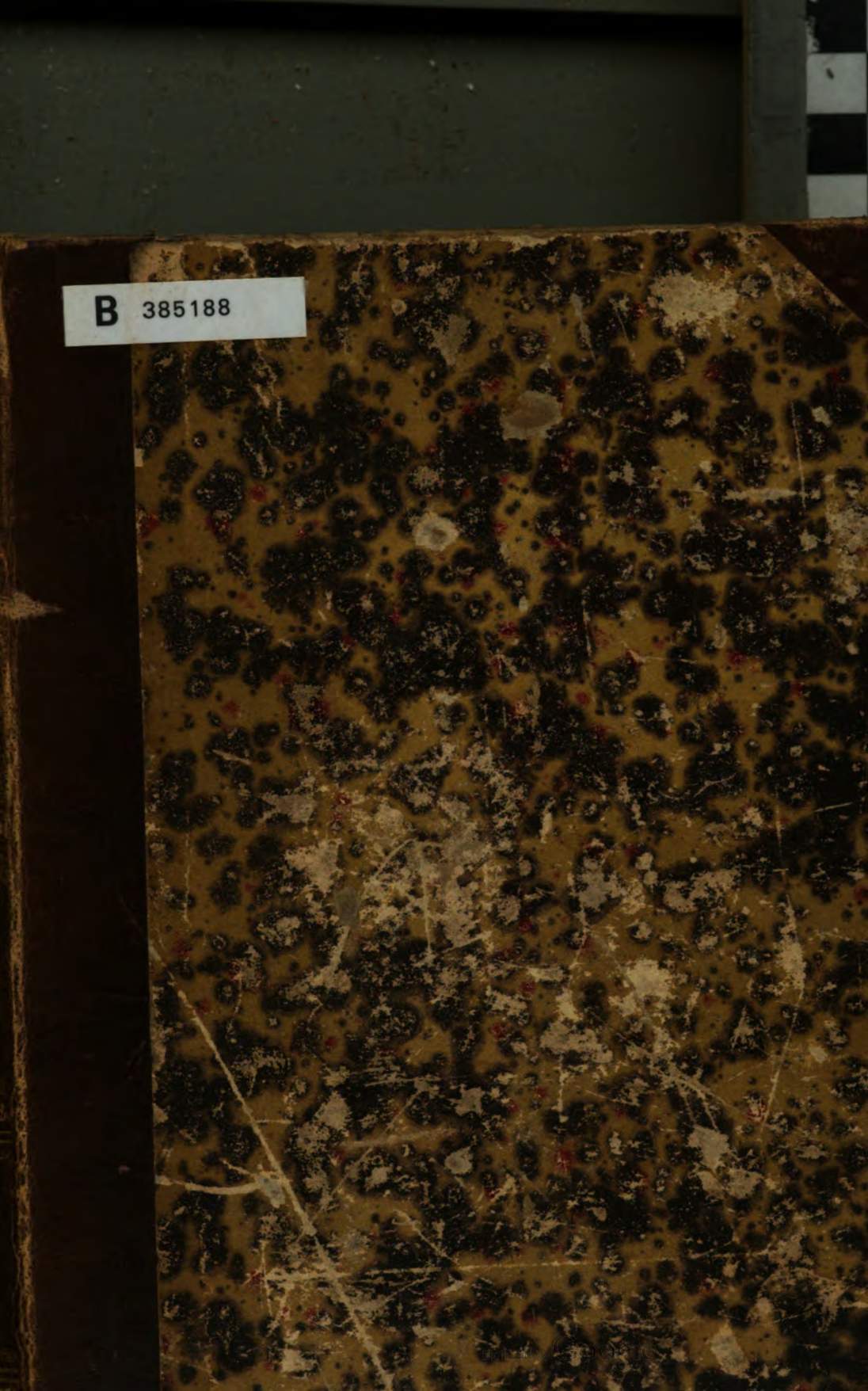

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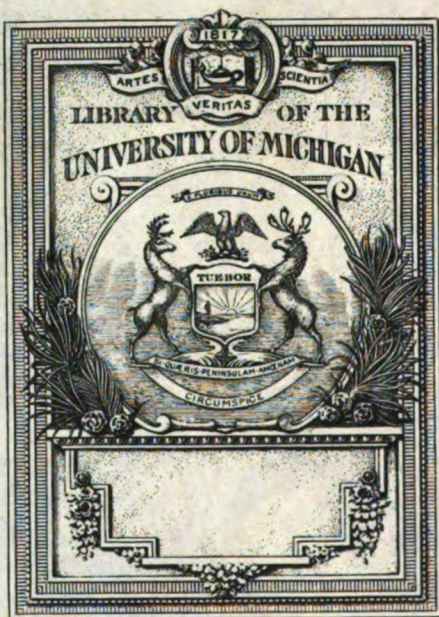
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Illustration of a young girl standing on a path in a garden, looking up at the sky.

COBWEBB.

The young girl, in her garden.

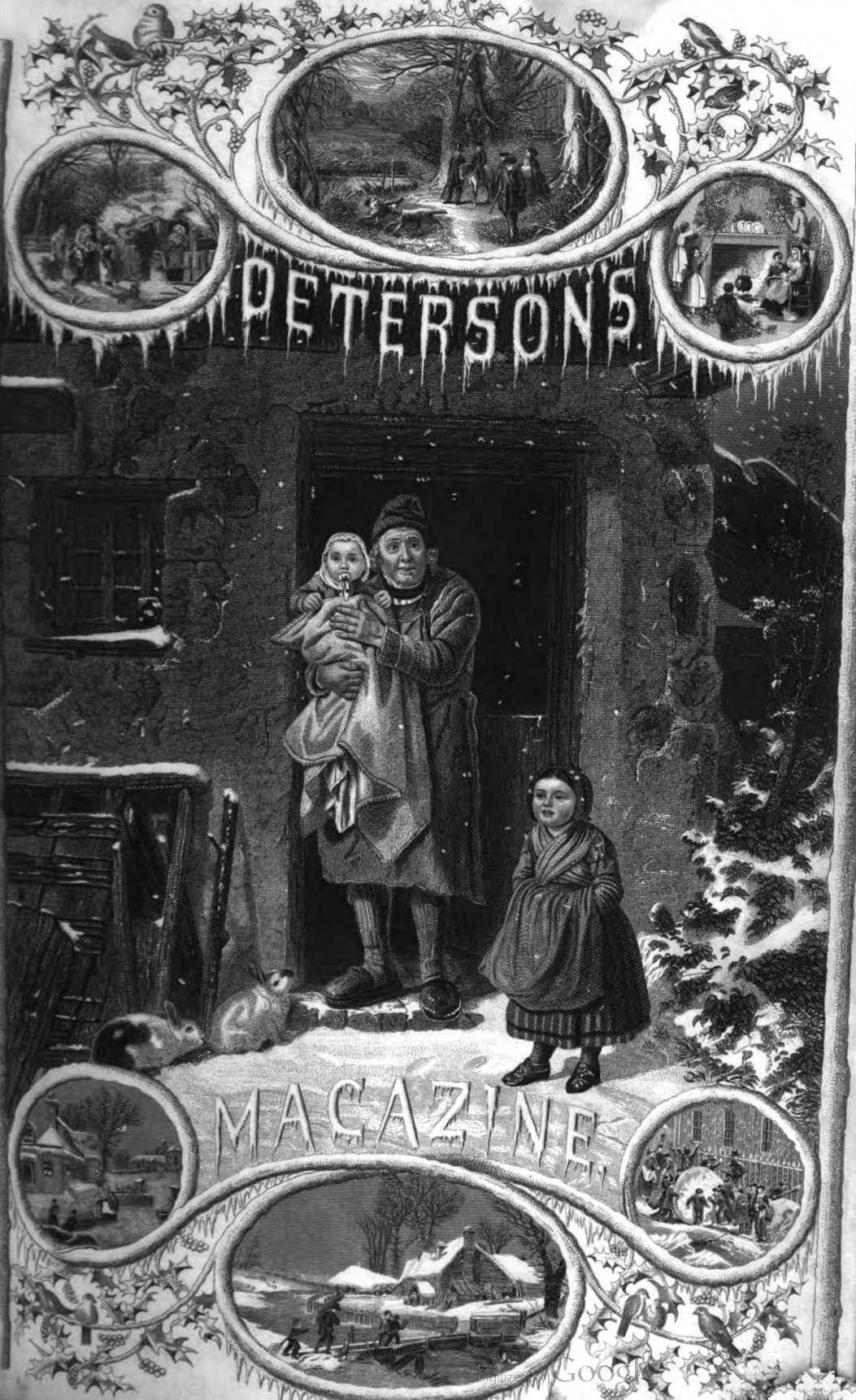
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Fashions for February, colored.
Christ Blessing Little Children.
Fashions for March, colored.
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Fashions for April, colored.

Heart Confessions.
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June Roses.
Fashions for June, colored.

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MUSIC.

Zouaves' Quick Step.
"I'm Waiting, Love, I'm Waiting."
The Heath Polka.
Rochester Schottische.
Tic-Tac Polka.
The Triumphant Polka.



Drawn by John David

Engraved & Printed by William Parr

CAUGHT IN THE SNOW.







WORK-BAG OR CHAIR-SEAT: PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, JANUARY, 1861.







THE FIRST ICE OF THE SEASON.



THE VIRGINIA MANTLE.



THE GARIBALDI ZOUAVE.



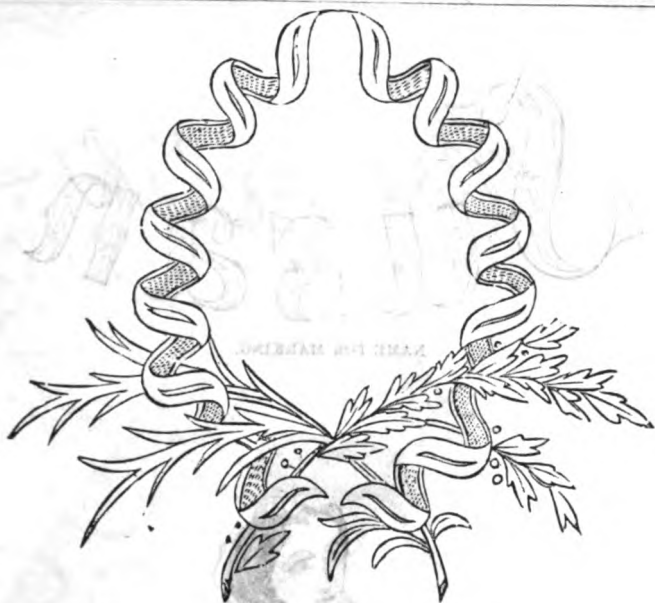
THE HENRI QUATRE CLOAK.

Chiffonette

NAME FOR MARKING.



THE LOUIS QUINZE.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



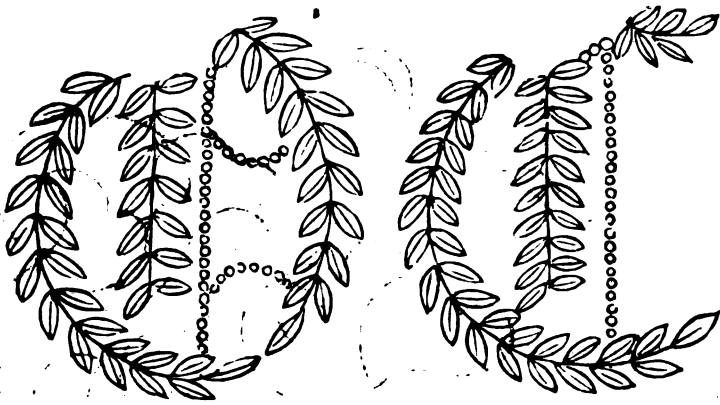
CHILDREN'S WINTER FASHIONS.

Susan

NAME FOR MARKING.



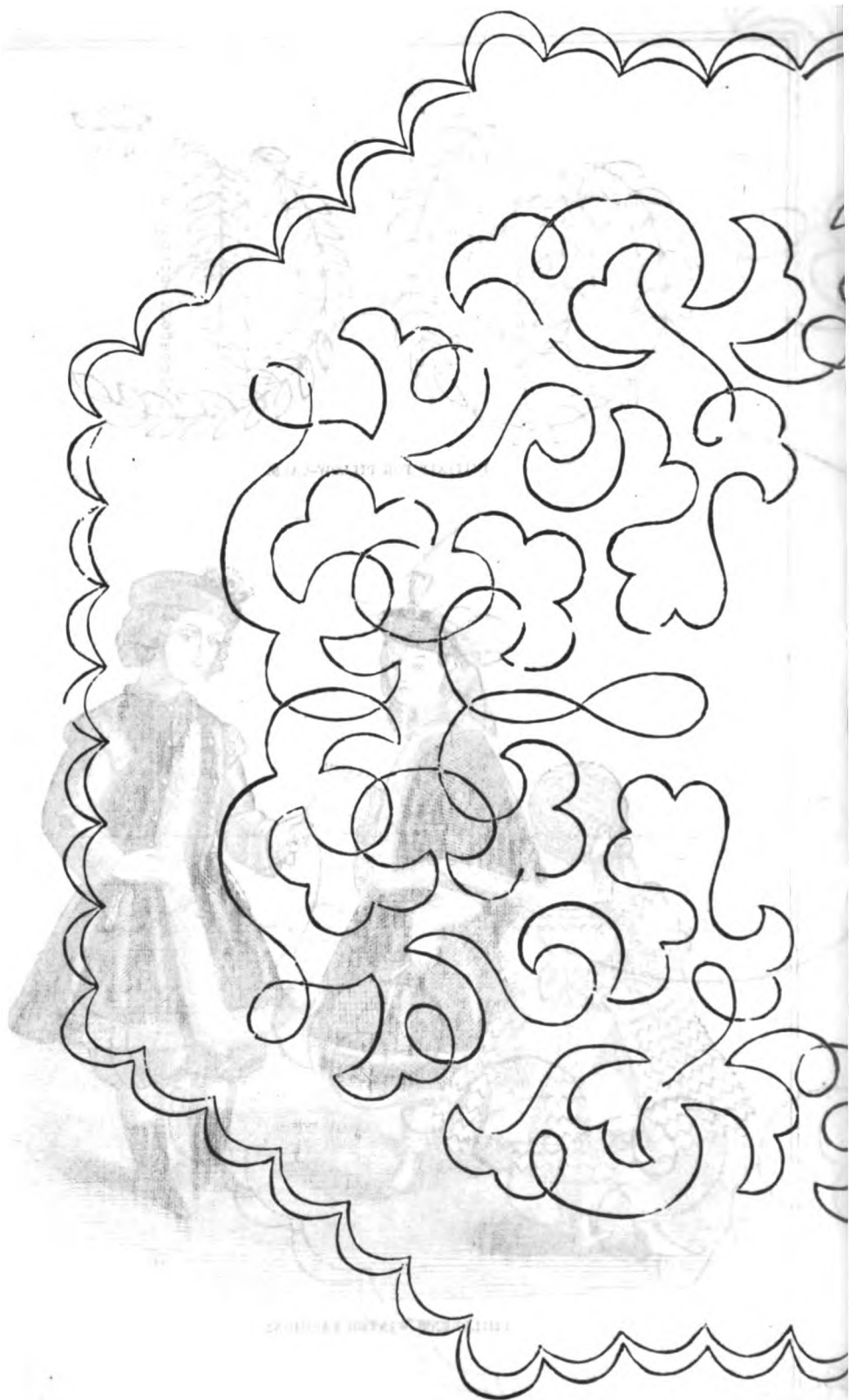
THE GIRDLE DRESS.

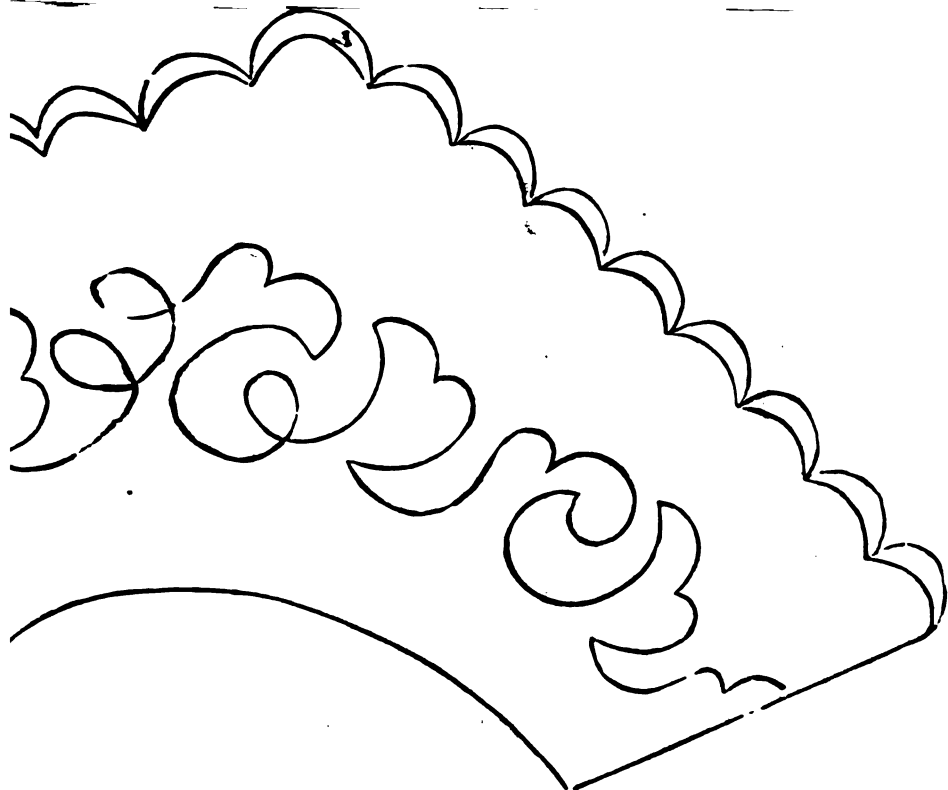


INITIALS FOR PILLOW-CASE.



CHILDREN'S WINTER FASHIONS.







LADY'S DRAWERS.



CHEMISE.



LADY'S VEST.



INFANT'S FROCK.



APRON.





PATTERN FOR MORNING DRESS IN SILK EMBROIDERY.

ROUAGES QUICXES.

ARRANGED BY SEP. WINNER.

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First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The piece is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *f* (forte). The word *crés.* (crescendo) is marked above the staff.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It includes a *Repeat 8va.* instruction. Dynamics include *p*, *mf*, and *mf*.

Third system of musical notation, concluding the piece. Dynamics include *p*, *mf*, and *f*. The word *crés.* is marked above the staff.

First system of a musical score. It consists of two staves. The left staff is in treble clef and the right staff is in bass clef. The music features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are several dynamic markings: *ff* (fortissimo) at the beginning, *p* (piano) in the middle, and *f* (forte) towards the end. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Second system of the musical score. It continues the two-staff format. The notation includes complex rhythmic patterns with many beamed notes. Dynamic markings include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *f* (forte). The system ends with a double bar line.

Third system of the musical score. It begins with the marking *Dolce.* (Dolce) above the first staff. The system includes a *p* (piano) marking. The notation features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line and the marking *D.C.* (Da Capo) above the staff.



THE FIFTH AVENUE PALETOT.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIX.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1861.

No. 1.

CAUGHT IN THE SNOW.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

THE dining-room in the house of a New York family of wealth, position, and refinement, is one of the pleasantest places to be found at ten o'clock in the morning of a winter day; and the cosiest dining-room "up town" was that belonging to the residence of Elliott Brooks, Esq., whose very name was uttered with awe by those who were fortunate enough to approach even the outer edge of "society."

The clock had struck ten, and the elegant breakfast-service glittered on the table; but the only occupant of the room was a young lady who sat curled up, school girl fashion, with one foot under her, in a capacious stuffed chair that seemed to have been built for the accommodation of a small family. The foot that peeped forth from her dress was pretty, of course—for who would dare to write of a heroine with an ugly foot?) and the blue trimming of the slipper exactly matched the peculiar shade of her soft merino dress, which parted in front to display the snowy skirt with its delicate tucks and embroidery.

Carrie Hillsbury was a living illustration of the assertion made by somebody somewhere, that "the American girl at eighteen is the loveliest of human beings;" she was a dainty-looking piece, all smiles and dimples—with lovely, violet-colored eyes, and rich brown hair, that waved back from a low, wide brow, and had a look of being carelessly tucked behind the little, shell-like ears. The rich bloom upon her cheek spoke of unbroken health, and the bright expression of her face told of a cloudless life.

This expression dimpled into the sauciest smile imaginable when a tall, spare, rather forbidding-looking gentleman entered the room; to whom she said,

"Uncle Elliott, how *can* you be so lazy? I am as hungry as two bears waiting for you! I have been up these three hours past."

A very stout, dignified lady entered just in time to hear this last remark; and with a smile that was habitual, she replied,

"When you have passed a little time in society, my love, you will get over this old-fashioned habit of early rising. You are now fresh from a country boarding-school, where your father *would* send you in spite of my opposition."

"I am very glad that he did send me there," said Carrie, in a manner that plainly showed she did not lack determination; "my school days at Putnam have been the happiest ones of my life."

"You are not *over* fifty, are you, my dear?" asked Mrs. Brooks, with an amiable smile.

"I shall never like this horrid New York," continued the young girl, with a pout; "no one appears to have any feeling here—and if you could only have seen the woods at Putnam, aunt Eleanor, when I left there in October—such gorgeous colors, and the delicious fragrance of the dying leaves! Nothing has half so sweet a sound to me as the autumn wind rushing through the trees. Do you remember those beautiful lines in 'Christian Ballads'?"

"And I heard the gales, through the wildwood aisles,
Like the Lord's own organ blow."

"Shall I send you a piece of beefsteak?" asked Mr. Brooks, for during the progress of the conversation the party had taken their seats at the breakfast-table.

Carrie's face dimpled at the malapropos question; but her uncle saw no occasion for smiling, and had long ago come to the conclusion that girls were always giggling.

"When have you heard from your father?" asked Mr. Brooks, solemnly.

"I had a letter yesterday, sir," was the reply, "he is at Rome now, enjoying his trip very much. He desired to be remembered to you."

Mr. Brooks bowed gravely, and addressed himself to his breakfast and his newspaper.

Fifteen years ago, Mr. Hilsbury, then a young man, had been left a widower, with a child of three years old; and having what his sister Eleanor called ridiculous, old-fashioned notions, the little girl was placed with her mother's sister in the country—until, on the death of her aunt, she was removed to Miss Blidgeham's school at Putnam. In vain Mrs. Brooks advocated the finish of Madame D'Olsey—Mr. Hilsbury preferred country air and sound morals; and his sister's only consolation was to provide the child with a Parisian wardrobe, and cloud the vacations, which were spent at her uncle's, with numerous visits to the dentist's, hair-dresser's and dress-maker's, and lecture her continually on her mode of standing, walking, and sitting.

When the October vacation began, Miss Hilsbury was "finished;" there was no keeping her at school any longer, much to Carrie's sorrow, for her vacation impressions of New York had been by no means favorable. Mr. Hilsbury, who was a man of wealth and leisure, spent a great deal of his time in traveling—now and then making flying visits to New York to see his child; and Carrie felt that her acquaintance with her father was very slight. Now, however, he wrote of coming home very soon to stay; and Carrie loved to dwell on those portions of his letters descriptive of the home of which she was to be the mistress, and the beautiful things that were to be brought from abroad for its adornment.

While Mr. Brooks was busy with his paper, his niece read Mrs. Brooks various extracts from her father's last letter.

"Won't it be delightful, aunt Eleanor?" asked the young girl, enthusiastically, "I shall take such pride in managing papa's house properly—and Miss Blidgeham, you know, used often to let me go into the kitchen and make cake."

Mrs. Brooks smiled benevolently.

"Some one else may require a housekeeper," said she, "before your father returns."

"What do you mean, aunt Eleanor?" asked Carrie, in some perplexity.

"I mean," replied her aunt, "that girls sometimes get married."

"I have no idea of doing so," said Carrie, while a bright, indignant color blazed on her cheek, "there is no one in New York worth marrying."

"You have not seen all New York yet," replied Mrs. Brooks, composedly; "there is one 'bright, particular star,' who is to make his

appearance here on New-Year's Day for your express benefit."

"Aunt Eleanor," exclaimed Carrie, warmly, "if there is anything that I perfectly detest, it is New-Year's Day in New York! I had a taste of it last year, you know, although I was not exactly 'out.' Sensible men appear like fools, and foolish ones seem still more silly. I am sure I told you of my intended visit to Grace Upland, to get rid of that very institution! Grace was one of my warmest friends at Putnam; and she has replied to my letter in the greatest delight at having me with her again."

"This is really absurd!" replied her aunt, "you are a young lady, now—quite old enough to see something of the world; and Eustace Gilsford, the gentleman of whom I spoke, is not one who goes everywhere. I am not at all sure, yet, of his coming—but Mr. Dillman said that he would try his best to bring him. He is the greatest catch in New York—all the girls are crazy after him, and such a match as that would be something worth making."

"I do not wish to make any match at all," said Carrie, proudly, "but if I ever do marry, it will not be a spoiled, city dandy. This Mr. Gilsford is just the kind of person whom I could hate cordially—and I shall spend New-Year's Day with Grace if only to get rid of him."

Mrs. Brooks' angry disappointment was too deep for words; and she knew that words would be of no avail, for Carrie had unlimited authority from her father to do as she pleased.

Although the entree of the Brooks' Mansion was considered very desirable, it was also regarded as rather formal at dinner-parties and like occasions, for there were no young daughters to give it a cheerful air; and Mrs. Brooks, quite sensible of this want, had hailed the arrival of her pretty young niece, the acknowledged heiress of a wealthy father, with great satisfaction. "My niece, Miss Hilsbury," was seldom off her lips; and although Carrie was just from school, she considered it her duty to get her married as speedily as possible. But Miss Carrie did not prove a very tractable subject; the life of a New York young lady appeared to her a very unmeaning and unpleasant phase of existence, and she looked back to dear old Putnam with regret and longing.

On the day appointed, which was two or three days before the New-Year opened, Carrie turned her back upon New York, much to her aunt's dissatisfaction, and resolutely set her face Putnam-ward. The journey was delightful and exhilarating, even on that cold, December day; and the old red stage at the railroad depot, with

its impracticable step and rickety gait, was a pleasant sight.

Grace Upland was the only child of a well-meaning, middle-aged couple, who lived in one of the best houses in Putnam, and were very comfortably off. Grace was a delicate-looking little snow-drop of a thing, whose refined face and manner seemed strangely at variance with her country associations. Her prevailing characteristic was an intense admiration for Carrie Hillsbury; this amounted to a perfect passion, and everything that Carrie said, did, or looked, was, in her friend's eyes, the very perfection of grace and beauty. It was extremely agreeable to be regarded so partially; and Carrie knew that a visit to Putnam would be a very agreeable thing.

The first meeting between the friends was, of course, indescribable—the talkings were interminable, and the embracings rapturous. Carrie declared that dear old Putnam was just the same as ever; to which Grace assented with a sigh, for she would have liked more gayety.

Even the tallow candle that lighted them to bed was pleasantly suggestive to the city visitor; and the old-fashioned clock in the hall came in for a large share of enthusiasm. The great, high-posted bedstead, in which three or four might have slept without touching each other—the tall wardrobe to match—and the funny, little, three-cornered toilet-table, were all old friends; and as the wood blazed and crackled in the fire-place, while the wind kept up a constant song without, Carrie thought how much pleasanter it was than being at uncle Elliott's—although city people generally would have considered it an unpromising season to make a visit in the country.

Mrs. Upland, who had one of those sweet, placid faces that never seem to be ruffled, came in, as usual, to air the night-clothing at the fire, and offer the guest a light, but wholesome repast of mince-pie and doughnuts before retiring, which offer was laughingly declined.

Carrie went to sleep with Grace's hand tightly locked in hers—wishing, not for the first time, that she had a sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Upland appeared to think that their whole duty consisted in promoting the happiness of “the girls,” and kinder or more attentive entertainers it was impossible to find. Grace was delighted to have her friend with her, but she could not help wondering how Carrie could leave the city in the midst of the winter gayeties, which appeared to her so irresistibly fascinating.

Every one said that Carrie, with her bright

bloom and look of perfect health, was far more like a country girl than Grace; and, as far as their natures were concerned, their positions should have been reversed—for all that Grace appeared so gentle and retiring. Carrie did not scruple to call her friend a rank coward; and many a laugh did she have at her weakness. Grace jumped at the sight of cows, shrieked at strange dogs, and was indescribably wretched at the idea of passing a stray man in the road. This cowardice afforded Carrie an endless subject of amusement; and her rosy, dimpled face, that grew still brighter in the keen winter air, was a picture that continually changed its beauty.

On New-Year's Day, Carrie proposed a long walk; but it was sometime before she could coax Grace from the warm fire in the parlor. The sky was lead-colored, and the air raw and piercing.

“It looks just like snow,” said Grace, shivering, “I am afraid that we shall be caught in a storm.”

“Well,” replied Carrie, laughing, “we are neither sugar nor salt, Gracie, and I perfectly dote upon storms. I hope that we *shall* be caught in one—but I am afraid there is no such good luck in store for us, as I have just discovered enough blue sky to make the ‘Dutch sailor,’ who is supposed to rule storms, a pair of pantaloons. Come, here are your furs and things—let us be off.”

Two prettier creatures had never perambulated the vicinity of Putnam than Grace and Carrie in their winter costume. Of course, the intense, mystical sort of friendship that exists between school girls required that they should dress exactly alike—that is, as much alike as Grace's dependance upon the less skillful country dress-maker and milliner permitted; and the jaunty little hats, with bows and plumes—the stylish dresses, with deep capes to match—the diminutive muffs, and inevitable Balmorals—and the kid boots with astonishing heels, for neither of the damsels was as tall as she aspired to be, were pronounced by Melinda, “the kitchen girl,” to be as much alike as two peas—although two peas are often widely different.

Grace's especial pet, a ridiculous little dog, mis-named “Beauty,” was of the party; and he trotted along, apparently executing the most difficult manœuvres to put himself in the way. This was almost the only living creature of which Grace was not afraid; and although Carrie could not bestow much affection on the absurd, little object, she tolerated him to encourage her friend.

Grace complained bitterly of the cold, and wished herself back by the comfortable fire; but Carrie pronounced it "splendid," and ran down the hills, and climbed over the fences in such exhilaration of spirits that it almost wearied Grace to look at her.

At last, it began to snow—great, thick flakes that nearly blinded them; and they hastily retraced their steps, although Carrie protested that she should like nothing better than to remain out-of-doors, and said that she perfectly longed for some kind of an adventure.

They were just passing the edge of a piece of woods, where the thick, gnarled trees spread their branches over the road, and Grace whispered, with a shudder, that a murder had once been committed there—when Beauty suddenly gave a startling, terrific sort of bark, and Grace exclaimed, in a terrified voice,

"There's a *man*!"

Such objects were scarce in Putnam, and Carrie turned to survey the singular creature.

At this moment there was a flash—a report—and the two girls sank to the ground insensible.

A man who was driving a hay-wagon at a little distance came to their aid; but he of the gun had made his escape. It was very soon discovered that Grace was uninjured, beyond a severe fright; but Carrie's arm was the recipient of some small shot that was anything but agreeable. She was a brave little creature, and bore up well under the pain and terror; but the indignation of Mrs. Upland was beyond all expression.

Carrie was immediately deposited in the softest of beds in the state bed-room—which was a more honorable lodging, to be sure, but not half so easy or familiar as the room that had been shared with Grace; and the country doctor, who talked through his nose, and under the additional disadvantage of a chronic quid of tobacco—but who, nevertheless, understood his business—took the arm in hand with the greatest alacrity, for such jobs were unusual windfalls.

Mr. Upland was justice of the peace; and having indignantly talked the matter over, he came to the conclusion that it was an outrageous piece of business—as useless and unprovoked a cruelty as shooting canary birds—and that "the man *ought* to be punished, there were no two ways about it." But as the man had run away, this was not an easy matter.

Carrie would not allow them to alarm her aunt and uncle; the arm was doing very well, and there was no need of sending for Mrs. Brooks, who was all flutter and excitement in a sick-room, and of no manner of use except to

sail around and look grand. Grace's loving care was much preferable, except that she had a nervous way of bursting into tears whenever she looked at the injured arm; and Mrs. Upland treated Carrie, as tender-hearted people are apt to treat sick ones, as though she had been a child of five years old.

"What sort of looking creature *was* the man, Gracie?" asked the sufferer, with the natural curiosity of girls of eighteen.

"Oh! a horrid-looking object!" replied Grace, shuddering, "I can't bear to speak of him!"

"Was he old or young?" persisted Carrie, in spite of this remark.

"I cannot tell," replied Grace, "all that I know about him is, that he looked just like a murderer."

"I can't imagine what he shot me for," continued Carrie.

"Natural ugliness, I guess," observed Mrs. Upland, "some people are so hateful that they'll attack any one who comes along. I remember my uncle Joshua, who had a terrible temper—"

At this juncture, Melinda called Mrs. Upland out of the room, and Carrie lost the account of uncle Joshua's evil doings.

Mrs. Upland staid down stairs sometime; and when she returned, her face wore an expression of intense astonishment.

"The murderer is here," said she, quite oblivious of the fact that Carrie was alive and flourishing, "and wants to see you. He declares it was all an accident—but I don't believe him."

"Poor man!" said Carrie, pityingly, "I dare say he has been unhappy ever since. What does he look like?"

"I don't like his looks," replied Mrs. Upland; but as this was rather indefinite, Carrie concluded to see for herself.

She was lying on the sofa, in the prettiest of white dressing-gowns, while a broad, blue ribbon supported the injured arm; and although the rich bloom on her cheek was considerably dimmed, she seemed to look all the more lovely. A mass of tangled-looking curls were floating over the pillow on which she leaned, because Grace, who now took Carrie's toilet entirely upon herself, declared that they looked picturesque. She expected to see a clumsy countryman, who would stammer out his regrets in the most awkward manner; and she resolved to be as kind to the poor man as possible.

Mrs. Upland entered the room with a severe air, rather timidly followed by a tall, elegant-looking man, of about twenty-five, with dark, expressive eyes, and a slight moustache. He

appeared spell-bound at the vision of beauty that met his sight; and the color returned suddenly to Carrie's cheek beneath the admiring gaze that rested on her. She saw tears, too, in the eyes that were bent upon her; and there is no withholding the sight of tears in a man. The stranger's cause was pleaded before he had opened his lips; and Carrie was almost ready to say, "You may shoot me as much as you please, if it will be any comfort to you."

The gentleman approached the couch in a reverential manner, as he said, "I feel your kindness very deeply, Miss Hilsbury, in granting this interview to a person who has caused you so much suffering—but I need not say how unintentional it was on my part, although I shall never cease to deplore my clumsiness."

Carrie murmured something that sounded like consolation; and the stranger continued,

"I had gone out to shoot partridges, and, happening to stand on the outskirts of the wood as you passed, I was naturally surprised at such a vision in a lonely country place. The sudden barking of the dog startled me—and, before I knew what had happened, my gun went off, and you were both lying on the ground. I am visiting a friend, whose country-seat is a short distance from the village; and, not knowing how much mischief I had done, I started for his dwelling to procure proper assistance—but when I returned, there were no traces of my victims. As soon as I could discover your name and residence, I hastened to report myself; and I am very glad indeed to find that the injury is less than I expected—although quite enough to cause me life-long remorse."

The gentleman expressed himself very fluently, but his concern at what he termed "his unpardonable carelessness," was painful to witness; and Carrie hastened to assure him that her arm was scarcely troublesome at all, and that it was rather pleasant than otherwise to be just sick enough to be waited on.

"Your kindness only makes me more uncomfortable," replied the stranger, "and if you can make me useful in any way, I shall feel very grateful."

Carrie thanked him with a sweet smile, as she replied that she was already overwhelmed with attention; and Grace, who had hitherto remained in a state of silent admiration, declared that the accident was all Beauty's fault for barking in such an unwarrantable manner. She was rewarded with a bow and smile that quite disturbed her serenity; and she almost wished that it had been she, instead of Carrie, who was wounded.

Although disposed to prolong the visit indefinitely, the gentleman was fully aware that a long stay, under the circumstances, would be intrusive; but, as he took his departure, he requested permission to call occasionally and inquire as to the progress of his victim, which could not reasonably be refused.

"Gracie!" exclaimed Carrie, as soon as the door had closed upon the visitor, "you are the most stupid child I ever saw! (Carrie was five months the eldest.) The idea of calling that splendid man a horrid creature, and saying that he looked just like a murderer!"

"Well, I was so frightened," pleaded Grace, "that I could not see him well—and besides, he had a hideous fur cap on his head—that always makes people look ferocious. I shouldn't say that *now*. How very different he is from our few distressed beaux!"

"What did he say his name was?" asked Carrie.

"I don't know," replied Grace, rather bewildered, "I don't think I heard it."

Mrs. Upland and Melinda were both questioned; but, as no one could recollect his name, Melinda said that "she guessed it was French."

That very afternoon, a huge, pyramidal bouquet of fragrant exotics, and a basket of hot-house grapes, were sent to "Miss Hilsbury," who had little difficulty in guessing the donor; and Grace, who was addicted to novels, declared, with a sigh, that it began to look very romantic. Poor Grace! this was the very hero for whom she had been waiting ever since she was fifteen; and now that he had come, it seemed hard that he should be at once appropriated by her friend.

The gentleman made his appearance again the next day; and Carrie's eye and cheek gave token of her pleasure at his coming. He had brought with him a box of rare mosaics for the young ladies' amusement; and from the pocket of his overcoat was produced a volume of Lowell.

"Have you ever read the 'Vision of Sir Launfal?'" said he. "If you have not, perhaps you will permit me to read it to you."

"I have read it," replied Carrie, "but not lately—I should like very much to hear it again. I always meant to learn that description of a day in June."

Grace was perfectly spell-bound by the stranger's voice; it was what novelists call "thrilling," and every syllable was distinctly uttered. "The Vision of Sir Launfal," beautiful as it is, gained new beauty from such reading; and the girls were almost ready to sob at the conclusion.

The visitor seemed perfectly to understand

the art of departing while the pleasure derived from his presence was at its height, so he rose and left.

"What is his name?" asked Carrie again.

"I have not the least idea," replied Grace, "I never thought of it."

No one in the house was any wiser.

"I hope that his first name is Horace, or something like that," observed Grace.

"I don't," replied Carrie; "Philip would suit him a great deal better—it is so strong and manly."

"I'll get his name out of him the very next time that he comes," said Melinda, with great determination.

On his next visit the gentleman was taken into the parlor; and as Melinda turned to go up stairs, she said very naturally, "What name shall I take up?"

"Tell the ladies that it is the gentleman who was here yesterday," replied the visitor.

Melinda was completely baffled, and gave it as her opinion that the gentleman had some horrid name that he was ashamed of.

Carrie had no idea that a convalescence could be so pleasant; and she dreaded getting perfectly well, because that implied returning to New York Flowers, and fruit, and books were arriving daily; and the gentleman without a name appeared to be unhappy unless he was doing something to show his regret for what had happened.

The days seemed to fly; but at last, there came a letter from Mrs. Brooks, with the announcement that the steamer in which Mr. Hilsbury had sailed was expected daily. Of course, Carrie prepared for an immediate departure; much to Grace's regret, for more reasons than one.

The gentleman, whose name by some strange fatality had never been discovered, whispered, as he assisted the young lady into the carriage, "We shall meet again in the city."

Carrie was folded in her father's arms as soon as she arrived; and when she was sufficiently at her ease to examine him, she found that her papa was one of the most elegant-looking men she had ever seen, scarcely excepting her Putnam acquaintance, and so youthful in appearance, that she almost wondered if he would like to have such a great girl calling him father.

But this feeling was soon dissipated by Mr. Hilsbury's affectionate manner. He repeated the word "daughter" as though he loved to dwell upon it, and would scarcely permit Carrie to leave his sight.

All was bustle and confusion during the days

that succeeded before they were settled in their own house. Numerous boxes had accompanied Mr. Hilsbury, and the beautiful things that they contained were sufficient to elate any ordinary girl of eighteen; but Mrs. Brooks noticed, with surprise, that Carrie was by no means the same that she had been before that visit to Putnam. There was something at the bottom of this that was yet to be explained; for Carrie's enthusiasm about a home appeared to have subsided, and all the preparations into which her father entered with such zest were rather tolerated than participated in.

About a week after Carrie's return, she entered the drawing-room, one evening, in a listless frame of mind; and seeing her aunt in conversation with a gentleman was about to withdraw—but Mrs. Brooks detained her by saying,

"Carrie, my love, let me introduce Mr. Gilsford—my niece, Miss Hilsbury."

"My niece, Miss Hilsbury," stood, with crimson cheeks, quite unable to do anything that was expected of her, and Mr. Gilsford murmured something about having had the pleasure of meeting Miss Hilsbury before; but Mrs. Brooks was completely puzzled, and her manner plainly demanded an explanation.

"Has not Miss Hilsbury mentioned to you the accident she met with at Putnam?" asked Mr. Gilsford, in some surprise.

"No," replied Mrs. Brooks, with an injured air, "I have heard of no accident whatever."

"I had the misfortune to shoot the young lady on New-Year's Day," continued Mr. Gilsford, "and her magnanimity now is just what it was then."

Mrs. Brooks was shocked beyond all expression. "Carrie hurt, and she not informed of it! How very incomprehensible!" And Carrie had considerable trouble in soothing down her wounded feelings.

But Mr. Gilsford, "asked Mrs. Brooks, "what took you to such a place as Putnam on New-Year's Day, of all days in the year?"

"Because I detest New-Year's Day in the city," replied Mr. Gilsford, "and my friend, Mr. Raynor, being of the same mind, we betook ourselves to his father's country-seat, which had been abandoned to the servants—and there we enjoyed ourselves finely until the unlucky *contretemps* which has given me cause both for regret and pleasure."

Carrie saw a smile hovering around her aunt's mouth during the whole evening; and when they separated for the night, Mrs. Brooks' parting embrace was more than usually affectionate.

Carrie's thoughts on the road to bed all centred in one subject; and that was that the hero of Putnam should actually be the Mr. Gilsford who had partly driven her off! It was very queer certainly, and decidedly provoking. She had no idea that there could be so much to admire in "a great catch."

A pretty English basement house, neither inordinately large nor inconveniently small, and *not* on Fifth avenue, was purchased at once by Mr. Hilsbury; and in a very short time, the father and daughter were settled in their new abode. It was delightfully comfortable-looking; and all the arrangements were such as could only proceed from a refined taste. Carrie felt somewhat guilty when she heard her father say that everything had been selected with a view to *her* comfort and pleasure; but it was not long before Mr. Hilsbury began to suspect that there was a conspiracy afloat to deprive him of his housekeeper.

Poor Grace was quite wretched, for Putnam now seemed duller than ever; and she wrote her friend such a moving letter, that Carrie at once asked permission to invite her to the city. Mr. Hilsbury granted a ready consent; and Grace was speedily transferred from Putnam to New York.

She pronounced Carrie's home a perfect paradise; and testified such respectful admiration of Mr. Hilsbury's taste and acquirements, that she was at once established in his good graces. Her visit was indefinitely prolonged; the father and mother at Putnam feeling quite satisfied that their darling was enjoying herself—and Mr.

Hilsbury was glad to have a companion for his daughter, and not at all displeased at the deferential attention with which he was always listened to by his young guest.

The only satisfaction that was received from Mr. Gilsford respecting his concealment of his name, was that, at first, he felt ashamed to have it known—and afterward, he became curious to see how long it could be withheld. Grace had quite recovered from her *penchant* for her friend's lover, and came to the conclusion that her proper *beau-ideal* was a man whom she could look up to. There was such a tone of fatherly kindness mingled with Mr. Hilsbury's politeness that she was perfectly charmed; and, before long, she began to regard him as the incarnation of all excellence.

Mr. and Mrs. Upland, however, were considerably surprised when they heard that Grace had been invited to fill the place which Carrie was about to vacate, and that she was willing to accept it; but when they knew Mr. Hilsbury, they did not so much wonder at it. Carrie approved of her father's choice; for she knew that, while Grace would be petted and indulged like a favorite child, the young girl's natural dignity would aid her to fulfill properly her duties as mistress of such an establishment. Mr. Hilsbury said laughingly that Grace quietly slid into his heart when nothing was farther from his thoughts; and as Carrie was ungratefully leaving him, he thought it would be a pleasant thing to have a young wife to lecture.

And so, upon the whole, a great deal came of being CAUGHT IN THE SNOW.

THE PICTURES ON THE WALL.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

A YEAR its vigil hours had kept
Since in her youth and pride
An earl's sweet wife unconscious slept,
Death's cold but peerless bride;
And now her child, with heavy heart,
Trod her ancestral halls;
She sought a face that smiled apart
From pictures on the walls.

How dear the glance that speaking fell
Soft answering to her own!
How eloquent the silent spell
O'er that mute canvas thrown!
She thought how oft that silvery tongue
Had held a witching thrall—
Ah! many a heart before they hung
Her picture on the wall.

She well remembers how in state
Her lady-mother slept,
While fond friends mourned her early fate,
And strong men bowed and wept;
She sees again in fancy stand
The limner, proud and tall,
As springs to life beneath his hand
That picture on the wall.

Those pictures! oh! 'tis sweet to know,
Though dead, they answer yet:
Sweet to possess through weal and woe
The forms she might forget;
And every day as soft she sings
Where joy or duty calls,
She treasures as most holy things
The pictures on the walls.

"COBWEBS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS. SMITH'S PARTY."

"Hist! look there."

The speaker was one of two young men, who had come up to the mountains, on a pedestrian and sketching expedition, from Philadelphia. As he spoke, he laid his hand on his companion's arm.

The person he addressed, looked and saw a little girl, about ten years old, advancing along an old blackberry path. She was brown as a berry, from exposure to the sun; and her feet and arms were bare; but there was a grace about her, as she came tripping forward, that a princess might have envied.

Just in front of her, a spider had spun his trap across the path, and, as the young man spoke, she slightly stooped her head, and raising her hands, pushed the cobwebs aside. It was this artless, natural movement, which completed the picture.

"I should like to paint her," said he who had spoken.

"What! love at first sight?" answered his companion, laughing. "To think of the fastidious Clarence losing his heart to a sun-burnt fairy. You are eighteen, and she about ten—oh! you can afford to wait."

This conversation had been carried on in whispers. The child, still advancing, had, by this time, come opposite to the two young men. On seeing them, she stopped, and stared curiously at them, as a young deer, that had never been hunted, may be supposed to stop and regard the first stranger that enters the forest. Her bright, speaking face, as she thus stood, gracefully arrested, was not less beautiful, in its way, than her lithe figure.

"My dear," said the last speaker, "would you like to be made into a picture? My friend here is a painter, and will give you a dollar, if you will let him sketch you."

The child looked from the speaker to his friend. Something, in the latter's face, seemed to restore the natural confidence, which the free-and-easy air of the other had, for the moment, shaken. She drew, coyly, up to him, as if for protection.

"I have read of pictures," said she, gazing up into his face, "but never saw one. Is it a real picture of me you will make?"

The artless, appealing manner of the child went to the young man's heart. He would as soon have joined in bantering her as in bantering a sister. He took her hand, as he replied,

"I will make as good a picture of you as I can, if you will let me. A picture like one of these."

And he opened his portfolio, which contained various sketches.

"Oh! how beautiful!" cried the child. It was evident that a new world was opened to her. She gazed, breathlessly, at sketch after sketch, till the last had been examined, and then heaved a deep sigh.

"Please, sir," she said, timidly, at last, "will you give me my picture when you have painted it?"

"No," interposed the other young man, "but we will give you a dollar."

She turned on the speaker, let go the hand she had been holding, and drew herself up with sudden haughtiness.

"I don't want your dollar," she said, with proud delicacy.

She was turning to escape, when the artist, recovering her hand, said, soothingly,

"Never mind him, my dear. I will paint two pictures, and give you one. Come, will that do?"

Reassured, the child took the position indicated to her, and Clarence Harvard, for that was the young artist's name, began rapidly painting. Before noon, two hasty sketches, in oil were finished.

"There," he said, drawing a long breath, "you have been as quiet as a little mouse; and I'm a thousand times obliged to you. Take that home," and he handed her the sketch, "and maybe, some of these days, you'll think of him who gave it to you."

"That I will, all my life long," artlessly said the child, gazing rapturously on her new possession, with an enthusiasm, partly born of the artist-soul within her, and partly the result of a child's pride in what is its own especial property.

"Oh! yes," interposed the other youth, "you'll promise to be his wife, some day, won't you, Miss Cobwebs?"

The child's eyes flashed as she turned on the speaker. Her instinct, from the first, had made her dislike this sneering man. She stamped her pretty foot, and retorted, saucily,

"I'll never be yours, at any rate, you old snapping-turtle," and, as if expecting to have her ears boxed, if caught, she darted away, disappearing, rapidly, down the path whence she had come.

Clarence Harvard broke into a merry laugh, in which, after a moment of anger, his companion joined him.

"You deserved it richly," said Clarence. "It's a capital nickname too. I shall call you nothing else, after this, than Snapping-turtle."

"Hang the jade!" was the reply. "One wouldn't think she was so smart. But what a shrew she'll make! I pity the clod-hopper she marries; she'd hen-peck him out of all peace, and send him to an early grave."

Nothing more was said, for, at that moment, a dinner-horn sounded, and the young men rose to return to the road-side inn, where they had stopped the night before. Their time was limited, and that evening, knapsack on back, they were miles away from the scene of the morning. A week later they were both home in the city, Clarence hard at work perfecting himself in art, and his companion delving at Coke and Blackstone.

Years passed. Clarence Harvard had risen to be an artist of eminence. His pictures were the fashion: he was the fashion himself. Occasionally, as he turned over his older sketches, he would come upon "Cobwebs," as he was accustomed, laughingly, to call the sketch of the child; and then, for a moment, he would wonder what had become of the original; but, except on these rare occasions, he never even thought of her.

Not so with the child herself. Nellie Bray was a poor orphan, the daughter of a decayed gentleman, who, after her father's death, had been adopted by a maternal uncle, living on a wild, upland farm among the Alleghanies. Her childhood, from her earliest recollection, had been spent amid the drudgery of a farm. This rude, but free life had given her the springy step and ruddy cheek, which had attracted the young artist's attention; but it had failed to satisfy the higher aspirations of her nature, aspirations which had been born in her blood, and which came of generations of antecedent culture. The first occasion on which these higher impulses had found congenial food was when she had met the young artist. She carried her sketch home, and would never part

with it. His refined, intellectual face haunted all her day-dreams. From that hour a new element entered into her life: she became conscious that there were other people, beside the dull, plodding ones with whom her lot had been cast; she aspired to rise to the level of such; all her leisure hours were spent in studying; gradually, through her influence, her uncle's household grew more or less refined; and finally, her uncle himself became ambitious for Nelly, and, as he had no children, consented, at his wife's entreaty, to send the young girl to a first-class boarding-school.

At eighteen the bare-footed rustic, whom the young artist had sketched, had dawned into a beautiful and accomplished woman, who, after having carried off the highest prizes at school, was the belle of the county town, near which her uncle's possessions lay. For, meantime, that uncle had been growing rich, like most prudent farmers, partly from the rise in the value of lands, and partly from the judicious investments of his savings.

But in spite of her many suitors, Nelly had never yet seen a face, that appeared to her half so handsome as the manly one of the young artist, whose kind, gentle words and manner, eight years before, had lived in her memory ever since. Often, after a brilliant company, where she had been queen of the evening, she found herself wondering, in her chamber, if she should ever see that face again.

"Are you going to the ball, next week?" said one of Nelly's friends to her. "They say it is to be the most splendid affair we have ever had. My brother tells me that Mr. Mowbray, the eloquent young lawyer from Philadelphia, who is in the great will case here, is to be present."

"I expect to go," was the answer. "But Mr. Mowbray being there won't be the inducement."

"Oh! you are so beautiful, you can afford to be indifferent. But all the other girls are dying at the very thought."

The ball came off, and was really superb. Mr. Mowbray was there, too, with all his laurels. The "great will case," which had agitated the country for so many months, had been concluded that very day, and been decided in favor of his client. No such speech as Mr. Mowbray's, it was universally admitted, had ever been heard in the court-house. Its alternate wit and argument had carried the jury by storm, so that they had given a verdict without leaving the box. The young lawyer, at that ball, was like a hero fresh from the battle-field. A hundred fair eyes followed his form, a hundred fair bosoms beat quicker as he approached. But he saw only

one, in all that brilliant assembly—and it was Nelly. Her graceful form, her intelligent face, her style and beauty, arrested him, the moment he entered: he saw that she had no peer in the room; and he devoted himself to her, almost exclusively, throughout the evening.

Nor had Nelly ever shone so brilliantly. She could not but feel that it was a great compliment, to be thus singled out from among so many. But she had another motive for exerting herself to shine. At the very first glance, she had recognized, in Mr. Mowbray, the companion of the artist who had sketched her eight years back. In hopes to hear something of his friend, she turned the conversation upon art, the city, childhood, and everything else that she thought might be suggestive: but in vain. She could not be more definite, because she wished to conceal her own identity, for it was evident Mr. Mowbray did not know her: besides her natural delicacy shrank from inquiring about a perfect stranger.

The next day, as soon as etiquette allowed, Mr. Mowbray was seen driving up to the farm. Nelly appeared, beautifully attired in a neat morning dress, and looking so fresh and sparkling, in spite of the late hours of the night before, that it could hardly be considered flattery, when her visitor assured her that she looked lovelier than her loveliest roses. Mr. Mowbray was full of regrets at the cruel fate, which, he said, compelled him to return to the city. He could not conceal his joy, when Nelly's aunt, inadvertently, and to Nelly's secret annoyance, let out the fact, that, in the fall, Nelly was to pay a visit to an old school-mate in Philadelphia, Miss May Stanley.

"Ah! indeed," cried the visitor, and his face flushed with pleasure. "I am so delighted. I have the honor to know Miss Stanley. You will be quite at home in her set," he added, bowing to Nelly, "for it is, by common consent, the most cultivated in the city."

Nelly bowed coldly. Her old distrust in the speaker had revived again. Through all the polish of his manner, and in spite of his deferential admiration, she recognized the same sneering spirit, which believed in nothing true or good, from which she had shrunk instinctively when a child. During the interview, she was civil, but no more. She could not, however, avoid being beautiful; nor could she help speaking with the intelligence and spirit which always characterized her conversation: and so Mr. Mowbray went away, more in love than ever.

A few months later found Nelly domiciled, for the winter, in Philadelphia. Hardly had she

changed her traveling dress, when her friend came into her chamber.

"I want you to look your prettiest, to-night," said Miss Stanley, "for I expect a crowd of beaux, and, among them, Mr. Mowbray, the brilliant young lawyer, and Mr. Harvard. The former claims to have met you, and raves everywhere about your beauty. The latter, who is the great artist, and very critical, laughs at his friend's enthusiasm, and says he'd bet you're only a common rustic, with cheeks like peonies. So I wish you to convert the heretic."

"Only a common rustic," said Nelly to herself, haughtily: and she resolved to be as beautiful as possible. Perhaps, too, there was a half-formed resolve to bring the offender to her feet, in revenge.

A great surprise awaited her. When she entered the drawing-room, that evening, the first stranger she saw was the identical Clarence, who had painted her as a bare-footed little girl; and then, for the first time, it flashed upon her that this was the great artist who had spoken so contemptuously of her charms. Her notion proved correct, for Miss Stanley, immediately advancing, presented the stranger to her as Mr. Harvard. A glance into his face reassured Nelly of his identity, and satisfied her that he had not recognized her; and then she turned away, after a haughty courtesy, to receive the eager felicitations of Mr. Mowbray.

There were conflicting feelings at war in her bosom that evening. All her old romance about Clarence was warred upon by her indignation, as a belle, at his slighting remarks and at his present indifference. For he had made no attempt to improve his introduction, but left her entirely to the crowd of other beaux, prominent among whom was Mr. Mowbray. Piqued and excited, Nelly was even more beautiful and witty than usual. Late in the evening, she consented, at Miss Stanley's request, to play and sing. She first dashed off some brilliant waltzes: then played bits of a few operas; and, at last, at Mr. Mowbray's solicitation, sang several ballads. Few persons had such a sympathetic voice, and Clarence, who was passionately fond of music, drew near fascinated. After singing, "And are ye sure the news is true?" "Bonnie Dundee," and others which had been asked for, Clarence said,

"And may I, too, ask for my favorite?"

"Certainly," she answered, with the least bit of hauteur. "What is it?"

"Oh! too sad, perhaps, for so gay a company: 'The Land of the Leal.' I hardly dare hope you'll consent."

It was her favorite also, and her voice slightly trembled, as she began. From this, or some other cause, she sang the words, as even she had never sang them before; and, when she finished, her eyes were full of tears. She would have given much to have seen Clarence's face, but she could not trust herself to look up; and partly to conceal her emotion, partly by a sudden impulse, she struck into the *miserere* of "Il Trovatore." Nobody there had ever before realized the full tragedy of that saddest, yet most beautiful dirge. Even the selfish heart of Mr. Mowbray was affected. When the last chord had died away, he was the first to speak, and was profuse in admiration and thanks. But Clarence said nothing. Nelly, at last looking toward him, saw that his eyes had been dim as well as her own. She felt that his silence was the most eloquent of compliments, and from that hour forgave him having called her a "common rustic."

Clarence soon became a constant visitor at Mr. Stanley's. But he always found Mr. Mowbray there before him, who endeavored, in every way, to monopolize Nelly's attention. Reserved, if not absolutely haughty, Clarence left the field generally to his rival; and Nelly, half-indignant, was sometimes tempted to affect a gaiety in Mr. Mowbray's company, which she was far from feeling. Occasionally, however, Clarence would assert his equal right to share the society of Miss Stanley's guest, and at such times, his eloquent talk soon eclipsed that of even the brilliant advocate. As Nelly said, in her secret heart, it was Ruskin against Voltaire. And the more Clarence engaged in these conversations, the more he felt, that, for the first time in his life, he had met one who understood him.

One morning, the footman came up to the little, paneled boudoir, where Nelly and her friend were sitting, saying that Mr. Mowbray was in the parlor and solicited a private interview with the former. Nelly rose at once, for she foreboded what was coming, and was only too glad to have this early opportunity of stopping attentions which had become unendurable to her.

Mr. Mowbray was evidently embarrassed, an unusual thing for him. But he rallied, and came directly to the purpose of his visit, which was, as Nelly had suspected, to tender her his heart and hand. He was proceeding, in a strain of high-flown compliment, when Nelly said, with an impatient wave of her hand,

"Spare me, sir. You did not always talk so."

He looked his astonishment.

"Many years ago I answered you the same question which you now ask."

He colored up to the temples. "I surely do not deserve," he said, "to be made a jest of."

"Neither do I make a jest of you. Do you not know me?"

"I never saw you till this summer."

"You saw me, eight years ago. You and a friend were on a pedestrian tour. You met a little, bare-footed girl, whom your friend made a sketch of, and whom you jeered at and then nicknamed." And rising, she made a mock courtesy, for she saw she was now recognized. "I am Cobwebs, at your service, sir."

The discomfited suitor never forgot the look of disdain with which Nelly courtesied to him. His mortification was not lessened, when, on leaving the house, he met Clarence on the door-steps. He tried, in vain, to assume an indifferent aspect, but he felt that he had failed and that his rival suspected his rejection.

Nelly could not avoid laughing at the crest-fallen look of her old enemy. Her whole manner changed, however, when Clarence entered. Instead of the triumphant, saucy tormentor, she became the conscious, trembling woman. Clarence, who had longed for, yet dreaded, this interview, took courage at once, and in a few, manly words, eloquent with emotion, laid his fortune at Nelly's feet.

Poor Nelly felt more like crying, with joy, than anything else. But a little of the old saucy spirit was still left in her; she thought that she owed it to her sex not to surrender too easily: and so she said, archly glancing up at Clarence,

"Do you know, Mr. Harvard, who you are proposing to? I am no heiress, no high-born city belle, but only—let me see—what was it?—ah! I have it now—only a common country rustic." And she rose and courtesied to him.

"For heaven's sake don't bring that foolish speech up against me!" he cried, passionately, trying to take her hand. "I have repented it a thousand times daily, since the unlucky moment I was betrayed into saying it. Do me the justice to believe I never meant it to be personal."

"Well, then, I will say nothing more of that matter. But this is only a whim of yours. How is it, that, having known me so long, you only now discover my merits?"

"Known you so long!"

"Yes, sir!" demurely.

"Known you?"

"For eight years."

"Good heavens!" he cried, suddenly, his

whole face lighting up. "How blind I have been! Why did I not see it before? You are——"

"Cobwebs," said Nelly, taking the words out of his mouth, her whole face sparkling with glee; and she drew off and gave another sweeping curtesy.

Before she had recovered herself, however, a pair of strong arms was around her, for Clarence divined now that he was loved. Nelly, all along, had had a half-secret fear, that, when her suitor knew the past, he might not be so willing to marry the bare-footed girl as the brilliant belle; but all this was now gone.

Two months later there was a gay wedding at St. Marks. A month after that, the bridal pair, returning from the wedding tour, drove up to a handsome house in one of the most fashionable streets in Philadelphia. As Clarence led Nelly through the rooms, in which his perfect taste was seen everywhere, she gave way to ex-

clamation after exclamation of delight. At last, they reached a tiny boudoir, exquisitely carpeted and curtained. A jet of gas, burning in an alabaster vase, diffused a soft light through the room. A solitary picture hung on the walls. It was the original sketch of her, taken eight years before, and now elegantly framed. The tears gushed to Nelly's eyes, and she threw herself into her husband's arms.

"Ah! how I love you!" she cried.

Nobody, who sees that picture, suspects its origin. It is too sacred a subject for either Nelly or Clarence to allude to. But it was only the other day, that a celebrated leader of fashion said to a friend,

"What a queer pet name Mr. Harvard has for his beautiful bride! In anybody except a genius it would be eccentric. But you don't know how pretty it sounds from his lips."

"What is it?"

"COBWEBS!"

IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

The restless wind is sobbing wildly by,
It stirs the long grass o'er the buried dead,
As if from out thy coffin came a sigh,
And ghostly fingers stirred the leaves o'erhead.

Last night I dreamed I saw thee, and thy eyes
Were pure and bright as they were wont to be;
This morn I looked up to the cold, gray skies,
And knew that thou wert gone from earth and me.

And now I silent stand where, low beneath,
Thy head with golden hair is pillowed soft,
I cannot see thy face, nor hear thy breath,
Nor clasp the hand mine own hath fondled oft.

I know that silent in thy snowy shroud,
With pale, cold lips which never move or speak,

Lies the beloved, so pure, so fair, so proud,
Yet it is gloom this haunted spot to seek.

The wind grows wilder, and the hurrying clouds
Sweep up with long, black banners all unfurled,
The spirit of the storm is chiding loud,
And bitter Winter rules my inner world.

My outer garment closer round I draw
And take the last fond look at thy low bed,
Then face the wind blowing so chill and raw,
Piercing my frame with numbness like the dead.

Shall I, when I have done with life, and passed
The vale of shadows with the ghostly guide,
Hear thy lips say, as close thy form I clasp,
"Thine, always thine, whatever shall betide?"

AN EMBLEM.

BY ELEANOR CLAIR.

By day—by night the mighty, solemn sea
Pours itself round the shore;
Enwrapped in this embrace, the islands lie
Guarded forevermore.

In Summer heat the waters give their breath
To cool the thirsting lands;
To charm the Winter, breezes warm and soft
They waft from tropic lands.

Oh! God, as to the great, the fathomless sea
The steadfast shores incline;
Circled and ended, so, in Thee should be
All aims, all works of mine.

Thy presence would set free my uneven soul
From earthly chill and heat.
Thy love would make the changing airs of life
Balmy and safe, and sweet.

THE HADLEYS AND BLAIRS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

"How old are you, Laura, poor child?"

"Nineteen."

"Yes; old enough to know whether you do really give yourself to that man, heart and all, or are likely to, ever. If you don't answer me, Laura, I shall believe that you don't love him; don't expect to; but that because he and your father will it, you will some morning, or some evening, stand by him in the saddest of all mockeries, and give him your hand and be made his for the rest of your days. Oh! Laura, not one word! If this isn't execrable, I don't know what is!"

"James," said she, raising the pale face to look into his. "I want you to promise me one thing."

"Let me hear it. I know but one promise in the world worth making. This I am not to be allowed to make. Your father forbids my making it, because I have but a pittance to offer. This is his word, 'a pittance.' 'A mere pittance, sir,' he said, 'while Mr. Hernden's income is fifteen hundred. And besides,' your father said, 'Mr. Hernden has friends who are ready to advance him; to advance him, sir. Mr. Hernden's is a rich, old, exclusive family'—and your father's lips parted with the word 'exclusive' slowly, as if it were a precious word, as no doubt it is with your father, ex-president of A—— College, author of Hannibal's Exigesis—yes, I see by your face that I don't get it right exactly. He says he has always wanted 'some such connection for you, but that since, for certain—certain economical reasons, in short, he retired to this place, he has seen no ground for hope until Mr. Hernden came. His coming had made a change. He had been struck with your superior education, your breeding, your manners, from the first. He had lately signified his wishes in terms sufficiently explicit—sufficiently. Would I allow him, then, to shorten our interview upon this subject? The curculios were at work upon his plum trees. Mr. Hernden had recommended it to him to try a certain new means of—of extirpation, in short. Would I allow him then, at once, to wish me a good morning? As a neighbor," he said, turning back a little in one door, while I was in another, 'as

a neighbor, he would be pleased at any convenient opportunity, to see me; beyond this, good morning, Mr. Blair; good morning, sir; good morning.' And you know the bow he made me. It is easy enough for you to imagine. It was stiff with his own old honors and the prospective honors of Hernden's round income and his family connections; and my heart was bitterer than gall. It is now; for think what my father was! think of my mother! you know what she is, Laura Hadley! My heart is bitterer than gall!"

"This is what troubles me most of all," said she. "If you weren't so angry, if you would be patient and wait, I think something might happen to alter things. I think *he*—Mr. Hernden, I mean—might in some way show pa that he isn't what pa thinks he is. I don't know; but perhaps something would happen; and then you would be glad that you had been patient and had waited. I want you to promise me that you will be patient; that you won't grow bitter and hard toward pa, or toward anybody. It would change you so!—you would have such a hard, sad time of it! Will you promise me that you will be patient and wait?"

"I can't, for I know nothing about it, how it will be; I don't know what I have got to bear, here where, at any turn, I may meet your father's stiff bow, as if I were a dog. Hernden's mocking, derisive bow, as if I were a string to be twisted round his finger. All I know is that I would be glad to be calm, because I owe it to myself, but that I am not calm. I am bitter enough now. Not toward you," he added, with raised voice, with added sternness on the honest, handsome features. "Not if they allowed me to speak what I feel. You know this. You will know it as long as you live; let you be whose you will, let me be what I will. Good-by."

"Good-by." The pale face, the tones, sad as if her heart were broken, again smote him. His knees grew weak under him, his lips sank. But the next instant he saw Hernden lightly dismounting from his saddle at the gate.

Hernden threw his bridle over the post, gave his coat-sleeve a light brush, settled himself with light vigor in his pants, then opened the gate and met but resentful James Blair in the middle

of the walk. Without stopping, they exchanged a few words; but no one, then or afterward, knew what they were. All Laura knew was that of all Hernden's airy mornings this was the airiest; that while he yet twisted the fingers she was trying to extricate, he began to say what a clever brick uncle Alf was! He had just written—here was the letter in his coat-pocket—no, not in that one, nor in that one; but no matter where the letter was; uncle Alf had written to say that if he would go to P——, and take charge of the company's works there, they would raise his salary to a thousand dollars a year. Wasn't that pat? slapping his waistcoat pockets. Her brother already there, principal of the academy among the pines and student at law with the Clements—first-rate fellows!—wouldn't it be pat? She knew what a green nest it was; she had been there; say! wouldn't it be pat?—didn't she see that it would be pat? pat? •

Poor Laura did not see. Standing there where James had left her, she felt as if her sight, her hearing, and all her life were deadened forever.

"Say! hi! don't the girl see?" he repeated. Knowing that she did not see, thinking angrily of Blair, he started suddenly for the garden, where, in the midst of the thick overgrowth and the thick undergrowth, he saw the ex-professor hunting curculios.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning, Hernden ran lightly through the works at H——, saying to clerk and owners, "I'm off this afternoon for Boston. I must see my uncle; on business."

The next morning, James Blair, sitting with heavy eyes at the breakfast-table, told his mother he believed he must be off that afternoon for Belfast. He waited to see cousin Dan. There could be no better time than then, when his part of the works was to be stopped a few days, and when he, in fact, needed to stir a little. Only, he could see that his nice little mother was fluttered by it.

But there was never a more unselfish little mother. She packed his traveling-bag, saying, as she locked it, "I have put in a good deal more than you will want, I hope; but it is best to have enough." She went with him to the station, carrying the papers he was to read by the way.

Hernden came, bowing right and left, to one lady, one pair, one group of ladies and another, saying, "Ah, Miss Amanda, it breaks my heart to go!"

She guessed it did! much! she answered, striking him with her parasol.

"Tell Lily that if she forgets me, I shall consider myself ruined. Ha!" Suddenly espying James, who was standing beside his mother on a distant part of the platform. Wheeling himself up close to Miss Amanda, he added, "There's Jupiter! You see him! He's the royal Thunderer; his bag is stuffed with bolts. I must look out for him. I met him yesterday at old Hadley's (I rode round, you see, for the sake of telling the old gentleman how he can kill every curculio on his peach trees, big and little; tell Lily so.) I met *him* there; him, I mean," tipping his thumb over his shoulder toward James. "His looks went *into* me! would have cut me all up, if they'd been daggers, as I've not the least doubt he wished they were. Look here!" lowering his voice, "he knew I was going to Boston this train. I told him so yesterday; and, if I understood him right, he bade me go to—pardon me. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

His laugh reached James' ear, as he meant it should. It was for this reason he made it so loud, so utterly derisive; and it was certainly a very angry look with which James met the outbreak, and the face now turned in mockery toward him. It was well his mother did not see the look; well that he had time to master it, before she withdrew her eyes from the approaching train to fix them again on him.

When the bell rang, waving his hand, bowing low, Hernden sprang upon the platform of the rear car. At the same time, but with different steps, far different mien, James looked back to show his mother his face once more, and then disappeared within the forward car.

CHAPTER III.

AT N——, where many of the passengers left the cars to saunter a little, Hernden was among them. "Hallo!" he called out, seeing an acquaintance hurrying by. "Stop and speak to a fellow!"

"How d'do?"

"Tremendously bored! bored to death! not a handsome girl on the train, and it's dull work! There! there's a fellow, James Blair, of H——, he's jealous of me; jealous enough to shoot me. Perhaps he will, while we're down here, without witnesses. I've got his Laura, or can have 'er if I want 'er; ha! ha! ha!"

James turned, as Hernden meant he should, at the laugh, saw again the derisive features, fixed upon him, this time with open mockery and insult.

"You see 'im, old fellow! You saw 'im. Wouldn't he like to tip me over? If nothing is heard of me after this, you just let this little incident be known to the authorities; and tell Abby Gale of South street I died with a lock of her hair in my left waistcoat pocket."

He jumped upon the already moving train, and that was the last of him at N——.

The gentleman with whom he had been speaking met Mr. Harding of H—— at that moment, and related to him what he had just heard and seen. So, when two weeks had passed at H—— without intelligence either from James or Hernden, when it became known through the place that Mrs. Blair had written twice to the former without receiving answers, that, within a day or two, a letter had come to the latter from Boston, with his uncle's well known superscription, then it began to be told from one to another, what Mr. Harding had heard at N——, what Miss Amanda Boker had heard and seen at the station at H——. Little by little was admitted the possibility of misfortune to James through Hernden—intimations despised most immensely by the ex-professor. He took his crispest steps with regard to them. It was a low affair! he said, looking angrily over his glasses at his daughter; a low affair when public sympathies took such a turn. The affair was transparent enough. If anything had happened between the two, it was easy enough to know through which it came. A gentleman of Hernden's family, of such expectations, was by no means so likely as another to involve himself in a low proceeding. He was exasperated!

To Mrs. Blair, none of the intimations came; she had, therefore, only the anxieties arising out of James' prolonged absence and out of his silence, to bear. And this for her tender, widowed heart was sufficient. Laura clinging to her with warm, fond hands, saying tearfully, but with courageous smiles, "I am sure he is safe, Mrs. Blair! I am sure he will come, for think how good and prudent he is!" was her only hope. Once when Mrs. Blair said, "I don't know what I would do now if it weren't for you, dear!" Laura answered, "And I don't know what I would do if it wasn't—I mean if I couldn't come in here across the gardens five times a day (as I believe I do!) to see how you do, and to try to comfort you—as I can! for I am sure he is safe!"

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN James reached Belfast, he had the disappointment of hearing that his cousin was absent on a tour of business for his firm. The

cousin had no family at Belfast: so, remembering that, at Belmont, five miles farther inland, he had an old intimate friend of his school days, Penn Sherman, James went there the next morning. But, at Mr. Sherman's, he was informed that his friend was up the river many a mile, with a party of men employed by his father at "clearing land," and "getting logs down the river." James remembered the stories of forest life his friend had told him, as they sauntered or sat together at H——; remembered his old longings for the light of the night-fires upon the pines, for the stars overhead, for the depth of shade, the coolness by day, and the reverberations of the woodmen's axes and loud voices, and the song of the hermit thrush heard between. The old longing reviving itself gave him life. He ate of the well-cooked, hospitably-served dinner with the relish he felt for his meals before his troubles came; and then, carrying a basket of nice delicacies for himself and his friend, he took his place in a boat that was going up, with fresh provisions for the men.

At night, as the solemn darkness was closing in, they came to the rude landing of logs and "brush," just inside which the boatmen expected to find the party. But, upon holding their oars still to listen, not a sound was heard—not one sound in all that vast region, save the murmur of the river, the ripple upon the boat and the unseen shore, and the song of the late birds, here and there. No light of fire or of rising smoke was seen. When they called, the forest only answered. So it was determined to "camp down" where they were for the night, trusting to the morning to show them some signs of the course the party had taken. The hardy boatmen, used to such exposure and lodging, woke in the morning a little heavy-eyed, feeling a little stiff, a little out of humor, that was all. But James was almost too lame, chilly, and weak to move. They ate their hearty breakfast; James, stupified with the gathering fever and pain, hardly knew whether he ate, or what went on around him.

The boatmen, believing that they would find the party not far distant, started, and James with them, going this way and that, calling out here and there, but hearing no sound, finding no clue. They were often obliged to halt for James to rest and gather clearness to his aching, dizzy brain. Sometimes they left him, while they climbed or rounded a hill, or followed a brook through its tangled environment, returning to him, calling out to him if they were any time at a loss, on their way back to him, and helped by his answering, "Hallo!" or "Here!" But, at

last, when they left him so, he fell into a profound stupor. He tried to arouse himself, tried to listen and wait for the men; but at length he sank, not where the men had left him, but beside a knoll a few rods distant, to which he had walked in his efforts to resist the tendency to sleep. When he woke he found that it was night. The stars were shining through the black pines, and how still and solemn they were! How it touched him (for now his brain was very clear) thinking of the two homes and the gardens between, afar off, on which those stars were shining! He was so weak, his life seemed so broken up by the aggravations that had come into it of late, by the sinful thoughts with which he had met them, the stars so laid bare and rebuked the sin, that he wept large, silent tears. He might as well weep now, he thought, now when he was separated from all, when nothing but the silent stars could look upon his tears. Then thoughts of the ever-watchful God, the ever-tender, loving, and true, stole in upon him. He felt Him so real, so precious, that he was, as it were, at rest upon His breast; and, pillowing his cheek, like a little child, on his hand, he murmured, thankfully, "Good-night, thou beloved mother, thou precious girl." Feeling the thought of them beginning to shake him, he dismissed it, looked up once more through the giant trees to the distant stars, saying, "Good-night, thou peaceful world, made and sustained through all the sin and disquiet by His hand," and then sinking into a quiet sleep. He was often awake during the night, but the peace lasted. It was there in the morning. Lost, with no sound of human being near, so weak that he lay helpless as a little babe, but clear and happy beyond anything he had ever felt or conceived before, he listened to the birds that, without number, in the solitude of the old forest, sang their happy morning songs. When one alighted on a treetop above him, and, lifting its white throat, poured out a continued flood of sweet music, he could have gone upward, so it seemed to him, to the world that is without pain, sin, or sorrow, borne upward of that bird's song, and his own longing and joy.

CHAPTER V.

Saratoga, July 30th, 18—.

"Borch, my dear fellow, did you ever get up among the clouds, the round, white ones, and walk there, and sit there, and have a good time? If you ever did, you know where I am. She's immensely rich, you see. I mean, Miss

Augusta Peters is! I knew her a little at Newport, last year. I came here because a fellow told me she was here. I came determined to get her, for I must be rich or die! I hate my life at H——! I hate it and humdrum of all sorts, with a *tremendous* hatred. Her father is a dotard, (I wonder if all fathers are?) but she's grander than Victoria. Victoria is tame, in comparison. I'm as sure of her father as if I had him in a box; but not so sure of her. I've tried nine dodges. I've just thought of the sentimental. Jove! I'll try this, and won't I be an object of interest?

"Money is gone here before a fellow knows it; this *pulls* a fellow down. Send me a hundred or two by the next mail, and you shall have a bonus that will astonish you.

"Innocent uncle Alf thinks I am at H——, trudging this moment from the factory to the dye-house; innocent H—— thinks I am walking State street leisurely, with my elbow touching uncle Alf's; so *mum* is the word, old fellow! I shall see you on my way back. I am to accompany the Deterses home and stop with them a little. They have a fine place on the Hudson, at Hastings. I am to go there. Augusta is the only child, and she has no mother. She has a maiden aunt though; of course I wish her in—Burgundy, a very nice place, as you know.

"Think of the bonus and send me the money. Remember the word—*mum*.

"Adieu.

A. H——."

"New York, August 4th, 18—.

"JOHN—Send me some money—one hundred dollars. I'm here on company business, which makes it all right. Send over to the bank, if necessary. Of course this is necessary and right—this demand, I mean. If my uncle, supposing that I have got through here, and that I am round at H—— by this time, writes to me, keep the letter or letters till I come. See to the money at once. H——."

CHAPTER VI.

"Oh! but I hate him, auntie! In the first place, I'm not even pretty; I'm neither pretty, nor graceful, nor showy, nor anything one of his flimsy character would choose, only he knows that pa has a good deal of money. This is all! I am sure of it; and I abominate him!"

"I guess your head aches, daughter."

"No; it is what I always feel. And pa thinks he is the greatest man in the United States. There isn't another, who, in pa's mind, is so faultless, so deserving; and it is because he

understands pa's—pa's liking for being attended to, followed, flattered; and so he leaves me, or goes straight by me any time, to show his great politeness to pa, his attention to pa. This suits pa; it makes pa feel so large! He is fond of me next to himself; my other 'adorers' have made him angry by leaving him, passing him to come to me. Hernden saw it with his little, round, sharp eye, that is like a pig's—it is, auntie!—and acted on it. You'll see, Miss Auntie, that it is so. He'll be here in less than an hour, and you'll see that he's as false as—oh! I hope there isn't, on this whole earth, another creature, animal or human, so false and miserable as he!"

"Oh! I guess it isn't as bad as that, Augusta! There is another new dress that you didn't have on while you were gone. What——"

"I wouldn't put it on! It was pretty; I was afraid it would 'attract;' and I was determined to wear nothing, do nothing that would 'attract.' I will tell you what I would like. I would like to go away to some green, quiet country place, where there are brooks, rows and dots of trees, lambs, birds, and honest, substantial people, with simple manners and truthful lips. I would be glad to turn my sleeves back and go to work for those I loved, and be a woman amongst them. I'm a puppet now."

"I'm going to tell you what I sometimes think. Shall I?"

"About——?" The girl's color came. She dropped her head low over her glove-mending to hide it.

"About one person we met last summer, at P——, the principal of the Academy among the pines. We met him often; he was a superior person. I thought I never knew one who knew so much, and was, at the same time, so modest. He knew all the pleasant paths, I remember; knew where to find all the haunts of the wild-flowers; we met him one day, I remember, in the sweet-scented path through the pines; he had flowers in his hand, you had flowers in yours; he knew all the names of his and yours. See—what was his name?"

"I guess you remember, auntie; I guess you are just mischievous, do you mean Mr. Hadley? I suppose you mean Mr. Hadley."

"Yes. He was agreeable. I thought he liked you; I thought you liked him." She waited, but got no answer. She knew, however, what the changing color meant, and the light tremor of the fingers, and the drooping of the small, handsomely shaped head. "It is all right if he did like you, if you liked him. It was natural that it should be so, considering what he was,

what you were. He couldn't like a more sensible girl; I dare say you couldn't like a more sensible man."

Augusta still sat in silence, with drooping head, flushed cheeks, and tremulous fingers, mending her glove.

CHAPTER VII.

JAMES BLAIR TO MRS. BLAIR.

"Belmont, August 6th, 18—.

"I HAVE been pretty sick, my mother, or I would have written you ten letters, perhaps, by this time. You see where I am. Cousin Dan was off on business; and I thought it best, as I was so near Penn Sherman, and as he is so good a fellow, to come and see him. I shall never forget the great kindness shown to me here, when in fact I was in considerable need of it, with my mother and my home so far off. Another has been kind to me; that is God. I don't think I shall forget Him, long at a time, all the rest of my days.

"Tell old Ponto I am coming. Tell him if he sits down at the corner of the house, his nose toward the road, in four days from this date, he will probably see a cadaverous-looking fellow coming up the lane. Tell him he had better not bark at him. Your Boy."

In what a grateful, glad, loving tremor was the little woman in black, sitting to read this letter again and again through her tears! She wished Laura would come in to know what had kept him. She came while the widow was wishing it; and then the widow poured out the full flood of her gratitude and love. Laura cried a little in her pity for him, in the love that swelled so at her heart, in her anxiety respecting what lay before him. The two did not know how to part that day, the common love, gratitude, and pity so knit them together.

CHAPTER VIII.

HE came on the fourth day by the noon train. They did not expect him until evening; and there was Laura, when he came in at the open door, putting some flowers she had brought over into the vases, bending, working assiduously, so that she did not see him, until, wondering why it was so still there where Mrs. Blair was with her busy lips, her busy feet, she raised herself and saw him standing with his mother's hand in his, looking so pale, so majestic and tall now he was so thin! looking so pure, so—

"Oh, why, James!" She said it, crowding back the uprising pride in him, the gladness,

love; purposely bringing thoughts of her father, of his promise to the wretched Hernden, to be between herself and James, helping to crowd back the love and gladness. "We—that is, your mother didn't expect you this morning; how do you do?"

Oh! but how tall and sick he looked, coming forward without speaking, but with his thin, white hand held out to her! How, as he stood before her, did the light fade out of the eyes that were blue and lovely as heaven, when she first looked into them on raising herself! They were heavy enough now; sad enough now. What could she say to him?—what could she do? Here were James and his poor mother, there were her father and Hernden—for she had no doubt that Hernden was safe somewhere, and ready any day to show himself at H——.

So, withdrawing her hand from James, who had seen how her face changed with the changing thoughts, she began to look after her hat and to say she must go; adding, "You won't mind my going now, Mrs. Blair, now James has come?"

She was in the door tying her hat. She would look back and speak once more to James, if she could for the awe of his changed looks, his wonderfully changed mien and expression; if she could for the shame she felt at having given him so cruel, so stupid a reception. But all she could say was that she was sure from his looks he must have been very sick; that he would soon be well again, she hoped, now he was at home with his mother and Ponto and—only, where *was* Ponto?—why wasn't he there to—?

While they were looking round a little for Ponto, she said to Mrs. Blair, "You must have him tell you all about his sickness; I shall want to know; come in this evening and tell me, won't you? Good morning; good morning, James."

James stood a moment without stirring. Perhaps it was the sight of Laura, going with thoughtfully bent head past the windows, that aroused him and led him to say, "I am going to open the gate for her as I used to; nothing shall keep me from doing this."

She tried to conceal her face from him, pulling down the hat-rim and hastily wiping the tears that had started the moment her back was turned toward them. She thanked him, trying to speak with steady tones, when he told her what he came for. He touched her fingers somehow, as she was going out the gate; he did not know how it happened, but he felt it thrill him with new comfort and strength.

"Dear, busy little fingers!" he said, within

himself, on his way back. "Precious, good girl!" He was happy, any way. No king on his throne was happier than he. There might be a hundred Herndens, but not one of them would ever know the delight he felt at that one light touch of the little, busy, useful fingers.

CHAPTER IX.

Now it happened that John Sinclair, the company's clerk, had been at P—— since the day on which he received Hernden's letter, so there was no one at H—— to clear the mystery of Hernden's absence until Sinclair returned, which was in a day or two after James' arrival. The same day came uncle Alf. The next morning, while the uncle and Sinclair were in the counting-room together, just after the cars were heard entering the village, Hernden came into the room, clapping a hand on the shoulder of each, and exclaiming, "Ha! ha! uncle Alf! little John! didn't I play a neat joke? Wasn't it capitally done?"

Uncle Alf gravely told Sinclair he would release him to his dinner; and what passed afterward between him and the reprobate nephew, no one ever knew. It was only known that Hernden left H—— in the afternoon train, down; and that they all pitied the good uncle when they saw with what a pale, grave face he went through the works and along the street. He remained several weeks at H——. This was a new thing for him to do; but, in every department, he found more or less disorder that had grown out of his nephew's neglect or mismanagement. He gave the agency to James Blair, who, up to that time, had been machinist to the company. The salary, for one of James' habits, was a most liberal one; the post was one of trust, and, compared with that he had been filling, of leisure and comfort. He was young to be so trusted; so uncle Alf told him; but he had the qualities that warranted it. He gave it to him with a sense of secure trust in his faithfulness and good judgment new to him of late.

CHAPTER X.

AND now, going forward one year, we will see how it was at that time with the persons of our little drama.

In the piazza of the cottage we know so well at H——, (only it has been built out into large, handsome proportions, and is surrounded by a beautiful flower garden,) a gentleman and lady walked back and forth, and the lady was saying, "Yes; pa will be proud of Mr. Peters' wealth,

of his horses, carriages, servants; Mr. Peters will be proud of pa's learning, of his titles, and college connections. With pa it will be 'Mr. Peters, Mr. Peters, Mr. Peters,' with Mr. Peters it will be 'Professor Hadley, Professor Hadley.' When he speaks of him among his acquaintances, it will be 'the ex-President, ex-President Hadley;' so they will be like two children with their gaily painted toys. One thing I see, Mr. Peters feels the greatest respect for Henry, as he certainly has reason to, for Henry knows so much, and is so gentle, so manly! Augusta says he is her star! She says she sometimes is glad that she will bring so much money to their home, sometimes she wishes she had nothing, so that she could work hard for him, get his meals, be orderly, economical, and help him up to prosperity. She thinks it would be a dear thing to do this, she loves him so!"

The gentleman smiled upon her upturned face, her animated discourse, and she went on, "And you know how I pitied Henry when he went to P—— to teach because he was so poor! I little thought what would come of it. We don't always know, do we, husband mine, when we really have reason to be glad, or when sorry?"

"We can know, beloved, that we are always to trust. I learned that in my sickness off there. I had the theory of trust before, as so many have; since, I have the thing itself. It never fails me for a minute."

"That is what makes you happier, wiser, better, handsomer than anybody else in the world." She laughed a little, but with tears in her eyes. "Mother!" with her hand still on his arm taking him out toward a little lady in black, who sat within one of the windows

reading a newspaper, "isn't he the handsomest, best boy in the world?"

"Yes, dear; but here is something about that miserable Hernden. A nest of gamblers has just been broken up in New York, and one of the principal offenders is Alfred E. Hernden, from Massachusetts. Well-dressed, so the report says; but he resisted like a tiger; talked of friends who would see him avenged; but no friends appearing, he was committed. Miserable creature! poor uncle Alf!"

They were all silent awhile in their sorrow for the beneficent old uncle; then they brightened and said that when he came to Henry and Augusta's wedding, they would so surround him with their love and respect, that no pain or shame on the nephew's account, could evermore invade his spirit. They said they would persuade him to come and make it his home for the rest of his days, at H——, where so much of his property and business lay, where everything was so green, so quiet, and peaceful!

And he came. He boards at the Merrimack House; but, almost any pleasant evening he may be seen with the Blairs and Hadleys, sitting outside the windows, reading sometimes grave chapters in book, newspaper, or review to a quiet little lady in black, who sits within and listens as she rests or does her little bits of sewing; sometimes talking gravely, but with cheerfulness, on politics, literature, life. And it is seen that he does the vain little professor good; that the professor is less vain at times; that at times he withdraws his thoughts from the poor honors of his professorship, his authorship, and lets them settle on the honors of such as seek the Kingdom of Heaven.

MR. JONATHAN SMITH.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

MR. JONATHAN SMITH was a very wise man,
His motto was, "Govern your wife"—If you can.
For his wife was a shrew, and where'er she said go,
Mr. Jonathan Smith didn't even look no,
But he put on his hat, and slipped out of the house,
To do as she bade him, as meek as a mouse.

Mr. Jonathan Smith dearly loved a dispute,
In logic he thought that no one was so 'cute:
He could argue for this, he could argue for that,
He would prove fat was lean, and then show lean was fat.
But I wish you could see how his ardor would cool,
If his wife but said, snappishly, "Hush, you old fool!"

Like other great men who will sometimes unbend,
Mr. Jonathan Smith likes to dine with a friend;
He can tell a good story, and sing a good song,

And though sipping his claret, he takes nothing strong,
But he dines out no more, for why go to a feast?
When his welcome at home is, "You tipy old beast."

Mr. Jonathan Smith thought he'd buy him a farm,
"Rural life," he declared, "has a wonderful charm."
He'd grow his own corn, and he'd eat his own peas,
And serenely grow old in the shade of his trees.
But his wife said 'twas throwing his fortune away,
It would beggar them all—and he'd nothing to say.

Mr. Jonathan Smith was a sleek, portly man,
When to rule o'er his wife he so bravely began.
But he found 'twas a game at which two could go in,
And since he's the loser, he gets very thin.
He has given up everything, even his boast:
Only one thing is left, 'tis to give up the ghost.

THE RUINS OF A SOUL.

BY MAGGIE B. STEWART.

HELEN RICHMOND was the daughter of a wealthy man in a great city. Her mother died during Helen's childhood, and her father married again—a dashing, fashionable widow, with one child, like his own, a daughter.

Louise, the step-sister, was finished at Madam Bellair's. Helen did not wish to leave home, so she was left to herself. What time had her lady-mamma to spend on her daughters! Mrs. Richmond lived solely for society. Still young and beautiful, she was only fearful lest her fairer daughter should eclipse her own charms. So Louise was kept in the background until she would stay there no longer. Only too well had she imbibed the teaching of such a parent, and before she was eighteen she had made her debut, passed a "season" in society, and broken a score of hearts. If you had seen Helen Richmond at nineteen you would never have dreamed of her being beautiful. Yet there was a haughty fire in her dark eyes that suggested a latent power. Her father's library was large, well-selected, and little used. She had her time at her own disposal: so she made books her friends. She knew no other.

Love and friendship were names—not realities to Helen's heart. Louise, whose being seemed permeated with the gold of the glowing sunlight, owned no inner life to match with her glorious presence. The two girls had no sympathy—no tastes in common. Into society Helen rarely ventured. The few that met her at home knew her as a quiet, unsociable girl, and so it happened that the "select circles" rarely beheld her until she burst into magnificent bloom on their bewildered gaze. But of that hereafter.

It was at this period of her life that she first knew Brian Chasmar. He was an admirer of Louise Alison's. He had been attracted by that splendid butterfly during her first summer at Newport. Calling one morning on Louise, he was presented to Helen. With an artist's intuition he saw through her haughty, unassured air, the germ of a splendid woman.

Talented, well read, traveled, with that elegance which makes such a man distinguished in society, he was well calculated to impress a nature like that of Helen Richmond. He prided

himself on having read woman's heart to the end, and here was a new page. It was a rare relief to the world-weary man, and like a fastidious epicure he promised himself a fresh delight. He understood the thousand arts of coquetry, and so he set himself to "bring out" this embryo flower. It was an easy task. It needed but a chance word, a look of interest, a kindly, encouraging smile, and Helen was a changed being.

Brian Chasmar was her first friend, her ideal of all that was noble and great in mankind—as such she worshiped him. He stood to her fresh, young heart as the incarnation of the old-time heroes. She received his teaching with eager delight. He praised and criticised as he saw need. Her dress became marked for its elegance and good taste. An artist's hand had been at work. Now that she had an object for being beautiful, she strove to become so. She must not annoy her friend. He must not be ashamed of her. She learnt new confidence in herself from him. His homage not only made her more important in her own eyes, but others began to notice what a splendid girl was Helen Richmond. For this she was grateful to her friend. She had no littleness of vanity in her soul, she was too proud for that. But her lonely heart drank in the incense of friendship. Could it be otherwise? If Brian Chasmar had been contented with this. But no; he must see how this splendid creature would look in love. *She must love him!* When he was assured of this, *perhaps* he would do her the honor of making her Mrs. Chasmar! He had not fully made up his mind. Meantime he set himself to his work. By-and-by Helen was conscious that he was more to her than a common friend. She could have hid her head in the dust for very shame when she made this discovery; for pride would not allow one thought of an unrequited love. But memory came to her aid; she brought back many a tone—many a look of tenderness that convinced her she was beloved.

In the world it was the same. No one sought her society and lingered near her with such evident pleasure. No other face seemed to possess such power over him. How often he had said, with tenderness in tone and manner,

"Your heart is the only one that has ever given me sympathy. Be my sister always, dear Helen." And she pitied and loved him the more. She received his homage so calmly that Chasmar was puzzled. Did she love him? So he said, one day, "What has changed you so? You are very different since I first knew you." Helen's voice was very low, and her cheek flushed, as she answered, "I have to thank you for being my friend. It is this which has changed me so much." Chasmar watched her changing color and downcast eyes with secret delight. He was satisfied, and always broke off the conversation at such points.

But at length the pleasure began to pall. He must vary it a little. He would try what jealousy would do. He came but rarely to Helen's side. He found a new object of admiration in the person of one of the reigning belles, Miss Julia Deveraux. Superficial and artful as she was beautiful, he despised her; but artful as herself, he feigned to be entirely fascinated. It was without result. Helen was too much accustomed to such a life to be surprised. Besides she could not be jealous. Noble-souled, she trusted with unwavering faith. He was received with the same calm kindness. He was at fault, skilled player, in this absorbing game! If she would but give one sign. He must try a new test. Meantime he observed that a wealthy merchant was frequently in his place during the evenings which had been devoted to him alone. It was his turn to be jealous.

At a brilliant party he observed Helen seek a silken-curtained recess, wearied with dancing. He looked at her as she sat there half-hidden, so fair, so queenly! He felt a sense of proprietorship in her and gloried in it.

But did she love him? He sought her side. "You have been my sister, Helen, may I come to you with a brother's confidence? You know Julia Deveraux—do you think she is suited for my wife?" He watched her closely. "Now," he thought, "if there is one sign I shall be contented." The rich bloom on her cheek never deepened. She looked with clear eyes into his, and her tones were calm and musical as ever, as she said,

"From what I know of Julia Deveraux, I think her admirably suited to you, Brian."

Had his ear deceived him? Did she mean a sarcasm? There was no trace in that quiet face, nor in that quiet, grave voice. "I value your counsel, dear Helen, I will do as you advise."

"If you love her, I advise you to marry her."

"Provided she consents," he added.

"Certainly," with an arch smile. Some one

called him away at that moment, and he did not see her again that evening.

No one would have known from Helen's demeanor that anything had occurred to agitate her. In her own room she quietly disrobed and placed her ornaments in their proper places. Louise came in eager and triumphant. "I've something to tell you, Helen," she said, as she sat down, and on she rattled of her various flirtations, of which Helen did not hear a word. She finished with announcing herself engaged. "Dalton has proposed *at last*—I thought he never would. I'll have such an elegant establishment. How provoked some people will be. There's Julia Deveraux, she tried her very best to get him. What a fool Brian Chasmar makes of himself over her, to be sure. Why we all thought him so devoted to you. I declare, Helen, you're asleep. Why don't you answer?"

"Do be still, Louise—I'm so tired I can't talk—"

"Well, I hope Julia will jilt him."

Helen arose, locked the door, and sat down. She sat there gazing fixedly into the fire until the last ember blazed up in a dying glare. What her thoughts were, only those who have passed through a similar furnace of fire can know. Pride and love fought for the mastery in so fierce a conflict that her life seemed frozen. But pride triumphed and love was slain. Unrelenting Helen laid the fair, dead corpse in the grave, and piled stones above the coffin-lid: she would have no troubled ghost to haunt her after life. The deed was fearful, but pride gave her courage. Only once did she relent, and that was when her eye fell on a ring she wore—it was a gift of Brian's. She threw the costly gem among the embers. Then memory woke, she had a tale to tell of tender words and looks. But Helen sternly bade her be silent. The dead love seemed to stir—pride crushed down the coffin-lid. *It should die!* It did!

The gray light of dawn sent Helen shivering to her pillow. She pleaded illness for a day or two as an excuse for her woe-worn face.

She went more than ever into society after this. She became more magnificently beautiful. Brian Chasmar had taught her power. Of him she saw but little. When he called she was never alone—received him with stately, chilling politeness—answered his remarks, then turned with jest or smile to some of the butterflies of either sex, who were now admitted where he had been the only favorite. He was vexed. He saw his mistake, and bitterly repented it. One morning he found her alone, a very unusual thing now. After chatting awhile on in-

different topics, he took up a volume of poems and commented on some passages in the old, familiar way. Helen answered—he was constrained to hope, so he said softly, “I miss our ‘reading hours’ very much. Why cannot they be renewed?”

“I have no wish for them, Mr. Chasmar, let them go with ‘things that were.’”

“And do you wish to forget *all* the past, Helen?”

“Certainly—why not?”

“Helen, I cannot forget it—I love you. Why are you so changed?”

“I think Mr. Chasmar can answer that question,” said Helen, coldly. He sprang up and took her hand.

“Helen—dear Helen—may I come back? I do love you—I have always loved you——”

He was going on impetuously—but she withdrew her hand, and that proud, quiet voice checked him. “It is too late for such words now, I do not love you, our friendship has worn out. It is well.”

“Did you never love me, Helen?”

“I think you have no right to ask me that question—but since you wish to know I will tell you: I confess that I loved you once. No, not you—I loved an ideal called by your name—I was deceived—my ideal and you are very different. You gave me reason to think I was beloved. I believed you good and true, I fully trusted you. You have helped me to a fuller confidence in myself. For that, I thank you. You have shown me yourself in your true light. For that, I thank you also. I do not blame you. I was awakened by your own words concerning Julia Deveraux. I had not been jealous all the time, but that night you stood revealed to me. I suffered as I hope I never may again—as you never *could* suffer in a life-time of agony. Urge

me not, Brian Chasmar, my love is dead. My heart answers not, I do not love you.”

But he knelt with a prayer for love and forgiveness. She pitied him, so she said sadly, “I am very sorry for you—but I do not love you—I will never love again. I accepted James Burnham last evening, I shall marry him—I do not love him, but he will give me position and a name. I cannot marry *you*, Brian Cheamar.”

He rose up sadly—passionately kissed her hand, again and again, and left her without a word.

A month from that time, the bells rang out a merry peal for her bridal. She married a rich man thrice her years. She was more magnificent than ever. The world applauds her choice; for the world's shallow penetration is dazzled by the glitter of diamonds and the sheen of silken robes. The world sees nothing of the desolate ruins of Helen Burnham's soul, so fair and bright she moves to outward gaze. But when memory lifts a coffin-lid, in solitude, she shudders at the sight of the sweet, sweet face of her dead love. When she turned heart-sick from the shipwreck of her hopes, there was for her no higher object for which to live. She had never been taught the true meaning of life. To shine in society seemed woman's only mission. Had Chasmar been a noble man, he might have taught her the true solution of that problem which puzzles so many of mankind.

He found a fair garden—he left a desolate wilderness. Her faith in man's truth was uprooted forever. When earth's barren fountains mocked her parched lips, she knew of no living fountain where she might drink to find healing.

And so because of this false mode of education, Helen Burnham's soul was, like thousands of others, a barren desert, and her life a bitter disappointment.

THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENDUR.

“BROTHER! kind one, draw the curtain,
I would see the rising sun,
He begins his daily circuit—
Brother! mine is nearly done!
Sister gentle, warble to me,
Weak, and weaker grows my breath,
Sing the ‘Dying Christian’s’ triumph,
It will light the vale of death.”
As the brother drew the curtain,
Softly rose a thrilling strain,

When its last pure echo vanished,
Then the dying spoke again:
“Angel mother! draw me near thee,
Place my head upon thy heart;
Blessed father! kneel beside me,
Pray my spirit would depart!”
As the father's prayer ascended,
While the mother's arm caressed,
With a smile, the dying blossom
Closed its petals on her breast!

BARBARA'S AMBITION.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE, AUTHOR OF "NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD," &C., &C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. T. Trowbridge, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.]

CHAPTER I.

"I HAD the curisiest dream last night, or rather this morning," said the widow Mayland, arranging the little china teacups—two in number; the last of a set; the same she and her late husband had drank from together, oh, how often! sitting opposite each other at the same little old walnut table at which she now sat with her only son.

She paused, looking into the cups. Perhaps she saw a speck of dust; or maybe visions of the past swept before her—the happy mornings of long ago; the manly, beloved face; the bright bridal days, when the unstained joys of life were as new, and fresh, and pure as the translucent china, since so sadly used by time—of six cups, only two remaining, and one of those cracked.

"A dream!" said Luther, starting as if he himself had just awaked from one. He had been unaccountably gloomy of late. He ate his meals in silence, if he ate at all. He did not sleep well. His face grew care-worn. He carried pieces of paper in his pocket, upon which he wrote mysteriously with a pencil. His mother had watched him with tender solicitude, observing his unspoken trouble. "It is either business, or Barbary Blaxton," she said to herself; but she forbore to question him. It was a week since he had shown an interest in anything beyond the profound calculations that absorbed his mind; and she regarded it as a favorable symptom that he appeared eager to know her dream.

"I was thinking," she said, with a sigh, proceeding to fill the cups from the pewter teapot—"I declare, I wish Mr. Smith's dog would learn to hold his tongue when I am dreaming! He had to bark and wake me up just as I——"

She paused again, taking a "visitor" out of Luther's cup with a spoon, looking very grave; her head, with its ancient cap covering her thin, gray hair, slightly bowed; then a thoughtful smile played upon her pale, simple face.

"'Twas the curisiest dream!" passing the cup to Luther, "I was standing on the bridge, looking up the street—seems to me I was waiting for you; when all to once I heard a noise, and looked, and see the underpinning of the store all cracking and crumbling to pieces—

what seemed to be stones I thought was nothing but sand—and then the whole building was a toppling, just ready to fall. Why, my son, what makes you look so pale?"

"Strange you should have such a dream as that!" said Luther, nervously buttering his toast.

"Nobody seemed to be afraid, though every minute I thought the store was going to tumble down. Fact, nobody but Follen & Page appeared to know there was any danger; and they had got you to stand under one corner, for a prop; and Mr. Blaxton had lent them his head, which they used to block up the sill, while he stood by and rubbed his hands, and seemed to think it was all just right—and there I stood, and screamed to warn ye, till that plaguy dog barked, and I woke up in the most interesting part."

Luther rose from the table in great agitation, and seized his hat.

"Why, my son, ain't you going to eat any breakfast?"

"Mother, Follen & Page are going to fail!"

"Fail!" ejaculated the widow. "How you talk!"

"Oh! I might have known it—I was sure something was wrong!"

"Then it's business that's been troubling ye so!"

"I don't care much for myself—but Barbara's father—you know he lent them a thousand dollars—all he has in the world!" said Luther, chokingly.

"Don't be frightened—don't be rash!" entreated the widow. "After all, 'twas only a dream."

"A dream—but one of *your* dreams, mother!"

Indeed, Mrs. Mayland was noted for possessing, in a remarkable degree, that faculty of the soul, that inner sense, which is often most awake when the outer senses sleep. Her mental vision seemed peculiarly fitted to observe, on the horizon of the future, that "refraction of events," which "ofttimes rises ere they rise." Even in her waking, she saw signs, and felt premonitions; but most clearly in dreams, when the world was silent as Eden at the creation of Eve, and the fountain of the spirit, which springs

in the midst thereof, was unruffled by any wind, the forms of truth and shadows of things to come imaged themselves in the calm waters.

There, in the old-fashioned kitchen, the poor widow sits; her hand on the handle of the pewter teapot; a simple, uncultured woman, not conscious of a mission; a careful housekeeper, kind to her cat, thoughtful of the poor, devoted to her son; her life chiefly spent in sweeping, scouring, knitting, baking pies—occupation humble enough; yet within the folds of her delicate brain lie written all the wonders, all the mysteries of the human mind, whereof there is none more wonderful, more mysterious, than this power of dreaming.

There are dreams of various kinds; those of a wanton fancy, running riot; dreams of indigestion, as when you eat too much cheese for supper, and imagine yourself chased by elephants; dreams of a weary or excited brain, in which pictures of the past appear, incoherent, distorted, like your face in a spoon. But the highest dreaming faculty commonly manifests itself in pictorial prophecies. As the winter night paints frost-pictures upon your window-pane, so sleep crystallizes, from the breath and atmosphere of events, vivid shapes, which the morning light finds traced upon the windows of memory; no mere chance-pictures, but the results of law, bearing a symbolical correspondence to the events themselves.

The widow Mayland's dreams were of this order. Luther, who had learned to credit and interpret them, saw, in the figure of the store toppling to its foundation, the truth to which his own forebodings and calculations with pencil and paper had significantly pointed. Yet he had resisted conviction; living on in the sultry air of doubt and suspicion, and the dream had come like a thunder-storm, to clear his sky. Impatient to face the danger openly—resolute to prop up his corner of the falling house, if need be, but also to hold his employers in their places, and to save Mr. Blaxton's head—he turned his back upon his mother's mild counsel, and hurried away.

"I wish that dog hadn't barked, then I might have seen how it would turn out," mused the anxious widow. She drew her chair once more to the table, drank her tea, and tried to eat a little of the brown toast, which had been so nicely prepared, and scarcely tasted. She succeeded in swallowing a few crumbs, assisted by a sense of duty and some apple-sauce. But toast is like certain other good things necessary to our well-being—like knowledge, like piety—which must be received into the constitution with joy

and desire, to insure healthy digestion and assimilation. The widow's appetite was gone; put to flight by its deadly enemy, anxiety; just as the nobler appetites of the soul are driven out and destroyed by vulgar cares. How mournful, what a mockery of life it is, at such times, to sit and nibble your dry crust of bread or of duty; not from love, but habit, or something you call conscience; moistening the sad morsel, not with generous juices of the grateful palate rushing up to welcome it, but with stimulating sips of artificial tea; and solacing your tongue, between bites, with sauce of the apple of temptation!

Noon came, but no Luther, and no news; and having kept the dinner waiting for him an hour, Mrs. Mayland left the table where it stood, untouched, shut the cat out of the kitchen, put on her bonnet, and walked into the village. She entered the store. Appearances were by no means alarming. Loungers were sitting around the door on empty boxes, which they notched with their knives, or drummed upon with their fingers, making trades, or telling stories. Within, the under clerks were attending to their customers with all the assiduous politeness for which they were noted. The bland Mr. Follen, senior partner, was talking to a wealthy farmer in his smooth, low tones, and Mr. Page was gossiping gayly over the counter, with the young minister's fashionable wife.

"Foolish," thought the widow, as she glanced around upon the lively scene—"foolish enough, to imagine Follen & Page are going to fail!"

But where was Luther? While she was looking for him, something descended upon her like a mist. All things changed. The people around her talked and laughed the same, but on every face was a mask, and while the masks grimaced and assented, the faces behind were sad, or crafty, or careworn—some of them corpse-like. Under the smiling and painted exterior of the young minister's wife, darkened a countenance full of anger and disgust. A pale, restless ghost shrunk within the gay disguise of the junior partner. Even the bland Follen's visor was transparent, and beneath it grinned, somewhat troubled, a determined and malignant visage. Then again, as in her dream, she saw the store toppling to its foundation, her son still serving as a prop, but now struggling desperately to raise the corner sufficiently to get Mr. Blaxton's head from under the sill.

"Where is Luther?" asked the widow, coming to herself.

"He is absent just now, on a little matter of business," said Mr. Follen, with a smooth-

ness, a smiling condescension, altogether inimitable.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. MAYLAND returned home with a sad heart; prepared an early supper, thinking Luther would be very hungry when he came; waited hour after hour, sitting up for him until midnight, then with a weary sigh, and a tallow candle, going to bed. She had no more dreams that night, for reasons.

The next morning she set out to return to the store. But she had scarce stepped into the street, when an unaccountable change was wrought in her feelings. It seemed as if a crisis had passed. The anxious tension of her mind relaxed. She looked up, and around, and saw how beautiful was the day. All night she had heard a wretched wind moaning about the house; but now perfect calmness, a Sabbath peace, rested upon the earth. The October sky was soft and clear. The hazy hill-sides basked in the sun. Above, a few white, scattered clouds, like a flock of snowy lambs, couched upon the blue plains of heaven. The village street was spotted with sun and shadow. A few faded leaves fluttered down from the old elms as she walked under them; some rustled under her feet; some were rotting by the roadside. How like her own heart was this autumnal morning, ripe, and mellow, and peaceful; the wretched, moaning night-wind mysteriously fled! It was not now the fragrant spring, not the flushed summer, but the golden October of her life, beautiful even with its fading and falling leaves.

She passed the blacksmith's shop, and saw Mr. Blaxton within, scattering sparks from the anvil, his leathern apron on, his powerful arms bare, and a good head still on his shoulders, notwithstanding her dream.

"There's Mis' Mayland goin' by," said young Master Blaxton, blowing the bellows.

"Look here, sister Mayland!" cried the smith, "Good morning!"

He dropped his hammer on the anvil, returned the iron to the fire, and stood in the shop door, wiping the sweat from his brow.

"There ain't any trouble over there to the store, is there, think?" lowering his voice.

"What trouble do you mean?" replied the widow.

"Wal, I don't know. There seems to be a good many failures, here and there, this fall, and I've heard it hinted Follen & Page ain't likely to get through without a little difiklty. And as I see Luther drivin' to town yesterday, with Follen's boss, faster'n I ever see him drive

afore—for Luther ain't none of your harum-scarum boys—I didn't know but something was to pay."

"Why, brother Blaxton," said the widow, "you don't re'ly think there's any trouble of that kind, do you?"

There was art for you, in a woman of fifty! You should have seen the innocent face, the perfectly surprised look with which she appeared to hear, for the first time, the subject mentioned which had for twenty-four hours filled her mind with the most distressing doubts.

"Well, never mind. Mebby I hadn't ought to've said anything to you about it. I've spoke to Mr. Follen, and he talks fair. I never heard a man tell a smoother story, so I ain't goin' to be made uneasy—though, fact is, if such a thing *should* happen as Follen & Page failin'—but of course there can't be any danger of that. I don't see how it's possible, do you?"

"There's nothing impossible in this world, you know, brother Blaxton. We ought to be prepared for anything."

"That's so, sister; though if I thought *that* was coming, the way I'd prepare for it would be to secure my money. But, you see, I ain't much alarmed," laughed the blacksmith. "If there was any actooal danger, of course Luther would know it, and he'd tell you, and you'd be pretty sure to tell me, under the sarcumstances, I guess. But I won't keep ye standin' here. You better step into the house as you go by; Barbary'll be glad to see ye."

With a lighter heart the smith returned to his work. And the sparks flew, and the anvil rang, and the steel hissed in the water-tank. And the day still smiled without; the trees dropped their golden leaves; the cocks crowed musically, and the hens shook out their feathers in the warm dust of the road. But what ailed the widow? She walked on quickly, stopped, turned back, and then walked on again. She had assumed a new burden; somehow that which had just slipped from Mr. Blaxton's shoulders had alighted on her own, and she did not know what to do with it.

"I'll go back and tell him, sartin's the world! No, I won't neither—I'll just hold my tongue. He'd go distracted if he knew; and, if matters are bad, he'd only make 'em wus—though if Follen & Page *should* fail, and he should lose his money, he'd blame me, and I should blame myself, for not givin' him warnin', and that might make an everlasting trouble 'twixt Luther and Barbary. I declare there's Barbary now!"

"Why, Mrs. Mayland! how do you do?" cried a sweet girl's voice.

There was a little brown cottage, with a row of tall maples before it; a small, neat garden between the trees and the house; and a very young girl skipping along the leaf-strown path.

"Good morning, Barbary!" said the widow.

There was a soft lull in her voice, and a tender, almost tearful emotion in her face, as she gave her hand to the young girl's ardent pressure, and looked into those happy blue eyes.

"You ain't going by, are you, without coming in?" said Barbara, winningly.

"I don't know, dear. I hadn't thought of stoppin'—I don't know but I will, though, just a minute."

"Oh! do; only make the minute an hour! The front door is locked; I'll run around and open it."

The light and graceful form disappeared behind the rose-bushes.

"Strange, what a feeling I have for that girl!" thought the widow. "I feel just like a mother to her since her own mother died, and I can't look at her without, somehow, always thinking of Luther. Bless her! she'll love somebody, some time, and I hope she'll be happy; but, oh! life is full of trials and dangers. How little girls of her age know about it!"

The front door opened, and Barbara appeared, bright and smiling.

"The girls have gone to school, George is at the shop with father, and I am all alone," said the pretty housekeeper.

"What an excellent mother you do make to the younger ones!" exclaimed the widow.

"Oh! I know I don't fill *her* place—that never can be filled!" replied Barbara, tears suddenly dimming her eyes. (It was but little more than a year since she was left motherless.) "But I try to do all she would have me do; and sometimes, as you know, I can't but think she is with me, helping me."

"I don't doubt but she is; and it's a beautiful belief," said the widow. "It seems to me always as if I was going to meet her right face to face, when I come into the house. Just now I saw her over your shoulder, plain as ever I did in my life, Barbary!"

"Oh! Mrs. Mayland, how happy you always make me when you come here!" Barbara, kneeling, pressed the widow's hand to her lips and shed a little April shower of tears upon it. "You make me cry, but it isn't grief. Forgive me!" She sobbed awhile, with her face in Mrs. Mayland's lap, a kind hand caressing her fair curls and beautiful head, a kind voice soothingly

speaking to her, as it were, in her mother's name. "There! I won't be foolish any more!" And brushing away her tears, she looked up with a countenance so softened, so sweet, that the widow thought:

"If Luther could see her now!"

Then Barbara arose, and the two sat together by the open window, the mild October air blowing gently upon them, and the sunshine, glancing through the scarlet maples, falling in slant rays into the room.

"Barbary," said Mrs. Mayland, "you've had as hard a trial as any girl I can see, since your mother went; but it's done you good—there's no telling how much good it's done ye! You was a wild girl before, you know—not a hard-hearted girl, by any means, but thoughtless and giddy. You ain't the same creatur' now, do you know it? though I'm sure you are quite as happy."

"Oh! happier, a great deal happier!" cried Barbara. "But I have to thank you for it. What should I have done, but for you? Other people came and talked to me—so stiff and solemn—and told me it was my duty to be resigned, but I couldn't be; they only made the world look blacker to me, and I was wicked enough to wish they would keep away. But when you came, though you always made me cry, you left with me such a sweet feeling, deep down in my heart—such a love and peace—oh! if you could know how glad and strong it always made me!" said the grateful Barbara.

In such communion, Mrs. Mayland almost forgot the care that had occupied her mind. At the sound of a light-wheeled vehicle, she looked eagerly up the road.

"Who's that, Barbary? look!"

"That—it is"—Barbara blushed deeply—"why, it is Luther!"

"I declare, so it is! Your eyes are better than mine," said the widow. "He's turning up to the shop, isn't he?"

"Yes, and there's father coming out to speak with him. What can be the matter? Father runs back for his hat; now he is getting into the buggy—here they come!"

Luther waved his hand to his mother and Barbara, as he drove rapidly by.

"Some business, I guess," said the widow. "What a pretty place you have here!"

"Yes, very," stammered Barbara, her eyes following the vehicle. "Father thinks he shall buy it in the spring. Deacon Ward won't sell until he can have twelve hundred down; but father says he can raise that. Follen & Page owe him almost that amount. I shall be so glad

to have him own this house, free from debt—it's what he has been hoping so long and working so hard for!"

The widow's lips quivered, and her eyes avoided Barbara's.

"If anybody deserves to have a home he can call his own, it's your father, Barbary. But, after all, what's an 'arthly home to a heavenly one? The things of this world are just like running water. There's always about so much water—a little more or a little less, but it isn't the same—the stream never stops, the waves flow on, the bubbles break, and new waves and bubbles take their places. Just so with life. Everything is rolling on, rolling on, to the sea."

"The waves are events, and we are the bubbles," replied Barbara. "When we break I think we become vapor, and rise up in the beautiful sky."

"That's a pretty idee," said the widow. "Did you ever think how little real hold we have of the 'arth, with all our grasping? Even the trees out there have a firmer hold on't than we have—they are rooted in it, while we only live on it. Strange a man never has a bit of ground he can rely call his own, till he's planted too—in the 'arth, and not on it! It is sown a nat'ral body, and it is raised a spiritual body," said the widow, musingly.

Her eyes were turned upward, her hands were crossed upon her lap; a profound silence followed. Barbara gazed with reverence and affection upon the rapt face of her friend, wondering what visions of truth or of angels filled her eyes of faith. But she felt no idle wish to question her. There are persons of such fullness and purity of character, that the silent influence which passes out from them, though no silent mood of a companion—a jingling, cop-words are spoken, satisfies better than eloquence. It is a dull nature that fails to respect the high, per mind, that, in your deep moments, offers you "a penny for your thought."

CHAPTER III.

"THERE is father alone—what has happened?" exclaimed Barbara.

The widow started. "Why, where was I? Your father?"

"How fast he walks! How excited he looks!" said Barbara.

The flushed blacksmith entered the house, blowing, and fanning himself with his hat.

"Barby—Mrs. Mayland—oh! you desaitful critter!" he cried, shaking his brawny hand at

the widow. "Oh! I'll remember it of you! Barby, Barby, a glass of water!"

The frightened Barbara ran to obey. The big blacksmith walked to and fro, and swabbed his face with his sleeve, and fanned himself, and shook, and laughed.

"That boy Luther, I tell you what—I ain't had such a time afore! Don't be scar't, Barby; it's all right, it's all right!" And Mr. Blaxton drank the contents of the glass his daughter brought him at a breath.

"What's the matter, father?"

"Don't you think, that thousan' dollars't I've been savin' up to buy this place with—you know all about it, Mis' Mayland. Another glass, Barby!"

"Don't drink too much while you're heated, Mr. Blaxton," quietly said the widow.

"Wal, you are the coolest woman! Any other in this town would have let the secret out, when I was talkin' with you this mornin', but you *did* keep on the soberest face!"

"Wasn't it best that I did?"

"Best! I tell ye," cried the burly smith, "if you had g'n me a hint of what you knew 'bout Follen & Page, I should have run distracted; I should have gone tearin' about the town like a mad bull! And I guess I should have got my money 'bout as much as you can git the moon out of a pond, by jumpin' in heels over head arter it!"

"What has Luther done?" the widow asked.

"Done! He's got my head out from under the sill!" roared the honest smith.

"Oh! I am glad of that!"

"He told me that dream o' yourn, widder, goin' over, to kind o' break the news to me, easy like, though I had a suspicion what the matter was, the minute I see him drive up to the shop. But, I tell ye, the thunderbolt didn't strike me fair till he'd got me into the countin'-room, and brought Mr. Follen to me, right face to face, an' says he, 'Mr. Follen,' says he, 'fore I had time to ketch my breath, 'this man must be paid,' says he.

"'Paid?' says Follen, with his smooth grin, 'what do you mean?'

"'What I say,' says Luther, and he looked the door. 'He must be paid 'fore either of us leaves this room,' says he.

"Then Follen began to chafe, and champ the bit, and kick, but 'twan't no use; that boy o' yourn held him to it—there wan't no gettin' away—Luther had him, and led him right up to the work, jest as if he'd been tamin' a young colt. It seems he has had things a little in his own hands since yesterday, when he went to

the store and called Follen to an account, and got out of him that they re'ly was preparin' to fail; but he promised to stand by 'em, and help 'em, if they'd deal honorable; and he'd gone to the city to get some notes discounted for 'em at a bank where he knows the cashier; and he'd brought back some drafts, and he had 'em in his pocket there, and says he, taking me by the collar, says he, 'This is an honest man, and a poor man, and whoever suffers, he mustn't; and now,' says he, 'just put your name on the back of one of these drafts for him, and I'll keep it in my hands till he gives me the note'—for, you see, I'd left Follen & Page's note in the till of my chist, here to home. Wal, to cut a long story short, the thing was done; and if I ever forget Luther's doin' of me this sarvice—why, then, Barby, I hope you'll show yourself more grateful."

Astonished, and thrilled with joy at, she scarcely knew what, Barbara could do nothing but blush and smile, through tears at her father and Mrs. Mayland.

"I am thankful," said the widow, fervently. "I rejoice for you, brother Blaxton! But there's danger of becoming too much attached to the things of this world. I hope 'twouldn't have broke your heart, even if you'd lost the money."

"Widder," said the smith, "that *would* have broke my heart! I've been years savin' up that money, hopin' to buy a place with't some day. I've got a family of children growin' up. I shall soon be an old man, and if I don't, within a few years, have a home of my own for them, and for me in my old age, I never shall."

"But you haven't got your money yet, it seems," replied the widow.

"It's in Luther's hands, and I'd trust him with anything!" cried Mr. Blaxton. "There he comes now, with the draft! Barby, run to the till of my chist, and git me that note!"

Barbara skipped from the room, lightly as if she had had wings. Luther, smiling, triumphant, hat in hand, entered. The smith embraced him with enthusiasm—with tears. With silent emotion, Mrs. Mayland looked upon her son, in whom she was never so well pleased. Then Barbara, radiant with modesty, happiness, love, came noiselessly into the room. And that morning, at parting, Luther reverently and tremulously took his first pledge of affection from the pure lips of Barbara.

In a dream of bliss, the young man walked home with his mother. Oh, lovely sky of October! airs so cool and sweet! heavenly haze on the hills! resplendent gold and scarlet of the trees!

music, the softest ever heard, in the gentle murmur of the brook by the roadside, in the light rustle of colored leaves on the ground.

"Mother," said Luther, "I think Barbara likes me. I never felt so sure of it before. She has not always treated me well. I have thought she was capricious, sometimes cruel."

"Why, that's the way with girls," replied the widow. "When they treat you that way, 'pearing to encourage you one day, then, without any provocation, saying or doing something to hurt your feelings, you may be sure they like you—unless it's a heartless coquette, which, of course, we all know Barbary isn't."

Reaching home, the widow made haste to get dinner. The lover was hungry.

"What happened to you, my son, about nine o'clock this morning?"

"Why, mother?"

"Because, just at that time, the strangest feeling came over me! Though I'd been worried all day yesterday, and kep' awake all last night, all of a sudden, just as I was going out of the house, every bit of my trouble seemed to leave me, and I was just as calm as I ever was in my life."

"It was just about that time," replied Luther, "that I got the drafts into my hands, which I had been waiting all night for, and started for home. I felt that Mr. Blaxton's money was safe, and that was all I cared."

"How curis it is!" said the widow.

The result proved that Mr. Follen was something of a villain, and Mr. Page his timid accomplice. It was only through Luther's firmness and sagacity that they were prevented from defaulting, with considerable sums of money on their hands. Their debts to townsmen, who he knew held their notes for borrowed money, or for produce, he compelled them to pay, after which their business was made over to their principal creditors in the city, and that was the last of Follen & Page.

CHAPTER IV.

THE store was closed but for a few days. It was reopened with a new stock of goods, and a new sign over the door. "Cobwit & Co.," a house of distinguished name and immense wealth, had converted it into a branch establishment. The name alone inspired the townspeople with confidence and pride. Mr. Cobwit came out from the city, to look at affairs, and receive the homage of a community which he condescended to honor with his great presence and great reputation. At his departure, he left his mantle with his vicegerent.

Mr. Montey, the head of the new establishment, was a person of fine address, sociability, good looks, and exceedingly handsome whiskers. He was thirty, and a bachelor. He took lodgings at the hotel, drove a gay horse, and made havoc with ladies' hearts.

Luther, who retained his place in the store, and was very useful to Mr. Montey, introduced him one evening to the blacksmith's family. Although belonging to the great house of Cobwit & Co., Mr. Montey was not proud.

"He's just the most perfect gentleman ever I see in my life!" Mr. Blaxton declared, glowing with satisfaction, after the polished merchant had taken his leave.

"Gracious! didn't he look sweatmeats at Barby!" observed young Master Blaxton.

Barbara looked very red, and very strange. Luther felt an unaccountable pang. Of course he was not jealous; but as he tried to speak, his heart choked him.

"Say, Barby, wouldn't you like to ride after that smart trottin' hoss of his'n?" continued George.

"Hush yer nonsense, boy!" said the smith, frowning. "Mr. Montey is over thirty year old"—with a thoughtful side-glance at Barbara.

"Ten years—that ain't much difference 'twixt a man and his wife," muttered young Blaxton, who was justly sent to bed for his impertinence.

Somehow, the parting between the lovers was unusually cool that night.

A week later, Barbara did actually ride after that "smart trottin' hoss," with Mr. Montey.

"Do tell!" said the gossips. "I should think he'd look higher than that!" "Only a blacksmith's daughter!" "Where's Luther Mayland?" "Won't little Barby feel her consequence now!" with other such charitable remarks.

The invitation had been unexpected. Mr. Blaxton thought it would not be polite to refuse it. And Barbara did not have time to ask Luther if she ought to accept it. Even if she had asked him, how could he have withheld his consent? He and Barbara were not engaged, although there had been a tacit and sweet love-confidence between them ever since the affair of the borrowed money.

"I have no right to complain. I ought to be glad, if it was a pleasure to Barbara," said Luther to his mother. But it was quite evident that his magnanimity did not prevent his feeling very unhappy about something.

"Barbary is a young girl yet; and all young girls are vain," said Mrs. Mayland. "No wonder it pleased her to have attentions from a man

that everybody is praising up to the very skies. But I wish she wouldn't."

Mr. Blaxton did not forget his ardent gratitude toward Luther, in his enthusiasm for Mr. Montey.

"I owe everything to that young man!" he one day declared, when the merchant drove up to the shop to see where his horse's shoe pinched.

"He seems to be a fine young fellow. Look at his off foot," said the merchant. "He helped you out of some trouble, I believe?"

The blacksmith hammered the hoof, and told his story.

"No doubt the young fellow meant well," said Montey, carelessly. "But I don't imagine your money was in actual danger."

"Do you think so?" replied the smith.

"I hope the bank pays you interest—where is my whip?"

"No, it don't; I only leave it there for safe keeping. I expect to use it in the spring. I ain't goin' to resk that money agin, I tell you!"

"But you are losing sixty or seventy dollars a year by its lying idle," observed Mr. Montey.

"You can't afford that. Besides, banks fail sometimes, you know, as well as traders."

"I've thought of that; but I'm blamed if I know what better I can do," said the smith.

"Let me see—I am going to town to-morrow. I'll ask Mr. Cobwit if he can use it, if you like."

"Wal, that would suit me, of all things," said the smith. He seemed to think the honor alone would be sufficient compensation for lending money to the great house of Cobwit & Co.

The next day Mr. Montey went to town, and the day after he sent for Mr. Blaxton. Cobwit & Co. had concluded to use the money.

"I want you to feel perfectly easy about it, if we have it," said Montey. "I can give you any kind of security you want, if you have any doubts of our paper." The smile with which he said this was very humorous; the idea of anybody doubting Cobwit & Co.'s paper appearing so decidedly funny! The blacksmith blushed. As if he could have been guilty of such an absurdity!

"I should be ashamed to ask for security; Cobwit & Co.'s name is security enough for me," said he.

"It's contrary to our custom to borrow such small sums—indeed, to borrow money any way," observed Mr. Montey, writing, "so I'd a little rather you wouldn't speak of it."

Mr. Blaxton blushed again. He had thought that his lending money to Cobwit & Co. would be a thing to be proud of, and to mention with satisfaction.

"Sartin, sartin," he said. "Of course, 'twouldn't be much of an honor to a great firm like yourn, to have it said you've borrowed money of me!"

Mr. Montey made out the note. It read, "Twelve months from date, I promise to pay——" but that was only a form, and Mr. Blaxton could have his money at any time, (the merchant said,) by calling for it. It was signed, "Horatio Montey."

"Why, see here, I thought you was going to give the firm's signature," said the surprised blacksmith. "Cobwit & Co."

"That is precisely the same thing. I am the 'Company,'" replied Mr. Montey.

"I don't doubt that, and I don't imagine it makes any material difference; but somehow I kind o' want Cobwit & Co.'s name—just for the looks—just for the sound—if nothing more."

"Oh, I see! Mr. Montey smiled, tore up the note, and wrote another. "It is precisely the same thing to us," and he signed the name of the firm.

Mr. Blaxton, who knew that the transaction was entirely a personal favor to himself, felt very uncomfortable, on account of the want of confidence he had shown. Moreover, the merchant's easy manners, and fair and obliging disposition, were of so polished a surface that they cast reflections upon the rude and embarrassed smith; and he saw his own roughness and ignorance as in a glass. He accepted the note in its new form; gave in return a draft upon the bank, for the money; thanked, perspired, and apologized profusely, and departed, singularly ill at ease for a man who carried Cobwit & Co.'s paper for a thousand dollars in his jacket pocket. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR SUE.

BY ANNA L. ROMAINE.

KNEW ye ever gifted maiden
With such wondrous beauty laden
As our love, our darling Sue,
She whose feet are lightly dancing,
With the soft eyes upward glancing,
A star entangled in their blue,
Mellowed with the light that fell
From far off fields of Asphodel?

Have you heard her accents tender,
Speaking thoughts the graces lend her
To each one anear her thrown,
Rich and soft as sweet refrain
From the warblers after rain,
When first the sun hath shone,
Telling her heart's gladness
When her eye hath lost its sadness?

For long ago a shadow fell,
Cold, and chilling with its spell
O'er our love, our darling Sue,
And her step then lost its lightness,
And her eye its wondrous brightness,
Dew-drops mingle with its blue:
For though solemn troth was plighted,
Her rich heart for gold was slighted.

But long before the shadow lifted
Through its rents the sunlight drifted,
And sank into her soul;
Then from out her sorrow
Dawned her brighter morrow,
And her heart was whole,
With a treasure in its keeping
Worth the sorrow and the weeping.

THE SNOW-MANTLED FOREST.

BY JAMES RISTINE.

No thrortle sits on yonder tree
To sing her tender lay;
No flowers spread in ripening bloom
Beside the forest way;
Nor come the warmer breezes there
To pour their perfume round;
Nor hop the twittering little birds
Along the fleecy ground.

For silence, like the calm of death,
Is brooding o'er the wood,
Where but the winds of Winter with
An icy touch intrude;

And starlight silvers o'er the snow
That sleeps upon the spray,
Shedding below along the glade
A strange, a ghastly ray.

And here within this aching heart
The frost of care is spread,
And hope, and joy, once radiant,
Are lying with the dead;
And but the gleam of other days
Returns to cheer awhile—
Amid the melancholy gloom
To cast a vacant smile.

NANNIE.

BY MARY LEE PERKINS.

THE doctor put on her cloak, Mrs. Thornton tied her furs, Kate arranged her hood, Fred buttoned her fur-lined boots, little Nannie handed her muff. Nan laughed cheerily, kissed them all, and took her seat in the sleigh *en route* for home; Dr. Thornton came out with the lantern to see that she was made quite comfortable, the rest standing in the door reiterating their adieus and good wishes.

"Take good care of Miss Anna, Pat," the doctor said to the driver.

"Yes, your honor, it's meself that will be sure to do that," was heartily responded.

The passengers, one and all, looked to see what kind of a person she might be for whom all seemed to care so kindly. Then Pat cracked his whip, the bells jingled merrily, and off they went.

It was a bright, cold mid-winter evening, about "early candle-light." The sleighing was magnificent. Nan felt very happy thinking of her charming visit, and of how glad brother Tom would be to have her home again. Then she fell to wondering who the tall gentleman beside her, all wrapped in furs, might be; if there was any one who would be glad to see him; and wished his face was not so muffled that she might see it. She thought he must be asleep he was so quiet: but she would have changed her mind on that point could she have seen the bright way he smiled behind his fur collar as Pat would look back, touch his hat and say,

"Are ye quite comfortable, Miss Anna?"

"Yes, Pat, quite comfortable; thank you."

"Misther Clinton will be glad yer after coming home."

"Yes, Pat."

After a little, the brightly-lighted houses and the gaunt trees, which she was watching as they flew past, began to grow less and less distinct: and the next thing she was conscious of was the voice of her brother Tom calling,

"Anything for me there, Pat?" and then springing into the sleigh. "Why, Nannie, you little dormouse, making a pillow of your fellow passengers; wake up and kiss a fellow."

And she was very much astonished and shocked to find that through more than half

of her ten miles' drive, she had been quietly sleeping against this same fur coat that had so excited her curiosity. She apologized very prettily: and he of the fur coat replied "that it had never been put to a better service," and then he stood on the steps of the hotel watching them as they drove off. Nan ran gaily up their own steps, not forgetting to send Pat a glass of wine. She and Tom sat by the glowing fire a long time that night, he telling how he had missed his little housekeeper, she of her visit, of the Thorntons: and wondering a little why Tom appeared so inattentive when she spoke of her dear Kate, whose virtues she never could enumerate, or sufficiently extol. She had often felt a little hurt, too, that Kate manifested so little appreciation of her brother. Altogether it puzzled her a little. Nevertheless that night, after our little lady was "snugly tucked up" in bed, her *chateaux en Espagne* were all inhabited by Kate and Tom, each all in all to the other: she never thinking in her unselfish little heart what would become of her the meanwhile.

Meantime, our fur-coated friend, which garment by-the-way he had doffed, was sitting in his room at the hotel, feeling particularly comfortless and cheerless, thinking of that little face leaning so trustingly upon his arm, of soft words and genial smiles, and hearty welcomes and kisses. He sighed to think how little he had known of such things, and wondered why if there were good, true, earnest women in the world, which he believed in his heart of hearts there were, it had never been his good fortune to fall in with such.

The next morning, as Anna was busying herself about some onerous domestic duty, Biddy informed her that Mr. Clinton would be glad to see her in the library. As she entered, Tom came forward looking particularly pleased.

"Nannie, I have the pleasure of making you acquainted with Mr. Radcliffe, of Boston; Mr. Radcliffe, my sister."

Mr. Radcliffe bowed, hoped Miss Clinton was well. Miss Clinton expressed her great pleasure in seeing Mr. Radcliffe, adding, that the introduction was a mere form, for she had long known him through his never-failing goodness

to Tom, and his many generous and disinterested acts of kindness.

"Yes, little sister, I want you always to feel that; that Mr. Radcliffe's benefits to me are inestimable; that we must ever remain his debtors."

Mr. Radcliffe disclaimed all merit, and, even allowing it, he did not understand why Miss Clinton should assume Tom's responsibilities; but he looked rather pleased withal, and thereupon there followed a very animated conversation. At last Tom says,

"Nannie, dear, will you not impress upon Mr. Radcliffe how much more comfortable he can be with us than at the hotel? I have already explained to him that the doors of your little heart are thrown wide open to him, and that anything will be a pleasure to you that may add to his."

"Do let me persuade you, Mr. Radcliffe: I should be so gratified. I do not consider that I can ever do enough for, or make enough of, one who has been so kind to Tom."

She spoke with such sweet entreaty, and looked so thoroughly hospitable, that he ordered his baggage to be sent up at once from the hotel; and with other things came that same wonderful fur coat, though, as he had no occasion to wear it during his stay, Nan never once knew or imagined it.

Probably never did any old musty bookworm of a bachelor have a wider or newer field opened to his vision and understanding than now presented itself to John Radcliffe, Esq., Boston, Mass. He thought it was a wonderful thing to see Nannie's quiet household ways. He thought the intelligence and love and worth and charity that lighted up her countenance were beautiful to behold. He thought he would give all his wealth, all his influence, all his learning, for a little sister like Tom's. He thought her songs the most melodious he had ever heard, her manners the most simply elegant and refined, her taste the most perfect. While he and Tom sat discussing the old Boston days, when Tom was his law student, he noted how truly industrious, patient, and womanly she was. And so it fell out that the two or three days in which he had thought to settle the details of the *Rice vs. Rice, et al.*, case, lengthened themselves into as many weeks.

And finally, after his return to Boston, his brother lawyers, clerks, and students wondered what had befallen the indefatigable Radcliffe, who, from being the most watchful, unwearied, relentless practitioner among them, had become careless, inert, and absent-minded.

The fact was, all Mr. Radcliffe's energies were bent upon solving the following metaphysical problem: Why was it that the most thoroughly, sumptuously, and perfectly arranged house, with no Nannie, appeared to him empty, void, and meaningless, while the merest cottage, with her, seemed overflowing with light and happiness? The conclusion of the whole matter was this:

"By Jove, she rested quietly and happily on my arm the first time we met, I will ask her if she will make use of it for the slumbers that remain to her, until a mightier and surer arm, which gathers up such lambs as she, shall hold her."

By the next mail a line was dispatched to Tom, saying that that troublesome Rice case again demanded his presence in their parts. The letter was speedily followed by himself. Anna welcomed him very cordially, innocently remarking that business had taken Tom somewhere into Dr. Thornton's neighborhood, but he would be back very soon.

Then they had a very lively *tele-a-tele*, Nannie doing divers things to make her guest comfortable, and he watching her every movement. Finally a very embarrassing pause ensued. Nan was becoming quite nervous, when Mr. Radcliffe approached her, and, in a very deep-toned voice, full of feeling, said,

"Nannie, I have been all my life an eager, grasping man, seeking for happiness which I have never found. It rests with you now to give it to me, or doom me ever to the darkness in which I have been groping. I have fastened my every hope, wish, and desire upon you."

She was very, very quiet, her head sank lower and lower, still she gave no sign.

In a voice overcharged with passionate emotion, he said, "Nannie, will you give me what I ask?"

There was a sudden lifting of a bowed face. Two little hands came fluttering into his, and then the head sought the resting place it had so unwittingly and quietly appropriated before.

"Why, Mr. Radcliffe, I loved you before ever I saw you, and I have loved you every moment since. Didn't you know it?"

But suddenly a troubled expression fell upon Nannie's face.

"What is it, my darling?"

"Oh! how wicked and selfish I am to forget my dear Tom, who has been everything to me since mamma died! How can I ever leave him, Mr. Radcliffe?"

"How does it happen that your little woman's heart, that seems to know everything without

learning it, has not discovered that Tom's business takes him surprisingly often out to Dr. Thornton's?"

"Oh! Mr. Radcliffe, do you truly think so?"

"I do, indeed, my blessing."

If a more delighted person than Nannie, or one more happy to the heart's core than Mr. Radcliffe, could be found, it would be worth while to see them produced.

Late that night, when Mr. Radcliffe related to Tom what he had been saying to Nannie, it happened just as he had surmised that Tom had a similar confession to make in return, for he and Kate had been holding a conversation of like import. They shook hands upon it most heartily and wished each other joy, and each appeared to feel that he was nearer realizing it than any one had ever been before him.

A few months later found Nannie happily domiciled in Boston, surrounded by all the elegancies and luxuries that money, taste, and love could procure.

One morning, sometime after, they were in the breakfast room. Mr. Radcliffe was apparently reading the morning papers, but really watching his little wife, as she was arranging the silver.

"My little Nan, come here."

She came at once, as all good wives should do.

"When was the first time you slept on this arm?"

"You shock me, asking such things. The night of the fifteenth of June, when I promised to love, honor, and obey you, of course."

"No, wifey."

"Why, John, what can you mean?"

"Did you never take a quiet little nap in a sleigh, coming from Dr. Thornton's?"

"John, you do not mean that you are the gentleman that belongs to the fur coat?"

"Exactly."

"Well I might have known it. Else of course I would not have done it."

And John had no more to say.

FAREWELL TO AUTUMN.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

FAREWELL to brown Autumn's tread!

Farewell to his swift-winged hours!

Farewell to the sweets which his regal hand
Pressed from the Summer flowers!

Farewell to the golden fields,

First wet by Spring's rife showers;

Farewell to the emerald carpet that graced
This beautiful earth of ours!

Farewell to the birds that cheered

Our hearts 'mid the leafy bowers;

Farewell to the hopes that closely clung
To Autumn's lingering hours!

Farewell to the purple grapes

That hung in the latticed bowers;

Autumn is treading their rich juice out,
As he speeds from this earth of ours!

But tho' he is passing away,

And blighting the painted flowers,

He is filling our garner with corn and wine,
A truce for stern Winter's hours!

Oh! heart, bid farewell to sin:

Let it die with the Autumn hours;

Oh! culture and cherish virtue's plant
To bloom in eternal bowers!

Then a hope for guileless youth,

Elysium's cold petaled flowers!

May their hearts be foisted with love and truth
Ere they soar from this world of ours!

And a hope for ripe old age,

Eternity's Autumn-marked towers!

Oh! may they enjoy an excelsior bliss—
The three score and ten of ours!

WE CAN FORGET.

BY MRS. C. H. CRISWELL.

FORGET! ah, yes! we can forget love's dreaming,

When years, long years, have slowly traveled by;

For, o'er the spirit then, no light is beaming

Of love's sweet magic from the shaded eye.

We can forget!

We can forget the hours of peaceful gladness

That passed while ling'ring with the chosen one;

We can forget the days of gloom and sadness,

When from our hearts all joy, all hope was gone.

We can forget!

We can forget love's last and mournful parting,

When sighs of anguish rent each heaving breast;

When trembling tears in our sad eyes were starting,

And when our lips together wildly pressed.

We can forget!

We can forget the loved ones when they leave us,

Alone descending to the dismal tomb,

That tomb whose chambers dark may soon receive us,

Though now, perhaps, rejoicing in our bloom.

We can forget!

BARBARA SHERBORNE, SPINSTER.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

BARBARA SHERBORNE, spinster, aged forty-five!

The words are not unfamiliar to me, yet they strike my eye strangely as I see them traced in my own crabbed, unfeminine hand.

Here is a whole sheet of paper covered with the same uncouth scribbings. I have wasted hours in this silly, mechanical task, while my thoughts have been as uselessly employed with the memories which those words called up.

This is the way it came to pass.

I was here in my sitting-room after breakfast reading the morning paper—the masculine privilege usurped by every solitary old maid—when Honour, my woman, entered and said that the “census man” was below.

“Shure, what’ll he want your senses?” she added, somewhat mistaking his errand; “it’s little good mine are to mysel’; but I’m thinking I’ll not spare ’em to him, any way.”

I explained his mission, and told her to give him my name.

“Isn’t he axin’ the ages too—the omadhauan—bless the Virgin, I don’t know mine, so I’ll have no shame about it at all.”

I smiled a little at Honour’s energy, and lest she should, between passion and stupidity, make some of the ridiculous mistakes habitual with her on every possible occasion, I wrote upon a slip of paper my name and age. As I did so, I remembered that it was my birthday.

My interesting handmaiden stared as earnestly at the line as if she had been able to read it, then walked discontentedly down stairs, leaving the door wide open as was her wont.

I heard the petulant speech with which she gave the paper to the man, heard too his derisive laugh as he read the words aloud,

“Martha Sherborne, aged forty-five. Why a body would think your mistress was writing an inscription for her own tomb-stone,” he added. “Wal, wal, old maids is queer. But I say, Irish, the old lady don’t have any more birthdays, does she?”

Barbara flung a torrent of invectives at his head, and I think fairly pushed him out-of-doors, for I heard a scuffle. He went off laughing, and his last words were,

“You must be a nice pair, you and the spinster, aged forty-five.”

I repeated the name over and over to myself; I still held the pen and began to write: the only words I framed were,

“Martha Sherborne, spinster, aged forty-five.” So the forenoon has slipped away and here I sit still, idle, listless, and letting the first day of my new year drift from me without even an effort to begin it in some useful manner.

This is dreary autumn weather; the leaves are dropping slowly from the trees; the last fall flowers in the garden are bending patiently to the wind. My chair is drawn near the window, so that I command a view of the street. I cannot say that the prospect is a particularly pleasant one. Our yards are at the front of the houses instead of the back; this is Monday, and every yard is filled with clothes hung up on poles and lines to dry, while twenty-four slatternly Irish girls scream to each other across the fences as they pursue their labors.

The whole street looks like an immense laundry establishment, and I can see several of my neighbors at their windows, taking a careful inventory of such portions of my wearing apparel as Honour has chosen to spread out to the public gaze. I am going to make a remark which may sound foolish, but I am an old maid, and so have a right to be squeamish. I do not like to wear petticoats that have been stared at by everybody that chooses to look; I always feel as if there were two eyes in each pair of stockings I put on my feet.

It would please me better, too, if I could cultivate my flowers in some less exposed spot than I am obliged to do; but I would rather be stared at by passers by, and laughed at by my neighbors, than give up my chief pleasure. Mine are very old-fashioned flowers with homely names—I think I love them more from their associations than for themselves.

Years, and years, ago I cultivated and loved such blossoms in my pleasant country home. Since that time so many holy and pure feelings have been torn from my heart, that I wonder I am not changed to stone, yet the love for those flowers has survived it all. Often the sight of them has caused me the keenest pain; many a time their odor has driven me almost insane, yet I love them still; and I only ask that when kind hands prepare this poor body for the grave,

they will place upon my bosom a cluster of the old time blossoms that have been with me all my life.

That country home, it was indeed a pleasant place. The house was old, and could boast no architectural pretensions—a long, irregular, wooden building, with wings jutting out and verandahs covered with vines—a sweep of woodland to the right—at the left an immense garden and an orchard stretching down the hill at the back, with a wild brook rushing through its midst, the murmur of whose waters came up to the chamber I occupied and soothed me to rest—the happy, dreamful rest of girlhood.

There I lived with my step-mother; for of my own mother I had no remembrance; and while I was still a child we followed—the second wife and I—my father's corpse as it was carried, for the last time, out of the old homestead, and laid at rest in the village grave-yard miles beyond.

I had no relatives, except some distant connections of my father's family, of whom I knew very little, so that I gave my step-mother the fullness of affection which lies in every young heart, ready to offer itself in return for any evidence of kindness or sympathy.

My mother had almost as few to love as myself. She never spoke to me of any relatives, except a nephew, who was being educated in Europe, the son of a favorite sister, who had long been dead; and in this young man she seemed to have centred all the love which had once belonged to his dead parent.

I was seventeen years old when Wallace Landry returned to America, and came to visit my step-mother. She was greatly excited as the time for his arrival approached, she could talk and think of nothing else; and when we received news that he had actually landed and would be at Ashburn within two days, she was so overcome that I feared she would make herself ill.

She related to me numberless anecdotes of his childhood, and I remember—a week after his arrival I would not have believed it—they all impressed me unfavorably, and I thought if he had grown up with the same reckless, selfish disposition, there was everything to fear, and little to hope in regard to him.

Wallace Landry came to Ashburn. Let me recall him as he looked that first evening seated in the most comfortable chair in the room, the one that had always been especially my step-mother's, but which she ceded to him at once, and which he took, as he did every other attention or sacrifice, with the most graceful,

winning manner, and the most beautiful indifference.

He was twenty-one at that time, appearing somewhat older from the perfectly easy, self-possessed manner, which, I am certain, must have been peculiar to him from his cradle.

He was not tall, but extremely well made, his movements lithe and graceful. I never see anything similar now that I do not have a feeling as if a serpent were near me: and I like a man who is awkward and angular: but it was different then. His face was a fair oval—would have been perfect in its shape, except for the slightly retreating chin—his mouth was so changeable in its expressions that it was impossible to tell which was its habitual one—a certain evidence of his fickle character. There was a singular mingling of weakness and strength in his face, and his phrenological developments would have puzzled Combe himself.

Do not suppose that I made these reflections while looking at him then—it is only in regarding him by the light of experience that I see him as he really was—to me then he was the incarnation of human beauty and perfection.

Even at that age he possessed wonderful conversational powers, and was, altogether, a man of great and peculiar talent. He was naturally indolent—an inveterate day-dreamer, and no crisis would have forced him into more than temporary action. In every art or accomplishment that he essayed he showed glimpses almost of genius, but nothing was ever completed. I have seen pictures of his which were full of promise, but he never finished them; portions of novels, fragments of poems and plays, but after the first burst of enthusiasm he threw them aside, and they were powerless to interest him again.

It was the same in his intercourse with those who fell in his way. He formed sudden and violent friendships—gave himself up to passion and love; but once certain of the heart he had burned to secure, his love paled to ashes, and no power could again have rekindled the flame.

The most miserable feature in his character was, that, for the time he was wholly in earnest, every thought and feeling was centred in that passing dream—heavens, how I loathe a nature like that! I could have more respect for a cold-blooded, systematic deceiver—I can forgive premeditated sin easier than the contemptible weakness of a fickle mind.

But I say, that of all these things I was, at that time, ignorant. I was not old enough,

nor, thank God, wise enough to comprehend his nature—the consequence was that he wrecked my life.

I cannot tell how it came about, I do not know how or when I began to love him, but I did, and loved him with an intensity, an entire devotion, which no human being looking at me to-day, cold, silent, almost apathetic, would, for an instant, believe.

My affection was neither unsought nor unreturned. Wallace Landry loved me with all the passion of his reckless, ill-formed nature, but—it was as he had loved a score of women before, and has adored numberless others since—neither more or less. I know that there are women who would be fools enough to console their vanity with the idea that the affection he had given them, was different from the passion that he felt for others; for the time purer, nobler, and however far he might have strayed beyond the dream, that somewhere in his heart it was cherished as a holy remembrance: but I am not so egregious an idiot.

I am not a coward. I never saw the time I had not the courage to look truth boldly in the face. It is less shame for me to acknowledge that I have been a puppet, a dolt, than to sting my pride with the consciousness of having lied to my own soul.

Well, I loved him. I speak the words neither in bitterness nor scorn—each has alike passed out of my soul. There is not a memory linked with his name that has the power to move me now.

We were very, very happy during those long summer months. For the time, Wallace had not a thought beyond the pleasant routine of our lives, and I—oh! no matter—as I look back, I can only pray—God help the young!

I need not tell how the days passed. I have been alone neither in my love nor my desolation—I cannot even enjoy the martyr thought that I have borne griefs deeper than others—I know that every heart has known a summer season of delight like mine, too many the after agony and woe.

My eighteenth birthday came. Wallace was still with us, but was soon to leave for the South: there was business connected with property which rendered his presence necessary. An unforeseen and terrible event detained him still longer.

While we were yet gay with the little festivities of my birthday, my step-mother was seized with a sudden illness. Only a week passed—a week of anxiety and suffering, then I stood by her death-bed. The last friend who could have

aided or counseled me was gone: there was only my mad heart and my wild love to direct me then.

I was nearly frantic with grief, and Wallace appeared to suffer as much as myself.

Very soon after the funeral he was obliged to leave me. I thought the agony of that parting was the most terrible suffering I should ever have to endure. The evening that he was to leave Ashburn we were together in the parlor, where we had never known sadness until a little time before.

We wept like children. Nay, he was weaker far than I; his grief was like that of an insane person.

We heard the carriage which was to take him away drive to the door. The feverish energy that always came upon me in moments of great excitement nerved me then. Again and again he folded me to his heart, uttering every vow and tender word that passion could suggest.

"Barbara!" he exclaimed, suddenly, "I cannot part from you so; be my wife."

"You are mad," I said. "Oh! Wallace, remember my poor mother!"

"I know—I understand! Listen, Barbara: let us swear an oath which shall bind us for life—here before the portrait of your father. He will hear—it will be registered in heaven!"

He seized my hand and drew me in front of the picture. We knelt and repeated the vows which we should have spoken had we been standing before the altar. I grew faint as I felt Wallace's kiss on my forehead and heard him say,

"You are my wife now—you would not dare do anything which would separate us. Stop, it shall be made legal."

He went to a table, seized a paper and pen.

"There is no ink," he said, impatiently; "never mind, this will do as well."

He snatched a sharp knife from the desk and gave his wrist a reckless thrust. I cried out as the blood dropped upon the paper.

"It is holier ink than a priest would have used," he exclaimed, and, dipping the pen in it, he wrote a certificate acknowledging me as his wife, signed it and gave it into my hands.

"You are my wife," he said, exultingly, "my own, own wife."

With those solemn vows still upon our lips we parted. He out into the busy world, and I settling down in the quiet of my home, for a season so filled with blissful dreams that I had no thought of loneliness.

One of my step-mother's last acts had been to send a message to a relative of my father,

requesting her to make her home with me for a time, since it was impossible for me to live alone. She had left Ashburn to Wallace, it having been a part of her marriage portion: but I was to remain there until my twenty-first birthday. I had inherited a sufficient fortune from my father, and as he had appointed my eighteenth birthday as the time of my majority, I was not fettered or controlled by the caprices of a guardian.

So I sat down in the homestead with my great love beside me, to console me in the grief I suffered at the loss of my step-mother and the separation from Landry.

It was not long before Mrs. Bates arrived. I must frankly confess that her companionship brought me little pleasure. I have no doubt that she was a good woman—she was tiresome enough to have been—and I am glad to remember that from me she always received consideration and kindness.

She was stiff and angular as an old maid—as much so as I am to-day. She never laughed; poor old soul! she had known much trouble and perhaps had forgotten how. At all events, when other people would have laughed she only snuffed. She had a horror of novels beyond credence. When she was not reading, she occupied herself with some interminable needlework. The good creature had a theory in regard to yellow flannel petticoats—the only theory she ever formed, I think—she believed them conducive to health, and the number she made during her residence with me was incredible.

She was kind enough to furnish me with several of the articles, but I derived little benefit from them, perhaps owing to the fact that they were immediately stowed away at the bottom of a chest, and never again saw daylight to my knowledge.

There could be no intimacy between us. I doubt if she liked me at all; but Ashburn made her a pleasant home, after her years of martyrdom among sisters and nieces, a poor widow: and her presence gave the countenance and protection which my years demanded.

The winter passed slowly away. For several months I received letters regularly from Wallace, letters so beautiful, so full of passion and eloquence, that in a novel they would have gone far toward making its reputation.

In the early ones, he always addressed me as his wife. I was so. According to the laws of the state our marriage was a legal one; in the sight of heaven it was sacred and indissoluble as if we had stood before an altar, and a priest had dictated the vows which we pronounced

before my father's portrait, in a room made holy by a thousand precious memories.

Once Wallace wrote to me to borrow a sum of several thousand dollars. I supposed he needed it for some business purpose; had it been the last cent I possessed he would have had it. I sold stocks to obtain the amount; it was a sufficiently large one to diminish my income by a thousand dollars.

At length any letters failed to reach me. Another man would have written at intervals, broken off gradually: it was not his way. The moment his passion died, and I can understand that the flame went out as quickly as it had been kindled, he ceased to write at once.

I was far from suspecting the truth. I wrote once, twice, after that no more. I would have cut my right hand off sooner than have made an appeal or demanded an explanation.

The spring had come, the trees were budding, the plants in the garden putting forth their green leaves; in my heart there was the tempest of mid-winter.

Days and weeks of suspense, of hope and fear, of every species of suffering that suspense brings, more terrible to bear than the desolation of a defined grief.

One evening, at the tea-table, Mrs. Bates handed me a magazine which had that day arrived.

"I have not read it, of course, my dear, I abhor stories; but I saw Mr. Landry's name among the contributors—your mother's nephew, you know—I thought you might wish to see the book."

I took the pamphlet up to my room, and there I read the tale written by Wallace Landry; a beautiful story, full of brilliant imagery, but to me it had a meaning beyond its romance. It proved the necessity of fickleness in love, the downright sin of the one left to suffer in venturing to blame the deserter; it was the fault of the woman if she had no longer the power to charm the wayward spirit of the deceiver.

I read the tale, closed the magazine and laid it down. That story had been written for me, it was a reason for his silence, a bold, insolent justification of his own conduct.

What did I do? I could tear my heart out when I think of it: but I went mad! For three months life was a blank to me, wasted in the ravings of a sick room.

Pass that over! I never yet recalled the memory of that time without longing to dash my brains out against the wall: but so be it. I went mad, at times sinking almost into driveling idiocy.

I rose from that bed with the gray hairs which are folded back from my forehead to-day, with no trust in God or man. I wonder heaven did not punish me for the sins I committed.

That season passed, of course. I found at length the only consolation that could aid me in my trial.

As soon as I was able I left Ashburn, took a house in New York and there we lived. The years went on. I heard of Wallace Landry's marriage; after a time learned that Ashburn was sold, it was only one pang more, I could bear it.

Landry lived South; much of the time he passed in Europe. He made a certain reputation, wrote a novel or two, a volume of poems, made speeches, accomplished nothing after all.

At length, Mrs. Bates went to heaven. I do not mean it irreverently, but I really think it was the best place for her. One of the last requests she made was to be buried in a flannel shroud; I made a compromise with my conscience, and ordered it to be of white woolen at least. Her pug dog did not long survive her; I cannot say that in regard to his peace I am quite certain, for a more vicious, ill-conditioned animal I never saw.

I missed the old lady—I was all alone then. I lived alone after that; I had ceased to care what people said or thought. I saw my youth passing from me, and heartily I thanked God for it.

Five years after his marriage Wallace Landry wrote to me. He possessed his old eloquence; it was a friendly, general epistle, with of course no allusion to the past. At the close, he asked me for the loan of a few hundred dollars. That was my husband—that was the man for whom I had gone mad!

On through the years that were so unchanging, they seemed like one continued day!

I was thirty years old.

I cannot sit and howl, and groan over my sufferings—weaker women would have died. It had pleased heaven to make me of a different mould; and, since it was necessary for me to live, I made what I could of the broken fragments of life left to me.

I had passed through every stage of suffering, anguish, bitterness, hate. Had seen the time when I felt inclined to throw that man into prison. It was all over, there was nothing left but scorn, the ice of indifference fast gathering even over that.

I mourned for my blighted youth, the feelings and sympathies crushed forever: but that man's memory had no longer power to move me. I

did not connect him with my grief—I put him out of my heart—there was not even a grave-stone above that desecrated love—its ashes had been blown to the winds.

This is what happened during my thirtieth winter. I was sitting alone one evening in this very room, when I heard a ring at the bell, and my servant's voice in parley with some visitor. A voice replied—I had not heard those tones for twelve long years, but I knew them.

I neither felt faint or angry. For one instant I was back in the old home, my youth and I—the feeling passed—I stood in simple wonder.

"Step into the parlor, Marian," he said; "I will run up stairs to see Barbara; I can find the way, my good girl, don't trouble yourself."

Up the stairs he came with the quick, bounding step of old. The door opened, and Wallace Landry hurried in, greeting me with the most perfect assurance, and as he might have done a dear relative.

"My dear cousin Barbara, I am so glad, so happy to see you again after all these years! My wife is below—so anxious to know you—in short, cousin, we have come to make you a visit."

I have cut his speech short. All the time he was shaking my hand, while I stood dumb. At length I recovered my self-possession, received him kindly enough and went down stairs.

He presented his wife to me with the same cool assurance. She was well enough looking still, had evidently been pretty, and that night she looked so weary that my heart quite warmed toward her.

My simple dinner had been over for hours, but I ordered them supper, and we sat until late talking gayly: that is, Wallace talked and we listened.

Sometimes I wondered if it could be real that we three, that man and the two women he had so wronged, were sitting there together.

But I had little time for reflection, he talked so incessantly; and between whiles I was called out to anxious consultations with my woman, who was quite upset by this unexpected arrival. When their baggage was brought in, I saw that they must intend remaining somewhere for a long time. I gave up my own bed chamber and sitting-room to them, and, my hospitable arrangements being completed, went back to my guests.

Before we retired, I learned that they had no intention of returning South—they were ruined—had been living for two years, first on one relative, then another.

"The fact is," said Landry, "we haven't a

penny left—birds without a nest,” and he looked quite happy about it; his wife sat passive and indifferent.

Then he went on to tell me what his plans were: It was time for him now to act. He would write a book that would make him a fortune at once. In an hour he had woven a thousand wonderful projects. I saw that he would do nothing—with all his fine talk he would live on anybody who would take care of him.

He did not appear very much changed—a little stouter, perhaps—his face somewhat worn—but he had all the grace and elegance, the childish playfulness of old times. His wife was a weak woman, her health delicate, her jealousy of her husband stronger than her love.

I staid awake till daylight, thinking, wondering, and as incapable of forming a plan as when I lay down.

Three days after, they were as fully established, as much at home, as if we had made one family all our lives. Wallace had the best sofa moved from the parlor into his sitting-room, and lay on it the whole morning in a magnificent dressing-gown, smoking his meerschaum, and talking beautiful poetry or philosophy to any listener that he could secure.

I could see him then as he really was—feeling no longer blinded my judgment—there was not the slightest shadow of prejudice in my mind which could lead me to consider his character harshly.

He had all the qualities which we are wont to consider belong to men of genius: exquisite sensibility, a vivid imagination, so extreme a love for the beautiful, that an unsightly object in a room utterly destroyed his comfort. He gloried, reveled in beauty in every form. Against these qualities set indolence, base sensuality, selfishness, fickleness, and you have a faint idea of the man.

I wish I could repeat entire some one of his brilliant discourses. There is no other name for them, for he never waited for, or listened to, a reply.

He was capable of generous actions—had he money he would have given it to the first who asked—had he been dreaming after dinner he would not have stirred to save a human being's life.

They staid in my house five years. Each year Landry sank lower in the scale of humanity. At length he added drinking to his other vices. I wondered, for a long time, what made him so variable in his moods. At length I discovered that, for years, he had been an habitual opium eater.

Marian never did anything, kept but one servant, and I was obliged, after they came, to assist her a great deal; while my guest read novels up stairs. Sometimes Landry would write a little, but the money he earned was always wasted. I had an income of two thousand—of course it was all required to support us.

I had but a single outbreak with him. One night, Landry was out very late. I sat up for him, as Marian had gone to bed with a headache. It must have been three o'clock in the morning when I heard him fumbling with his night key at the outer door; I went into the hall just as he entered, reeling, and droning out a bacchanalian song.

I gave him one look and returned to the parlor; he followed me and began talking a vast deal of nonsense, to which I made no reply.

“How cross you are, Barbara!” he said. “Don't be vexed with a man for being a little elated after a jolly supper.”

I kept my eyes on the book I had taken up; he laughed a drunken, idiotic laugh.

“Where's Marian?” he asked, in a husky, stammering voice.

“In bed, long ago.”

“And you sat up for me! You're a dear woman, Barbara,” and he laughed again in the same vacant way. “It is like the old time sitting here,” he added.

It was the first allusion he had ever made to the past. There was a feeling at my heart as if some one had pressed a hot iron against it.

“Have you forgotten our little romance, Barbara?”

I did not speak. It was all I could do to keep from rushing upon him, and tearing the life out of his wretched body.

“Y-you look quite handsome to-night,” he continued, “'Pon my word, I could almost fall in love with you again. I could, really.”

He rose from his chair and staggered toward me. I never saw upon any man's face the expression there was on his; but I did not move.

“Barbara, you're my wife, you know. Eh, Barbara?”

He put out his hand; I pushed him away, and he went reeling into the sofa. He appeared somewhat sobered for an instant.

“Listen!” I said, in a voice at which I fairly shuddered, myself. “If ever, by word or look, you offend me again, I will send you to prison. I swear it.”

He understood. For a moment he cowered before me, then began to whimper like a child; finally he stretched himself upon the couch, and fell into a heavy, drunken slumber. I covered

him up with some shawls and went to my room.

For his own sake, I dreaded to meet him the next morning. I thought that even he would be overcome with repentance and shame—I believe a woman never ceases to be a fool!

As I entered the breakfast-room, he looked up with a careless nod,

"You were a good soul, Barbara," he said, "to cover me up so comfortably last night. I wish, though, you had thrown another shawl over my feet. I am afraid I've taken cold."

Not long after that a child was born to them. It lived but a few months. I was glad when the poor thing died. I never could look at it and think of its living without a pang. Its wan, old face had all the worst features of their two faces: the father's retreating chin, the mother's ill-formed head. It was always a sufferer. Marian moaned and wept a great deal over it, and told me often that she would gladly die for it, but I have known her to read a novel for hours while her babe lay moaning upon my knees.

Once, when the poor infant was free from pain, actually trying to crow as it rested on its mother's breast, Landry wept with delight, assured us that he was the happiest of men, made a hasty but effective sketch of the two, and half an hour after proposed its being carried into a cold room above stairs, because it had the ill-luck to annoy him by a wail of suffering.

The child died a few weeks after that. Poor, weak Marian was quite overcome, and Landry went into a spasm of grief, for which I should have had more sympathy had I not seen him swallow a great pill of opium an hour before. The day it was buried he wrote a beautiful poem, so touching and natural that one would have sworn it could only have been the production of a good man, made wholly desolate by his loss. That very evening he went out with a party of friends, and, somewhere toward daylight, I heard him mounting the stairs with slow, uncertain step.

Marian's health declined rapidly. Her con-

stitution never was worth anything, and her mode of life had been of itself enough to kill her. She lingered along for several months, bearing her sufferings with a patience I could not have expected. During her sickness there appeared more of the true woman in her than had ever before been manifest. Sometimes she tried to talk with Landry, urging him to change his mode of life; but he found a way of going off into such spasms of grief, that she had not the heart or strength to contend against them.

She died in my arms at last, begging me with her last breath to take care of Wallace. During her whole sickness she had spoken of him as if he had been a child that must be petted and gratified without restraint.

Of course he was heart-stricken at her loss. I suppose he did feel it for a time. I advised him to take a journey to improve his spirits; he complied willingly enough, and returned at the end of six weeks, wearing his mourning with so jaunty an air, that one might have believed them festal garments.

I advised him to go to Italy, saying I would send him quarterly sufficient to make him comfortable. He accepted the gift with the best grace imaginable and made ready at once.

The night before his departure he came to see me, talked eloquently of his talents, his aspirations, his delicate organization, and ended by asking me to become his wife before the world, that I might go with him—I should be his guiding star—his hope—his angel.

It was too pitiful for anger, too mean for contempt, and I only said,

"Don't be afraid, Landry, you will not fail to receive your money regularly," bade him good-by and went away.

Ten years have passed since his departure, and here I am to-day, a lonely, desolate woman.

I am willing to live, I believe that my life is not wholly a useless one; but if it please God, I could wish that upon my tomb-stone might be inscribed—

"BARBARA SHEEBORNE, AGED 45."

THEN AND NOW.

BY MIRIAM CLYDE.

LAST May-time, when the moon was bright,
Under this very tree we stopt,
As down upon our clasped hands
A fragrant bunch of blossoms dropt.
I kissed the flowers, and then you said,
You'd keep them till another May,

Then bring them back to claim my love,
And throw the faded things away.

But have you come? As now I stand
Beneath that bending orchard tree,
The moon climbs lightly up the sky,
The blossoms fall on only me.

THE BROKEN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

I stood in the oriel window that withdrew from the parlor and looked toward the east: that is, it commanded a broad view from all points, save the direct west. The heavenly glimpses of scenery that you caught at every turn through the small diamond panes were enough to drive an artist mad that so much unpainted poetry could exist, and not go warm and fresh to his canvas. I am an artist, at soul, and have a gallery of the most superb brain pictures stowed away in my thoughts, but among them all there is nothing to equal the scene, or rather scenes, I was gazing upon.

The window was deep, and when the green curtains shut it out from the parlor it was the most cosy little spot in the world. A deep, easy-chair and a tiny marble stand filled it luxuriously; and on the outside, white jasmines, passion flowers, and choice roses crept up to the edges of the glass in abundance, encircling you with massive wreaths of foliage and blossoms.

You ask who I am that this lovely spot should have been my favorite retreat. Well, I can hardly define my own position. The young lady of that household was not exactly my pupil, yet she was constantly coming to me for information. Our ages were too far apart for the entire sympathy of friendship, and yet she came to me in all her troubles; and her bright, innocent joys I always shared; for, like a flower garden, she sent back the sunshine that passed over her, enriched and more golden. I can hardly tell you what a thing of beauty she was; yet, I doubt if you would have thought her so very lovely. She did not strike people at first as the other person, who will pass directly into this domestic narrative, had the power of doing. There were certain reserves about her that won gently upon you, the reticence which keeps a sanctuary of feeling and thought quite away from the world. Yet she was frank and truthful as the flower which always folds the choicest perfume close in its own heart.

I was thinking of Jessie Lee while I lazily sat in the easy-chair, looking down the carriage road that led through our private grounds

from the highway; for ours was an isolated dwelling, and no carriage that was not destined for the house ever came up that sweep of road. It cut the pleasure-grounds in two, just below the front of the house, leaving a terrace crowned with a wilderness of flowers, and ascended, by a flight of steps on one side, and a sloping lawn on the other. The gleam of these flowers, and the green slope beyond, were a part of the scenery on which I gazed.

We expected company. The carriage had gone over to the country town which lay behind the hills piled up at my left, and I was listening for the first sound of its wheels on the gravel with a strange thrill of anxiety. Why was this? What did I care about the young widow who had been invited to spend a few days with our Jessie? She was only a watering-place acquaintance that the family had met the previous season—a clever, beautiful woman of the world, who, having a little time on her hands, had condescended to remember Mrs. Lee's half-extorted invitation, and was expected accordingly. Jessie was rather excited with the idea of a guest, for it so chanced that we had been alone for a week or two; and though I never saw a family more independent of society than Mrs. Lee's—pleasant guests always bring expectation and cheerfulness with them in a well appointed country house.

"I wonder what keeps them?" said my darling, softly lifting one side of the silken curtains, and unconsciously dropping them into the background of as lovely a picture as you ever saw. "Here are some flowers for the stand, aunt Mattie. She'll catch their bloom through the window, and know it is my welcome."

I took the crystal vase from her hand, and set it on the tiny table before me.

"Hush!" she said, lifting the drapery higher, and bending forward to listen. "Hush! Isn't that the carriage coming through the pine grove?"

I turned in my chair, for Jessie was well worth looking at, even by a person who loved her less fondly than I did. Standing there, draped to artistic perfection in her pretty

white dress, gathered in surplice folds over her bosom, and fastened there with an antique head, cut in coral, and with its loose sleeves falling back from the uplifted arm, till its beautiful contour could be seen almost to the shoulder, she was a subject for Sir Joshua Reynolds. I am sure that great master would not have changed the grouping in a single point.

"No," I said, listening. "It is the gardener's rake on the gravel walk, I think."

She bent her head sideways, listening; and incredulous of my explanation. Some gleams of sunshine fell through the glass, and lay richly on the heavy braid of hair that crowned her head in a raven coronal.

We always remember those we love in some peculiar moment which lifts itself out of ordinary life; or by some important association; or, as in this case, by the singular combinations of grace that render them attractive. To my last breath, I shall never forget Jessie Lee, as she stood before me that morning.

"Well," she said, with an impatient movement that left the curtains falling between us like the entrance of a tent, "watched rose-buds never open. I'll go back to the piano, and let her take me by surprise. I'm glad you're looking so nice, aunt. She'll be sure to like you at first sight: and as for liking her, I defy you to help it."

As Jessie said this, her hand fell on the keys of the piano, and instantly a gush of music burst through the room, so joyous that the birds that haunted the old forest trees around the house burst into a riot of rival melody, and amid this delicious serenade the carriage drove up.

I saw Mr. Lee alight, in his usual stately way; and then Mrs. Dennison, the young widow, sprang upon the lowest step of the broad flight that led up to the terrace, scarcely touching Mr. Lee's offered hand. There she stood a moment, her silk flounces fluttering in the sunlight, and her neatly gloved hands playing with the clasp of her traveling satchel, as the servant took a scarlet shawl and some books from the carriage. Then she gave a rapid glance over the grounds, and looked up to the house, smiling gayly, and doubtless paying Mr. Lee some compliment, for his usually sedate face brightened pleasantly, and he took the lady's satchel, with a gallant bow which few young men of his time could have equaled.

Our guest was a beautiful woman: tall, queenly, and conscious of it all. I could see that as she came up the steps; but I did not like her. One of those warnings, or antipathies,

if you please, which makes the heart take shelter in distrust, seized upon me, and I felt like flying to my darling, who sat amid the sweet harmonies she was herself creating, and shield her from some unknown danger. I did leave my seat and pass through the curtains, thinking to warn her of the arrival; but, when I was half across the room, our visitor came smiling and rustling through the door. She motioned me to be still, and, darting across the carpet, seized Jessie's head between both hands, bent it back, and, stooping with the grace of a Juno, kissed her two or three times, while her clear, ringing laugh mingled with the notes which had broken into sudden discords under Jessie's fingers.

"So I have chased my bird to its nest, at last," she said, releasing her captive with a movement that struck even me—who disliked her from the beginning—as one of exquisite grace. "Hunted it to the mountains and find it in full song, while I searched every window in the house, as we drove up, and fancied all sorts of things: a cold welcome among the least."

"That you will never have," cried Jessie, and the smile with which she greeted her guest was enough of welcome for any one. "The truth is, I got out of patience, and so played to quiet myself while aunt Matty watched. Aunt, this is Mrs. Dennison."

"And this is the dear aunt Matty that I've heard of a thousand times," said the guest, coming toward me with both hands extended. "Ah! Jessie Lee, you are a fortunate girl to have so sweet a friend."

"I am fortunate in everything," said Jessie, turning her large, velvety eyes on my face with a look of tenderness that went to my heart, "and most of all here."

"And I," said Mrs. Dennison, with a suppressed breath, and a look of graceful sadness. "Well, well, one can't expect everything."

Jessie laughed. This bit of sentiment in her guest rather amused her.

"Ah, you never will believe in sorrow of any kind, until it comes in earnest," said the widow, with an entire change in her countenance; "but I, who have seen it in so many forms, cannot always forget."

"But," said Jessie, with one of her caressing movements, "you must forget it now. We are to be happy as the day is long, while you are here. Isn't that so, aunt? We have laid out such walks, and rides, and pleasant evenings—of course you have brought your habit."

"Of course. What would one be in the country without riding?"

"And your guitar? I want aunt Matty to hear you sing."

"Oh! aunt Matty shall have enough of that, I promise her; the man who follows with my luggage has the guitar somewhere among his plunder."

"I'm very glad," said Jessie, smiling archly.

"Now everything is provided for except——"

"Except what, lady bird?"

"Except that we have no gentlemen to admire you."

"No gentlemen!"

"Not a soul but papa."

The widow had certainly looked a little disappointed for the first instant, but she rallied before any eye less keen than mine could have observed it, and laughed joyously.

"Thank heaven, we shan't be bothered with compliments, nor tormented with adoration. Oh! Jessie Lee, Jessie Lee! I am so glad of a little rest from all that sort of thing: ain't you?"

"I never was persecuted with it like you, fair lady, remember that," replied Jessie, demurely.

"Hypocrite! don't attempt to deceive me, I had eyes at the sea-side."

"And very beautiful ones they were—every lady agreed in that."

"There it is!" cried the widow, lifting her hands in affected horror; "when gentlemen are absent, ladies will flatter each other. Pray put a stop to this, Miss——"

"Miss Hyde," I said, rather tired of these trivialities; "but Jessie, in the eagerness of her welcome, forgets that our guest has but just time to dress for dinner."

"Ah! Is it so late?" said Mrs. Dennison.

"Shall I show the way to your chamber?"

"We will all go," said Jessie, circling her friend's waist and moving off.

We crossed the hall, a broad, open passage, furnished with easy-chairs and sofas, for it was a favorite resort for the whole family, and opened into a square balcony at one end, which commanded one of the heavenly views I have spoken of. The widow stopped to admire it an instant, and then we entered the room I had been careful to arrange pleasantly for her reception. It was a square, pleasant chamber, which commanded a splendid prospect from the east; curtains like frost-work and a bed like snow, harmonized pleasantly with walls hung with satin paper of a delicate blue, and fine India matting with which the floor was covered. We had placed vases and baskets of flowers on the deep window-sills, which a soft, pure wind wafted through the room; the couch, the easy-

chair, and the low dressing-chair were draped with blue chintz, with a pattern of wild roses running over it.

Mrs. Dennison made a pretty exclamation of surprise as she entered the room. She was full of these graceful flatteries, that proved the more effective because of their seeming spontaneity. She took off her bonnet, and, sitting down before the toilet which stood beneath the dressing-glass, a cloud of lace and embroidery. Smoothing her hair between both hands, she laughed at its disorder, and wondered if anybody on earth ever looked so hideous as she did.

"This woman," I said, in uncharitable haste, "this woman is insatiable. She is not content with the flattery of one sex, but challenges it from all." Yet, spite of myself, I could not resist the influence of her sweet voice and graceful ways, she interested me far more than I wished.

"Now," said Jessie, coming into the hall with her eyes sparkling pleasantly, "now what do you think? Have I praised her too much?"

I kissed her, but gave no other answer. A vague desire to shield her from that woman's influence possessed me, but the feeling was misty and had no reasonable foundation. I could not have explained why this impulse of protection sprang up in my heart, had the dear girl guessed at its existence.

But she was perfectly content with the approval which my kiss implied, and went into the parlor to await the coming of her guest. That moment Mrs. Lee's maid came down with a message from her mistress, and I went up stairs at once.

Mrs. Lee's dwelling was a singular structure of solid stone, stuccoed like many houses that we see on the continent. It was built against a hillside, and the basemented front with square balcony over the entrance, and the oriel window I have spoken of in the end gable, had an imposing effect. Thus the entrance hall, dining, and morning-room looked to the east and opened upon the first terrace, which was one labyrinth of flowers; while the upper hall ended in the square balcony which I have mentioned on the east end, but opened upon a flower garden cut from the hillside on the west, which gradually sloped down to the precipitous lawn that rolled greenly down from the summit of the hill, which was crowned with a thick growth of forest trees: thus two stories of the house were completely surrounded with flowers; the back and side windows of the parlor opened upon the upper terrace, a wooden platform some ten feet wide surrounded that portion of the dwelling, and along its arabesque railings fuchsias, passion

flowers, Noisette roses, and orange trees wove themselves in luxurious garlands. Back of the house, carrying out the extreme wing, a massive stone tower arose, overtopping the pointed roof some twenty feet and commanding a glorious landscape, breaking into the horizon only in one point, and that was where the hill cut off the western view, and shut out the county town, which lay in a broad plain stretching between two mountain ranges in that direction. It was in this tower that Mrs. Lee pursued her solitary life. She had been an invalid for some years, and had only left her home when sea bathing had been prescribed as a last resort. It proved injurious rather than otherwise. So the poor lady returned to her home, constrained to give up hope and make the best of her limited scope of life.

I wonder if Mrs. Lee ever could have been a beautiful woman like her daughter. She had married late in life, and I had no means of knowing about her youth, for Jessie was ten years old when I first came to the house; and then Mrs. Lee's tresses, though long and heavy, were more than half gray.

Now the mountain snow was not whiter. Her face, too, was of opaque paleness; while her delicate eyebrows were black as jet; and the large eyes beneath them had lost nothing of their penetrating brightness.

Mrs. Lee was lying on a crimson couch, in the light of a broad window which opened to the south; her chamber was high up in the tower, and every morning her couch was moved, and the window drapery lifted that she might command some feature in the landscape, over which her eye had not wearied the day before. It was a harmless enjoyment, and one which the whole family loved to encourage. Indeed, there was not a fancy or caprice of hers which was even questioned in that house.

"Ah, Miss Hyde, it is you; I am glad of it. For when I am ill at ease, you always do me good."

She held out her little, thin hand while speaking, and pressed mine almost imperceptibly.

"What has happened, Miss Hyde? During the last half hour something oppresses me, as if the atmosphere were disturbed; yet it is a clear day, and the roses on the terrace look brighter than usual."

"Nothing has happened, dear lady. Mr. Lee has come back from town, bringing the lady we all expected."

"Mrs. Dennison?"

"Yes, Mrs. Dennison. She has just gone to her room."

Mrs. Lee closed her eyes a moment, and opened them with a faint smile, which seemed to ask pardon for some weakness.

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes. I was in the parlor when she came in, and went with her to her room."

"And you like her?"

I hesitated.

"She is beautiful!"

"Yes, in a certain way," I answered; "but when one has got used to our Jessie's style, nothing else seems to equal it."

The mother smiled and held out her hand again.

"You love Jessie?"

I felt the tears filling my eyes. There was something so tender and sweet in this question that it made a child of me. The mother turned upon her couch, bent her lips to my hand, and dropped it gently from her hold.

"Martha Hyde, what is this which troubles me?"

"Indeed I cannot tell."

"Does Jessie seem happy with her friend?"

"Very happy; I have seldom seen her so animated."

"But you have not told me plainly. Do you like this lady?"

"I—I cannot tell. She is beautiful; at least most people would think her so; rich, I believe?"

I rather put this as a question.

"I think so. She had splendid rooms at the hotel, and spent money freely, so Mr. Lee was told, but that is of little consequence; we want nothing of her riches if she has them, you know."

"Certainly not; but if she has expensive habits without the means of gratifying them within herself, it is a valuable proof of character," I said. "May I ask, dear lady, who introduced Mrs. Dennison to you or your daughter?"

"Oh! a good many people spoke highly of her, she was a general favorite!"

"Yes; but did you meet any person who had known her long?—who had been acquainted with her husband, for instance?"

"No, I cannot remember any such person."

"And yet you invited her."

"That is it, Miss Hyde. I cannot quite call to mind that I did invite her. Something was said about our house being among pleasant scenery, and she expressed a desire to see it. I may have said that I really hoped she would see it sometime; and then she thanked me as if I had urged her to come. Still Jessie liked her

so much that I was rather pleased than otherwise, and so it rested."

"Well," I said, "if Jessie is pleased that is everything, you know, madam. I sometimes think the dear girl ought to have the company of younger persons about her."

"Yes, certainly; but with a girl like my Jessie, so sensitive, so proud, for she is very proud, Miss Hyde."

"I know it," was my answer. "I have never seen more sensitive pride in any person of her age."

"Well, with a disposition like that, the kind of young persons she is intimate with is very important. This is the reason I wished to see you and learn what you think of our guest: my own feelings are strangely disturbed."

"You are not as well as usual this morning," I replied. "Let me draw the couch nearer and open a leaf of the window."

She assented, and I drew the couch so close to the window, that with a sash open she could command a view of the richest corner of the flower garden and a slope of the lawn. A narrow stone balcony ran along the bottom of the window, in which pots of rose geraniums and heliotrope had been placed. Mrs. Lee loved the breath of these flowers, and sighed faintly as it floated over her with the fresh morning air. She had been lying sometime in this pleasant position without speaking. When she was disposed to be thoughtful we seldom disturbed her, for, so sensitive had disease rendered her nerves, that the sudden sound of a voice would make her start and tremble like a criminal. So I kept my place behind the couch, looking down into the garden and thinking of many things.

All at once, sweet, dear voices rose from among the flowers, and I saw our Jessie and the widow Dennison turning a corner of the house, each with an arm around the other's waist, laughing and chatting together. Jessie had not changed her dress, but a cluster of crimson roses glowed on one side of her head, and a pair of coral bracelets tinted the transparency of her sleeves. The sun touched the black braid which surrounded her head as she came out of the shadow, and no raven's plumage was ever more glossy.

Mrs. Dennison was strangely attired. The period of which I speak was years before the Zouave jacket took its brief picturesque reign, but this woman was, in a degree, her own arbiter, and something very similar to this jacket fell over the loose habit shirt that draped her bosom and arms. This garment of black silk, richly braided, matched the rustling skirt of

her dress, and the Oriental design of the whole was completed by a net of blue and gold, which shaded half her rich brown hair, and fell in tassels to her left shoulder.

In my whole life I never saw a more striking contrast than these two persons presented. I cannot tell you where it lay. Not in the superiority which the widow possessed in height—not in her elaborate grace. Jessie was a little above the medium height herself, and a more elegant creature did not live. But there was something which struck you at once. It is of no use attempting to define it. The difference was to be felt not explained. The mother felt it, I am certain, for her eyes took a strange, anxious lustre as they fell on those two young persons, and she began to breathe short as if something oppressed her.

She looked up to me at last to see if I was watching them. I smiled, observing that she was, at any rate, a splendid creature.

"No one can dispute that! But our Jessie! Do you know, as I was looking at them, something came across me, and I saw a bird with its wings outspread fitting in the folds of a serpent? The picture passed through my brain one instant, and was gone—gone before Jessie, who had stooped to gather something, regained her position. This has happened before in my life—what can it be?"

"You are anxious and nervous, dear lady. that is all."

"I hope so," she murmured, passing a pale hand over her eyes. "But there was another in the group behind Jessie's frightened face, I saw that of Mr. Lee."

While she was speaking, I saw Mr. Lee come out of the hall door, and cross the platform which led to the garden, where his daughter and her guest were walking. He was a handsome man, one of the most distinguished persons, in fact, that I ever saw. It was from him that our Jessie had inherited her queenly pride, which the exquisite sensibility of the mother's nature had softened into grace.

Mrs. Lee closed her eyes, and I saw her lips turn pale; but she repulsed my approach with a motion of the hand. What had she seen which had escaped me? I have no idea. But when I looked again, Mr. Lee was talking with his daughter; while the widow stood by grouping some flowers which she held coquettishly in her hand. I saw Mr. Lee look at her, indifferently at first, then with smiling interest. They were evidently talking of her graceful work, for she held it up for both father and daughter to admire.

As Jessie lifted her eyes, she saw us near the window, and, forgetting the bouquet, waved a kiss to her mother. That instant I saw the widow press the bouquet lightly to her lips.

Mr. Lee reached forth his hand; but she shook her head, laughed, and placed the flowers in her bosom. Mrs. Lee was not in a position to see this. I stood up and had a better view; but she instantly complained of dizziness, and faint spasms of pain contracted her forehead.

I had seen nothing, absolutely nothing. Yet the glances of that woman, as she looked at Mr. Lee over the cluster of flowers, had absolutely wafted kisses with her eyes. Jessie saw nothing, save that the little cluster of blossoms somehow found its way into her friend's bosom. So, in her sweet unconsciousness she passed on, and was lost on the other side of the tower.

Mrs. Lee never went down to dinner, or, if she did, it was so rarely that we looked upon her presence as a sort of holiday. She was very dainty in her appetite; and on ordinary occasions was served by her own maid, a singular girl, who had lately come into the family. I think she had rather intended to come down that day in honor of our guest, but the illness that had seized her drove this idea from my mind; so, leaving her with Rachel, I went away restless and unaccountably unhappy.

How bright and blooming they came in from the garden, bringing its fragrance with them to the dinner-table! What a joyous, piquant conversation it was, that commenced with the soup and sparkled with the wine! There is no disputing it, our guest was a wonderful creature, her graceful wit sparkled, her sentiment fascinated. She was calculated to keep the man her beauty should win, no doubt of that. Her conversation charmed even me; as for Jessie, she was constantly challenging admiration for her friend—interrogating me with her eyes, and looking at her father to be sure that he fully appreciated the brilliancy which filled her own heart with a sort of adoration. But the widow seemed quite unconscious that she was an object of special admiration to any one. Nothing could be more natural than her manner. At times she was really child-like.

Still I did not like her. Why, it is useless to ask. Perhaps Mrs. Lee had left an impression of her weak fancies on my mind—perhaps the atmosphere which surrounded her mingled with the subtle vitality of my intelligence and gave me the truth.

We had music in the evening. Our Jessie possessed the purest of soprano voices. Many a celebrated prima donna has won laurels

from inferior capacity. As in all other things, her musical education had been perfect. Mrs. Dennison was her inferior in this. She performed splendidly, and her rich contralto voice possessed many fine qualities; but our birdie swept far above her, and soared away upon an ocean of harmonies that seemed born of heaven. The windows were open, and we knew that this heaven of sweet sounds would float to the invalid's chamber. Indeed, when I went out upon the platform, back of the house, I saw Mrs. Lee lying in her white, loose dress on the couch, as if the music had lulled her to sleep.

I think Mrs. Dennison was not quite satisfied with herself, and that the glorious voice of our Jessie took her by surprise, for after the first trial she refused to sing again, but still kept the piano and dashed through some fine opera music with spirit. Was she exhausting her ill-humor in those stérmy sounds?

On the next day, our young ladies rode on horseback. Both were superb equestrians; and Mr. Lee's stately management of his coal black horse was something worth looking at as they dashed round a curve of the road. Jessie turned on her saddle and waved me a kiss, as I stood on the square balcony watching them. What a happy, bright creature she looked!

It took me by surprise; but when the equestrians came back two gentlemen had joined the party. One was a young man, who lived in a fine old country place, a mile or two down the river. He was a fine young fellow enough, who had of late managed to join our Jessie in her rides oftener than any supposition of mere accident could warrant. The dear girl seemed a little annoyed when these meetings became more frequent; but she bore our joking on the subject pleasantly, and up to that morning had evidently given little thought to his movements. The other man I recognized as a person who had visited the neighborhood a year before. He was remarkably distinguished in his appearance and courteous in his manners. I have seldom seen a man who impressed me so favorably as he had done. I afterward learned that he was a distant connection of Mr. Bosworth's, and on a visit to his father's house.

This gentleman—his name was Lawrence—rode up with Mr. Lee and Mrs. Dennison, who was evidently dividing her fascinations very equally between the two gentlemen. Jessie followed them with her cavalier, and I observed, as they dismounted, that her cheeks were flushed and her lips lightly curved, as if something had disturbed her.

The gentlemen did not dismount, for Jessie, the moment her feet touched the ground, left Mrs. Dennison on the foot of the terrace steps, and, without pausing to give an invitation, ran into the house.

I left the balcony and went up to her chamber. She was walking to and fro in the room with a quick, proud step, the tears sparkling in her eyes.

"What is it?" I said, going up to where she stood and kissing her. "Who has wounded you?"

"No one," she answered, and the proud tears flashed down to her cheek, and lay there like rain-drops hanging on the leaves of the wild rose, "no one. Only, only——"

"Well, dear?"

"You were right, aunt Matty. That man really had just the feelings you suspected, I could hardly prevent him from expressing them broadly. Keep as close to papa as I would, he found means to say things that made my blood burn. What right has any man to talk of love to a girl until she has given him some sort of encouragement, I should like to know?"

"But perhaps he fancies that you have given him a little encouragement."

"Encouragement! I? Indeed, aunt Matty, I never dreamed of this until now!"

"I am sure of it; but then you allowed him to join your rides and seemed rather pleased."

"Why, the idea that he meant anything never entered my mind. Ah! aunt Matty, haven't we said a thousand times that there must be some blame, some coquetry on the lady's part, before a man, whom she is sure to reject, could presume to offer himself?"

"But has he gone so far as that?" I asked.

"Let me think. Alas! I was so confused—so angry, that it is impossible to remember just what he did say."

"But your answer?"

"Why as to that," she cried, with a little nervous laugh, "I gave Flash a cut with the whip and dashed on after the rest. Aunt Matty, upon my word, I doubt if I spoke at all."

"My dear child, he may half imagine himself accepted then."

"Accepted! What can you mean?" she exclaimed, grasping her whip with both hands and bending it double, "I shall go wild if you say that."

"Why do you dislike him so much?"

"Dislike! no. What is there to dislike about him?"

"Well then," I said, a little mischievously,

"he is rather good-looking, well educated, of irreproachable stock, and rich."

"Don't, don't, aunt Mattie, or I shall hate you."

"Not quite so bad as that," I cried, kissing her hot cheek. "Now let us be serious. All young ladies must expect offers of this kind."

"But I don't want them. It distresses me."

I saw that she was in earnest, and that young Bosworth's attentions had really distressed her. So, drawing her to a sofa, we sat down and talked the matter over more quietly.

I told her that it was useless annoying herself; that until the young gentleman spoke out more definitely she had nothing to torment herself about; and when he did, a few quiet words would settle the whole matter.

"But can't we prevent him saying anything more? Or, if he does, will you just tell him how it is?" she said, anxiously.

I could not help smiling, there was no affectation here. I knew very well that Jessie would give the world to avoid this refusal; but in such cases young ladies must take their own responsibilities: the interference of third parties always produces mischief.

She began to see the thing in its true light after a little, and talk it over more calmly. Many a girl would have been delighted with this homage to her charms; but Jessie was no common person, and she felt a sort of personal degradation in inspiring a passion she could not return. Besides, it placed upon her the necessity of giving pain where it was in every way undeserved, and that she had never done in her life.

While we were talking, a light knock at the door heralded Mrs. Dennison. There was nothing to call her to that part of the house, and her first words contained an apology for the intrusion, for we both probably looked a little surprised.

"I beg ten thousand pardons for rushing in upon you; but the gentlemen are waiting in the road to know if they can join us to-morrow. I could only answer for myself, you know."

"Let them join you," I whispered; "the sooner it is over with the better."

Jessie stood up, gathered the long riding-skirt in one hand, while she walked past her guest with the air of a princess, and stepped out on the balcony, from which she made a gesture of invitation, which the two gentlemen acknowledged with profound bows, and rode away.

"That's an angel!" exclaimed Mrs. Dennison, laying her hand on Jessie's shoulder. "I almost

thought something had gone wrong by the way you left us. Poor Mr. Bosworth was quite crest-fallen. By-the-way, did you ever see Mr. Lawrence before?"

"He was in this neighborhood last year for a short time," replied Jessie, with a little coldness in her tone.

"Ah, an old acquaintance. I should not have thought that by the way you met."

Jessie seemed annoyed, and replied, with a flush on her cheek, "That it was rather difficult to be demonstrative on horseback."

"At any rate, he's a splendid man," said the widow. "Rich or poor? Bond or free? Tell us all about him."

"What strange questions you ask!" answered Jessie, and the color deepened in her cheek.

"Well, well, but the answer?"

Here I interposed, "Mr. Lawrence is not rich. At least I never heard that he was."

"What a pity!" whispered the widow. "But the other questions?"

"If having no wife is to be free, you can hardly call him a bondman. Mr. Lawrence has never been married."

"What has he ever done to distinguish himself, then? Can you tell me that, Miss Hyde?"

"He is considered a man of brilliant parts, certainly," I answered; "but at his age few men have won permanent distinction, I fancy."

"At his age! Why the man can't be over eight-and-twenty, and half the great men that ever lived had made their mark in the world before they reached that age."

"Well, that may be," I replied; "but in these times greatness is not so easily won. The level of general intelligence, in our country, at least, is raised, and it requires great genius, indeed, to lift a man suddenly above his fellows. In a dead sea of ignorance superior ability looms up with imposing conspicuousness. This is why the great men of past times have cast the reflection of their minds on history. Not because they excelled men of the present age, but from the low grade of popular intelligence that existed around them."

"Why, you talk like a statesman," said the widow, laughing. "I had no idea that anything so near politics existed in the ladies of this house."

"What is history but the politics of the past? What is politics but a history of the present?"

"Perhaps you are right," said the widow, flinging off her careless manner, and sitting down on one of the rustic chairs, where she sat, dusting her skirt with the fanciful whip fastened to her wrist. "I have often wondered why it

should be considered unfeminine for an educated woman to understand the institutions of her own or any other country."

Was the woman playing with my weakness? Or, did she really speak from her heart? If the former, she must have been amused at my credulity, for I answered in honest frankness,

"Nor I, either; except in evil, which is always better unknown. I can fancy no case where ignorance is a merit. Imagine Queen Elizabeth pluming herself on lady-like ignorance of the political state of her kingdom, when she opens Parliament in person."

Mrs. Dennison laughed, and chimed in with, "Or the Empress of France being appointed Regent of a realm, the position of which it was deemed unwomanly to understand; yet, on the face of the earth, there are not two females more womanly than Victoria of England, and Eugenie of France."

"What true ideas this woman possesses!" I said to myself. "How could I dislike her so? Really the most charming person in the world is a woman, who, under the light, graceful talk of conventional society, cultivates serious thought." While these thoughts passed through my mind, the widow was looking at me from under her eyelashes, as if she expected me to speak again, so I went on,

"It is not the knowledge of politics in itself of which refined people complain; but its passion and the vindictive feelings which partisanship is sure to foster. The woman who loves her country cannot understand it too well. The unwomanliness lies in the fact that she sometimes plunges into a turmoil of factions, thus becoming passionate and bitter."

"How plainly you draw the distinction between knowledge and prejudice!" she said, with one of her fascinating smiles. But you must have discussed this subject often—with Mr. Lee, perhaps?"

"Yes, we talk on all subjects here. Nothing is forbidden, because nothing that is not in itself noble and true ever presents itself."

"I was sure of it!" exclaimed the lady, starting up with enthusiasm. "I have never been in a house where everything gave such evidence of high-toned intelligence."

She sat down again thoughtfully, dusting her habit with the little whip.

"I have not yet seen my hostess; but that does not arise from increased ill health, I trust. She seemed very feeble when we met on the sea-shore, last season—somewhat consumptive, we all thought."

I did not like the tone of her voice. There

was something stealthy and creeping in it which checked the rising confidence in my heart.

"Mrs. Lee is very far from well," I answered, coldly.

"Not essentially worse, I trust."

She was looking at me keenly from the corners of her almond-shaped eyes. It was only a glance, but a gleam of suspicion sprang from my heart and met it half way.

"It is difficult to tell. In a lingering disease like hers one can never be sure."

"Mr. Lee must find himself lonesome at times without his lady's society, for she struck us all as a very superior person."

"On the contrary," I replied, with a quick impulse, for she still kept that sidelong glance on my face, "on the contrary, he spends most of his leisure time in her chamber, reads to her when she can bear it, and sits gently silent when she prefers that. A more devoted husband I never saw."

I saw that she was biting her red lips, but as my glance caught hers the action turned to a smile.

"There is Mr. Lee going to his wife's room now," I remarked, as that gentleman passed the hall door, with a little basket in his hand filled with delicate wood moss, in which lay two or three peaches, the first of the season.

The exclamation that broke from Mrs. Dennison at the sight of the fruit arrested his steps, and he turned into the hall, asking if either of us had called.

She went forward at once, sweeping the cloth skirt after her like the train of an empress.

"Oh! what splendid fruit—and the basket! The bijou!" She held out both hands to receive the fruit, quite in a glow of pleasure.

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Lee, drawing back a step, "but this is—is for my wife. She is an invalid, you know."

"You misunderstand," replied the lady, coloring to the temples. "I only wished to admire the arrangement. It is really the prettiest fancy I ever saw."

He hesitated an instant; then held out the basket and placed it between her hands, with some little reluctance, I thought. Her side face was toward me; but the look, half-grieved, half-reproachful, which she lifted to his face did not escape me.

"Shall I take the basket to Mrs. Lee?" I said, reaching out my hand. "She must have heard the horses return sometime ago, and will expect some one."

"No," said the gentleman, bending his head, and taking the fruit. "I cannot allow you to deprive me of that pleasure."

"And I," rejoined the widow, with animation. "I must take off this cumbersome riding-dress."

I went to my room early that evening. Indeed I had no heart to enter the parlor. Anxieties that I could not define pressed heavily upon me—so heavily that I longed for solitude. In passing through the hall, I met Mrs. Dennison's mulatto maid, who had, I forgot to say, followed our guest with the luggage. She was going to her mistress' chamber, carrying something carefully in her hand. When she saw me her little silk apron was slyly lifted, and the burdened hand stole under it, but in the action something was disturbed, and the half of a peach fell at my feet. I took it up very quietly, told the girl to remove her apron, that I might see what mischief had been done, and discovered a second basket filled with moss rose-buds from which the half peach had fallen.

I laid the fruit in its bed, saw the girl pass with it to her lady's chamber, and then went to my own room sick at heart. The half of a peach, offered among the Arabs, means atonement for some offence. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

RUPERT'S RAID.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

Up! it is day, cavaliers gay,
Over the moor gallop away,
Hurry the Roundheads out of their beds;
Hark! the horses snort for the fray.

Necks stretched low, nostrils a-glow,
Hoof strokes ringing, rapid they go.
The road is on fire, the town darts nigher—
Back! 'tis the river swirling below.

Ride for the lord: Now, by the Lord!
Swim for your lives. (How the thing roared!)

Up, tally ho! forward we go,
Each, as he gallops, loosing his sword.

Yonder the wall frowns on us tall,
Now, by your ladies, charge, gallants all!
Spare the swine: ha! 'tis a mine,
Hell hurtles up, Heav'n will fall,

Reels, in a ring, earth, everything—
Over the chasm we go with a spring.
Hew the knaves run! Quarter to none,
Down with the traitors to Church and King.

COMING OUT RIGHT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"It will all come out right in the end."

This was Adam Ringstrom's word of consolation, spoken to himself, in every trouble; his sheet-anchor in every storm.

Faith must have been a very strong element of his nature, for things never did seem to come out right with him. He was always experiencing some trial, sorrow, or misfortune. But no one heard a murmur against Providence from his lips. And yet Adam Ringstrom was not a man of low sensibility. On the contrary, he suffered acutely in his troubles and disappointments; and the marks of the suffering were visible in his still, abstracted eyes, and sober mouth. In repose, his face did not take on a serene expression. You saw in it the signs of inward pain—of pain only; not of discontent. When he spoke, however, it lighted up beautifully. This sudden lighting up of his features, as if sunshine had fallen over them, always gave you a pleasant impression of the man, and made you forget the look of pain that touched your sympathies a little while before.

The wife of Adam Ringstrom had none of his faith in ultimate results. If things failed to come out right to-day, she had no hope in to-morrow.

So, Adam had the burdens of disappointment, and trouble to bear without a helper; nay, she who might have been a helper, only gave the burdens additional weight.

Mrs. Ringstrom was a very ambitious woman; and her husband was not without love of the world, and a desire to stand side by side with the foremost. He started in life with a determination to accumulate property, and no man devoted himself to business with a more untiring assiduity. But for all his faith in things coming out right, they never did come out right; at least not in the sense he had expected. Just as everything pointed to success, and like the milk-maid in the fable, Mr. Ringstrom began to build his airy castles, some false step; some wreck of a neighbor with whom his affairs were involved; or some more widely reaching disaster in trade, would scatter his golden dreams.

Then would follow a period of deep suffering; and his mind would sit in darkness, but not despair.

"It will all come out right in the end." He never lost faith in this sentiment, even in the gloomiest hour.

Three times had Mr. Ringstrom toiled up the difficult hill of trade, gaining a height that made him the envied of many observers; three times had his feet slipped; and three times had he found himself lying, stunned and bruised at the bottom, with scarcely strength enough to stand, much less to try the hard ascent. His third fall was at a time when he was sixty.

Again, and for the last time, Adam Ringstrom sat down, in darkness, amid the ruins of earthly hope; but only for a time. Like Job, he had no comforters among his friends; even his wife was rather an upbraider of his patience, than a sustainer and consoler.

"And this is what you call coming out right?" she said, bitterly, when her mind took in the full measure of evil that had befallen them. She meant it as a reproof, but it awakened thought in the true direction.

"There is some good involved in all this, Grace," he answered, patiently, yet with a touch of sadness in his voice which he could not hide.

"Good! I'm provoked at you!" she responded, with impatience.

"Good has come of our misfortunes, heretofore; and I will believe in nothing less than good now," said the old man, his voice growing firmer, and his countenance brightening.

"I never saw any good," was moodily replied.

"Let me refresh your memory and my own. It will be of use to us both. Twenty years ago, I failed in business, and we were reduced from comparative luxury to want. Our Frank was a wild boy of nineteen, and in great danger. We were preparing him for college, but he did not give his mind to study, being fonder of pleasure and gay companions than of books. Suddenly reduced to poverty, we had to change our views in regard to him. The college idea had to be abandoned; and, of necessity, Frank was placed in a store where he could earn something toward his support. You grieved yourself sick over his blasted hopes. But it has turned out right for him. He showed a different character at once: became industrious, thoughtful, earnest, and

affectionate toward us, and grew up to be a useful and good man. I fear, Grace, that, but for what we regarded, at the time, as a great calamity, our son would have been lost. I have always seen the hand of a good Providence in that destruction of my worldly hopes.

"Ten years later, and misfortune came again. Good fortune, I have, sometimes, called it; for it saved our darling Ellen from a fate worse than death. We were thought to be rich; and as Ellen was beautiful, she possessed double attractions. You know how young Hayward won her heart, and how wild and bitter were our fears, when we found that we could not break the charm he had thrown around her. Like a lamb to the slaughter, we saw her moving toward the altar of sacrifice, and we had no power to hold her back. But, help came, ere it was too late; came under the shadows of misfortune, an angel in disguise. Riches took unto themselves wings and flew away. From the high places to which we had arisen, suddenly were we cast down. How quickly did old friends recede. We went back into obscurity, and few could find us out. One never did; and that was Hayward. Poor Ellen! It was a sad experience for her; but oh, how blessed! for it stripped the false exterior from the one she loved, and she turned from the real man with a shudder of repulsion.

"How is it with Ellen, now? Have we not cause to bless the calamity that saved her? Has it not all come out right?"

"I never could see that she had done so very well," was the moody answer of Mrs. Ringstrom. "Her husband is poor, and likely always to remain poor."

"But she is rich in the love of a true, good man; rich and happy. Not done well? Grace! Grace! How can you speak so? If I were worth a million of dollars, and she the wife of that abandoned, unprincipled Hayward, could my riches ease her heart-ache? No! And so I say, thank God for the misfortune that made her a happy wife! Look at Alice Grand, and Flora Carter. A fate like theirs was in store for our child, when trouble gathered like a cloud around us, and hid her from the destroyer's eyes."

We see the hand of Providence in the events of our lives only after the events have passed, and we view them in relation to other events. Happy is he who can have faith that all is right: all for the best; even while the darkness is around him, and the cup of sorrow at his lips.

In this last misfortune that wrecked again the earthly hopes of Mr. Ringstrom was a ministra-

tion of God not so apparent as in the previous cases, because involving more that was higher, or interior. There was, as we have said, the stuff in him of which angelic life is made, and it had to come out clear from grosser substances. To this end he must pass through the fire again. What had he looked forward to in the morning of life? What had he been toiling for? On what had he rested his hopes of happiness?

Suffering, misfortune, trial, disappointment, and sorrow, had not yet sufficed to extinguish a love of mere worldly things, on which his mind still rested for happiness, as a wall rests on a crumbling and uncertain foundation. His last misfortune was to the end that this love of the world might be extinguished, and a new and purer love take its place.

So, he went out from his place among men, and sought a humble position. Years, and failing health, warned him against any new attempt to restore his fallen fortunes. The ruin was hopeless, for he had no strength to build again.

After another decade of years, filling up the number to three score and ten, let us see how it is with Mr. Ringstrom, if all is coming out right. He is an old man now, with snowy white hair, and form bent from its fine erectness. This plain little house, with its small, well-kept garden, is his home. How different from the elegant mansion that he dwelt in ten years ago! A few rods distant stands the splendid residence of a retired merchant, whose days are also falling into the "sere and yellow leaf." The one has been crowned with successes; the other with misfortunes. Whatever the hand of one was laid upon, had turned to gold; whatever the other's hand was laid upon, had turned to dross. And now, in their old age, as in the earlier period of their lives, they stand near together, but as different in character as in external condition.

For all his successes, nothing has come out right with the rich old man. His children have not taken honorable places in society, as useful, intelligent men and women. They are discontented idlers, and wasting spendthrifts; and, in consequence of this, there is constant strife between them and their father, who, as he grows older, grows less patient with everything not in accordance with his views and feelings. Having no employment, after long years of a busy, active life, and no taste for reading or art, his mind beats about restlessly all the while, hurting itself against the narrow walls of the prison he has been building for it since early manhood, and from which it cannot get free. All day he

moves about with a restless manner, and a discontented face; or sits for long periods in moody silence; and half the night he sighs on a sleepless pillow. Life is a burden. He takes no interest in anything or anybody out of his own narrow circle; and in this there is not a single agreeable aspect. What compensation does he find in his luxurious home, and its ample, richly-cultivated grounds? The starving mind will not draw healthy nutrition from these; nay, it turns from them in loathing.

If this is coming out all right, as the consummation of a man's life in this world, then is life indeed a failure. But there is a coming out right in a different and higher sense; and it was in this different sense that Adam Ringstrom had come out right. He did not gain ease and competence for his declining years, but something better: the privilege (some would say necessity, for so it seemed, looking from the outside) of being usefully employed as a means of providing for the body's needs. In this employment, which did not tax him to weariness, his mind found a resting-place, to which it could return and quietly repose for a season, and then lift itself again, and pass into tranquil regions, where light from a sun, not of this world, filled all the crystal air with heavenly brightness. And as year after year made white his head, and duller the lustre of his eyes, hopes, and fruitions, and sweet experiences were born in his soul, and the peace of God that passeth all understanding was laid upon it.

"I am sorry to find you thus, in your old age," said a former business acquaintance, alluding to his poverty.

"It is all right," was the smiling answer. "All right, my friend, and I would not that it were otherwise. He," and he raised his thin finger upward, "knows best. If I could have had my own way, I would have surrounded myself with earthly riches. But He saw what I

see now, that my heart would have rested in them as the greatest good, letting go my hold on the more substantial things of heaven; and just in the degree that I had done so, just in the degree that I had turned myself away from spiritual good, to eat the chaff of nature, would I have been unhappy. Once, I called my failures and losses misfortunes; now I see them to have been disguised blessings from the hand of God. It is all right, sir. All right, so far as I am concerned; and I bless the Wisdom that made my path, and the Hand that led me safely along its rough places and difficult ascents."

Not so clear-seeing, not so submissive to the Divine Will was Mrs. Ringstrom. Yet, even her dim eyes were growing clearer, and she could see, as earth lights grew feebler, and her mind gained some degree of spiritual perception, that her husband's steady faith had not been mocked.

"I think," she said, one day, after a call at their rich neighbor's; a call more of charity than friendship, for trouble had fallen there. "I think a more wretched family I have never seen. There is no mutual affection; no sympathy, even, one for the other, in suffering; no mental strength; no looking away and beyond the hard present; no reaching out of the narrow circle of self. Why, Adam!" and her face brightened, "our home is a paradise."

"It might be larger, and more richly attired. Grace," answered her husband, "but I am sure it could not be a happier home. He knows best. I knew it would all come out right, and the right grows plainer every day."

Mrs. Ringstrom did not, by look, or word, or gesture even, say "No," as in times past, to this sentiment; for her eyes were getting clearer also, and she was beginning to see beyond the veil of time into that world, where, for the rich in that faith which is made vital by good deeds, there are mansions whose splendor no earthly palace can approach.

HER LIFE WAS BUT BRIEF.

BY WILLIAM LINN KEESE.

Her life was but brief—but her tenderness clings

In the depths of our memories yet;

Time bears the remembrance afar on his wings,

But 'tis not in our souls to forget.

He bears it away to the uttermost clime,

Until years are forgotten in years—

But hearts, fleet as far as the pinions of Time,

Float it back on a river of tears.

Her life was but brief—yet the soul never strays

When the angel records it a prize—

Like an exquisite star which falls down as we gaze.

She died while we looked in her eyes.

She waves her white hand from the infinite sphere

Far away from the world and its care—

Ah! sigh not to think 'tis farewell to us here,

But remember who welcomes her there!

BABY'S KNITTED SHOE AND SOCK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THESE are knitted on steel needles, in Berlin wool of two colors. The shoe in one color, and the sock in white, form the prettiest contrast; pink and white, maize and white, or blue and white, are all suitable. The shoe is in plain knitting, and ought to be worked tight and even; the sock is in the cable and hem-stitch pattern, the top being completed by two rows of netting, the first row being on a larger mesh than the second, one stitch of the netting in every



A narrow ribbon, the it from slipping off the foot. The row of net-
color of the shoe, is interlaced round the ankle, ting on the fine mesh ought to be in the colored
which ties in the front with a bow, and keeps wool.

BONNETS AND CAP.



GREEN SILK BONNET.



CAP.



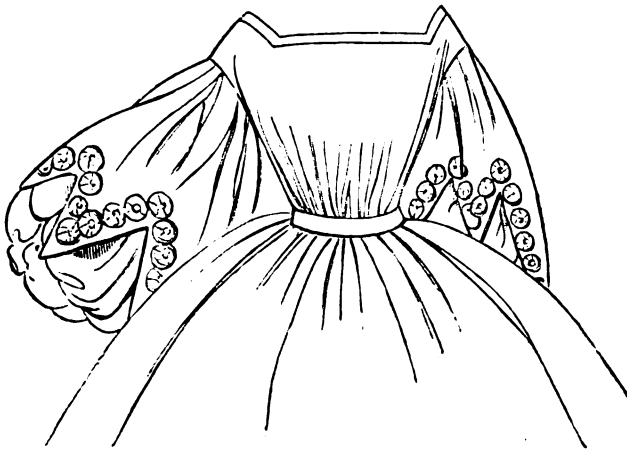
WHITE SILK BONNET.

PRINCESS ROYAL BODY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



FRONT OF PRINCESS ROYAL BODY.



BACK OF PRINCESS ROYAL BODY.

THE very elegant Body of which we give a front and back view, will be universally adopted for muslin robes for balls, &c. It is a square baby's body, made full back and front. In Paris it is worn without a *chemise*. This, of course, is a matter of taste with the wearer.

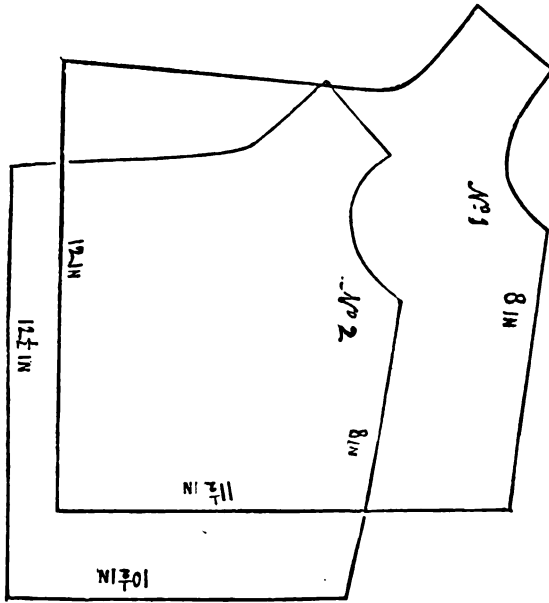
We give also diagrams, on the next page, by which to cut out the body, so that any lady,

without the aid of a mantua-maker, can make one for herself.

No. 1. FRONT.

No. 2. BACK.

To enlarge the pattern, from these diagrams, to the full size required, take a piece of newspaper, or, if equally convenient, plain white or brown paper, of the size you suppose to be



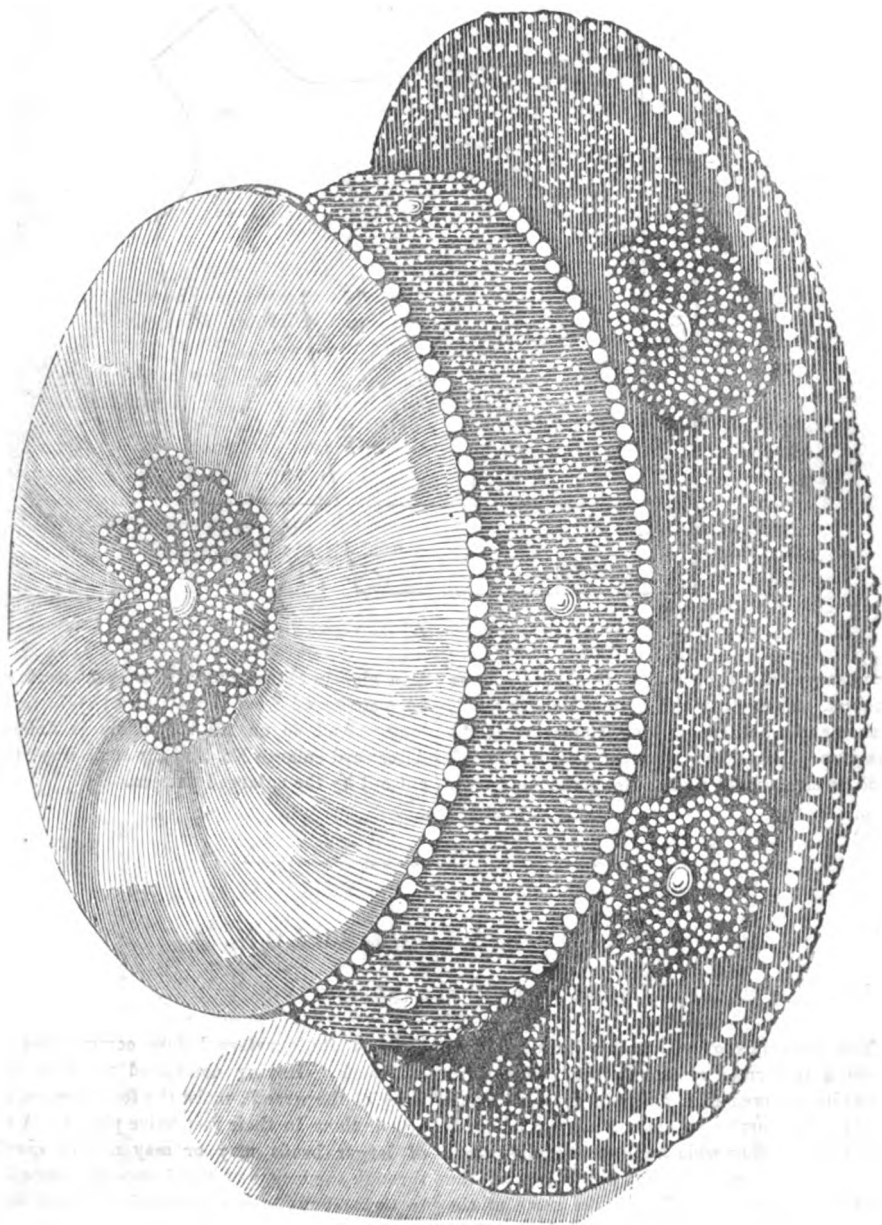
DIAGRAMS OF PRINCESS ROYAL BODY.

necessary, taking care that it shall be large enough. Then draw the bottom line of No. 1, at a slightly obtuse angle (the exact angle can be transferred from the diagram) eight inches long. And so on till the whole is finished. Next draw, at right angles, the left side, afterward enlarge No. 2 in the same way: then cut out by the enlarged pattern.

BRIDAL PINCUSHION.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

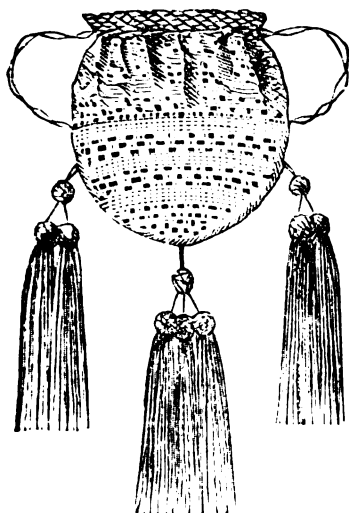
THE materials of which this beautiful Pin-cushion is formed must be either white satin or white watered silk, and two sorts of small beads. Commence by cutting a strip of cardboard two inches wide and fifteen inches long; form this into a ring, and cover it with the satin well stretched. Then take some of the fine wire used for making artificial flowers, and some small beads, and thread a sufficient length to form a loop or leaf. Fasten this down at its stalk end with a few stitches, and thread a second loop of the different beads as much smaller as will allow of its being placed within the first, so as to form a double loop. Continue this in the way shown in the engraving, until a sufficient length is done for one-quarter of the circle, which must have had a mark placed on each of its quarters before commencing the beadwork. Having completed the four divisions of the wreath, make the four flowers, and attach them in their respective places. A row of larger beads may or may not be carried through the centre of this leaf-work, according to taste; but if the stitches which fasten down the wire should happen to show, it will be an advantage to insert them. This being done, a round cushion of white calico or linen must be made to fit the interior of the circle, and raised up in the inside, and a round of cardboard sewn in for the bottom. All this being done, another round of cardboard must be taken for the stand, sufficiently large for the pincushion to be placed in the centre, and leave two inches clear, all round, on which a similar row of leaves and



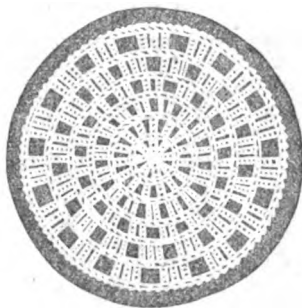
flowers is to be worked; after which it is to be lined and have short loops of beads carried all round its edge, as a border, one over-wrapping the other. The cushion must then be placed in the exact middle of the mat, and strongly tied down by means of a mattress-needle brought through from underneath, looped through a bead-flower previously prepared, returned down again through the cushion, and the two ends finally tied together. The beads employed may be white, both opaque and transparent, pearl, gold, silver, or steel; and with any combination of these a most elegant article may be produced, well worthy of its name of the "Bridal Pin-cushion."

PURSE IN CROCHET.

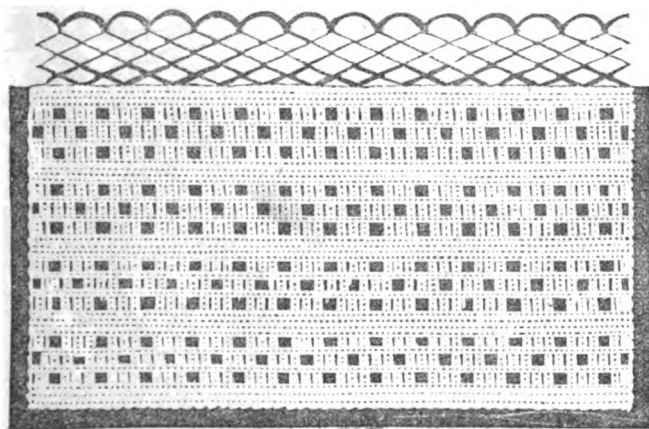
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give an engraving of a new and pretty purse, to be crocheted with gold thread. An-



nexed is the pattern for the bottom. Below is the side. They are to be crocheted together, and the purse finished with tassels. These purses, made in gold, are all the rage this winter.



THE BERLIN WOOL-WORK PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS pattern, so elegant in design and color, which should be mounted with a broad steel clasp and steel chain. It should be worked in ever got up in America, is intended for a bag, very bright wools, and, in selecting the shades, VOL. XXXIX.—6

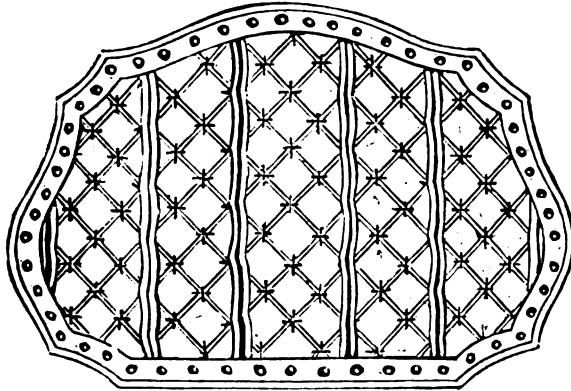
care must be taken that they are all very distinct, and the colors dissimilar. It may be grounded in any color that the worker may prefer; for instance, maize, white, or even a beautiful light-blue, would have a very good effect. Worked on coarse canvas, in double wool, it would answer for the bottom of a chair, by extending the grounding on the four sides to the size required.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



VELVET PORTMONNAIE.

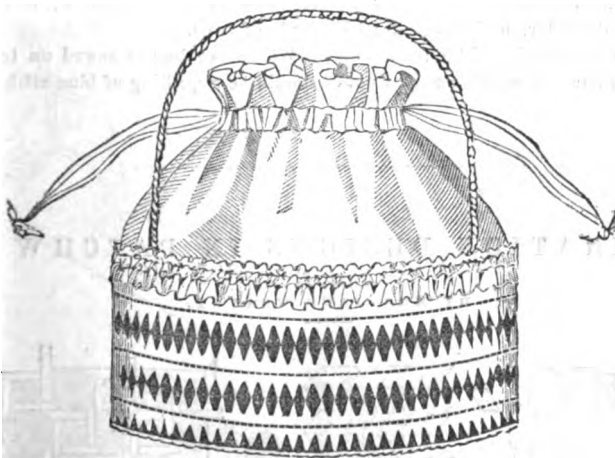
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



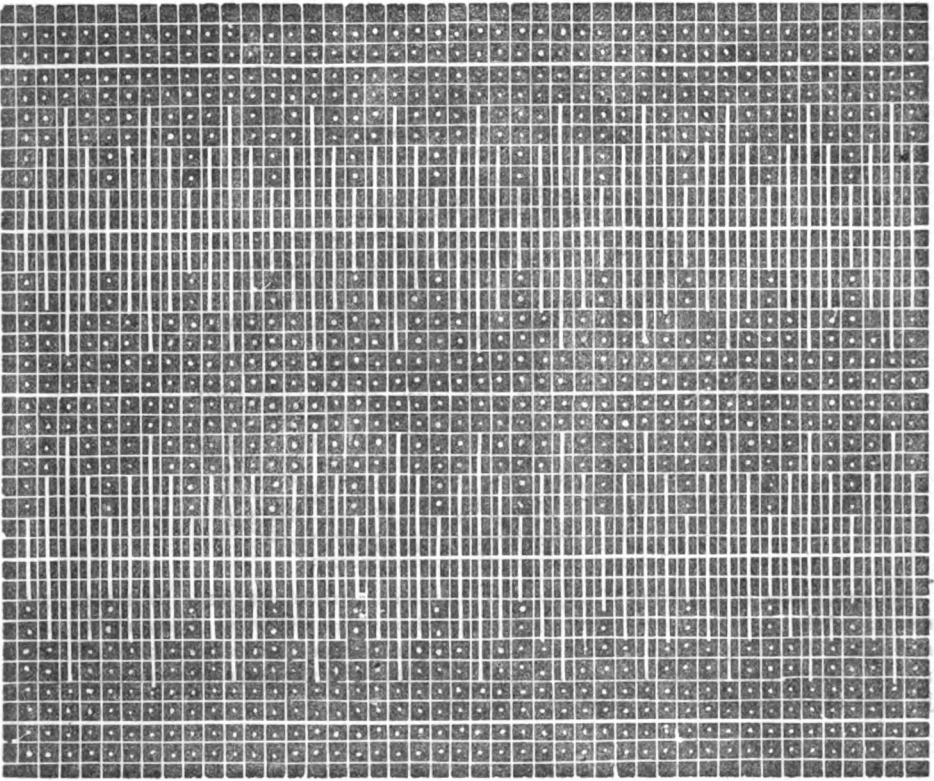
We give, above, an engraving of a new portmonnaie, full-size, to be done in green velvet and gold braid. Lay the gold braid in diamonds, as seen in the engraving, sewing a small jet bead at the points of the diamonds. The horizontal stripes are made by sewing gold braid over the diamonds. Many might prefer the portmonnaie without these horizontal lines. Send it to a portmonnaie manufacturer to make up.

LADY'S WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, above, an engraving of a new style of Work-Bag, to be done in Berlin wool, in light-blue, dark-blue, and yellow floss silk. The ground-work is light-blue, the diamonds



PATTERN FOR PART OF SIDE OF LADY'S WORK-BAG: FULL-SIZE.

are in dark-blue, and the lines are in floss silk: as seen in the pattern above, which is of the full-size.

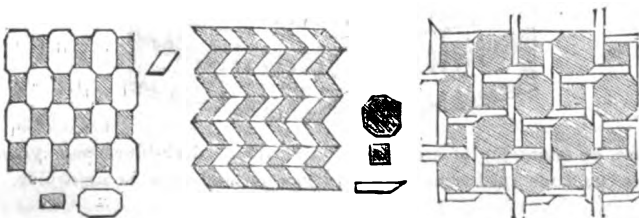
The bottom, which is circular, should be twelve inches in diameter, and covered with light-blue silk. The side should be five inches high. It will be seen that we give only a por-

tion of the pattern of this side; but this is all that is necessary. This side is to be sewed to pasteboard, and lined with silk. The bag is to be made of light-blue silk; the handles to be made of cord.

Where the bag is sewed on to the side there should be a quilling of blue ribbon.

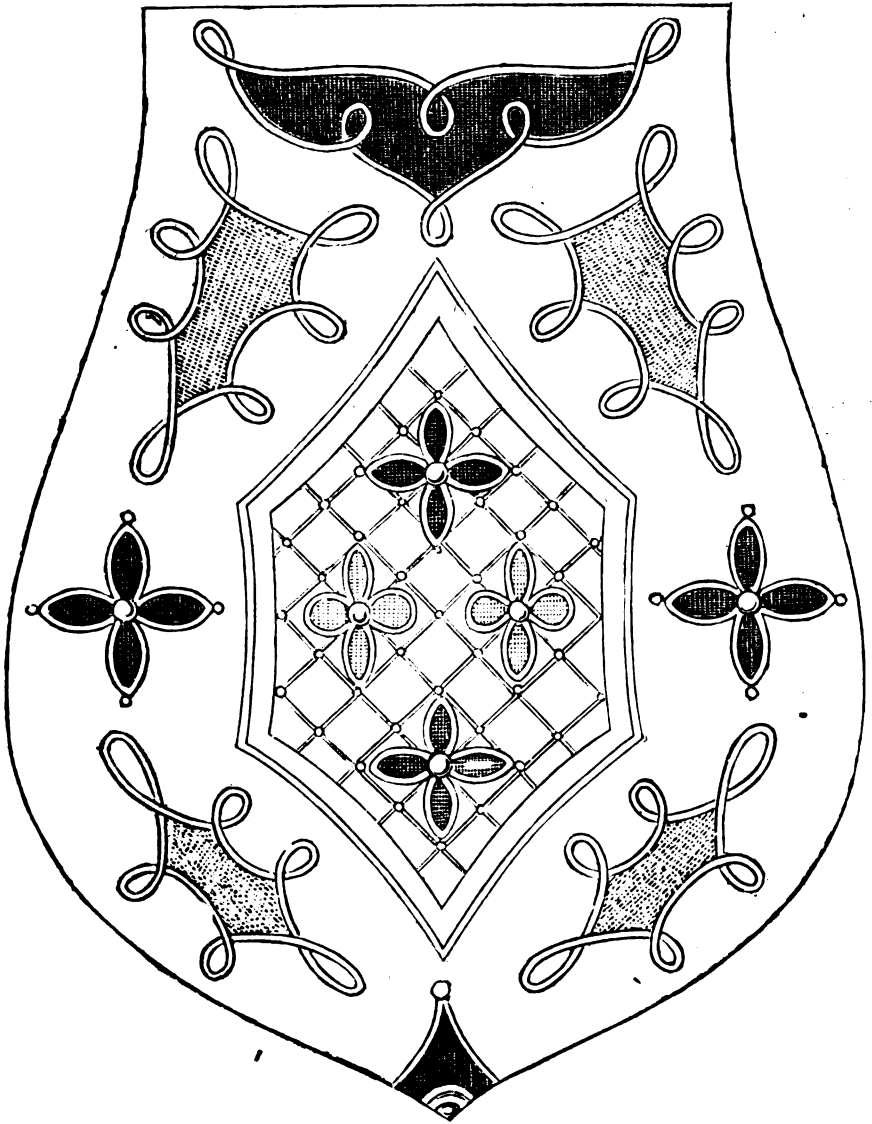
COMBINATION DESIGNS IN PATCHWORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE GIRDLE POCKET.

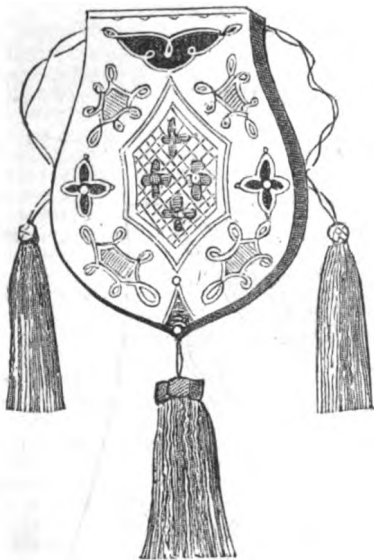
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



PATTERN FOR GIRDLE-POCKET: FULL-SIZE.

THIS beautiful affair has just appeared in Paris, where it is all the rage. It is used to carry a handkerchief and portmonnaie. We give, on the next page, an engraving of it, as it appears when made up; and above a pattern of one side, full-size.

MATERIALS.—Quarter of a yard of sky-blue silk; some small pieces of black, red, and green



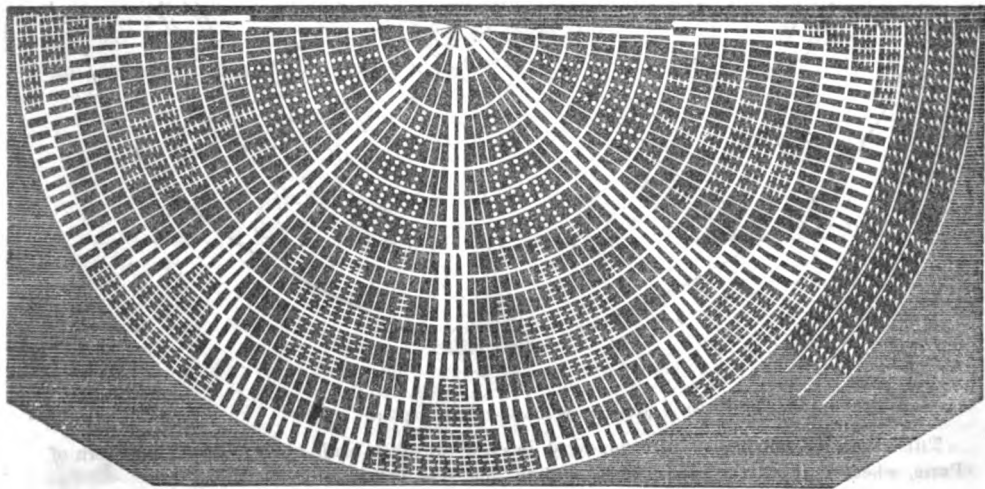
velvet; a spool of gold braid; a spool of gold thread; and two sizes of black beads.

Cut a piece of pasteboard of the size of the full-size pattern; and the sky-blue silk a little

larger so as to allow for the seams; cut the centre-piece of green velvet, and lay it on the blue silk, as in the design, covering the edges with the gold braids. The four stars, in this centre-piece, are to be as follows: the top and bottom ones of black velvet, and the two side ones of red velvet: and they are put on in the same manner as the centre-piece itself. The gold thread is now to be laid across, in diamonds, and fastened on the under side: and the smaller sized jet beads are to be sewn on, at the points of the diamonds: the larger sized jet beads to be sewn in the centre of the stars. The four corner patterns, outside of the centre-piece, are of red velvet, and are braided, on the edges, with the gold braid. The two stars on the outside of the centre-piece, and the patterns at the top and bottom, are of black velvet, braided like the corner-pieces, and finished with beads. The whole is now to be sewed on the pasteboard. Make two sides in this manner. Put them together with a piece of velvet ribbon, bonnet width; line the bag with silk; and finish with cord and tassels. This pocket is worn at the waist, being attached to the belt, as seen in one of the full-page fashion figures (the sitting one) given in the front of the number.

PINCUSHION IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is to be worked in different shades of white. We give part of the top. It is easy pink, as seen by the marks, interspersed with enough even for beginners.

DRAMATIC: AN ACTING CHARADE.

BY S. ANNIE FROST, AUTHOR OF "PARLOR CHARADES AND PROVERBS."

CHARACTERS.

Marston Haynes, a stage-struck poet—John Carroll, a wealthy merchant—Nellie, Mr. Carroll's daughter—Maggie, Nellie's maid and confidante—Jerry, Mr. Haynes' servant.

SCENE I.—DRAMA.

Scene.—Mr. Carroll's parlor.

Curtain rises—Discovering Nellie seated at a table, with a large book open before her. Mr. Carroll, a handkerchief over his face, asleep before the fire.

NELLIE.—(Reading in a dramatic manner.)

"Come, gentle night! come, loving, black-brow'd night; Give me my Romeo! and, when he shall die, Take him and cut him out in little stars."

MR. CARROLL.—(Moving uneasily.)—Eh? What?

NELLIE.—Nothing, father; I was only reading.

"Sleep on! Sleep dwell upon thine eyes."

MR. CARROLL.—(In a sleepy, cross tone.)—How can anybody sleep when you keep up such a chattering?

NELLIE.—(In a tragic tone.)—I am dumb!

MR. CARROLL.—For mercy's sake stay so then.

NELLIE.—To hear is to obey. (Silence for a moment, then Nellie reads, at first in an under tone, but gradually getting louder.)

"Oh! brawling love! Oh! loving hate!

Oh! anything of nothing first create!

Oh! heavy lightness—serious vanity!

Mishapen chaos of well seeming forms!

Feather of lead, (very loud,) bright smoke, cold fire."

MR. CARROLL.—(Starting up.)—Fire! Where? Fire! Fire!

NELLIE.—What is the matter?

MR. CARROLL.—I thought some one shouted fire.

NELLIE.—It was I! I was reading this glorious drama.

MR. CARROLL.—You are always reading some glorious drama! Glorious fiddlesticks! You had better be learning to make bread. I will go to the library and see if sleep is possible there.

Exit.

NELLIE.—What a hard fate is mine! The only child of a man wealthy and aristocratic; there is no opening for my talents. Ah! for poverty. Then could I tread the boards, and sway the souls of listening multitudes. What field so glorious as that the drama offers? But I alas! have no occasion to exert myself, no sympathizing soul to share my transports or anguish. None! I am wrong, Marston! He, too, worships the drama. My own Marston!

MARSTON.—(Behind the scenes.)

"It is my soul that calls upon my name!"

Enter Marston.

NELLIE.—Oh! Marston, how imprudent you are! My father has just left the room, and you know how angry he would be to find you here.

MARSTON.—I have been in the hall, hidden behind a cloak on the hat-rack, for two hours, waiting for him to leave the room.

NELLIE.—How romantic! Oh! Marston, I am so glad you are poor!

MARSTON.—Thank you! I cannot, however, exactly sympathize in the sentiment.

NELLIE.—If you were rich, father would probably quietly consent to our marriage, and we would have a hum-drum wedding, take a month's journey, and settle quietly down just like the rest of the world. But now an elopement, rope-ladder—

MARSTON.—Is that necessary?

NELLIE.—Necessary! It is delicious! If there is no rope-ladder, I refuse to elope. Why think of the romance, Marston? It will be exactly like a scene from a drama.

MARSTON.—Be it as you will. Anything to call you mine!

Enter Maggie.

MAGGIE.—Oh! Miss Nellie—Lor! Mr. Marston, are you here? Why, Mr. Carroll is just a-coming in here.

NELLIE.—(Dramatically.)—We are lost!

MARSTON.—Not until I am found. Ain't there a closet?

MAGGIE.—No. Get in here, under the table. (Marston hides under table.)

NELLIE.—Oh! how my heart beats with terror.

MAGGIE.—Goody! How I palpitate!

Enter Mr. Carroll.

MR. CARROLL.—Nellie, get your bonnet. I want you to go with me to call upon Mrs. Judson.

NELLIE.—To-day, Papa? I cannot. I have a head-ache! I tore my best dress! I can't make a call in an old bonnet! I have some work to finish—

MR. CARROLL.—Is that all? Come, no excuses. Run and get ready. Why, this morning you were wild to go, because I told you the lady was literary.

NELLIE.—But, papa, I want to finish something.

MR. CARROLL.—(Sarcastically.)—A new drama, probably.

NELLIE.—Yes, "The Unrelenting Parent; or, The Distressed Lovers."

MR. CARROLL.—Nonsense! Your head runs eternally on the play.

NELLIE.—Don't say play, dear papa, it is so horribly vulgar. Say drama.

MR. CARROLL.—Are you going with me?

NELLIE.—To-morrow, dear papa.

MR. CARROLL.—Well, I'll not insist now, but remember I shall certainly expect you to go to-morrow.

Exit Mr. Carroll.

NELLIE.—Come forth, my prisoner.

MARSTON.—(Creeping out.)—That is a particularly uncomfortable table.

NELLIE.—Can you not bear a little inconvenience for my sake?

Enter Mr. Carroll.

MR. CARROLL.—I forgot my cane. Hey dey! Who are you, sir?

NELLIE.—It is a friend of mine, father, Mr. John Jones.

MR. CARROLL.—Don't sit, Nellie. Mr. Haynes, I believe I have already intimated to you that I prefer meeting you outside of my house.

NELLIE.—Dear father, do not reproach him.

MARSTON.—(Gloomily.)—Do not speak, Eleanor. I can bear my fate.

NELLIE.—(Kneeling.)—Spare him, father! See, I kneel with tears to implore his pardon.

MR. CARROLL.—Get up, you idiot! Are you insane?

NELLIE.—(In a very tragic tone, with much gesture.)

"Mad! Mad! Ay, that it is! Ay, that it is!

It's to be mad, to speak, to move, to gaze,

But not know how, or why, or whence, or where?

To see that there are faces all around me,

Floating within a dim, discolored haze,

Yet have distinction, vision but for one?

Oh! I am mad—wildly, intensely mad!"

MR. CARROLL.—Upon my word I think you are.

MARSTON.—A mere quotation, sir. Fazio!

MR. CARROLL.—What?

MARSTON.—Fazio, a drama.

MR. CARROLL.—Drama! Do not mention the word again. I hear nothing else from morning till night. I have tragedy for dinner, comedy for breakfast, farce for supper. Nellie go to your room. (*To Maggie.*) You go with her.

NELLIE.—(*To Marston.*)—For a short period, farewell!

MARSTON.—Stay! I will go! Mr. Carroll, good day, sir. Nellie, farewell! farewell! *Exit Marston.*

MR. CARROLL.—A stage-struck puppy, without brains enough to keep himself from starving.

NELLIE.—(*Sadly.*)—Gone! Oh! Marston.

"Think how long the time will be
To these eyes that weep for thee!"

MR. CARROLL.—(*Sarcastically.*)—That, I presume, is another quotation, from another drama. Remember I will have no more visits from that John Jones. I will go tell the servants not to admit him. *Exit.*

NELLIE.—Maggie, get your bonnet, now, to take a note from me to Marston. No course is left us now but flight. Quick, Maggie.

MAGGIE.—I'll be ready in five minutes. *Exit Maggie.*

Nellie sits down to the table to write.
Curtain falls.

SCENE II.—TICK.

Scene.—Mr. Marston Haynes' room. Upon a table are foils, books, pens, ink, and paper, a number of bills unreceipted. The whole room wears a disorderly look.

Curtain rises.—Discovering Marston shaking a coat, and Jerry on his knees picking up books and papers from the floor.

MARSTON.—Come, Jerry, get me my hat and cloak. What time is it?

JERRY.—Sure, sir, its eleven just.

MARSTON.—A whole hour yet before the time set for our elopement. Jerry, you are sure you understood all my directions?

JERRY.—Indade, sir, I did. It's to buy new furniture for the room I am, and a new carpet, which won't come, sure, before it's wanted, and I'm to have all ready a week from today.

MARSTON.—When I shall return with my bride from our wedding tour. (*Aside.*) My pawned watch and studs must pay the expenses of the trip.

JERRY.—Mr. Haynes, I'll have everything beautiful; but sure there's one thing you have forgot.

MARSTON.—Oh! the curtains! Be sure you remember them.

JERRY.—Sure, sir, it ain't the new curtains that's on my mind.

MARSTON.—Nor on my windows. Oh! I know, Jerry. I forgot to give you particular directions about the delicate repeat my love must find prepared.

JERRY.—As ye please, sir, it's niver a bit o' that either.

MARSTON.—Out with it, then, Jerry. What is it?

JERRY.—It's the money, sir. Niver a cent have you given me for all the new things, sure.

MARSTON.—Money! Filthy lucre!

JERRY.—It may be filthy, sir; but it's mighty convenient intirely.

MARSTON.—So, it is the money that has weighed on your mind?

JERRY.—Ay, sir, heavier than it weighs on my pocket.

MARSTON.—Jerry, you must procure these articles without money.

JERRY.—Sure, sir, how'll I do it?

MARSTON.—You must get them, Jerry, upon tick.

JERRY.—What's that, sir? Sure I never heard of it afore this blessed day.

MARSTON.—Tick, Jerry, tick is the synonym for credit.

JERRY.—Sure, sir, is it that same?

MARSTON.—You will tell the store-keepers that your master has just married an heiress, an only child, with plenty of money coming from a rich father, (*aside.*) who is willing to forgive her, (*aloud.*) and say that all bills will be paid when I return.

JERRY.—And is that tick? Sure your honor has been living on it for sometime. (*Pointing to the bills.*)

MARSTON.—True, Jerry, too true. Never mind, when my great poem is finished, fortune's tides will turn, and then, Jerry, we will bid farewell to poverty—

JERRY.—And tick!

MARSTON.—It is time I left. The appointed hour draws nigh. Remember my directions, Jerry. (*In a dramatic manner.*) Now, Marston, now for Eleanor and love. *Exit.*

JERRY.—Good-by. Good luck to yeas both. (*Imitating Marston.*) Now, Jerry, now, for furniture on tick! *Exit.*
Curtain falls.

SCENE III.—DRAMATIC.

Scene.—Same as scene II.

Enter Maggie and Jerry.

MAGGIE.—So that is the reason the rooms were not re-furnished.

JERRY.—Dade an' it is. Niver a bit of furniture could I get without the money down; an', when I mentioned Mither Marston's wife, didn't they tell me that was an old dodge, an' I couldn't come it over them.

MAGGIE.—Miss Nellie is a bad wife for a poor man. It is twelve o'clock, and she ain't out of her room yet.

NELLIE.—(*Calling from behind the scene.*)—Maggie! Maggie!

MAGGIE.—Coming, mum!

JERRY.—(*Taking a letter from his pocket.*)—Here, Maggie, give this to Mrs. Haynes. I must go down town of an errand. Good day to ye, darlint. Take this (*kisses her*) an' my blessing. *Exit, singing Rory O Moore.*

NELLIE.—(*Calling again.*)—Maggie! Maggie!

MAGGIE.—I'm coming, mum! I wonder what's in this letter? (*Tries to peep.*) *Enter Nellie.*

MAGGIE.—I guess it's from Mr. Carroll.

NELLIE.—Why don't you come when I call you?

MAGGIE.—(*Handing the letter.*)—I was just seeing if this was directed to you or Mr. Haynes, mum.

NELLIE.—Go into my room, and lay out my bonnet and cloak. I may go out. *Exit Maggie.*

NELLIE.—(*Opening the letter.*)—From papa! (*Reads.*) How provoking! Was there ever an unfortunate girl so persecuted as I am? Here is papa writing to forgive us. Says my letter was so pathetic he cannot refuse his pardon for my disobedience. Of course I had to write a penitent letter, but it is too absurd for him to forgive us. Just as Marston and I had made our arrangements for going upon the stage. Were to call together, this morning, upon the manager of the Walnut Street Theatre. We are sure to succeed. Stop! I have it. *This letter never reached me.* Marston shall know nothing about it, and we will call. (*Tears the letter, and throws the pieces into the fire.*) *Enter Marston.*

MARSTON.—Good morning, love.

NELLIE.—Where have you been, Marston?

MARSTON.—Why, I am accustomed to early rising, Nellie, and I have been out attending to some business. (*Aside.*) Selling my seal ring to buy the dinner. (*Aloud.*) No letter from your father?

NELLIE.—It may come to-morrow, Marston.

MARSTON.—The stage seems now our only hope. Your father would surely have answered before this, had he intended to forgive us.

NELLIE.—I think so! Are you prepared for our interview with the manager, or shall we rehearse some scenes before we start?

MARSTON.—We will rehearse now, if you are willing.

NELLIE.—(*Dramatically.*)—Willing! Eager!
MARSTON.—I shall first give him the interview between Hamlet and his father's ghost. *Enter Jerry.*

MARSTON.—And, in good time, here comes the ghost.
JERRY.—Where? Let me go. (*Starts to run.*)
MARSTON.—Jerry, stay here. Mrs. Haynes and I wish to rehearse a few scenes. (*Calling.*) Maggie! *Enter Maggie.*
MARSTON.—You and Maggie will assist us. First, I am Hamlet; you, Jerry, are my father's ghost.
JERRY.—Av ye plase, sir, I'd rather be the gentleman. I never was a ghost, sir.

MARSTON.—Mrs. Haynes will tell you what to say. Now! Stand there! (*Striking an attitude, and speaking, with much gesture, to Jerry.*) "Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak! I'll go no further."

JERRY.—Sure, sir, I don't want you to.
NELLIE.—Jerry, say, "Mark me!"
JERRY.—Arrah then, I don't want to be marked.
NELLIE.—Say it—
JERRY.—Oh! very well. "Mark me!"
MARSTON.—"I will!"
NELLIE.—(*To Jerry.*)

"My hour is almost come
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself."

MAGGIE.—Oh! Lor, mum! What have you been and done?

NELLIE.—Jerry, that is your next speech.
JERRY.—Av ye plase, I don't exactly like the sentiment.
MARSTON.—Oh! botheration. Who can be inspired under these circumstances?

NELLIE.—Suppose we try a scene from your play.
MARSTON.—"The Languishing Lovers?" Well, we will. Jerry, you stand there; you are the willow tree, behind which Orlando listens to the outpourings of Constantia's soul. You, Maggie, are Clarinda, Constantia's confidante. Now! (*Goes behind Jerry.*) Are you ready? Begin.

NELLIE.—(*To Maggie.*)—"Give me thine ear—"
MAGGIE.—Lor, mum, what do you want with it?
NELLIE.—Do not interrupt me.
"Give me thine ear, Clarinda, whilst I tell
The story of my love: 'Twas on a Summer's eve
I sat beneath the whispering cedars, whilst the lark
Poured forth his tuneful melodies. Sudden before me rose
A form, more, more than mortal."
MAGGIE.—Land, mum, wasn't you skeered?
NELLIE.—(*Not heeding her.*)—"Twas he! Orlando! My Orlando!"

MARSTON.—(*Rushing forward suddenly, and knocking Jerry down.*)—Constantia! My Constantia! (*Nellie rushes to Marston, faints, and falls upon the floor.*)
NELLIE.—(*Rising, in an indignant voice.*)—Why didn't you catch me?

JERRY.—(*Rising too.*)—And me.
MARSTON.—(*To Nellie.*)—You came forward too quickly. Try it again. "Constantia! My Constantia!" (*Opens his arms.*)

NELLIE.—(*Rushing at him violently.*)—"Ah! that voice!" (*Faints. Marston staggers, falls on one knee, letting Nellie slip to the ground.*)

MARSTON.—Mercy, Nell, how heavy you are!
NELLIE.—(*Rising.*)—We must learn to faint properly. Try it once more. For pity's sake don't let me fall again.

MARSTON.—(*Standing with open arms.*)—"Constantia! My Constantia!"

NELLIE.—(*Standing opposite.*)—Ah! that voice." (*Both rush forward together, miss each other. Marston falls against Jerry, and Nellie runs against the wall.*)

MARSTON.—Once more! Turn your face this way. (*Opens his arms. Nellie walks slowly across the room and faints into Marston's arms.*)

JERRY.—(*Opening his arms.*)—Maggie! My Maggie!
MAGGIE.—(*Rushing into Jerry's arms.*)—Ah! that voice.
MARSTON.—(*Kissing Nellie.*)—My love! My sweetest one! Speak! Look upon me.

JERRY.—(*Kissing Maggie.*)—Arrah, Mavourneen. Spake. Look this way.

NELLIE.—(*In a feeble voice.*)—Orlando. Oh! bliss unutterable! (*Faints again.*)

MAGGIE.—Be done wid yer blarney.
MARSTON.—She faints! She dies! Darling, look up!

Enter Mr. Carroll.

MR. CARROLL.—Are you all deaf? I've rung four times. (*Marston, Nellie, Jerry, and Maggie, all stand erect, and speak at once.*)

MARSTON.—Mr. Carroll.

NELLIE.—Papa!
MAGGIE.—The ould gentleman!
JERRY.—Who in the world's that?

MR. CARROLL.—What are you doing? What does all this mean?

NELLIE.—We were rehearsing.
MR. CARROLL.—Nonsense! As a married woman I hoped you had dropped all this nonsense. Mr. Haynes, as you are now my daughter's husband, I trust you will aid me in the endeavor to correct this exaggerated taste for dramatic exhibitions.

MARSTON.—(*Gloomily.*)—We must go upon the stage, or starve.

MR. CARROLL.—(*Good-naturedly.*)—Nonsense! For the present you will come home with me, and then we will discuss business.

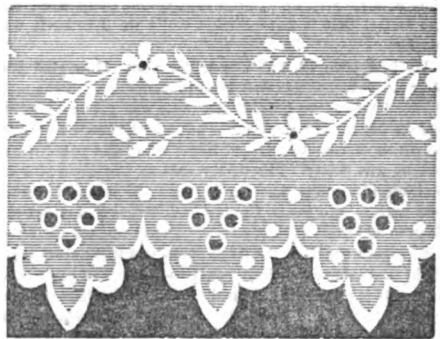
MARSTON.—(*Taking Mr. Carroll's hand.*)—I feel ashamed, sir, to have ever deceived so noble a nature. Forgive me! My future life will prove my sorrow.

NELLIE.—(*Dramatically, taking Mr. Carroll's other hand.*)—Forgive us both. (*Kneels. Marston also kneels.*)

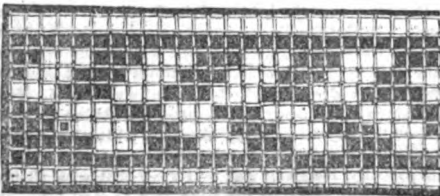
MARSTON.—Bless our union, father. (*Jerry and Maggie kneel.*)

JERRY.—And ours, too, av ye plase. *Curtain falls.*

PATTERNS.



EDGING IN EMBROIDERY.



CROCHET.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE LAST TIME.—You remember him, do you not? What a fine-looking fellow he was, and not a bit spoiled by college life! He bade you a pleasant "good morning" and went away with a smile on his lips. There was nothing unusual in his manner—he was always tender and gentle, always respectful and affectionate. He galloped from the door, his bright curls nodding, his fine form erect; and proud seemed the milk-white horse of his handsome burden.

Alas! it was his ride to death. That "good morning"—that happy, sunny smile were his last—and who dreamed it might be so?

Now, how we linger on the recollection of that voice! How we strive to think there was some look, some tone more tender than usual! How we press the hot, throbbing temples as we cry, "Oh! that I had known I should never see him again!" But vain the wild wish; it jars against the doors of the sepulchre.

Mary! the sweet home flower.

We see her now, standing with a half-mournful, half-bewildered look on the platform of the crowded cars. Somebody jostled with her upon the possibility of her obtaining a seat because she was young and handsome. As she entered, she turned once, and a smile broke like a sunbeam over her bright face.

"May she have a happy journey!" said we, "she is going to her bridal. One waits for her, with love and impatience, a few miles from here, and they will both be home to-morrow." What a bright, beautiful glance she gave us! as if all the brightness and beauty of her maidenhood combined to make the last recollection of Mary glorious to remember. It was the last, for soon a fearful sound shocked the ear. A cloud of dust and cinders, fire and broken wood—a heavy plunge—a cry of mental agony—and where was Mary? Dead! under the ice of the river—and when they brought her forth, the strange, mournful, uncertain look that first clouded her young face, rested there now; but the smile! that is imperishable while we live, for it was her last.

He had been ill, but was better now. How glad you were as you took his cool hand in yours and felt the temperate beat of the pulse! His smile was yet languid, his speech faint. The dark locks hung listless over his brow, on which disease had traced bluer veins and paler tints; but he was better. The doctor said so, the nurse said so; he himself murmured, "I am better." So you parted from him with a light heart, looking back before you closed the door, to add some word of advice. The white face answered your glance eagerly; the large eyes—you will never forget their soul-language while you live—it recurs again and again. It is painted on the walls of night in fadeless colors; it was the last time—the last loving, life-look—and how you will treasure it!

That laugh!

It sounds over the bridge of death till its arches ring again. In that familiar attitude he stood, one hand on the marble frame of the fire-place, one foot crossed over the other, his head thrown back, his brown locks shaken by the jubilant glee to which the whole frame danced. You thought what a happy, jovial, handsome fellow he was! full of life and wit—roaring his jokes, telling his capital stories, making mother, sister, and wife proud of his beauty, his geniality, his love. And you knew that with all his jollity he was gentle as the lamb, true as steel, reverent toward all, good, pure-hearted. Your pleasure grew as you

saw him in his young manhood, laughing the beautiful laugh of innocent hilarity. You left him still in the midst of his jesting—you thought of his merry eye even till the day following; and, at its close, a shock came that you will never forget. The evening paper lying damp on your knee seemed suddenly wet with the dews of the grave. There it was in capital letters—great disaster—steamboat explosion—names of the killed and wounded—his name heading the list. In vain you tried to think it a dream—could he be dead?—that beautiful creature!—the hope of so many hearts!—the pride of so many eyes!

You go shrinkingly to his home—if proof had been wanting, there it is—wild posture, shrieking sorrow, and dumb and tearless grief.

Who does not remember some last look? The aged man, pillowed on his chair, his eyes following languidly the object of his dearest love. The mother wrestling with the anguish of bidding her babes farewell. The brother, unfolding new plans for life, even till the death-grasp is on his vitals. The sister, frail as a beautiful flower, and fading as surely. The wife, lingering long on the brink, while the golden cord of earthly love unwinds with every slow pulsation of the dying heart. The husband, with eyes fastened upon the face that has bent over him with ceaseless solicitude, and whose tears cool the hot fever of the brain. The little babe, helpless as the violet crushed by a careless foot. We have all seen the last look in some of these; for what would we exchange the memory? How we dwell upon it! and the eyes, long closed and sealed in the slumber of the grave, beam with fresh lustre as we think. The lips press ours again—the smile brightens the lovely face. Lightly rings the laugh through our soul's winding-places—softly echo the words of endearment, thrilling with the charm of old, and we love to preface every mention of the lost with the words,

"The last time I saw him."

BE CHEERFUL.—Always be cheerful. Nobody ever gains anything by desponding. It is astonishing how difficulties disappear before a sunshiny disposition. You think your own troubles are the most serious in the world, but if you knew all the secrets of your next door neighbor, you would find that there was care, and sorrow, and disappointment there also. True courage consists in overcoming difficulties, not in being overcome by them. Not only your own happiness, but that of your household also, depends on your being cheerful. Welcome your husband home with smiles. He has his own troubles, at that office, store, or work-shop of his. If he does not bring them home, but manfully spares you the annoyance of them, imitate his example and keep your own to yourself. If he comes to you, worn out by them, for sympathy, or repose, or counsel, be cheerful, and so reinvigorate him for the arduous battle of life. A cheerful home makes good-tempered children, for example is always better than precept. Always be cheerful!

OUR COLORED BERLIN PATTERN.—We think we may say that this is the most superb pattern, as it is altogether the most costly one, ever published in any magazine. *It is printed in no less than twelve colors.* Remember, no other American periodical gives these patterns (thus printed in colors) at all. Next month, we shall publish a pattern, entirely different, in style, but quite as splendid and costly. Through the entire year, 1861, we shall have a brilliant succession of patterns.

"PETERSON" FOR 1861—BETTER THAN EVER.—On the cover, this month, will be found our Prospectus for 1861. Every year's experience teaches us how to do better for our subscribers; while the continual increase in our circulation enables us to afford costlier and still costlier attractions. Hence it is that we make no idle boast in saying that "Peterson" has improved with every year. Hence also we are able to promise that "Peterson" for 1861 will be even better than for 1860.

In addition to our usual quantity of original stories, from the best writers of the country, we shall publish, in 1861, the following copy-right novelets:

A BROKEN LIFE,
BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.
BARBARA'S AMBITION,
BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.
HARLEY BROOKS,
BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.
THE GIRL GUARDIAN,
BY GRACE GARDNER.

One of these—that by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens—will run through the entire year. The others will be shorter. No other Ladies' Magazine, we predict, will have any novelets half so good. Everybody concedes the superiority of the stories in "Peterson."

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are but fairly presented. *Be first in the field!* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that your own copy need not be injured. *Do not lose a moment!*

WHAT IS ECONOMY?—Economy is not hoarding, any more than extravagance is liberality. He who can afford to spend five thousand a year, does injury to trade, if he does not spend it. He would be just as wrong as he, who having but a thousand a year, should spend two thousand. Of course, no one is justified in spending his entire income, even when it is derived from a realized fortune; for there are always exceptional expenses, such as refurnishing, sickness, &c., which, otherwise, would eat into his capital. Much the less ought anybody in business to spend all he makes. But niggardliness is to be equally avoided. The smallest income can be so distributed as to bring more or less of the refinements of life. We do not live merely to amass money. We live, on the contrary, to make our homes cultivated and our families happy: to advance in all moral and spiritual well-being: to grow "brighter and brighter to the perfect day."

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.—Messrs. J. W. Byram & Co., 112 south Third street, Philadelphia, have just issued a new edition of their great picture of Mount Vernon, printed in fifteen oil colors. This has been one of the most popular pictures ever published in this country. We would advise all who have not done so, to secure a copy at once. Price, fifty cents, post-paid, to any part of the country.

"GROWING TWO INCHES."—A little girl of twelve, who sends us a large club, says:—"I got all these names myself, and have earned my extra copy. I've grown two inches since I made up the club, at the idea of having my own Magazine." *That extra copy went quick.*

"BETTER THAN A SWEETHEART."—A young lady writes to us:—"I cannot do without my Magazine. I miss it more than I would my sweetheart, for it is certainly more entertaining."

OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR CLUBS.—Our old friends know that we do not give people premiums for subscribing to "Peterson." We hold that every subscriber gets his or her money's worth in the Magazine. But we have always made a practice to give a premium to anybody getting up a club. The premium for 1861, is, we think, the most desirable we have ever offered. It is, as described in the Prospectus, an engraving of the largest size for framing; is done in line and stipple; and is one of the best works of the late Thomas Illman. It has never before been published. In no other way can it be had except from "Peterson." So get up a club, if you wish this costly affair! To those who prefer an Album, we will, as stated in the Prospectus, send an Album, instead of the engraving, if they write for it. Or we will send \$1.25 worth of T. B. Peterson & Brothers' publications.

NEW MUSIC.—"Winner's Dime Book of Violin Tunes," No. 4, 5 and 6, are just issued. No. 4 contains the celebrated "Rochester Schottische," "The Wife's Dream," and five other beautiful pieces. No. 5 contains "The Hand Organ Hornpipe," "The Caledonian Quadrilles," and other airs. No. 6 "The Musidora Mazourka," "Zingara Polka," "Moonlight on the Ocean," and several other popular melodies, all of which are arranged in an easy and pleasing style. Copies will be sent, post paid, upon receipt of the price, (ten cents per number.) Address the publisher, Sep. Winner, 716 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia.

LIFE SUBSCRIBERS.—A lady, remitting two dollars for 1861, says, "I find the fireside is not complete without 'Peterson.' Therefore consider me as a life subscriber." This is what hundreds declare.

INCREASE IN 1861.—The indications are that we shall have a larger edition than ever in 1860. Everybody, everywhere, is subscribing for "Peterson."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Forest Hymn. By William Cullen Bryant. Illustrated from original drawings, by John A. Hows. New York: Townsend & Co.—This exquisite volume is certainly an era in American illustrated book publishing; fully equal in every respect to the best English productions of a similar class. We have been so long accustomed to seeing illustrated works slovenly got up, with designs showing mediocre talent, engraving and printing of the most ordinary sort, that no one can take up this charming volume without a feeling of gratification and pride, that it has, at last, been proved that American publishers can produce such a work, that an American artist has been found fully master of the task he has undertaken. For three years past the pictures of Mr. John A. Hows have attracted much attention in various exhibitions, and the publication of this book has made for him a reputation at an age when most men are only struggling into momentary notice. Here are thirty-two designs—so varied, so excellent in every particular—showing a power and imagination equal to that evinced in the poem—that the book, from the first page to the last, is a succession of delightful surprises. Mr. Hows has evidently lived and revelled in the glory of our American forests. Beautiful landscapes, dark hemlock groves, luxuriant masses of flowers, ferns, and creeping vines meet the eye wherever it falls. The title page, with its massive arch, through which one looks into the recesses of a forest, forms a fitting portal to the beautiful scenes that lie beyond. The daily and weekly press have teemed for months with notices of this work—several leading English publications have pronounced it quite equal to the efforts of Birket

Foster; yet, we confess we were not prepared for the originality, the power, the wealth of fancy and poetry which are displayed in it. There is nothing here to remind one of any by-gone book, any other artist. Mr. Hows has gone at once to nature, scorning in numberless instances old established forms, and the consequence has been that nature has unfolded to him the secrets and the beauties which others seek in vain to depict. The mechanical portions of the work are so admirably done, and these gems so fittingly enshrined, that the publishers have placed themselves, by its production, at the head of their craft in this department of book-making.

The Three Cousins. By J. A. Mailland. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Novels of incident will always be more generally popular than novels of character. The present fiction belongs to the former class. The story has no let up, in its interest, from beginning to end. The distress of a needle-woman in New York arrests the reader in the earlier chapters; then follows a description of a storm and shipwreck off the coast of Kent; then the narrative bears one away, on board a South Sea whaler, to the Pacific; and finally, after an ever-changing series of adventures, the tale concludes happily, as all such tales should. T. B. Peterson & Brothers will send this, or any other of their books, to any place by mail, free of postage, on receipt of the price. The price of "The Three Cousins," bound in cloth, is \$1.25.

Winnie and Walter; or, Story-telling at Thanksgiving. Winnie and Walter's Christmas Stories. Winnie and Walter's Evening Talks with their Father about Old Times. 3 vols., 16 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—These three modest little books for children come most opportunely now, but they may be read with great pleasure at any time. They are charmingly written, and have the faculty of engrossing the attention of persons older in years, than those for whom the stories are intended. It is impossible to decide which is the best volume of the three, when all are so very good. The type and paper are unexceptionable.

The King of the Mountains. From the French of Edmond About. By Mary L. Booth. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—The scene of this story is laid in Greece, the hero being a brigand chief, whose head-quarters are in the mountains, not far from Athens. In addition to the robber and his band, two English women, two Americans, a German doctor, and several other personages figure in the story. The descriptions of modern Greek life are excellent; the story is full of incident; and the style is sprightly. The publishers issue the volume in very handsome style.

Where There's a Will There's a Way. By Alice B. Haren. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—There is no writer of books for the young who excels Mrs. Haren, better known, perhaps, to her readers as "Cousin Alice." We know no one, in fact, who equals her. The object of the present tale is to show the difference between self-will, which is wrong, and will which is right; and this moral, so useful and so necessary, is inculcated in a charming story about Carrie Abbot and her papa. The volume would make a very suitable gift for the holiday season.

The Prince's Ball. By E. A. Steadman. 1 vol. New York: Rudd & Cartlton.—A lively satire on the flunkeyism, which broke out, more or less, during the visit of Baron Renfrew to the United States. The ball, at New York, comes in for an especial share of the satire. The volume is illustrated.

May Coverdale. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—A story of a London dress-maker's apprentice, told with touching pathos, and full of religious feeling. We know few books so good of their kind. The publishers have issued it in very neat style.

Harry Coverdale's Courtship and Marriage. By Frank E. Smedley. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a handsome edition, illustrated with spirited engravings, of one of the most mirth-moving novels in the language. Mr. Smedley, even in his "Frank Farleigh" and "Lewis Arundel," has not been happier than in "Harry Coverdale." A good laugh, physicians say, is better than a month of medicine. Weighed, by this standard, "Harry Coverdale" is worth a year's prescriptions. Price, \$1.25.

The Greatest Plague of Life; or, the Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Good Servant. By a lady who has been almost "worried to death." 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a novel with which thousands of our fair readers will sympathize. We believe this is the first time that experiences of this peculiar kind have been put upon record. The book is full of whimsical anecdotes, the tale is clearly told, and, on the whole, a more comical affair we have never read. Price, fifty cents.

Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical. By Herbert Spencer. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The author of this book, as the publishers, in their preface, truly say, is "eminent among the pioneer thinkers of the age." What such a man writes, on a theme so all-important as education, is of interest to every parent, to every teacher, to every friend of his kind. We find the work thoroughly broad, in its exposition of its subject, and recommend it, as such, to the public generally.

Legends of the Madonna as Represented in the Fine Arts. By Mrs. Jameson. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is an edition, "in blue and gold," of one of the most popular works of this popular writer. It is a book especially interesting to women. We know no surer sign of culture than to see a volume like this on a centre-table. The present edition is a corrected and enlarged one. For the frontispiece there is a good portrait of the author.

Hopes and Fears. By the author of "The Hair of Radclyffe." 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This new fiction will be eagerly read by thousands. After Miss Mulock, and the author of "Adam Bede," there is no female novelist so popular as the writer of this book. We have not yet had leisure to peruse the work, having received it just as we go to press; but the London journals describe it as quite equal to the best of Miss Yonge's former stories.

Considerations on some of the Elements and Conditions of Social Welfare and Human Progress. By C. S. Henry, D. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is a collection of lectures delivered at the New York University. To discuss them properly would require more space than we have to spare at present. We may say, however, in brief, that there is much truth in most of what Dr. Henry advances.

The Great Preparation; or, Redemption Draweth Nigh. By the Rev. John Cumming, D. D., F. R. S. E. First Series. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Cartlton.—Dr. Cumming has made himself famous, wherever the English language is spoken, by his attempts to explain prophecy. This is one of his best treatises on this inexhaustible subject. Thousands will read it with interest.

Home Ballads and Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—A collection of the later fugitive pieces of Mr. Whittier. The volume is printed in the usual handsome style of Ticknor & Fields.

The Big Night-Cup Letters. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is the fifth book of a well-known series, and is by the same author as the preceding ones. It is a capital work for children.

Quick Thoughts for Quick Hours. By the author of "Life's Morning," "Life's Evening," "Sunday Hours," &c. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—A very excellent book, beautifully printed, and illustrated with taste. It would be particularly suitable for a Christmas, New-Year's, or birthday gift.

Wa-Wa-Wanda. A Legend of old Orange. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—The merits of this poem, which are considerable, would be more generally acknowledged, if the same measure was not used as in "Hiawatha."

New Fairy Stories for my Grandchildren. By George Kild. Translated from the German, by S. W. Lander. 1 vol., 15 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A very suitable book for young children. The volume contains several pretty illustrations.

HORTICULTURAL.

LAYERING PLANTS.—The operation of layering is applicable to shrubs, and also to other descriptions of plants. Carnations, pinks, and even pinks are propagated to a considerable extent by layers; and there are very few plants which have sound stems that keep alive through the winter but what may be propagated in the same way. The operation is similar in either case. At a proper distance from the top of the branch, say three or four joints down, or even more if the joints are close, the incision is to be made on the under part, half an inch below a joint, and the knife is made to approach very near to the centre of the stem, and to pass the joint upward; the portion severed below the joint is then cut close up, the earth stirred an inch or two below the surface and mixed with a little sand, and the branch is then pegged down so that the cut portion is half an inch below the surface, and well watered immediately. The plant, in fact, must be kept moderately moist until the layers begin to grow and root well. In a few weeks it may be tried whether the layers have rooted, by withdrawing the peg, and trying gently to raise the layer. But many of the bottom shoots of the pink, pinks and carnations are found too short to layer at all. These then have to be cut off and struck under a handglass, according to the usual method.

There is some doubt as to whether a layer or a cutting is the best for growing and blooming; but practice among the best growers has long decided that all the shoots that are long enough should be layered, and all those that are not long enough should be cut off and struck. The same principle that rules with regard to shrubs applies to the hardy perennials. It is by lessening the nourishment from the plant that the layer is made to supply the deficiency by making new roots; and the principal care required in layering is, not to leave the portion attached to the plant less than half the thickness at any one place, because it would endanger the supply, but it ought to be cut very near to half the thickness.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Bills of Fare for Dinners in Winter.—Soups.—Carrot soup, celery soup, pea soup, rice soup, mock turtle.

Fish.—Cod, crabs, eels, oysters, rock.

Meat.—Beef, mutton, veal, venison.

Poultry.—Chickens, fowls, geese, pigeons, rabbits, turkeys, wild duck.

Game.—Partridges, pheasants, snipes, woodcocks.

Vegetables.—Beetroot, cabbages, carrots, celery, lettuces, onions, potatoes, salad, spinach, sprouts.

Fruit.—Apples, chestnuts, filberts, walnuts.

Filling for a Roast Goose.—Four large onions, ten sage-leaves, one-quarter pound bread crumbs, one and a half ounce of butter, salt and pepper to taste, one egg. Make a sage and onion stuffing of the above ingredients; put it into the body of the goose, and secure it firmly at both ends, by passing the rump through the hole made in the skin, and the other end by tying the skin of the neck to the back; by this means the seasoning will not escape. Put it down to a brisk fire, keep it well basted, and roast from one and a half to two hours, according to the size. Remove the skewers, and serve with a tureen of good gravy, and one of well-made apple-sauce. Should a very highly-flavored seasoning be preferred, the onions should not be parboiled, but minced raw; of the two methods, the mild seasoning is far superior. A ragout, or pie, should be made of the giblets, or they may be stewed down to make gravy. Be careful to serve the goose before the breast falls, or its appearance will be spoiled by coming flattened to table. A large goose will take to roast one and three-quarters hours; a moderate one, one and a quarter to one and a half hours.

Rice Dumplings.—Pick and wash a pound of rice, and boil it gently in two quarts of water till it becomes dry, keeping the pot well covered, and not stirring it. Then take it off the fire, and spread it out to cool on the bottom of an inverted sieve, loosening the grains lightly with a fork, that all the moisture may evaporate. Pare a dozen pippins, or some large juicy apples, and scoop out the core. Then fill up the cavity with marmalade, or with lemon and sugar. Cover every apple all over with a thick coating of the boiled rice. Tie up each in a separate cloth, and put them into a pot of cold water. They will require about an hour and a quarter after they begin to boil, perhaps longer.

Poached Eggs.—Poached eggs make several excellent dishes, but poaching them is rather a delicate operation, as in breaking the egg into the water, particular care must be taken to keep the white round the yolk. The best way is to open the small end of the egg with a knife. When the egg is done (it must be very soft), it should be thrown into cold water, where it may be pared, and its appearance improved, before it is dished up. Poached eggs are served up upon spinach, or stewed endive, or alone with rich gravy, or with stewed Spanish onions. They may also be fried in oil until they are brown, when they form a good dish with rich gravy.

Sponge Biscuit.—Beat the yolks of twelve eggs for half an hour; then put in a pound and a half of beaten sifted sugar, and whisk it until it rises in bubbles; beat the whites to a strong froth, and whisk them well with the sugar and yolks, work in fourteen ounces of flour, with the rinds of two lemons grated. Bake them in tin moulds buttered, in a quick oven, for an hour; before they are baked sift a little fine sugar over them.

Mince Pies.—Butter some patty-pans well, line them evenly with thin puff paste, then fill the pans with mince-meat; moisten the edges of the paste, and close carefully; trim off the paste; make a small opening in the centre of the top crust with the point of a knife. Bake them half an hour in a well-heated, but not fierce oven. It is as well to place a piece of white paper over the pies, while baking, to prevent them taking too much color.

Ormskirk Gingerbread.—Two pounds flour, one pound butter, one-half pound sifted oatmeal, three-quarters of a pound of moist sugar, one ounce ginger, the same of citron and candied orange-peel, all mixed together; then add one pound of treacle. The whole should be mixed the day before it is intended to be baked.

Essence of Lemon.—Cut off, very thin, the rinds of any number of lemons, put the pieces of peel in a phial, and cover them with spirits of wine. After a day or two this will have taken up all the oil of the lemon peel, and become far better in quality than that usually sold.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TOILET.

A Cheap Pomatum.—Half an ounce of white wax; half an ounce of spermaceti; eight ounces of olive oil. Dissolve in a basin set in hot water before the fire; add some scent just before pouring into bottles. *Or*—Get a quarter of a pound of hog's lard, and three-quarters of a tumblerful of olive oil, about a tablespoonful of castor oil, a dessert spoonful of eau-de-cologne, and a pennyworth of gum; the hog's lard and the oil should be warmed a little, till the hog's lard melt, then the rest may be put in. It should be allowed to cool before use. *Or*—Half a pint of best olive oil, half an ounce of best yellow beeswax, half an ounce of spermaceti, and about two pennyworth of any pleasant perfume. Cut the wax and sperm up small, melt in the oil, and add the scent.

Receipt for Preventing the Hair Falling Off.—Onions must be rubbed frequently on the part. The stimulating powers of this vegetable are of essential service in restoring the tone of the skin, and assisting the capillary vessels in sending forth new hair; but it is not *infallible*. Should it succeed, however, the growth of these new hairs may be assisted by the oil of myrtle-berries, the repute of which, perhaps, is greater than its real efficiency. These applications are cheap and harmless, even where they do no good; a character which cannot be said of the numerous quack remedies that meet the eye in every direction.

Cleaning the Hair.—Nothing but good can be derived from a due attention to cleaning the hair. Once a week is perhaps desirable, but this will depend upon the individual; persons with light, thin, and dry hair will require it more seldom than those with thick, greasy hair, or who perspire very freely. Nothing is better than soap and water. The soap should be mild, and well and plentifully rubbed in the hair.

A First-rate Tooth Powder.—One ounce of precipitated chalk, one-quarter ounce of powdered Peruvian bark, one-quarter ounce of powdered bol. Armenia, and four drops of oil of cinnamon, well mixed together.

Crystallized Cream.—Take spermaceti, one ounce, olive oil, ten ounces. Dissolve the spermaceti in the oil by placing it over a slow fire in an earthen pan. Scent with bergamot, or any other scent, as agreeable.

RECEIPTS FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

Laxatives.—Infusions of Epsom salts and senna are often taken as laxatives, or opening medicines. It is a well known fact that a teaspoonful of salts in a tumbler of cold water, if drunk before breakfast, is as effectual a dose as the usual ounce. Senna, too, if steeped in cold water, is equally efficacious, and free from the nauseous bitter taste which it has when infused in boiling water.

Cure for Diarrhœa.—Take Indian corn, roasted and ground in the manner of coffee, or coarse meal browned, and boil in a sufficient quantity of water to produce a strong liquid, like coffee, and drink a teaspoonful warm, two or three times a day. One day's practice, it is said, will ordinarily effect a cure.

A Receipt for the Nettle-Rash.—The best treatment for the nettle-rash is to dislodge the offending matter by an emetic of ipecacuanha, (eighteen grains, or one scruple of the powder for an adult), and afterward a brisk aperient should be taken. The warm bath often gives relief.

A Liniment for a Bruise.—Mix one pennyworth of each of the following, and rub upon the bruise every evening:—Spirits of wine, laudanum, camphor, opodeldoc, sal. ammonia, and turpentine.

Chilblains.—Put the hands and feet once a week into hot water, in which two or three handfuls of common salt have been thrown. This is a certain preventive as well as a cure.

RECEIPTS FOR ICE CREAMS, ETC.

To Make Barley Sugar.—Take a sufficient quantity of clarified sugar in that state that on dipping the finger into the pan the sugar which adheres to it will break with a slight noise; this is technically called "crack." When the sugar is near this point, put in two or three drops of lemon-juice, or, if you do not happen to have a lemon in the house, a little vinegar will answer the purpose, which is to prevent its graining. When it is come to the crack, as it is termed, take it off instantly and dip the pan into cold water to prevent its burning. Let it stand a short time, and then pour it on a marble slab, which must be previously rubbed with oil. Cut the sugar into small pieces, when it will be ready for use. Some persons like the flavor of citron, and where they do, a single drop will suffice for a considerable quantity.

To Make Rose Lozenges.—To a pound of finely-sifted loaf sugar, put an ounce of powdered gum arabic: mix it into a stiff paste with rose-water, and grind up with the paste a little of the conserve of roses, which gives both flavor and color; punch the mass into round or oval lozenges, each containing about fifteen grains, and dry them in a stove. *Or*—To a pound of finely-sifted loaf sugar, put an ounce of powdered gum arabic, or tragacanth; mix it into a stiff paste with rose-water, and to which may be added a drop or two of the attar of roses; or, still better, grind up with the paste a little of the conserve of roses. Punch into round lozenges, about fifteen grains each, and dry in a stove.

Currant Ice Cream.—Put into a bason a large spoonful and a half of currant jelly, with half a gill of syrup; squeeze in the juice of one lemon and a half, add a pint of cream and a little cochineal, pass it through a sieve, and freeze it in the usual way.

Cherry Ice Cream.—Pound half a pound of preserved cherries unstoned, put them into a bason with a pint of cream, the juice of a lemon, and a gill of syrup; pass it through a sieve, and freeze it in the usual way.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF BLACK WATERED SILK.—The full skirt is trimmed with bands of velvet put on in deep points. At the top and bottom of each point is a bow and ends of velvet. A jet fringe edges the end of each bow. The body is Grecian, with a bow of velvet in front. A full puffed muslin sleeve is worn under the velvet sleeve. The head-dress consists of a wide roll of black velvet, with a long ostrich plume intermixed with gold.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF PINK SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with seven ruffles of pinked silk, below each of which falls a narrow ruffle of white lace. The body is pointed at the waist, and square at the top in the Raphael style, and is trimmed with white lace. The head-dress is formed of bows of gold cord and balls.

FIG. III.—CLOAK OF BLACK CLOTH.—The sleeves are long and wide. The front is made to fasten over or not, according to the weather or wishes of the wearer. The trimming is a plain black gimp.

FIG. IV.—THE ZOUAVE.—The skirt of this dress is dove-colored poplin, and trimmed at the bottom with a broad band of black velvet. At the top and bottom of the band is a narrow band of black guipure lace. The Zouave Jacket is also of black velvet, made tighter and deeper than those lately worn.

FIG. V.—THE VIRGINIA CLOAK OF BLACK VELVET.—It is made very deep and full at the back, falling over the arms in front, where it is trimmed with a row of stars formed of gimp and jet beads. The hood is trimmed with black Honk-ton lace.

FIG. VI.—THE LOTSI QUINCE BASQUE is made of black silk, fitting close to the figure. The sleeves are nearly tight to the arm; and the cuffs, as well as the pelorine, are trimmed with a quilling of black silk.

FIG. VII.—THE GIRDLE DRESS.—This dress is made of green silk, trimmed with four flounces. The corsage is made round, and fastened part way up the front, where it is finished with a turned-over collar of black velvet. Under this body is worn a plaited chemisette. The sleeves are tight to the elbow, above which are three puffs, the middle one being of black velvet. A deep velvet cuff, and a narrow Valenciennes lace finishes the sleeve at the hand. This dress takes its name from the pocket worn at the belt or girdle.

FIG. VIII.—THE FIFTH AVENUE PALETOT is made of heavy gray striped cloth. It hangs loosely at the back as well as in front. The wide sleeves are made with cuffs, trimmed with buttons. The revers, which are turned back, can close over the chest in front, adding greatly to the warmth.

GENERAL REMARKS.—When colors are worn, dresses of a solid color, such as blue, brown, green, claret, and gray are most fashionable. If these are figured, the figures are quite small and far apart. Black seems, however, to be the most in favor this winter, particularly black when combined with white or gold. For dresses, either of these (to our taste) is too showy for the street. We have seen a black dress gores toward the top, with a small black and gold cord running up each seam; another had several puffings around the bottom, the puffings separated by a gold cord, and the bodies and sleeves, of course, corresponded in trimming. This gold ornament is used in various ways, and is very showy. The combination of white and black is even more showy than the black and gold. The contrast is more violent, and consequently more noticeable. It is very beautiful, however, for a dinner-dress, or for small evening companies, and is even proper in a carriage. The usual way of trimming one of these dresses is to flounce the bottom of the skirt, and bind the top and bottom of each flounce with white silk. Some have even worn a black silk, with alternate flounces of black and white. We saw a very elegant dinner-dress, the other day, made of black watered silk. At the bottom was a black velvet flounce, about a quarter of a yard in depth, covered at the top and bottom with white silk. This flounce was put on in box plaits. The skirt was slightly gores, and up each seam was a row of large white buttons, not very near together, and covered with black lace. In all cases the trimming on the body corresponds with that of the skirt. Dresses of solid color, such as green, blue, or gray, have frequently a deep puffing of black silk at the bottom, finished on each side by a quilling of black, or of the color of the dress.

It appears to be certain also that front and side trimmings for the skirts of dresses will again be fashionable this winter. We have seen a dress of violet silk trimmed with three bands of black moire, one passing up the front of the skirt, and one on each side. These bands are scalloped at each side, and trimmed with narrow black lace. The trimming on the sleeves and corsage corresponds with that on the skirt. A dress in the same style as that just mentioned has been made of black silk, and trimmed with bands of violet moire edged with lace. In the sleeves of dresses there is little or no variation of form, but we may mention that they are not worn quite so wide as they were. Sleeves with revers and pagoda sleeves are in favor. Dresses with bodies open in front, like that of the Chatelaine dress in figure VI., are beginning to be worn, but will most probably not become very popular till warmer weather. The heavy dresses, such as merino, poplins, &c., which are so very serviceable, are, of course, to be made without any trimming at the bottom, but are ornamented up the front, sides, or seams, as fancy may dictate.

White is a very favorite color for evening dresses. It is generally relieved by trimmings of green, blue, crimson, or black, as may suit the taste or fancy. For young ladies, this is particularly suitable. A beautiful white crape dress was made lately with three puffings around the skirt, each of which was separated by a band of narrow black velvet. Bunches of green fern leaves were placed at each side of the skirt, on the puffings, and the wreath for the head was of green fern leaves. A similar dress was trimmed with pink moss roses, and the puffings were looped with black velvet bands. The skirts of ball dresses are made with a train, and expanding like the tail of a peacock. The trimming is very varied; it is rare, however, to see any reach above the knee. Narrow flounces, perhaps, form the most general style. In light materials, the robe is as wide at the top of the skirt as at the bottom, while in heavier articles it is frequently made quite flat at front, and on the hips. It is not probable that this fancy will be lasting.

PUFFINGS form one of the favorite trimmings for light dresses, and robes for evening wear. We have seen the corsages of some velvet dresses trimmed with cords, plaits, gretots, and buttons of gold. In the trousseau recently prepared for a Parisian lady of rank there was a dress of black velvet made with the corsage high, and trimmed with brandebourgs of gold. Another dress composed of violet velvet had the corsage high and plain. It was trimmed up the front of the skirt and corsage with a row of buttons in dead gold. One of the newest evening dresses is composed of white lace, and has three skirts; the two lowest raised up in bouillons fixed at the sides by bouquets of flowers and strings of gold beads. The corsage is pointed at the waist, is trimmed with folds of tulle and rows of blonde; the folds of tulle being fixed by strings of gold beads. The coiffure to be worn with that dress consists of one small bouquet of flowers and strings of gold beads.

BODIES of clear white muslin, trimmed with rows of black velvet, are very much worn by young ladies. These are serviceable, as old skirts can be worn out in this manner.

FICHUS OR **CAPES** are also very fashionable. A style of fichu which we particularly like, especially for young persons, because it is very elegant and youthful, is that made with very small flat plaits, edged with velvet bias-pieces as braces and round the square neck; while to this velvet is superadded a narrow white guipure. Pointed collars and cuffs are also made with small plaits; and after them come square collars and cuffs of clear muslin, having a dead white border formed by a bias-piece of muslin. Under these collars little fringed scarfs are put, tying in flat bows and fastened in the middle by a large button of jasper and onyx. Little bands, miniature copies of this scarf, are tied under the cuffs.

Small silk embroidered cravats, trimmed with lace, are fashionable under pique collars, with ends crossing in front. These ends are fastened by a large gold button. Sleeves to match, with the ends crossing, and fastened by a large button, should be made up on balloon sleeves of thick muslin.

THE CLOAKS which have been prepared for the autumn and winter are of various forms. They are rather long, and many have wide sleeves. Some have pelorines, and others are trimmed with berthes. We have seen several made in the casaque form, with large plaits at the back. The materials chiefly employed for cloaks, suited to the coming season, are velvet and cloth, and the trimmings are lace, guipure, and passementerie. Cloaks composed of velvet are extremely ample, and they are frequently lined with colored satin. The magnificent lace and rich passementerie, or gimp trimmings, with which the new velvet cloaks are trimmed, add greatly to their elegance. We may observe that the passementerie of the present season has attained a higher degree of perfection than ever. Many black cloth cloaks and paletots are trimmed with only a

cording of white silk, or merino. This is very stylish. Others are stitched with white silk, and trimmed with white and black buttons. We have also seen gold cording introduced on cloaks, but principally on velvet.

BONNETS of a new and most becoming shape have just been introduced. The front projects very much over the forehead; at the sides it is slightly turned back. Many of the newest bonnets are, however, similar in form to those which have been for sometime worn, though they are of somewhat larger size. Among the newest bonnets of the season which have been received from Paris, one, composed of black velvet, is trimmed with ruffles and puffs of blonde, a bouquet of damask roses without leaves; and a long, black ostrich feather, passing along the right side, is disposed much in the same way as on the round hats. A bonnet of black quilted silk has been trimmed with fuchsia-color velvet, white blonde, and black lace, and an agrafe of jet.

MORNING CAPS are usually round in form, *a la Charlotte Corday*; they are composed of insertion and guipure, and are trimmed with a frill of guipure and bows of ribbon. Morning caps are sometimes lined with silk of different colors, as lilac, blue, &c.

IN EVENING COIFFURE, ornaments of gold are very fashionable. Gold combs, with or without jewels, will be generally adopted. Large rings of gold are also worn in the hair, especially when dressed in the mode introduced by the Empress Eugénie—viz: with curls drooping with the plaits of hair over the back of the head. The curls are then passed through the rings. One of these rings and a gold comb form of themselves a suitable coiffure for full evening dress. A bandeau of chased gold is equally fashionable, and among other ornaments for the hair, may be mentioned gold twists, plaits, bees, stars, &c., &c.

GLOVES are now worn, fastened with three gold studs, and sewn with silk, to contrast with the color of the glove; for instance, lemon-colored ones sewn and embroidered with blue or cerise silk.

CRINOLINE still continues in favor. The circumference of the dresses does not appear to be diminishing, although certain toilets have been noticed entirely without it; but this peculiarity is as much opposed to good taste as the contrary exaggeration. For full and ball-dresses, steel petticoats are worn, covered with flounces or puffings of muslin or tarlatan.

We have seen some new PURSES, made of a network of gold and silver, with several divisions inside. They have handsome clasps, and may be fastened to the waist by means of a gold or silver hook. The taste of a lady is as well seen in the selection of these little matters as in the choice of her principal articles of dress.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A CHILD OF TWO YEARS OF AGE.—The dress is of white cashmere, and is trimmed with nine rows of cashmere cut in vandykes, and edged with light-blue braid. The sleeves and body are trimmed to correspond. Net of white cord, ornamented with blue ribbon.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.—The dress is of claret-colored poplin. The coat is of black velvet, lined with white silk. The deep, round cape is trimmed with a band of swansdown. Round hat of black velvet, with a turned-up brim, over which falls a full white ostrich plume. A white pom-pom is in front of the hat.

FIG. III.—POLISH DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The boots are high, with red tops. The pantaloons and coat are of black velvet. The coat fastens diagonally across the breast, and is trimmed with a bordering of chinchilla fur. Under the coat is worn a jacket of scarlet cashmere; the sleeves only of which show. Round black velvet hat, with a turned-up brim, ornamented with peacock's eyes.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF GREEN SILK, SPOTTED WITH BLACK.—Paletot of black cloth, trimmed with three rows of crimson braid, around the collar, sleeves, down the front and around the bottom. Round black felt hat, trimmed with heron's plumes.

FIG. V.—INFANT'S DRESS OF WHITE CAMELIE, with a broad ruffle around the bottom. Above the ruffle are three bunches of tucks. Cloak of white cashmere, lined with rose-colored silk. Large cape, embroidered at the edge.

FIG. VI.—DRESS OF GRAY MERINO.—The skirt is gored, and up each seam is a piping of green silk. The body is cut square, and is worn with a chemisette of thin muslin. The sleeves and body are trimmed with pipings of green silk.

FIG. VII.—DRESS OF PLAID SILK.—Loose gray paletot, with a collar and sleeve trimming, &c., made of a rough cloth, which imitates fur. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with heron's plumes.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

HOW TO REMIT.—Procure a draft, if possible; if not, send bank-notes; but tell nobody; the fewer you let into the secret, the more certainty there is of your money coming to hand. If you send gold, secure it carefully in the letter; otherwise, it is apt to work out of the envelope. Be careful and pay the postage on your letter, directing it to Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Add the name of your post-office and state.

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W. G. Thompson del.

THE CHILDREN OF THE COUNTRY





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THE BIRDS' NESTERS.

Expressly for Peterson's Magazine.







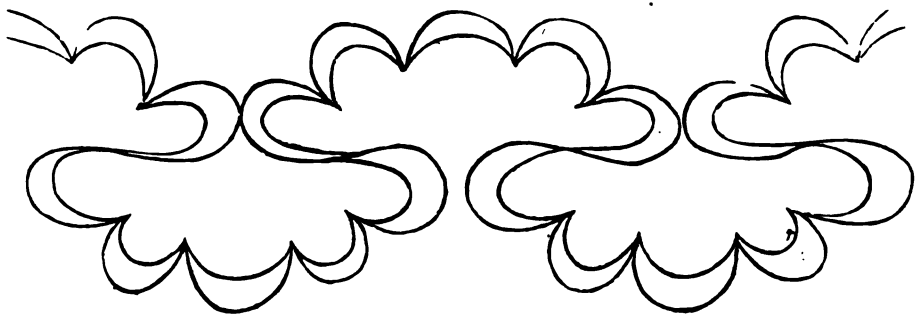




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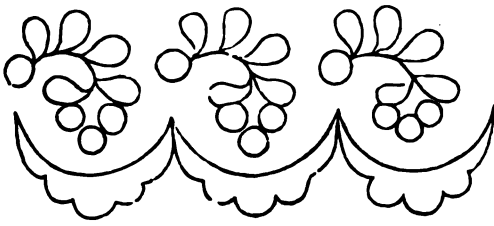
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PATTERN IN BRAIDING.



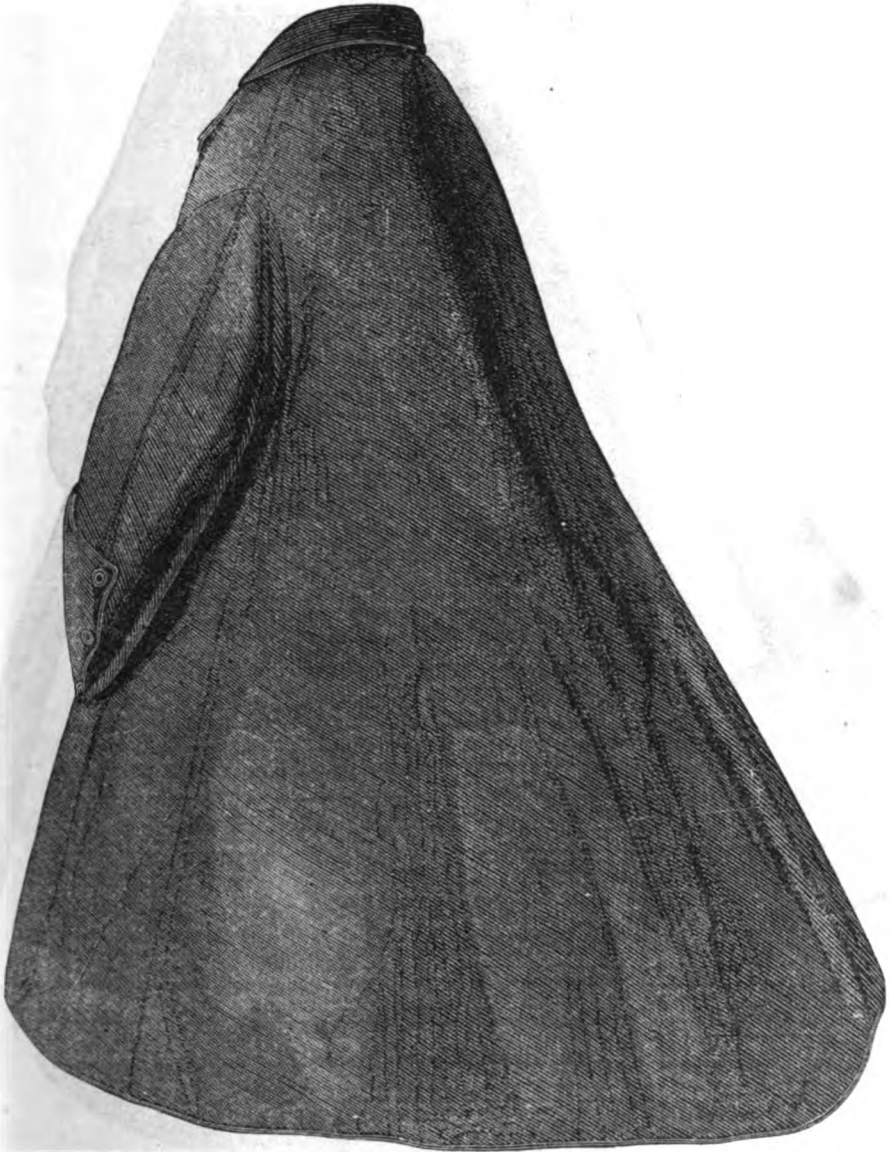
THE EUGENIE CLOTH PALETOT: FRONT.



PATTERN IN EMBROIDERY.



BUTTON-HOLE.



THE EUGENIE CLOTH PALETOT: BACK.



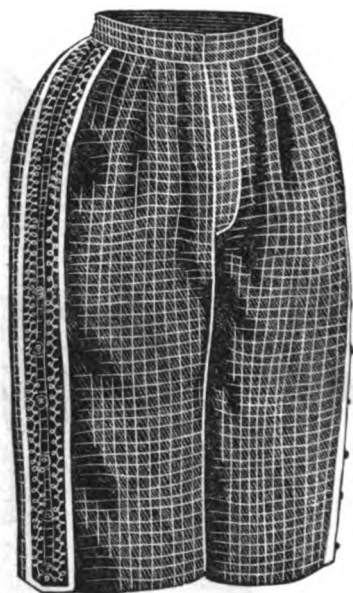
THE VICTORIA PALETOT: FRONT.



THE VICTORIA PALETOT: BACK.



NEW STYLE SLEEVE.



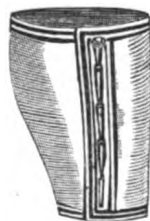
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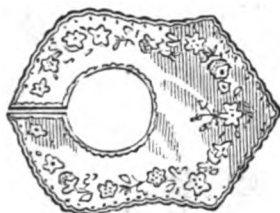
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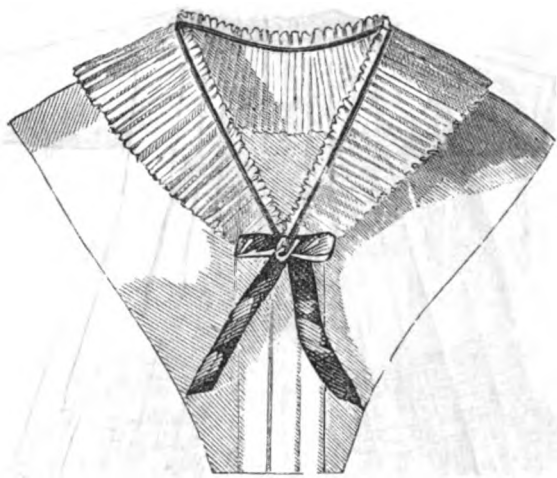
CHILD'S SACQUE.



BABY'S BIB.



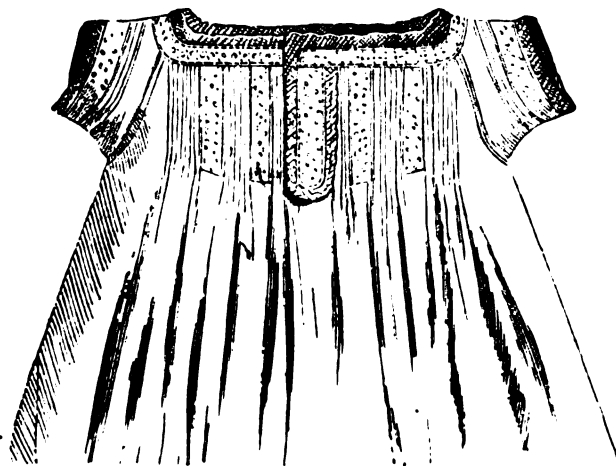
CHILD'S UNDER SKIRT.



CHEMISETTE, ETC.



HOUSE SACQUE FOR INFANT.



CHEMISE.



CHILD'S DRAWERS.



NEW STYLE MUSLIN BODY.

"I'm Waiting, Love, I'm Waiting."

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR.

WORDS BY MRS. L. L. DEMING, MUSIC BY W. J. DAVIS.

Guitar

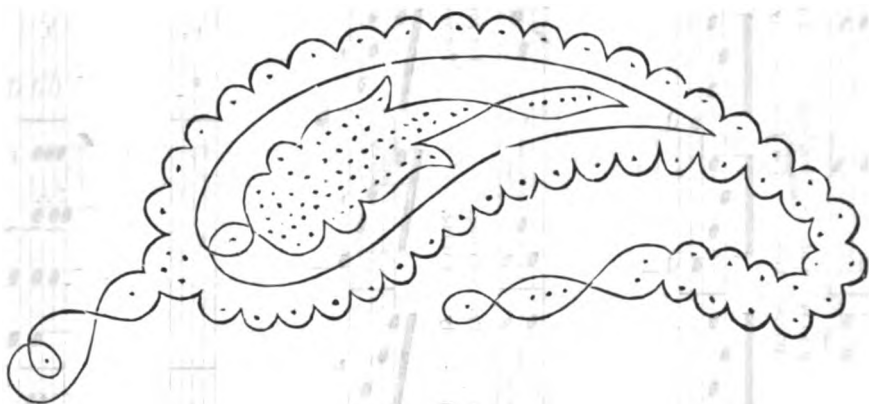
I'm wait - ing, love, I'm wait - ing, The day has come and
I'm wait - ing, love, I'm wait - ing, In the ar - bor by the

gona, And the dream - y shades of twi - light Are steal - ing slow - ly on. The
sea, And the per - fumed breath of ev'ning Is steal - ing o'er the sea; The

moon hath bath'd the bill-low In a flood of gold - en light - But I'm wait - ing, love, I'm
gen - tle flow'rs are sleeping Be - neath the moon's pale light - While here I'm fond - ly

wait - ing, For you said you'd come to - night. But I'm wait - ing love, I'm wait - ing, For you
wait - ing, For you said you'd come to - night. While here I'm fond - ly wait - ing, For you

said you'd come to - night. said you'd come to - night.



PALM LEAF IN BRAIDING: FOR SCARF.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIX.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1861.

No. 2.

JANE'S VALENTINE.

BY MRS. H. M. LADD WARNER.

WHAT a singular *tableau*! Three beautiful girls convulsed with laughter, and one plain-faced maiden bathed in tears. It was St. Valentine's Eve. Missive after missive had been brought into the back parlor at Judge Milford's by the obsequious waiter. Some of these offerings were large and expensive; some tiny and delicate; some replete with flattery; some redolent with perfumery: all eminently silly.

But none of these had occasioned the mirth of the trio, or the grief of the one. Some vulgar person had sent a vile caricature to the plain sister, accompanied by an exaggerated description of her ugliness, in verse.

It was quite painful enough to Jane to know that she possessed no claim to personal beauty. Could she have lost sight of that fact she would have appeared very differently at times. But her sisters always managed to bring their own prettiness into such forcible contrast with her plainness, that she was rarely free from a nervous sort of consciousness of her personal defects.

But she had good sense and a patient spirit, which they had not. Still, when they grew so merry over her solitary Valentine, she finally burst into tears, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary; for Jane was in the habit of controlling her emotions, when wounded and heart-sore, until safely concealed in her own room.

"Look!" exclaimed Isabel, opening her large black eyes to their utmost capacity, "the child is really weeping. Why, Jane! you are more like the picture than ever. You would never do for a heroine in a novel, for they are always represented as irresistible in tears."

"Mercy! how red your eyes are," ejaculated azure-orbed Clara. "You do look frightful!"

"The poor child can't help being ugly!" interposed Fanny, gazing complacently into the mirror opposite, where her red lips and auburn ringlets were advantageously reflected.

"That is just what pains me," sobbed Jane. "Because God saw fit to create me plain, I do not see why I should be made the butt of every coarse jest. I suppose I have feelings like other people. Should my faults of temper or omissions of duty be chosen as subjects of ridicule, I am sure I would not complain; but to ridicule my personal appearance, I think, savors of coarseness and ignorance."

Isabel's black eyes flashed. Jane, the youngest of them all, always so submissive, always so humble, to burst out so suddenly, with so pointed a declaration!

"Mr. Lee, in the drawing-room, wishes to see Miss Jane," announced the servant at this juncture.

"Are you certain he said Jane?" demanded Clara.

"Yes, mem," replied the waiter.

"Lottie is ill again, no doubt," suggested Fanny. "Jane is such an excellent nurse;" and Isabel added, "I wish cousin Charles had come in to spend the evening in a sociable way."

It would certainly have been very agreeable, for Charles Lee was rich, fine-looking, and intelligent; a widower and remotely related to the Milfords. No wonder the three graces at Milford Hall found cousin Charles an interesting gentleman, his little daughter Lottie a perfect angel, and his country-seat a terrestrial Paradise.

Jane loitered on the way to the drawing-room, striving to efface all traces of her recent grief. "Is Lottie ill?" interrogated she, as Mr. Lee approached her.

"No, Jane," he replied, "Lottie is well, but in want."

"In want!" Jane repeated.

"Yes, in want of a mother, and I of a wife, and I have come here to-night to offer myself to little Jane Milford as her Valentine for life.

if she will accept a man old enough to be her father."

"Why, I am very plain!" she faltered forth, "I have just received the most horrid caricature you ever saw, in consideration of my claims to extraordinary ugliness."

"I recollect thinking you plain when I first saw you," he replied; "but now, in my eyes, you are the prettiest of the four. Besides, I do not base my preferences on personal beauty. You are good, gentle, and sweet-toned; and I love you. But about the Valentine: do you consider me particularly ill-looking?"

"You, Mr. Lee!" said Jane, innocently; "why, you are handsome."

"Well, I received a Valentine to-day quite as grotesque as your own, I'll be bound," and he unfolded a sheet, revealing a lone widower shivering over a miserable fire. "But this awakened me to a sense of my desolate condition, and I determined to appeal to you, notwithstanding my fear of your reply, when I considered my thirty-six and your eighteen years. Is that a barrier, dear Jane?"

Dear Jane! What a charm lingered all around

those two little words! Who had ever pronounced them so softly and tenderly before? No one, she was positive; and she naively replied,

"Oh! I should never think of that."

"What can keep Jane so long?" said Clara, restlessly, "I can't think for my life what cousin Charles could want."

Jane entered the room just as she had spoken these words.

"Where is cousin Charles?" queried Fanny.

"In the study with papa," was the answer, and, taking a light, Jane glided from the room to be alone with her new happiness.

The next morning, wonder, chagrin, and disappointment could be discovered in the faces of the three sisters, on hearing their father congratulate Jane on the very eligible match she had made. "For," said he, "I have always hoped to see Charles Lee my son-in-law, and, though you are no beauty, I think he has manifested good sense in his selection."

Jane keeps her caricature. She says she looks at it occasionally, for fear her other Valentine (Charles) should succeed in making her believe herself pretty.

MISTAKEN.

BY MIRIAM CLYDE.

Putting aside the sunshine and the bloom,
And all the gush and melody of song,
That in sweet places waited for me long,
I trod a path of gloom.

Fainter and fainter fell the shining ray—
Farther and farther rose the voice of song
Till both were gone, and somber shadows hung
Round where I kept the way.

Then thorns sprang up and checked my weary pace,
The shadows deeper and more darkly rolled;
And winds came up and blew their chilling cold
Into my haggard face.

Fainting and chilled I sank beneath their force,
And prayed for Heaven and help to come to me,
And save me from the darkness yet to be
Along my onward course.

My prayers were heard, and Heavenly light and aid
Became my strength to gain the path I'd lost,
When, in my human weakness tempest-tost,
My wand'ring feet were strayed.

Now flowers again spring up along my life,
Sweet songs of gladness fall upon my ears,
And scattered far are all my blinding tears,
While time with joy is rife.

WILD FLOWERS.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

I ASK no other flowers than these, the lovely and the wild,
They were a blessing on my way when but a simple child,
I gathered them by wood, and stream, and near the home-
stead door,
And asked not if the spacious earth had richer things in
store.

Long years have come and gone since then, but yet I love
them now
As well as when in earlier years I wreathed them 'round
my brow;

They seem to me like seraph gems flung lightly from on
high,
To tell us of those happier isles of beauty in the sky.

Low by my mother's grassy bed, and o'er my father's
breast

They meekly linger in their bloom, telling of love and rest;
Oh! when I go to lay me down with those dear forms far
aye.

May wild flowers bloom in beauty there above my maul-
dering clay.

THE "KITTEN" CASE.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

VAN BUREN BUNCE, familiarly called Van, and myself were "chums" at college, and in consequence, as is apt to be the case, close friends and cronies, not only while there, but also after taking leave of our Alma Mater.

A circumstance that knit us more closely together, was the fact that we had both adopted law as our profession. We had established ourselves in O——, situated in one of the Western states, an overgrown town which scarcely merited the distinction of being called a city, but which became highly indignant at being alluded to in any other light. Here Van and I hung out our "shingle" in technical phrase, and went into partnership: our capital in business consisting of a couple of second-hand desks, two or three office chairs considerably the worse for wear, and a library altogether more remarkable for quality than quantity.

We waited day after day in vain for the article which newly-fledged members of the bar find it so difficult to obtain, viz: clients. Finding this irritable delay tedious, I purchased a cheap edition of Dickens' works, in which I read indefatigably, taking care, however, if any chance acquaintance dropped in to substitute some ponderous tome more in keeping with the profession I had chosen. My partner, not being of a literary turn, amused himself by smoking a pipe—both of us having long since given up cigars as too expensive a luxury—while he varied the monotony by marching his six feet of humanity up and down the office, grumbling that it was no larger, and winding up by dropping off into what he called a "brown study," but what I considered a device for obtaining a comfortable nap.

One morning, Van was recounting his grievances to me, and among others that his washerwoman threatened to desert him on account of unpaid arrears. "Ah," he cried, "I see I shall be obliged to resort to paper bosoms and collars." He added, lugubriously, that he wanted a new pair of boots, and ended by declaring that, from long deprivation, his desire for an oyster stew had become intense. Having finished his recital, Van was just about to console himself by plunging into one of his brown studies, when the door opened, and an elderly person

of the opposite sex made her appearance. My partner bristled up immediately, nodded to me, and placed a chair for our visitor. I, for the nonce, was too deeply immersed in the contents of a huge folio before me to be conscious of the new entrance. Van, by a vigorous slap, having recalled me to the outer world, I advanced, and, making a solemn bow, said with an air of importance,

"What can I do for you this morning, madam?"

The person addressed, who appealed to the sympathy of the beholder through the medium of a rusty black dress, and a long widow's veil, drew forth a handkerchief from a black bag she carried in her hand, diffusing a snuffy odor through the apartment, and, wiping her eyes, rejoined,

"I have the misfortin', as you see, sir, to be a widow. My husband departed this life," (she announced this fact as if she were reading from a tomb-stone) "December 29th, 1832, and I was left, as you may say, to look arter myself and one darter, the only child I have. Little did I think when I used to be a-curlin' of her hair, and a-dressin' her up smart, and a-makin' on her little apple-pies, of which she was allers particlerly fond, that when she grewed up it was to be a blighted flower, as you may say."

But as it would be tedious to relate our visitor's story at length, I will simply state that Mrs. Griggs, as she styled herself, had allowed her daughter to receive the attentions of an individual whom she denominated a "perfidious villain," but whose proper cognomen was Plunkett. The said Plunkett had assiduously courted the "blighted flower;" had proposed, been accepted, and the young lady had even prepared her *trousseau*, when the ungallant Plunkett retreated without alleging why or wherefore. Here Mrs. Griggs summed up at length the various expenses she had incurred, to say "nothin'," as she appended, of his being continually at the "meals," which as the delinquent Plunkett was possessed of no small appetite, made his presence there, as she gave us to understand, a no inconsiderable item.

Of course, Van and myself joined in denouncing this last personage as a scoundrel of the

deepest die; and after Mrs. Griggs took her departure, proceeded to draw up papers for a breach of promise, damages ten thousand.

We had agreed to call upon Mrs. Griggs in person, for the purpose of eliciting further particulars from her injured daughter, whom the mother tenderly designated as July, an abbreviation, it appeared, of Juliet.

As we wended our way thither, Van and myself pictured a forlorn, pallid-looking damsel, worn out with weeping; and Van, who was as tender-hearted as a woman, told me that he feared any allusion, even to the subject in hand, would be too much for the feelings of the poor thing, concluding with,

"I shouldn't wonder if she were to faint away, or go into hysterics;" this last remark embodying, for the most part, the speaker's idea of the gentler sex.

When we arrived at the residence of Mrs. Griggs, we were received by that lady, who shortly left the room, saying she would send "poor, dear July" in to see us.

We sat with solemn faces, awaiting impatiently the arrival of our client, when the door flew open, and a roly-poly, rosy little thing dashed in, a quantity of long ringlets flying about her head in every direction. In one hand she held a dish of peanuts, and, dancing up to me, she extended it with a "How d'ye do, sir? Have some peanuts, won't you?" I, thinking this popular indulgence beneath the dignity of the profession, refused, when Van immediately became the object of a similar offer, which, in a confused, uncertain way he accepted, the bewildered expression of his face, meantime, being ludicrous beyond words. After this exploit, Miss July, seating herself in a rocking-chair, opened the conversation thus:

"Dear me, I suppose you've come to hear all about that great goose Plunkett, haven't you? Well, I'll tell you: to begin with, I never wanted to marry him in the world; but he teased me so that I thought I would, just for the fun of it, you know."

I immediately frowned upon this frivolous way of treating so important a subject, but in vain. The young lady refused to look upon her "*affaire du cœur*" in any other light than a capital joke.

The questioning, I saw, would devolve solely upon me, for my companion was still in a state of hopeless bewilderment, so I asked whether any correspondence had passed between herself and the perjured Plunkett. With a flirt of her curls she replied,

"Oh, la yes! He wrote me piles of letters."

And disappearing from the room, she presently returned with a bundle of documents, which she tossed at me, saying, "There they are; you can have 'em all. I don't care a snap for them."

We rose to go, and Miss July, seeing that Van had not yet disposed of his peanuts, for the poor fellow had done little else but stare at her since her first appearance, remarked,

"Why don't you put your peanuts in your pocket?"

With this suggestion my partner mechanically complied. When we had left the house I burst into a hearty fit of laughing, which Van echoed rather feebly.

"Call that a woman capable of having disappointed affections?" said I; "why, she's a perfect kitten, nothing else."

"She certainly is as playful as one," responded Van, meditatively. And from that time we dubbed our first legal experience the "Kitten Case."

Upon our return to the office, I observed that Van thoughtfully abstracted the peanuts from his pocket, and put them carefully away in his desk.

The next day, I handed Miss July's bundle of letters to Van, desiring him to look them over, for, strange to say, fortune had come to our rescue, a suit for libel having been given into our hands, and I had the papers to prepare. Van took the letters from me and plunged into them. He had not entered upon this business long, before I was interrupted by exclamations and objurgations of all kinds from my companion.

"Why, my dear fellow, what is the matter?" inquired I.

"Just listen to this, will you?" and in an excited tone Van began to read as follows:

"MY ADORABLE CHARMER—I am almost crazy to think I shan't be able to see you all day tomorrow, nor to hold your dear little hand in mine and tell you how much I love you."

"Did you ever hear such impudence?" interpolated Van.

I mildly advanced the plea, that, under the circumstances, it was perhaps allowable. But Van, shaking his head, sternly declared that nothing could justify it. Then he proceeded to favor me with extracts similar to the above, until my usually phlegmatic partner reached such a pitch of exasperation, that he handed the documents to me for perusal, with the remark that, "that kind of thing was considerably more than he could stand."

In the course of the day, a question turning

up which needed some further elucidation, I dispatched my partner to call upon the recipient of these precious epistles, for the purpose of obtaining it. With this commission my *confere* seemed exceedingly pleased; nor could I, though busily engaged, resist the amusement of watching him while he placed himself in the proper trim for performing it. My gentleman immediately set himself about achieving the most elaborate toilet, which, under the circumstances, was possible. He performed the most extraordinary evolutions with a pocket comb, endeavoring to reduce to order his thickest of hair, which always refused to respond to such attempts upon any consideration; bent his energies upon his neck-tie until he had obtained a bow of startling magnitude; brushed his hat until I feared the nap would disappear; and after placing himself in every variety of attitude, in order to catch a glimpse of himself in the six inch looking-glass that adorned our office, finally departed in a more perturbed state of mind than I had imagined possible for him.

My partner returned, beaming so with delight that it seemed as if our dingy little office had been suddenly illuminated, declaring at the same time that he had had a most charming visit.

"Of course you attended to the business on which I sent you?" inquired I.

Van looked blank, then said deprecatingly, "Now don't scold a fellow. But, hang it, a man can't be forever talking of business in a pretty woman's society."

I could no longer shut my eyes to the fact, Van was completely ensnared. I was not as much surprised, therefore, as might have been expected, when, a few weeks afterward, my worthy partner announced that he and the "kitten" had determined to make a match.

That worthy lady, Mrs. Griggs, seemed exceedingly well suited with the successes of the perjured Plunkett, and avowed, with an application of her ever ready handkerchief to her eyes, that she now saw plainly everything had happened "for the best." After which devout acknowledgment, she invited Van and myself to take tea with her the ensuing evening as a kind of ratification of the engagement.

When we made our appearance, in accordance with this invitation, Van honoring the occasion by wearing a vest and cravat of the most unheard of pattern, (his taste in dress was always rather alarming,) Miss July met us, her usually rosy face flushed to a deep red, and having greeted Van by pulling his hair vigorously, an operation which he appeared to relish highly, accounted for her flushed appearance, saying,

"Sakes alive, I'm half roasted! Ma's been complaining all day, so I had to get tea ready, and, if you don't like it, all I can say is, you needn't eat it."

Mrs. Griggs finally made her appearance, though in a very languishing state, as was proper for an invalid, and arrayed in a singular costume intended to correspond with her ailments, which she denominated as her "disher-bill." She informed us, that "that blessed child," referring to July, had "worritted herself the whole livelong day in order to have everything just so," to which Van responded gallantly, that if the young lady alluded to had only sent word, he could have thrown business "to the dogs," to come and render all the assistance in his power.

To which Miss July responded, with a toss of her head, "I wouldn't have had you, a great, awkward thing, stumbling around and upsetting everything."

By-and-by, when Mrs. Griggs had finished the recital of her sufferings, and recounted the various fits of illness which she had passed through, we finally adjourned to the tea-table.

Notwithstanding those of my sex are presumed to be indifferent to such particulars, I could not help noticing, that this last presented a remarkable appearance, it being set forth with crockery of the most miscellaneous description, the collection scarcely embracing two dishes of similar pattern. Mrs. Griggs exclaiming at this original arrangement, her daughter retorted, that, for all she could see, one dish was just as good as another.

No sooner had we seated ourselves and begun to discuss the edibles, than the senior lady inquired in a tone of reproof,

"Why, July, what have you been doing with the oshsters (as she called them), they're as sweet as they can be."

The young lady laughed merrily, and answered as if it was the best joke in the world,

"Why, ma, I verily believe I've put sugar in them, instead of salt."

"It's just as well," chimed in Van.

I said nothing, but privately thought that the difference was considerable. A few moments afterward, Mrs. Griggs announced, by a slight shriek, that she had made another discovery,

"Deary me," she cried, "if hero ain't a tack in my baked apple."

"And I have just found one in mine," said I, drawing it forth.

"And I believe I can contribute my share," added Van.

"So can I," said our impromptu housekeeper,

nowise disconcerted; then, when she had finished laughing, proffered the following explanation,

"I do think, I'm just the funniest being ever was. I wanted to flavor the apples nicely, so I stuck what I thought was a clove in each one; but I was in such a hurry that, somehow or other, I got hold of the tacks instead. Both being black, you know, and almost the same size, the mistake was natural."

From this last point of view I secretly dissented, and abstained from touching anything, not knowing what species of "natural mistakes" I might have further to combat with. As for Van, he was just as well contented as if everything had been prepared by a perfect mistress of the culinary art.

Not long after this, Van set himself vigorously to work in search of the delinquent Plunkett, who had left the town. Having succeeded in finding his whereabouts, the indefatigable Van set forth. Now, Plunkett chanced to be of a remarkably timid disposition, and, frightened quite out of his wits by the terrific character of his accusation, he was glad to compromise, by handing over one third of the amount demanded. Van, accordingly, married our heroine, the

"kitten," deserted the profession of the law, declaring he had obtained all he had ever hoped to gain thereby, and, with her newly acquired fortune, went into the dry goods business, prospered therein, and is now one of the principal men in what is, at this period, the city of O—.

The last time I had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Van, she wore a cashmere gown, a present from her husband, adorned with a pattern of astounding size, and held in her arms a baby which was a marvel of diminutiveness, and whose tiny claws were embedded in her curls, which still flew about her head in every direction. My quondam partner gazed upon the twain as if there never had been such a pair since the world began, and with tears in his eyes announced to me, that he didn't know what he had ever done to deserve such happiness.

Well, opinions differ; but when I marry, it will assuredly be (for I am a little man myself) a woman upon a larger scale than Mrs. Van, who must always possess, however, some share of my regard, as our first client.

MEM. I have steadfastly refused all Van's invitations to dine with him, from a suspicion that possibly his wife might have some share in the preparation of the repast.

LIFE'S STREAM.

BY J. S. M'EWEN.

When in life's loneliness, I view
With gladness and with sorrow
To-day a scene of pleasure true,
Reversed, perhaps, to-morrow;
Scenes in memory flitting by,
Pure as sun-beams shining,
Some hid by clouds that intervene,
And others joy divining—
Life seeming like some boundless ocean
Filled with waltz in rude commotion.

Stop, kind friends, and view with me
This scene as some vast river,
Filled with sticks and straw, that we
Are lost amid them ever:
See them there of varied color
And form each sphere commanding—
Some swiftly moving—some in torpor
'Long the shore are stranding;
Thus sage and youth, in ceaseless vying,
Unheeded gain the shore when dying.

The tide still ebbing swiftly on,
All heedless of their story—
The sun gilds bright the paths of some,
From others hides his glory:
The silver moon would fain, indeed,

His partial reign discover,
And heal the heart that's left to bleed
With her love-light—to cover
All the wrongs of his dire dealing here,
And silver-sparkle in each waltz's career.

Thus 'tis in life, or this life-stream,
That pleasures seem deciding—
For, though we glide forth to her sheen,
The wavelets have no 'biding,
But bear us 'neath some sturdy cliff,
Some cloud-shade, tree or mountain,
And mock us—keep us still adrift
At eve as by the fountain:
Yea, make us weary of this life and trying,
Hoping, praying—to only rest when dying.

Oh, life! vain pleasures! gilded ye
With but the sun's bright shining;
Gold, gems, and all—the ice as free
Sparkles in rays refining,
But when the gently stealing breath
Of evening comes to kiss it,
'Tis fled—as 'twere the kiss of death—
And all its beauties with it;
Thus as the tide still softly moves till even
Leaves some to sink—hears some to Heaven.

MEENA.

BY MRS. J. WORCESTER.

CHAPTER I.

DURING the ravages of that fearful disease, which has of late years rendered desolate so many hearth-stones, a gentleman was passing through the streets of the beautiful town of C—, in Kentucky, when he was attracted by the sobs and cries of a child who sat on the door-step of a small tenement.

"What is the matter, my little girl?" he inquired, looking kindly on her.

The child's sobs ceased for a moment and she gazed in his face, as if wondering at the gentle voice: but they were quickly renewed, and she repeated the cry of "Mamma, mamma!" as if her heart were bursting.

It was early dawn, and the street was apparently deserted. Mr. Markland looked around and glanced into the half-open door of the cottage, on the step of which the child was seated; but no other person met his view, not a sound reached his ear.

"This is strange!" he mentally ejaculated, as he proceeded a few paces; but the deep sobs of the little one still rung on his ear, and he involuntarily turned to soothe her.

"Where is your mamma?" he asked, in that tone of sympathy which ever reaches the heart of a child. She pointed into the dwelling.

"I must see what this means," said Mr. Markland, and, taking the little creature in his arms, he entered the room. No living being was there, but on a cot, in a corner of the apartment, lay the form of a female of about twenty years of age. Her features, rigid in death, but denoting extreme beauty, were calm and serene. There was little in the room, and that little, although neat and clean, indicated the poverty of its inhabitants.

"Good God!" exclaimed Mr. Markland, "what can be the cause of such destitution?"

The child had remained passive in his arms, but at sight of the body she sprang from them, and clinging to the object unconscious of her caresses, she again called frantically on "mamma, mamma!"

The building stood apart from others, and Mr. Markland endeavored to draw the child from her deathly embrace ere he went to call assistance—but she clung still closer to the

corpse, and, aware of the importance of immediate aid, he hastened to summon the inmate of a neighboring tenement.

"Bless my heart, you don't say the poor, young thing is dead!" cried an elderly female, who appeared at her door when Mr. Markland's patience was nearly exhausted. "Well, to be sure, she looked bad enough when she came here, but not like going so soon. It's only yesterday I see her feeding her child on the steps; I reckon it must be this dreadful sickness, that's likely to mow us all down. She was a mighty pretty creatur, and looked for all the world as if this hovel wasn't sich a place as she was used to; but death will come to all of us. An' what's to become of the little one?"

"Is there no one to whom you can apply for advice?" asked Mr. Markland; "I am a stranger here, and only now walked up from the ferry to secure lodgings for my family."

The woman thought she could ask a doctor who visited poor people; and, putting a five dollar gold piece into her hand, Mr. Markland desired her to have the child taken care of, and consult the physician she had named on all that was necessary to be done.

A few hours later, Mr. Markland was seated at a plentiful breakfast in the principal hotel in the place, with his wife and smiling boy at his side—but the piteous cry of the desolate little one still rung on his ear; and the beautiful, but clay cold object he had seen, seemed to rise before him, as if to accuse him of desertion of her child.

"You do not eat, Edward; what has deprived you of appetite?" inquired Mrs. Markland, looking anxiously at her husband. He evaded the question, for a relation of the late incident would necessarily involve an explanation of the direful sickness which was ravaging the town, and which from fear of alarming his wife he had sedulously kept from her. But his precautions on this subject were useless, as the whole conversation, during breakfast, turned on the fearful ravages of cholera, and Mr. Markland saw his wife's cheek blanch with terror as she listened to a recital of the many appalling scenes which were hourly occurring.

"This is dreadful! horrible!" she exclaimed,

on regaining her apartment. "Oh, Edward! cannot we leave here immediately? Surely no business can be sufficiently urgent to justify us in risking life by remaining in this pestilential atmosphere."

"I am equally unwilling with yourself, dear Margaret, to have you and Rupert exposed to it," replied Mr. Markland. "The friends who came with us will proceed up the river to-day; and, as we have tested that boat, and know there is no sickness on board, I wish you and our boy to go on, and I will rejoin you at Pittsburg as soon as possible."

"Leave you here to encounter the horrors of cholera alone!" cried Mrs. Markland. "No, Edward, if you must stay, I will stay, too: so say no more about it. We are in the hands of One, without whose permission not a sparrow falls, and I was weak and foolish to fear. Let our trust be in Him!"

Mr. Markland's eyes beamed with love and approbation, as he assured his wife he would use every possible precaution to avoid exposure or fatigue; and tenderly bidding her adieu, he proceeded to his place of business.

The law suit, which had so imperiously demanded Mr. Markland's presence in C—— at this trying period, he found, on inquiry, was postponed for an indefinite length of time, owing to the absence of an important witness; and he hastened back to the hotel to give his wife the welcome assurance that he would leave the place by the first boat. He had nearly reached the place of his destination, when a hearse passed him at a very rapid pace. Not a solitary mourner appeared to be following. Suddenly, a piteous cry rung on his ear, and, hastily turning, he beheld the little creature he had seen in the morning, dragging along at a distance, and her heart-rending cries of "mamma, mamma!" attracting the notice of all who passed.

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Markland, "was there no one humane enough to take care of this desolate child?" and he rapidly retraced his steps. As the child raised her eyes and beheld him her sobs ceased. She ran forward a few steps, caught the skirt of his coat in her little hands, and again exclaiming, "Mamma, mamma!" dropped senseless on the ground.

A crowd quickly collected, but no one came forward to claim or assist the little sufferer, and, taking her up in his arms, Mr. Markland proceeded to the hotel, deposited her on a sofa in his wife's apartment; and Mrs. Markland was soon earnestly engaged in restoring her, without waiting to question her husband on a subject so strange.

"And now what is to become of the poor thing?" asked Mr. Markland, when the assiduous of his wife had succeeded in bringing back animation to the exhausted child, and she had sunk into a quiet sleep.

"Oh! papa, do take her home with us," said Rupert, who stood listening eagerly to all that passed. "See what a nice little girl she is, and what beautiful curls she has, and what a pretty, soft hand. She shall be my little sister, and I will love her so dearly—do take her home, papa."

A tear glistened in Mrs. Markland's eye as she replied, "She is about the age our Mary would have been had she been spared to us. What is best to be done, dear Edward?"

"She would be much care to you on our journey, Margaret—and also a tax in our visit to our friends; had we not better leave her here in the charge of some suitable person? We can then consider the matter, and if we judge best on our return from the North, we can then claim her."

"But, papa," urged the boy, "she may die of cholera while we are gone, and then you will feel so sorry you did not take her with us."

"She may not be kindly treated, or else subjected to evil influences," said Mrs. Markland, "and even at her tender age the foundation is laying for good or ill. I think, my love, if we design to take her at all, it will be best to do so at once; Rose has been used to the care of children and can attend to her; and as Rupert says, we should feel badly if we found, on our return, that she had become a victim to this fell disease."

Mr. Markland never opposed the benevolent resolutions of his wife, and it was decided that, if, upon inquiry, there was no one to claim the child, she should henceforth be considered as belonging to the family of her benefactor.

Rupert clapped his hands with joy, but upon his mother's caution that sleep and quiet were important for the child in her present heated and excited state, he seated himself by the lounge where she reposed to watch her slumbers.

Mr. Markland could gain no information of the mother of his little charge, but that she had come there about a week previously. She had never associated with her neighbors, and her manners and appearance were evidently superior to those around her. He was shown a change of wearing apparel of the mother's, and a little frock of the child's, which the woman he had first called to her assistance, declared was "every stitch" that could be found: these

were of fine materials, although much worn. A torn letter was also produced, in which, written, in a manly hand, were expressions of deep affection for the mother and child; but no clue to anything farther, except one allusion to "darling little Meena."

CHAPTER II.

FOURTEEN years had passed, and although death had made no inroads in their circle, there was otherwise as much change in the members of Mr. Markland's family as such a lapse of time usually effects.

Mr. Markland and his wife had grown older, and already a few silvery threads were discernible, mingling with his raven locks, and his wife's auburn tresses; but the hearts of both still beat warmly with love to God and their fellow-beings.

Rupert Markland, now a young man of twenty-two, with a face and figure that might have served as a model for a statue, was the idol of his parents, and beloved by all who knew him. And Meena, the little one introduced under circumstances so afflicting, was to her adopted parents a treasure beyond all price.

Meena might have heard in infancy that she was not the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Markland, but if so, she retained no recollection of it, and nothing in their conduct could ever remind her that she was a child of charity; it seemed as if they, too, had forgotten it; and Rupert had only of late recalled it.

Meena was now seventeen, her face and form were faultless, and there was a wild grace in her movements, a witchery in her manners, that no pen can portray. She was beloved by all, the admired above all where all were lovely.

"What answer am I to return to Mr. Barrett, Meena!" said Mr. Markland. "He waited on me this morning, purposely to sue for your hand for his son!"

"You can frame an answer, dear father—say that I am too young for such considerations, that you cannot part with me, or that I cannot love any one but my dear father, and mother, and Rupert." As she spoke, a slight blush suffused her cheek.

"But consider, my child, Mr. Barrett is immensely rich—George is his only child, handsome, well educated, and all that is desirable in selecting a partner for life—what reasonable objection can you have to receiving him as your lover?"

"Indeed, dear father, I do not love George Barrett," exclaimed Meena, while a tear started

to her eye—"I know he is handsome, at least every one calls him so, and every one says, too, that he is rich and good—but still, papa, I do not love him, and I know you will not ask me to marry him—and mamma will not, nor Rupert"—her eyes, at this moment, encountered Rupert's; but, she knew not why, they fell beneath his gaze.

"No, my darling, I will not ask you to marry George Barrett, nor any one else your heart disapproves. I am in no hurry to resign my precious child to another," cried Mr. Markland, "so that business is settled, and I will inform Mr. Barrett that you decline the honor of his son's addresses."

"She is not my sister," mentally ejaculated Rupert, as he hastily left the room and retired into the thick wood adjoining the house, to recall all the circumstances of Meena's adoption into the family, and to analyze the feelings he was thus suddenly rendered conscious of possessing toward her.

"Mother dear," said Rupert Markland, as he seated himself in his mother's dressing-room, a few hours after the above conversation, "will you tell me all about your journey to the North, when I was a little boy, and how you came to take charge of Meena?"

Mrs. Markland started in astonishment.

"Who has been telling you anything about it, Rupert?"

"You forget, mother, that I was eight years old at the time and can recollect all that passed."

"I have so long considered Meena as our own, that I had almost forgotten it myself," replied Mrs. Markland, "and I should be sorry to have her know that she has no natural claim upon us—I do not think she has now the least suspicion of it, and her feelings are so sensitive that she would be deeply grieved, were she told that there was actually no tie existing between us."

"But, mother, there may be——" Rupert stopped, and a deep color suffused his cheek; but his mother, without noticing his embarrassment, proceeded to relate the circumstances of Meena's introduction into the family, adding to the facts we have before stated that her husband had left his address with Dr. Hanson, of C——, that he might give them information if any inquiries were ever made about the unfortunate woman and her child. "But so many years have now passed," she continued, "that there is no probability we shall ever learn anything of her parentage, and your father has determined that she shall never know she is not our child. I believe we love her almost, if not quite, as well as yourself, my Rupert, and I think she

is too dear to you to cause you any regret at her receiving the provision of a daughter."

"You do me but justice, dear mother, but yet I think—I think—perhaps it would be better——" again he stopped.

"What do you mean, Rupert, what would be better?" inquired Mrs. Markland, in surprise.

"I don't know," replied the youth, absently; and, before his mother could comment on his strange behavior, he abruptly left the room.

"If Rupert is avaricious, and feels that we are bestowing on Meena what should be solely his own, I have been deceived in my son," said Mrs. Markland to her husband, after recounting to him the foregoing conversation.

"It cannot be!" exclaimed Mr. Markland. "Rupert has ever been one of the most disinterested and generous of human beings, and he could not evince more devoted affection for a sister than he has uniformly done for Meena, and yet you find he has always remembered the events which introduced her into our family."

But the solitary cogitations of the young man may better elucidate the apparent mystery than all the conjectures of his unsuspicious parents.

"Meena will never love me but as a brother," cried Rupert, despondingly, as, on leaving his mother, he again sought the deep recesses of the forest. "Others have the privilege of suing for that heart I would die to obtain, and I must stand calmly by, content with the affection a sister should bestow—I who have made her my idol from the moment I first beheld her!"

"No, it shall not be—I will tell her all—she shall know she is not my sister—she shall know how far dearer to me she is than was ever sister to a brother, and then see if she will cast me off for some acquaintance of a day!"

"But should she only feel for me a sister's love, shall I not give her the anguish of knowing she can claim no kindred—that she is isolated from all on earth! Oh, no—no! I cannot grieve her thus—it were far better to bear such misery alone—but should she love another?" Rupert clenched his hands in agony.

At this moment a loud shriek reached his ear. He could not be mistaken in the voice, it was Meena's! Rushing hastily to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, he beheld a man emerging from a stream which flowed through the grounds, bearing in his arms her who occupied all his thoughts. Rupert would have snatched the precious burthen from him, but the stranger, gently, yet firmly, resisted the attempt, and saying, "Show me where I can take her to get proper assistance," he followed the half frantic youth in his progress to the house.

The lovely object of their solicitude soon gave signs of returning consciousness, and a physician being speedily summoned, everything requisite was done to prevent any ill effects from the accident. Meena had been so quickly extricated that no ill consequences were apprehended from her sudden immersion, and she was soon able to give an account of it, and also to laugh at the fright which deprived her of all presence of mind, when, on reaching too far for a flower she wished to obtain, she lost her balance and was precipitated into the river.

"But had you not been near to rescue me, dear Rupert, it would soon have been all over," she continued, with a shudder. "Can I ever be grateful enough to you for risking your life to save me?"

For a moment it seemed as if Rupert's usual nobleness was deserting him, but he resolutely repelled the ungenerous feeling as he replied,

"You owe no gratitude to me, Meena. I was at some distance when your cry reached my ear, and only gained the spot to see you borne from the river in the arms of a stranger."

"Where is he?" cried Mr. Markland, now first recollecting that it was not Rupert who had conveyed the senseless form of Meena into the house. "We have been strangely remiss in letting one depart to whom we are so deeply indebted, without even thanking him for the obligation he has rendered."

But no one could tell anything of the stranger. In the confusion he had disappeared, and only Rupert had seen him sufficiently to recollect him, should they ever meet again. But Rupert, amid all his anxiety for Meena, felt that, among a thousand, he should recognize the splendid figure and dark, flashing eye of the man he had seen, holding the corpse-like object of his own adoration.

George Barrett's admiration of Meena seemed but the precursor of other suitors, and although Rupert saw them all dismissed with equal indifference, his mind was in such continual agony as he witnessed their attentions, that it began to prey on his health, and his parents and Meena were tortured with the most painful apprehensions as they viewed his wasted form and pale and melancholy countenance.

"It is the climate that is destroying our Rupert," exclaimed his mother, as she gazed at him from the window, while her eyes filled with tears. "He must go into a more genial air." But Rupert resolutely resisted every proposition to leave his home, and his parents unwillingly acquiesced in his determination.

CHAPTER III.

Nothing had been learned of the stranger who had rescued Meena from the river, and, notwithstanding Rupert's gratitude, he felt irritated and disturbed at the frequent desire she expressed to meet her deliverer.

"It is very strange, Rupert, that we have never beheld the person to whom I am so much indebted," said Meena, as she was one morning walking with Rupert by the stream which had so nearly proved fatal to her. The subject was never a pleasant one to him, and he answered rather pettishly that it was probably some passing traveler.

"I do so want to see and thank him," cried Meena, enthusiastically. "What did he look like, Rupert? Was he old, or was he young? You saw him long enough to know how he looked, yet you will never describe his appearance."

"You cannot suppose, Meena, that at a moment of such excitement, when her I held dearest on earth lay apparently dead before me, I should make a very close observation of her preserver, although my heart is full of gratitude to him I should know him again certainly, and, if we ever meet, will endeavor to express my thanks to him, and wish I could, in any way, repay in some measure so vast an obligation."

As Rupert turned his eyes from Meena at the conclusion of this speech, he suddenly started, his before pale face grew yet paler, and then flushed as if with unwonted agitation: he hesitated for a moment, then, turning to his companion, said in a low, husky voice, "Your wish is at last gratified, Meena, there is your preserver—I cannot mistake him."

At a short distance from the youthful pair stood a gentleman, leaning against a tree. He had evidently been engaged in squirrel hunting, as a number of the little animals lay by his side, and he now rested on his gun, apparently so absorbed in watching for more game that he heeded not the approach of the intruders.

"Are you sure it is he, Rupert?" whispered Meena, her face illumined with excitement and delight. "Oh! let me speak to him and thank him!"

"Stay, Meena, and let me—as your brother—" The words seemed to produce a choking sensation, but after a moment, Rupert concluded the sentence, while, with a firm grasp, he restrained the impetuous girl from rushing forward.

"Let me thank him. As your brother, it is I who should do it."

The sound of their footsteps seemed now first to reach the gentleman's ear, and he turned

hastily round: his face flushed, then he grew pale; while he stood as if undecided whether to advance or retreat. But the hesitation was momentary, and with the easy grace of one to whom courts might be familiar, he advanced toward the young people, conscious that he was recognized.

"We have long sought you, sir," said Rupert, his fine face now only beaming with the intense gratitude which swelled his heart, as he continued, "believe us not ungrateful for the deep obligation you rendered, that we have so long delayed our acknowledgments, but we had no clue by which to discover you."

Meena could no longer be restrained by the forms Rupert would observe, and, stretching out her hand to the stranger, while her face glowed with the excess of grateful emotion, she exclaimed,

"Oh! let me thank you! But for you, sir, my beloved parents and brother would now be saddened by my loss. How shall we ever repay you for so generously risking your own life to save that of one entirely unknown to you?"

The gentleman took the little hand that was extended, and, gently pressing it, he replied,

"Indeed, my dear young friends, you entirely over-rate the slight service I was able to render, but I rejoice to see that you, Miss Markland, have not been a sufferer from the accident."

"You know us, sir," cried Rupert. "Yet you would not give us the happiness of learning who was our benefactor, that we might endeavor to express the gratitude with which our hearts were filled."

"I learnt from Dr. Wilmot who it was I had been so happy to assist," returned the stranger, with a smile—"and from him too I heard of the young lady's restoration."

"But my father and mother are earnest to see and thank the preserver of their child," cried Meena. "Will you not go with us and give them the delight of acknowledging the obligation? Or will you not tell us where they may find you?"

There was an expression of melancholy on the countenance of the stranger, as he gazed earnestly at the lovely speaker; and he hesitated for a moment, ere he replied, "I am unfit at present, my dear young lady, to appear at your father's; but I should value his acquaintance, although not for the purpose of receiving acknowledgments which I assure you are unmerited. My residence is about five miles from this place, and my name is Clifford, and to receive any of Mr. Markland's family at my dwelling will be to me a source of pleasure." He

then made some allusion to his game, and, gathering it up, paid his parting courtesies to the young people and left them.

"Oh! Rupert, are you not glad we have seen him? Is he not a noble-looking man? Such eyes, and his figure so commanding—he looks fitted to perform glorious deeds," exclaimed the animated girl. But Rupert walked on in silence.

"You do not speak, Rupert, what is the matter? Do you not admire Mr. Clifford?"

"You leave no room for my admiration, Meena; yours is so overwhelming it will suffice for us both."

"Rupert!" cried Meena, in amazement, "what has come over you?"

The youth's face was livid with agony, and his secret trembled on his lips.

"Meena," he began, in a voice so hollow she started in affright. At this moment they perceived Mr. Markland advancing.

The unhappy young man suddenly grasped the hand of his companion and frantically exclaimed,

"Meena, you must know all, if it seals my misery; but not now—at some future moment I *must* tell you—but do not—oh! do not let the acquaintance of an hour supersede in your heart the tried affection of years!"

Agitated and alarmed at Rupert's manner, Meena would have questioned him; but Mr. Markland had now reached them, and before she could utter a syllable, Rupert had disappeared.

To Mr. Markland's anxious inquiry at her agitated manner, Meena felt, she knew not why, that nothing should be said of Rupert; but her account of the meeting with the stranger who had rescued her was a sufficient explanation of the emotion she evinced.

"Mr. Clifford!" cried Mr. Markland, on listening to Meena's recital. "It was, then, our new neighbor who so miraculously appeared for your preservation."

"You know him, then, dear father. Why have we not heard of him before?"

"Do not be in such a hurry, my little girl, to get all the news," replied Mr. Markland, laughing. "It is only since you walked out this morning that I learned Mr. Clifford had purchased Mr. Barrett's elegant plantation. To whisper a secret in your ear, Meena, it is said that your cruelty has so preyed upon poor George, that his parents, who live only for him, have determined to withdraw him from so dangerous a neighborhood; and Mr. Barrett has hastily concluded the sale of his plantation to Mr. Clifford, who is reported to be also a

millionaire. Mr. Barrett is going, with his wife and son, to Europe, in the next steamer."

Meena, who really felt much friendship for George Barrett, expressed her sorrow at such intelligence, and her hope that the part which concerned herself was without foundation.

Rupert did not appear until the family assembled at dinner, and he was, then, doomed to listen throughout the meal to the extravagant praises of Mr. Clifford. Mr. Markland had not delayed a moment, after Meena's information, to call upon her preserver, and returned home in a state of delightful excitement at the new friend and neighbor they had acquired.

As soon as she could get an opportunity to speak, Meena eagerly inquired of her father if he saw Mrs. Clifford.

"I may see her now, my dear," said Mr. Markland, laughing heartily with an arch glance at the inquirer. "Why, Meena, what made you decide that Mr. Clifford had a wife?"

"He is old enough to have one, dear father, I am sure—for, although so very handsome, he must be at least forty."

"You young people think forty a very advanced age," continued Mr. Markland, still laughing. "But let me tell you, Miss Meena, that Mr. Clifford is none too old for a beau yet—he is either a bachelor or a widower, and lives at that splendid place like a prince. He is far handsomer than any young man about here, and perhaps, Meena, by appearing as attractive as possible, you may yet queen it there as Mrs. Clifford yourself."

Rupert started to leave the table, but the gay reply of Meena arrested him.

"Oh! papa, I have no hope of effecting such a conquest; Mr. Clifford is a noble-looking man, but you must allow he is not half so handsome as Rupert, and I am determined never to marry a man one whit inferior to my brother—and then to think of one's marrying a man old enough to be their father—why, I should catch myself saying 'yes sir' and 'no sir' to him—no, indeed, papa, I am determined never to marry an old man. But Mr. Clifford would not thank us for disposing of him thus summarily," she continued, laughing merrily.

"Well, my dear, you must take your own way; but I can tell you Mr. Clifford made a great many inquiries about you, and said you resembled strongly a very dear friend—so if you should change your mind, I think his heart will not be impenetrable."

The few words uttered so playfully by Meena seemed to give new life to the desponding Rupert—his eye was for awhile illumined with its

former brilliancy, and a smile again played over his countenance; but these were speedily dispelled by the intimacy which commenced between his family and Mr. Clifford; and it could not but be evident, even to an uninterested observer, that Meena was the attraction which drew their new friend to the mansion of her father, his eye followed her wherever she moved, he would always select the seat nearest to her, and, by his varied and intellectual conversation, so enchain her attention that she willingly remained by him, and would ever greet his appearance with a beaming smile of welcome.

"Meena!" repeated Mr. Clifford, when, on the first day of his introduction, he heard the name pronounced by her mother. Mrs. Markland looked up, in surprise, and perceived her guest gazing steadfastly at the girl, while his face was deadly pale: he seemed to recollect himself as his eye encountered that of Mrs. Markland, and apologized, saying,

"Pardon me, madam—but your daughter's name is uncommon—and it was borne by a mother I dearly loved."

Mrs. Markland only bowed; but the circumstance, slight as it was, considerably impressed her mind.

CHAPTER IV.

MEENA was, one day, listening, with deep interest, to a recital of some adventure of Mr. Clifford's, when, on raising her eyes, she beheld Rupert gazing at her with such intensity, and a face so haggard, that she started in affright, and, forgetful of all else, she hastened toward him, exclaiming,

"You are ill, dearest Rupert—what has befallen you?"

The unhappy youth drew her arm within his own and slowly left the room. Mr. Clifford looked pityingly after them, and tears gathered in the eyes of Mrs. Markland as she watched their retreating figures.

Rupert trembled so that Meena was obliged to support him, although little less agitated herself; for there was something in his manner which thrilled her heart with apprehension as he drew her into the library.

"I must speak, Meena, I must know and reveal all, though death and destruction should be the consequence. I shall go mad to remain longer in this state of uncertainty. Answer me," he continued in a solemn and impressive tone, "answer me—and truly, by all your hopes of happiness—will you marry Mr. Clifford?"

"What do you mean, Rupert, that you act so strangely?" cried the astonished girl. "Oh!

tell me, my beloved brother, what has thus agitated you?"

"Call me not by that hated name," he cried: "I abjure it forever—would that I had never heard it! But you do not answer me—tell me, Meena, without equivocation—will you marry Mr. Clifford?"

"Rupert, dear Rupert, what has happened?" exclaimed the horror-struck girl, now fully convinced that his senses had forsaken him. Oh! tell me, my precious brother, what has afflicted you?"

"Will you still call me so?" he exclaimed: "have I not abjured the title? I am no brother of yours! I have worshiped you through life—yet you will forsake me—you will leave me to marry this detested man!"

"What can you mean, Rupert? I will marry no one—never marry if you disapprove it—certainly," she added, in a calm voice, "I will never marry Mr. Clifford."

"You promise me, Meena," he cried, eagerly. "you solemnly promise me never to marry him?"

"I will promise you that, or anything, if you will only be calm; but what can have caused you to be so agitated, my darling brother?"

"Again that hateful sound. Meena, will you not believe me, I am not your brother—you are no child of my parents!"

Meena, for a moment, gazed at him in speechless agony: then, exclaiming, "No child of your parents? Who then am I?" She staggered and would have fallen, had not Rupert caught her in his arms, and strained her convulsively to his breast.

"Do not weep, my own idolized Meena," he cried, as the tears now streamed down her cheeks—"do not weep, but promise to render me happy by becoming, in reality, their daughter. Oh, Meena! you know not how I have worshiped you—the torture I have endured when I witnessed such devotion in others as I was withheld from paying. Say, Meena, will you not generously repay me for the misery I have suffered, by giving me that heart which is above all price?"

"I cannot realize what you tell me, Rupert," returned Meena, faintly; "spare me now, I entreat you, and let me get more calm, ere you say more."

It was bliss to Rupert to be allowed to support the weeping girl, and they sat there in silence, her head reclining on his shoulder, while his arm encircled her waist, until the entrance of Mrs. Markland aroused Meena, and she started, as if detected in wrong, from the arms of Rupert.

"My dear children, I have sought you everywhere," cried Mrs. Markland, as she entered. "I feared you were ill, Rupert, when you took your sister from the room, and, as soon as Mr. Clifford left, I came in search of you."

Rupert felt that Meena trembled as the name of "sister" fell from his mother's lips.

"Mother," he said, solemnly, "I have been ill—ill, almost to distraction; it remains with this dear one and my parents, to give me life, and hope, and happiness. I have told Meena all, mother—I have told her she is not your child, that I may sue her to become so. Will you not receive her anew, as a daughter, my mother—as the idolized wife of your son?"

"Willingly, gladly, my Rupert, if you can prevail on her to become so," cried Mrs. Markland; "but you are agitating her too much, now; let her go with me and endeavor to recover from the effects of your impetuosity." And, with a mother's tenderness, Mrs. Markland led the trembling girl to her chamber, nor left her till she was soothed and composed.

"How blind we have been!" exclaimed Mr. Markland, when he had listened to his wife's recital. "Well, it is not wonderful that Rupert should have bestowed his heart on her, when he knew she was not his sister; for whom can he find so fascinating, so perfect? But will she give him her heart in return, or is he to be doomed to the misery of unrequited love?"

"I think that he cannot sue in vain," replied the mother, who felt that her son's attractions must be irresistible.

When Meena appeared, on the summons to dinner, her eyes swollen with weeping, Mr. Markland stood looking out of the window—he turned as she entered, and the next moment she was sobbing in his arms.

"My darling little girl," he exclaimed, pressing her tenderly to his heart; "why this agitation? Are you not as fondly beloved as any child can be? Let me wipe away these tears, and see you look cheerful again, or I shall begin to think you only loved us for the name of parent."

"Oh, you know not how dearly I love you!" cried the poor girl, weeping piteously. "But I do not belong to any one, even my very name is unknown."

"This is wrong, Meena; you have long been our child, you must still remain so," said Mr. Markland, kindly. "But sit down by me, now, and eat your dinner like a good girl, and we will then talk all this over quietly, and, I hope, in a manner to make you feel happy again."

Rupert did not make his appearance, and the

dinner passed very differently from their usual social meals.

As Mr. Markland had promised, he talked with Meena of the past, described the first moment he had seen her, and the view he had obtained of her dead mother. But he passed over the sad, rude burial, only saying he had again encountered her, weeping, in the street, and that from that time she had been cherished equally with his own Rupert.

"And now, Meena," he continued, "will you grieve us by disowning us as parents? We sue you to become, indeed, our daughter—by rendering Rupert happy, you will make us so."

"Oh, my more than father!" cried she; "my whole life will be inadequate to prove my gratitude; but spare me now on this subject—all is so strange—so wonderful—so unexpected!"

Mr. Markland suffered her to leave him, and, in the retirement of her own room, Meena sought that composure she so much needed.

In her early walk, the ensuing morning, Meena again met Rupert. What arguments he used to comfort her, we may not reveal; but certain it is, that, although her manner was somewhat agitated on her return to the house, it was less sorrowful than on the preceding day, and her eyes again sparkled with a portion of their wonted brilliancy.

The post-man's horn sounded while the family were at breakfast, and the servant soon entered with the letters and papers. Mr. Markland turned them over, and, taking up one of unusual size and thickness, he observed, in an accent of surprise, "From C—; I hope they have not raked up that troublesome law-suit again. But this package must contain more than one musty parchment." And gathering up his letters, he retired to the library.

It seemed as if the mention of C— had impressed all present with the idea of something connected with Meena. Mrs. Markland and her son involuntarily exchanged significant glances, and Meena gazed at them both with a pale face and trembling frame. The silence which ensued was interrupted by a summons for Mrs. Markland from her husband.

Left alone with Rupert, Meena, for the first time, seemed to realize that he was not her brother; her eye sank beneath his impassioned gaze, and in vain she essayed to speak, with the artless confidence she had been wont to do, of the letter which she seemed intuitively convinced related to herself. But, as if reading her thoughts, Rupert replied to them,

"It can only be a letter of business, dearest Meena; do not be thus agitated."

Ere the girl could gain composure to reply, she, too, was summoned to the library; and, in the hope of rendering her more calm, Rupert gaily exclaimed that he was not going to be the only one excluded from a family party, and, drawing her arm within his own, he conducted her into the presence of his parents.

CHAPTER V.

THE mysterious package proved to be from Dr. Hanson, of C——, with whom Mr. Markland had left his address, in the hope that some light might be thrown on the parentage of Meena.

It stated that a few days previous, the doctor had been called to attend a dying woman named Sarah Elland; that she appeared to have something on her mind that caused her much distress; and when convinced she could have no hope of recovery, had confessed to him, that, fourteen years before, she was one morning roused from her sleep by a strange gentleman knocking at her door and entreating her to go to a neighboring cottage, where a poor, young woman lay dead; that he gave her a piece of gold to take care of the child of the deceased, which she promised to do; that as soon as the gentleman left her she went to the cottage, and the first object that attracted her attention was a glittering ring on the finger of the corpse; that this she hastily drew off and secreted in her bosom; that, on searching the pockets of the deceased, she discovered a singularly wrought purse containing several pieces of gold, which she also secreted, and also a package of letters, which were with some articles of wearing apparel in a small trunk; that the lid of the trunk was marked E. C.; and that the letters and trunk she hid, lest they should impart some knowledge through which inquiry might be made for the purse and ring.

"The woman professed great penitence for the theft she had committed," continued Dr. Hanson's letter. "She declared she had never known any peace since that hour; that although she spent the gold, she never could bring herself to part with the purse and ring, but had kept them and the letters carefully hid, often determining to seek me and relieve her conscience by revealing her crime, but had been unable to gain resolution to do so until the terror of death wrung it from her. She entreated me, finally, if I knew where the gentleman was who took the child, to send the articles immediately to him and beg him to forgive her." Dr. Hanson proceeded to say,

"I therefore, sir, forward you such of the articles as I can enclose in a letter according

to the address you left with me, and sincerely hope, if the little orphan is still living, they may afford a clue by which to discover with whom she is connected."

With all the tenderness of parental love, did Mr. and Mrs. Markland make known the contents of the letter, and put into the hands of the agitated Meena these mementoes of her mother, which, with true delicacy, they had forborne to examine; and when, by their kindness and caresses, the poor girl had regained some degree of composure, they silently left the room, motioning to Rupert, who unwillingly followed their example.

Feeling the relief of thus being at liberty to indulge her emotions, Meena sat with the tears streaming down her cheeks, gazing at the unopened packet: at length, with trembling hands and a silent appeal for strength in her painful task, she broke the seal.

Some half dozen letters were bound together with a ribbon, another little folded paper completed the contents. As Meena tremblingly surveyed the letters, which she expected would reveal the tale of her birth, a secret awe stole over her, and hesitatingly she glanced at the superscription as if she were invading the confidence of her mother, whose form was now mouldering in the grave!

In a bold, manly hand, on the outside, was written "Mrs. Ellen Wareham, London."

"I cannot, must not read them!" exclaimed the girl, as she hid her face in her hands. A step aroused her, and, looking up, she beheld Mr. Clifford entering the room.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, alarmed at the deathly hue of her countenance, "you are ill, Miss Markland—let me call assistance."

Meena attempted to speak, but, overpowered with emotion, she burst into tears.

Shocked at her agitation, Mr. Clifford advanced toward her and was about to speak soothingly to her, when he turned deathly pale, his eyes fixed on the letters before him. Meena gazed at him in amazement as he again moved hastily toward her, and, grasping both her hands, he exclaimed, "Who are you? Mock me not. Tell me, how came these into your possession?" He seized the letters as he spoke.

Trembling and affrighted, anticipating she scarcely knew what, Meena could only gasp forth, in almost inarticulate accents,

"They were my mother's."

"My God, I thank thee!" he cried, catching her rapturously in his arms—"my heart did not then deceive me—thou art indeed my child—my own, my long lost Meena!"

Overpowered by such conflicting emotions, Meena sunk almost senseless into the arms of her father.

At this moment Rupert Markland entered, and for a moment stood as if petrified at the scene before him; then rushing furiously toward Mr. Clifford, he exclaimed,

"Unhand that young lady, sir, or——" His speech was cut short by the renewed exclamations of Mr. Clifford, who, without appearing to notice the entrance of the youth, continued,

"And thy mother? Oh! my child, tell me of her! Of my wife!"

As Meena raised her head at this adjuration, she beheld him, who had so loved her when he believed her a friendless orphan, and gently extricating herself from the encircling arms of her father, she extended her hand to the astonished youth, saying,

"You, Rupert, will assist me to reveal all to my newly-found parent; and oh! my father, let the love of your child help to console you for the sorrows you have sustained, for all that you have yet to suffer!"

"I see it all," cried Mr. Clifford, "you would not thus have evaded replying had she been spared—but God has been very merciful—let me not murmur, but bless Him that He has restored my child!"

We pass over the delight and surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Markland, when informed of the discovery of Meena's father, one so every way deserving of her filial duty, and proceed to relate the events which separated her parents.

Ellen Halford was the daughter of a wealthy banker in London, and had just entered her sixteenth year when she first met Henry Clifford. A mutual attachment soon took place, but he was poor, and when he dared to sue the rich Mr. Halford for the hand of his heiress, he was repulsed with disdain, and Ellen forbade to think of him more.

For a time, Ellen obeyed the mandate of her stern father and refused to meet Henry; but at last, overcome by his importunities and her own ardent love, she consented to see him. One interview led to another, and finally to an elopement, and the imprudent young couple were indissolubly united ere Mr. Halford was aware of Ellen's absence from his country-seat, where she had gone with her mother and a large party of friends.

Words cannot describe his rage when informed of the event. He accused his wife, a gentle, timid woman, of conniving at his daughter's disobedience; and solemnly vowed that, unless Ellen would consent to leave her husband,

she should never again enter his presence. It was in vain she wrote, and through the intercession of friends plead for pardon: the father was inexorable. Mrs. Halford secretly met, forgave, and blessed her daughter, but this was discovered by her husband, and he peremptorily forbade her to repeat it.

Henry Clifford was descended from a noble family, but he had no wealth to reconcile the connection to one to whom wealth was an idol.

When Ellen was seventeen years old, the little Meena was born, and Mr. Clifford found himself, with a wife and child to support, involved in difficulties and embarrassments.

It was at this time, when an old friend of his proposed their embarking together for America, offering to pay Henry's expenses to their destined port, to be refunded when he had amassed sufficient wealth to pay it with convenience. It was agony to Mr. Clifford to part with his beloved wife and child; but poverty was advancing with rapid strides, and after so far succeeding in reconciling the weeping Ellen to his departure, that she no longer opposed it openly, he arranged everything as much for her comfort as possible, put the little remaining of his earthly possessions into her hands, and promising she should come to him as soon as he had acquired sufficient for the expense of her voyage, he bade her what was destined to be a last farewell.

Misfortune pursued him after his arrival in America, but he wrote regularly to his wife, endeavoring to comfort her under their trying separation, and transmitting to her small sums, by which she was enabled to live, while he often deprived himself of the necessities of life to supply her wants. Nearly three years Henry Clifford dragged on this miserable life, separated from all he held dear on earth, when he received a letter from his wife, which, while it gave him the delightful hope of a speedy reunion, yet excited the utmost anxiety. She informed him that an opportunity was now offered her to cross the Atlantic with a lady who sought her as a companion; that they were to sail for New Orleans, where it would be easy for her to get to him: she had, therefore, accepted Mrs. Wilton's offer, as she should be under respectable protection, and thus expedite their reunion.

No mention was made of the name of the vessel in which they were to sail, and Mr. Clifford had not the slightest clue to guide him in his after search for his wife and child.

For a time, Henry waited as patiently as it was possible for him to do, in the hope of hearing of his wife's arrival in New Orleans. But no such tidings reached him. Fortune, which

had so long frowned, seemed now becoming more propitious, and he soon found himself possessed of a sufficient sum to enable him to search for his wife and child, and in an agonizing state of uncertainty he departed for New Orleans; but here all his efforts to discover his lost treasures were ineffectual. Almost frantic he now sailed for London, but here again his search was fruitless; the home where he had placed Ellen was no longer there, the old buildings were displaced by new ones, and no one knew anything of Mrs. Wareham, which was the name Ellen had assumed on her husband's departure, as she declared that of Clifford should not be known under circumstances so depressed and unfortunate.

Frustrated in every attempt to find his wife, Mr. Clifford now came to the desperate resolution of going to her father and upbraiding him with his unnatural cruelty. But here, too, all was changed. Mr. Halford was dead. On his death-bed he too late repented his sternness to his only child, and, with his blessing, bequeathed to her and her heirs the immense wealth he had so long labored to obtain.

Mrs. Halford was living, but broken-hearted and alone. She had seen and blessed her daughter and grandchild the day before they sailed for America; but her after efforts to learn tidings of them had proved equally fruitless with Mr. Clifford's. She soon after died, leaving him all the property she had received from her husband, while that devised to Ellen still

remained in trust, should she or her child ever appear.

"Years have passed," continued Mr. Clifford, "and still the hope has clung to me that I might, one day, discover my lost treasures. Wealth seemed to flow in in abundance when I no longer sought or valued it. A brother of my mother's returned from India laden with riches, but with shattered health, and his life was speedily terminated. Ere his death he discovered me, and I had the melancholy satisfaction of soothing the last days of my sole remaining relative. He left me all his vast possessions. But wealth is inadequate to happiness; indeed it appeared but an aggravation to my sorrow, when it could no longer benefit my wife and child.

"It seemed as if at New Orleans, if any where, I might sometime gain the intelligence my heart so desired, and here at length I determined to remain. God has mercifully restored my child. My Ellen—my wife!" His voice failed him, but the sobs of his Meena mingled with his own, and in the sympathy and devotion of his lovely daughter the long sorrowing man found peace.

Mr. and Mrs. Markland experienced a rich reward for the benevolence they had extended to a desolate orphan, and Mr. Clifford felt that he had secured every earthly happiness for his darling one, when, after tenderly embracing the blushing girl, he resigned her to the guardianship of the enraptured Rupert, and solemnly entreated the blessing of the Almighty on both his children.

AT NIGHT.

BY OLIVER WADE.

"On! Father, give me strength to drink
This bitter cup of grief—
Oh! let thy quiet fall, and link
My hours of sleep with dreams of him,
My latest, fallen leaf.

'Tis very dark to-night—the light
Is curtains from my sight.
I hear the swaying vines tap light
Upon the pane, and strain my eyes
To pierce the pall of night.

On yesternight when stillness slept,
I drew the curtain up,
And Dian's silvery light in leapt,
Paling as marble, all his face
Like jeweled lily-cup.

As pure as beautiful, thy soul
Hath reached the perfect day,
And left the night in eyes, my sole
Delight. Thy lips are cold and pale,
Their warmth has fled away.

This afternoon, I heard the bell
Which tolled his passing corse.
Its pulsing waves of sound still dwell,
And echo through my brain, 'Dead! dead!
Up from its throat, so hoarse.

I miss my darling's nestling form—
He sleeps with God to-night,
Safe from all harm and earthly storm.
I bless, and bow before His will,
Knowing He ruleth right."

The mother sleeps with sorrow worn;
But on her face so wan,
Alternate with her tears, are born
The smiles that angel whispers bring.
Thus light and shade flits on.

Go drifting, drifting, hither, thither,
Upon the sea of sleep,
Without a care or thought of whither;
On, on she passes, until light
Shall kiss and make her weep.

BERTHA HOLMES.

BY MIRIAM CLYDE.

THE sunset rays are kissing the western clouds to crimson, and the winds which, all day long, have wandered over the hills, are dying in whispers among the trees.

Ah, the merry winds! How far they have traveled to-day; and how much good, and how much mischief they have done. The laborer, gratefully, lifted his hat as they passed, shook back his hair damp with toil, and breathed a blessing on the winds. The invalid's pulse quickened as they entered his chamber laden with fragrance, which told of clustering leaves and blossoms, turning his thoughts into new channels, while he mused of blue sky and bird-songs. The physician flattered himself that his last prescription had wrought an amazing change; but the winds laughed gleefully in the locust-tree at his absurdity, and then danced away over the corn-fields and down the lane, where children came from school. Only—stopping—for a light toss of their sunny hair, and a saucy whirl of dust into their bright faces, they passed on, and are now sinking in murmurs around the old farm-house.

We cannot describe Sunny Glen as it stands here, with its noble old trees, its scarlet blossomed vines, its rose-wreathed windows. Then there is a face looking out from the roses. What is it that calls that flush to the cheek, that troubled light to the eye? Bertha Holmes is young, scarcely nineteen, and her heart is yet full of youthful hopes and dreams. She stands there, to-night, with her childhood behind her, untraced by one line of sorrow; before her, life with its ungathered treasures.

She has grown weary of the monotony of her home-life, and longs for change. She is scarcely conscious of the depth of this yearning herself. Dear brother Charley, little May, father, mother—these are her household names of love. And there is another name in her heart, written more than a twelve-month ago. For when last May-time's sunshine was falling on the budding roses, and crimsoning the strawberries, Sunny Glen had a boarder. One who came to call back the strength, which fever had wasted, in pure country air: and Bertha's soul awoke to new, joyful melody. She cannot define herself. She only knows the last year of her life has

been unspeakably precious because of its beautiful memories. Often, beneath the stars, with clasped hands, has she recalled the treasured smile, the glance, the words; hushed her heart-throbs impatiently, to catch the lowest tone, and looked with unconscious, trustful worship into the deep eyes. Sweet Bertha Holmes! Shall the waters of your soul flow out over desert souls, or shall verdure and bloom spring up beside their murmurings?

The last red light is gone from the sky, and Bertha turns from the window. There is a letter for her in the evening mail, urging an immediate visit to her cousin, who is passing a few months at Bridgwell, a charming summer retreat. It seems a sort of opening for her wish for change, and Bertha anxiously awaits the decision of her parents. Her cousin's plan is, to take her home to the city in September.

She is going. A week serves to complete her arrangements, and the cars bear her to her waiting relatives. She is welcomed most cordially. Walking, riding, and conversing beneath the stately trees around the village-hotel, and August is gone. "September winds her mellow hour," and Bertha is in New York. She is not one to be harmed by the frivolity and show of fashionable society. She looks with interest upon these, to her new phases of life—looks, enjoys, and learns. Gay and trustful as a child, she is fond of friends and company. But her early home education guards her, and she is safe from all wrong influence. Every week she writes to Sunny Glen and brother Charley. Every night her lips murmur prayers for them; and she knows where prayers are breathed for her. What a blessed privilege is prayer! No matter how widely separated from loved ones, we can commit them to our Father's care. We can call down blessings upon their lives. We can pray for them.

But is another name never on her lips as she kneels in her devotion? Yes, and it comes to her, sometimes, in the crowded drawing-room, to deepen the flush on her cheek, arrest the merry laugh, and put an earnest, far-off look in her brown eyes. Is it not strange that neither the worth, nor the foppery, that do her homage, have power to make her forget?

Now, October is shaking down the forest leaves by handfuls, and filling the air with its dreamy haze. Bertha sits idly watching the dying flowers, or turning the leaves of a book, which has been sent in for her perusal and opinion. An acquaintance, Nelly Hart, occupies the sofa, and is merrily talking. Bertha is not listening, till the lady, turning to her particularly, accuses her of having drawn all the gentlemen within the circle of her allegiance. And, addressing her cousin, Nelly continues,

"You would hardly believe, Mrs. Ormes, how very much I am thrown into the shade since the advent of this little piece of rusticity. I, who have considered my belleship unquestioned for the last twelve-month. I have yielded, thus far, with good grace. But now, a new star is about to arise on the horizon of fashion; and I warn you, Miss Holmes, how you intercept its rays. I have kept myself informed with regard to its movements for months. Now it is coming within range of my natural vision—and, unfortunately, yours too. But beware! I warn you beforehand."

Bertha, laughingly, inquires when, and in what part of the visible heavens, she shall look for this star, which appears to be of the "first magnitude," though certainly not "fixed," and also asks its name.

"Oh, it has been lighting some part of England, during the past year, and, either tired of English scenery, or thinking to enhance its brilliancy in American skies, is coming over the sea. It is Percy Gray. We may look for him the twentieth, his sister informs me. So prepare for parties innumerable, which shall yet be in honor of this celebrity. They say, Miss Hunter, his bride elect, and her brother will accompany him. But see if I do not give her as much as one heart-ache before they leave." And the light-hearted Nelly is gone with a laughing good-by, and Bertha is up stairs in her chamber.

It is almost night; but what is the meaning of these cold hands, and this pale face? "His bride." Now she remembers a portrait which she saw on his table once, when she went to carry flowers to his room. She did not examine it, but she knows there were blue eyes and light, curling hair. His bride! Then she has wrongly interpreted the eyes, the tones, the lingering adieu. He did not find as much gladness in the old farm-house as he left there. Their friendship, to him, was only one of many pleasant places, while to her it was life, love, all things. Only a few days, and she will see him. What bliss that would be were it not for

that after knowledge. Yes, she must meet him, and with this portrait, this Miss Hunter, and then she would see the difference between his friendship and his love. "God help me," she murmurs, "what a darkened heart will go back to Sunny Glen! Yet my face must not tell that heart's secret. Never! I must be very happy to renew my acquaintance with Mr. Gray. I can do it—I am strong. My will shall keep the color in my cheeks, my hands and eyes steady."

It is the evening of the twentieth, and the parlors of Mrs. B—— are filled with wit, wisdom, and beauty. Bertha secures a shaded corner till she can still her quivering pulses and look about her. She wishes she could see him now, before other eyes are upon her. Her wishes are soon gratified, for he enters the room with Miss Hunter and Nelly, and is immediately surrounded by eager fashionables. Bertha sees only two, Percy Gray and his reported betrothed. She is the portrait. And Percy—Bertha is frightened at her own trembling, as his voice reaches her, and, retreating through the window, joins a group on the piazza, and for the rest of the evening promises to be gayest among the gay.

Poor Bertha! A bright hope sprang up, in your soul once, with the first summer flowers. Amid autumn's fading leaves it still grew on, gathering freshness and fragrance, and winter snows had no power to chill it. But now it is torn up, withered by the utterance only of a few words.

Percy Gray is quietly enduring all the homage of those around him, when, suddenly, he sees a bright face far across the room. He is not dreaming. There is only one such face in all the world. He has carried its memory across the ocean, under England's skies, and home again. He expected and intended to see it sometime, but not so soon. He is almost sorry, too. He would rather have found it at the old farm-house, for there it would have been all his own.

But why has she not been to welcome him, when strangers weary him with their attention? Surely she knows he is here. It is in vain he earnestly regards her. His eyes seem to have lost all their old power. She does not look at him.

As Bertha leaves the room, Nelly Hart, who has followed the direction of his glance, and knows where it has been, says carelessly, apparently forgetting her warning and threats.

"By-the-by, Mr. Gray, you have not seen our little country girl. I wonder where she is

hiding herself? I have hardly seen her myself, to-night."

"Suppose we try to find her, Miss Hart; I am sure we can very well be spared."

Nelly takes the proffered arm, saying, "You must guard well your heart, for Berty is the personification of all beauty, pride, and piquancy. There she is now; look!"

And Percy does look, with a disturbed face, for Bertha knows he is coming, and throws all possible interest into her face as she listens to her companion. Percy sees him too, and knows his worth and excellence.

"Why, where in the world have you been, Bertha? Let me present Mr. Gray, Miss Holmes. We have been searching for you until searching is a weariness."

Bertha looks up to meet the troubled look in those eyes, but does not understand it.

"I trust I do not need presentation," says Percy, "Miss Holmes is an old friend of mine," and he takes her hand.

"Indeed! and why did not Miss Holmes inform me so, when I told her of your arrival?"

"How did I know the Mr. Gray you spoke of, and the one I had seen, were the same?" Bertha carelessly replies. Then turning to Percy,

"Believe me, Mr. Gray, I am very glad to see you again; but you must excuse me now. Mr. Gale has promised to explain a sentence I found in an old book, the other day. There is one just like it in Mrs. B——'s library, and we are going to find it."

"This is gratitude, is it? After spending our time and talents in finding you, you dismiss us with only an 'Excuse me,'" Nelly says, trying to-be very much offended.

"Pardon me," is Bertha's answer, "but if I mistake not, you were enjoying the company in the parlor, not ten minutes ago; and, as for the talents, it did not require very brilliant ones to find one."

But Percy Gray is not one to trust actions. Although disappointed and pained, he will yet know the meaning of this: and to-night, too, if an opportunity can be gained. He will not intrude now. Bertha may have the full benefit of Mr. Gale's explanation. "She may look into his eyes just as she used to look into mine," he says, "for a little time; and then I will claim a few of her precious moments. It may be without her wishes, but if she is going to avoid me, the reason must come from her own lips."

Nelly shrewdly guesses something of the truth, and soon leaves the star to wander where it will. She knows report gives him to Miss Hunter, but there is no trusting that.

Bertha hardly knows how it is, but she finds herself leaning on his arm, and listening, with almost the old eagerness, to his voice. She hardly looks or replies, but is silently hearing and enjoying. Yes, it is enjoyment. She can not help that. A little farther from the scattered groups, out in the October moonlight, he leads her, at each turn in their walk, till, finally, they pause, out of all others' hearing.

"You said once, to-night, you were glad to see me; but your actions strangely belie your words, Miss Holmes. You take no interest in where I have been, or what I have been doing since we parted."

Bertha's voice is cold and steady, while she replies, "I have found no opportunity of giving expression to an interest, Mr. Gray. You have been so constantly occupied with others, that I have not wished to interrupt you."

"If you had known how wearied I was with this being occupied, it seems to me that, out of pure clarity, you might have interrupted it with what you knew would be a pleasure to me—your greeting."

"I was in possession of no such knowledge, Mr. Gray. I should not have presumed on our short acquaintance, to add one more to the crowd which you admit wearied you."

"And am I presuming on our short acquaintance, Miss Holmes? Am I intruding on your time? Am I wearying you, Bertha?"

There is all of the old look in his eyes now, and all of the old tone in his voice, as he pronounces her name. And Bertha is ready to trust him again, and believe all he may say.

And she does believe, while he tells her of his unexpected call to England to settle some troublesome business affairs—of the one bright hope he had kept in his heart—how, when tired and sick beneath foreign skies, it had been his solace, his rest, his joy. How, to-night, it had been so chilled by her coldness—that it only waited a word from her to revive and fill his life with brightness, or die and leave it desolate.

What great happiness fills Bertha's soul as she stands there! She remembers her distrust only as one little island of sorrow in the midst of a vast ocean of love.

It is needless to say, that the hope of Percy Gray revives.

When the next spring days shall come, there will be a wedding at Sunny Glen. Miss Hunter, Percy's cousin and playmate in childhood, her brother, Nelly Hart, and brother Charley will be there. And Bertha will no longer stand with troubled face at the window, but will go out to make glad the life of Percy Gray.

THE LUCKY MISFORTUNE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Most children are born with great capacities for mischief, but poor Boyd Thurstan's phrenological developments in that particular were so far beyond those of ordinary boys, that one might have thought the destructive bumps of a large family had been condensed into that little cranium.

He told the truth when he said, "He couldn't help it;" but that plea did not help him, as his mother never governed her progeny upon theories laid down by our crowd of modern wiseacres; she never had read Miss Martineau, or any of her class, and if she had, would probably have wondered what business old maids had to write about children—I wonder, too, for that matter!

She knew nothing of phrenology, she was not aware that children ought to be governed according to the bumps on their heads; she held to the theory that it was their duty to obey without inquiring the why or wherefore; and if they did not, a liberal use of the rod was to be applied at once.

I have a vague idea that our grandparents reared very tolerable men and women on that principle—I have not yet made up mind that the new system of "moral persuasion" has improved the youthful portion of humanity. I think that once I occasionally saw among the juveniles some show of respect for their elders—I am not aware that anything of the kind can be found now-a-days. I cling to the opinion that the time was when children were children, instead of the abominable little monstrosities and precocities they are in the present generation. Perhaps it was owing to the fact that parents had still some recollection of Solomon's advice—perhaps it was not. We won't argue the point, but go back to Boyd Thurstan.

Twenty times each day was he in disgrace, and on every occasion he vowed that he would be a better boy, perhaps really meant to keep his promise; but the name of the devils that possessed him was Legion, and the poor, little wretch struggled in vain against their sly hints, which led him into new trouble before he was well out of the old.

Although his mother as often told him she believed that "he was possessed," she showed

no more leniency to his misfortunes on that account. If a thing was mysteriously broken, it was soon proved that Boyd had been the culprit. He maimed every chair in the house by playing horse with it—killed a flock of canaries trying philosophical experiments upon them—accustomed the cat to spasms by charges from an electric battery—dressed up ghosts to frighten the housemaids, and scared himself in consequence till the place rang with his shrieks. His face was never free from scars, his legs were as perfect a calendar of distresses as those of Peepo Lillyby. There was not a tree within ten miles that he had not fallen out of, not an impossible place which he had failed to climb into, and no mischief of any sort that he had not sounded to its extremest depths.

He certainly was a new edition of Original Sin revised and corrected, the plague and pet of his mother's heart; and indeed of every one else, except his father; that worthy Christian saw in him only a source of present annoyance and future suffering. He had fully made up his mind that Boyd would, one day, be hanged. He frequently expressed that belief in the child's hearing, read every atrocious murder case in the newspapers, and looked so gloomily at his son all the while, that the boy often had a vague idea he was, in some way, connected with the horrible performances.

Luckily, although a sensitive child, he soon forgot his sorrows, or his father's treatment would have materially affected his character for life. Indeed, the creature did once determine to commit suicide after having heard a notable case read. He purloined from his mother's work-box a whole piece of broad, green ribbon, the color of which had much struck his fancy, and went out to the hickory grove, back of the house, decided to do the thing up in the most approved style.

He climbed the largest tree like a cat, fastened one end of the ribbon to a branch, tied the other about his neck, repeated, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and swung himself into the air. Fortunately the ribbon broke, and Master Boyd, instead of committing self-murder, only scratched his face and legs, and ran howling away, determined to think twice before he

again attempted such an act of heroic desperation.

The ribbon was, of course, forgotten, a grand outcry made for it in the house, and a few days afterward it was found fluttering among the tree branches. Naturally Boyd was charged with having taken it, and brought to speedy judgment, made to confess his sin, was well whipped, and heartily laughed at into the bargain.

Older brothers and sisters fretted and petted the child, until either course of treatment by itself would have ruined him. Spinster aunts shook their frizzed heads at him in pious horror, and he avenged himself by drawing caricatures of their maidenly charms, putting thorns into their virgin pillows, and every other species of retaliation that presented itself to his fertile imagination.

The brat had a keen sense of the ridiculous. He was sure to laugh at the wrong time, and bring condemnation upon his devoted head at all seasons and in all sorts of places.

He was certain to titter in church—the old minister had a peculiar way of twisting his mouth that sent Boyd into convulsions. When his grandmother died, after a sickness made even worse by her ill-nature, Boyd rose up in great delight and called to his sister,

“Come along, Minnie, we can make as much noise as we like now; grandma’s dead.”

He instigated that little female to cut doll pocket-handkerchiefs out of his mother’s best linen sheets, took his aunt’s false curls to make fish lines of: in short, from the time he got out of bed till he got into it again, squealing or pouting over his smarts or his injuries, the animal rushed from one bit of mischief to another, with an ingenuity and perseverance seldom equaled.

He had one steadfast friend beside his tried, but devoted mother, and that was Milly Bamp, the girl who had taken care of him in his infancy, and endeavored to keep him in order during his childhood.

Boyd loved her sincerely, but he never could resist the pleasure of teasing her; and certainly it was through much trial and tribulation that she kept alive her affection for him. She was always willing to conceal his misdeeds as far as came in her power, allowed him forbidden privileges, and in her way helped as much to spoil the boy as any of her superiors.

But one morning, he excited even her indignation by a performance which he had revolved for many days in his mind, and at last brought to a successful termination.

His sister Minnie had an immense flock of

chickens, in which her small soul took special delight. She had a name for each separate fowl, she fed them herself, and it was a deadly sin, in her view of the case, for any one to meddle with her pets. The chickens knew her perfectly well, and her appearance, with her basket of grain, was the signal for a joyful tumult among the feathered tribe. They flew round her, turned summersets, lighted on her shoulders, and so surrounded her that she looked a mere mass of feathers, like some unknown and extraordinary species of fowl with numberless heads, walking out to take the air.

But Minnie’s soul was troubled within her. Quite late in the autumn, two matronly hens, who ought to have known better, were seized with a sudden insanity to set, and no efforts of Minnie could prevent them. In vain she removed the eggs from their nests, and placed stones there instead; they persisted in their determination, and tried as hard to warm the pebbles into life as they had their own oval treasures.

They went clucking about to the annoyance of all the other fowls, and finally infected an innocent young Bantam who had never laid an egg in her life, and did not know how to begin, with the same madness. She set diligently day after day upon two broken saucers and a bit of chalk, clucking and ruffling her feathers whenever anybody approached, as angrily as if she had had a whole brood of chickens to protect.

Minnie was in despair. It had been bad enough to see old Speckle and Lady Gray behave in that manner; but when the Bantam tried to turn herself into an Egyptian incubating machine, her lamentations were loud and long.

Boyd at length offered to put an end to her troubles and revealed his plan. He had heard somewhere, that if hens were well ducked they would stop setting, and he proposed that she should allow him to try the experiment.

Minnie was unwilling, and went to the nests to essay the often repeated trial of frightening the foolish creatures from their seats; but the Bantam rose in her small might when the girl attempted to remove the piece of chalk—probably Bantam thought that held her best chicken—and gave her several such ferocious picks that she was glad to retreat.

Boyd still urged his project, and with many misgivings Minnie ceased to oppose it. He ran to the nests, seized Speckle and her gray ladyship under one arm, took the belligerent Bantam in his right hand, and started for the brook.

Minnie followed slowly, and with a sinking

heart watched his proceedings; every croak of the fowls sent a pang to her breast. The other chickens stood afar off scolding and gabbling, and evidently curious to know what was the matter. The roosters kept up a tremendous tumult, discreetly ensconcing themselves behind the hens, and compensating for that cowardice by their terrific squalls.

Boyd raised the luckless Bantam, plunged her into the water and brought her up again. She gave a yell—down she went a second time—another spasmodic burst—a twitching of the legs, and she lay very still on the grass where he placed her.

"What have you done to her?" called Minnie, rushing toward him; "you've killed her—you mean, bad boy!"

"No, no, Minnie," he replied; "she's only faint."

Plump went Mrs. Speckle into the brook—another yell, a kicking, and the same result followed as in the case of Bantam—she lay quiet as possible.

"She's only pretending," said Boyd, flushed with success; "she'd cluck this minute if she dared."

Lady Gray was about sharing a similar fate, when Minnie sprang on him and rescued her.

"You've killed them!" she cried, tragically.

"Oh, you bad boy! I'll tell mamma—oh! oh!"

"They'll come to right away," said Boyd; "don't cry, sissy! See, Bantam's beginning to kick."

Minnie looked as well as her tears would permit, but Bantam made no sign.

"She's dead," repeated Minnie; "she didn't kick!"

"N-o," said Boyd, doubtfully, "I guess she didn't; but she tried to."

Neither Speckle nor Bantam stirred. Lady Gray ran off to the group of fowls and told her story with intense excitement, creating much sympathy among her friends; a big, fat rooster crowed, as if he meant to rush out and take summary vengeance upon the assailant, then retired into the privacy of an old chicken coop near.

Minnie raised her dripping pets, made a shroud of her white apron, in which she wrapped them and started for the house.

"I'll tell papa!" she cried. "Oh! won't you get a whipping—yah! yah! He's killed Bantam—he's killed Bantam. Papa, mamma, aunt Jane—yah! yah!"

"Don't, Minnie, don't!" pleaded Boyd. "Oh! my! you'll smother 'em in your apron and try to lay it to me."

"I ain't! You bad, nasty thing! Mamma, Milly, aunt Jane!"

"Stop crying," said Boyd, "and I'll give you my rocking-horse, I'm too big now to play with it."

"I don't want it," squalled Minnie; "anyhow, you gave it to me yesterday for not telling mamma you broke the flower-pot."

"So I did," returned Boyd, as if he just remembered the circumstance. "Well, I'll give you something else if you'll come back."

"I won't, I won't! Papa'll shut you up. Oh! my Bantam, my Bantam!"

"I'll tell you what," said Boyd, struck with another brilliant idea; "let's bury them—it'll be such fun!"

At that proposal, the group of fowls chorused a groan of horror, and Minnie's grief strengthened into anger. She ran off at the top of her speed, and Boyd after her. He caught her by her curls, and down they went in an indiscriminate mass, with the dead chickens lying mournfully on top of them.

Minnie's cries brought out the whole house, and, when the story was told, they consigned Boyd to immediate punishment; even Milly denounced him as a hard-hearted little wretch, that would come to no good.

"I didn't drown 'em," yelled Boyd, "I only just ducked 'em, so! I ain't a bad boy; Minnie's a little cheat—oh!"

But there were the drenched corpses to bear witness to Minnie's tragic story, told between great sobs, with all the energy of passion. Mr. Thurstan seized Boyd under his arm very much as the wife had taken the chickens, carried him into the house, and all womankind followed, commiserating Minnie, and thereby increasing her grief tenfold.

I have scruples about describing the performance which the offender went through. Enough, that it was such as to make him abhor the whole feathered race for years, and that his father conducted himself as if fully determined to drive Boyd's devil out that time.

It was almost evening before he was released from the strict confinement, in which he had been placed immediately after the end of his gymnastic contortions.

Poor Boyd went out of the house and strayed down by the brook, where he had, that morning, committed his unintentional murder. He really felt himself the worst boy, and at the same time the most ill-treated one, that ever lived.

"Tisn't any use," he had said to himself, many times during the day; "the more I try to be good the more I can't. I won't try again,

and then I'll see if there is a whipping always ready."

He was meditating upon his own wickedness, for his father had given him a chapter of a dolefully good book to commit to memory, which had increased his remorse, and would probably make him detest such volumes forever—the usual consequence of putting good things to a bad use.

While Boyd sat there in a mood which wavered between grief and obstinacy, at one moment vowing to be a better boy, the next deciding that it was of no use to try, and, anyhow, he didn't care, he saw Milly Bamp go down a path which led from the house to the brook—a tumultuous, angry mill-stream, that was always overflowing its banks and doing as much harm as possible.

Milly conducted herself in such a singular manner, running a few steps, looking back as if afraid that she was followed, then forcing herself into a gait, which, a moment after, was forgotten in the evident disorder and preoccupation of her mind.

Boyd wondered with all his might what could be the matter, and was on the point of calling out to arrest her attention, when he saw her keep down the path that led through the field at a distance from the house.

Of course Satan at once put in the young scape-grace's head to follow her, and he did so, taking care to keep far enough in her wake, so that he should not be perceived.

At last the path made a sudden turn, and came out by the brook again in the midst of a little thicket of saplings and alder bushes which screened it from the dwelling.

There Milly paused, and behind the alder bushes Boyd encooned himself, perfectly overcome with astonishment, when a young man started up from the grass and joined the girl.

"That's James Ferguson," said he to himself, and bit his tongue to keep the words from coming out in a tone that would have been audible to the pair standing by the brook. "I should just like to know what he wants of our Milly, anyhow!"

Boyd was sorely puzzled! Thoughts of all the dreadful murders his father had read came to his mind, and his first impulse was to scream; but just then he saw Milly lay her hand in Ferguson's as if she did not feel the slightest fear, so Boyd concluded to postpone his shriek, and waited to see what would come next.

Poor Milly Bamp had a little romance and mystery of her own—at least she had possessed one; but with those great round eyes staring at her, it was doubtful if it long remained such.

Milly's mother was a widow, a hard-working,

energetic woman who had buried a drunken husband many years before, and got along a great deal better without him, although left with a large family of young children upon her hands. Of these Milly was the oldest, and she had been early placed at service that she might do something toward the maintenance of her little brothers and sisters.

Milly was nearly eighteen now, and as pretty a specimen of a country girl as could have been found in the whole country. Mrs. Thurstan proved a kind mistress, and Milly had been allowed, each winter, to attend the village-school, making such good use of her time that she became quite a miracle of learning in the eyes of the young farmers in the neighborhood.

But like every other girl of her age, Milly had a restless little heart which soon brought her into trouble. James Ferguson had been her boy lover, and as soon as they were old enough, he assured Milly that he had no intention of relinquishing his claims. He was a fine, noble-hearted young fellow, but very poor: he supported his aged parents by his labors in the mill that stood half a mile down the stream from Mr. Thurstan's house.

Now Mrs. Bamp, Milly's energetic mother, was as long-sighted, clear-headed, and cold-hearted a female as ever New England produced. She had been early transplanted into another state, but it had made no difference—she was born Massachusetts, and Massachusetts she would remain, until it pleased heaven to make her a seraph, or whatever grade of perfection she might chance to take in the upper spheres.

In the plenitude of her wisdom she had always disapproved of the childish attachment between her daughter and James Ferguson; but when they grew up, and the youthful affection ripened into a warmer feeling, Mrs. Bamp rose in her wrath and decided that such things should not be.

To make matters worse, the miller for whom James worked, a cross, peevish, demijohn-stomached old bachelor as ever lived, took it into his foolish head, that ought to have known better from the teachings of his fifty years, to fall in love, likewise, with pretty Milly. As might have been expected, she treated his advances with the most unqualified disdain, snubbed him unmercifully, and never failed to make him appear as ridiculous as possible when they met at parties or sleigh-rides, and was the first to laugh at his misfortunes after. At last he made his passion known to the mother, and at once enlisted her upon his side.

She lectured, she scolded, and nearly drove poor Milly frantic. Never was there so ungrateful a daughter—here was an opportunity for her to live like a lady all the rest of her born days, and take care of her own family—and yet she had the hard-heartedness to refuse!

Milly wept and was out to the soul, but remained firm in her refusal of the miller's hand and fortune. Things had reached a climax very suddenly, for Mrs. Bamp, with her usual decision, turned James Ferguson out of the house one Sunday evening, boxed Milly's ears, administered the other cuffs that still tingled in her fingers to every luckless urchin that fell in her way, and sent the whole flock crying to bed, while she sat down to solace herself with a cup of strong tea, and reflect upon such means as would be effectual in subduing her daughter's obstinacy.

The next morning, Milly went back to her duties at Mr. Thurstan's quite broken-hearted. For nearly a fortnight she saw nothing of James, but at length he took to sending her such desperate letters by all sorts of ingenious means, that Milly became alarmed at the frantic state in which he had been thrown.

Perhaps the epistles were a little uncouth in their appearance, might have shocked Lindley Murray by their syntax and orthography; but they expressed the sentiments of as noble and honest a heart as ever beat with the earnestness of a first love, and to Milly they were everything that was charming and beautiful.

She cried over them, she kissed them, carried them in her bosom, and slept with them under her pillow, went through the whole catalogue of pretty follies that young souls of every degree have practiced since the days of Adam and Eve, for hearts are the same in all ages and stations—that is, if poets are to be credited, and, I suppose, there is no reason why they should not occasionally be guilty of the weakness of telling the truth as well as other people.

The letters waxed so desperate, giving hints of such terrible resolves—not suicide, he was too sensible for that, but a determination to go far away forever—that Milly became terribly frightened, and, in spite of her mother's threats, she promised to meet him once more.

It was to fulfil that pledge she had left the house with so much secrecy upon the occasion when Boyd's sharp eyes espied her, and Boyd's nimble little legs followed in her track as she took her way to the alder thicket where James Ferguson was waiting for her.

There the boy crouched among the bushes and listened to their conversation, not with any

thought of being guilty of a mean action; even then he would have scorned that; but possessed with a vague idea that Milly was in danger and would require his assistance, and after a little so fascinated by the lovers' dialogue that he could not have torn himself away had he tried.

"Oh, Milly, Milly!" exclaimed the young man, lifting his pale, troubled face, "such a week as this as has been! I hain't slept night or day—how could you be so cruel to me, Milly?"

"Wasn't it harder for me," she replied, giving way to the sobs that had struggled in her breast during all those weary days, "with mother scolding and threatening on one side, and you and my heart pulling the other?"

"Don't I know that?" he said, "don't I know that? Didn't I think of it every night while I was walking up and down in the mill, and fairly thought the big stones were grinding my heart between them?"

"I thought maybe he wouldn't keep you," returned Milly, hysterically, "for mother told him all about it, and I couldn't tell what you would do, and your old father and——"

"You don't think I would stay in his employ," interrupted James; "you don't suppose I am such a mean-spirited scamp as to work for the man that was trying to stab me through the heart! I staid with him till my mouth was up, 'cause I had to—that was last night, and when he paid me, the money fairly burnt into my hand—I had a mind to throw it in his face, but I thought of poor old mother and I didn't have the heart."

"What did he say?" questioned Milly, eagerly.

"Says I, 'Mr. Follen, I can't work for you any longer.' 'Oh,' says he, with that smile of his that always makes my blood boil, 'just as you like, James, just as you like—work's scarce, and men are plenty!'

"I know he lied, for he couldn't find a man that will look after his work as I did, and keep everything in order."

"You were there day and night," broke in Milly, between two great sobs.

"To be sure I was; but that's no matter—I was doing my duty, and that's what I always will do, come what may."

"Did he say anything more?" asked Milly.

"After a minute he moved off, and then he came back fumbling with his watch-chain, and I just stood looking right into his eyes till he turned first this way and then that, like a coward as he is.

"'James,' says he, 'you're a foolish young fellow, very foolish!'

"'Sir,' said I, 'whatever I am is my business.

I don't want to work for you any longer, and I won't."

"What's your reason?" he asked.

"You know as well as I do," said I, "'tisn't necessary for us to talk over that part of it."

"Then he hemmed, and turned his head first one way and then the other.

"James," said he, "you young chaps are so hair-brained; now if you'll listen to the advice of a man older than yourself—"

"Thank you," said I, before he could go any farther, "you're old enough in all conscience, but I don't want any advice you can give me, Mr. Follen."

"He was mad at that, and spoke out very sharp.

"There's just one thing about it," said he, "you may as well stop all thoughts of that young girl, for her mother says you never shall marry her."

"And who will?" I asked.

"He gave a little chuckle that made me clench my hands to keep from striking him.

"There's several that would be willing," said he.

"And I suppose you are one," I answered.

"Maybe so, and maybe not," he said, sticking out his chin.

"I went close to him, and he kept backing out till he came near going down stairs head foremost, and said I,

"I'll just tell you one thing, Mr. Follen; you never shall marry Milly Bamp. She hates you fairly, and her old goose of a mother shan't spoil her whole life! Now if you bother her any more, there'll be a settlement between you and me that you won't forget in a hurry—you remember that."

"He turned as white as a flour-bag and begun to stutter, 'Take care of the law, James, the law!'

"Says I, 'I'll take care of the law and you too, mind my words, Mr. Follen.'

"He never said a syllable more, but just skulked down stairs like a whipped dog; and, when he got to the bottom, he called out, mean spirited old hound as he is,

"James, won't you tend the mill till to-morrow, I'm afraid to trust Higgins?"

"I'd have died before I would have asked a favor of a man I had a feeling again! 'No,' I called out, 'I'll see you and your mill ruined first!'

"With that I just put on my coat and come away: I was afraid of myself if I staid any longer."

"And what will you do now?" asked Milly,

trembling between fear of the future and delight at her lover's courage. "You must have work for your mother's sake. What will you do?"

"I'll find plenty, don't you be afraid, Milly. I can get a place to-morrow for the asking, and higher wages than that old skinflint gave. There ain't no better miller round, if I do say it; and I shan't starve! I've took care of father and mother ever since I was sixteen years old, and 'tain't likely I shall let 'em go hungry now."

Milly was crying so that he had to stop and comfort her, and his efforts elicited from the astonished Boyd an, "Oh, my!" which might have reached the ears of the lovers had they not been wholly occupied with themselves and their troubles.

"You won't let your mother worry you into marrying him?" James was saying when Boyd recovered his senses. "She'll plague your life out, and you're such a soft-hearted little thing, Milly!"

"I know I'm right, James, and she can't move me! I'd do anything for mother and the children; but I can't marry Isaac Follen."

"I'll give you a better home, some day, than he could," returned James; "if your mother would only have a little patience, but she's so set up, Milly, and she thinks so much of money."

"Mother has had to work hard," said Milly, gently; "I don't blame her much for wanting to make her life easier, but she oughtn't to break my heart to do it."

"She shan't, Milly, she shan't! She hasn't any right to make her other children happy at your expense; and, any how, old Follen wouldn't help her, she needn't think that, for he'd shove her off as cool as a winter day when once he had got all he wanted."

"I know that," said Milly, with a sudden burst of anger; "and I hate him, I do hate him! Only last night mother sent for me to come home, but I knew she wanted me to see him, and I wouldn't go."

"Was she put out by that?"

"It makes me sick to think of it," said Milly, sitting down on the grass very pale and tearless. "Oh, James! she said such awful things—she told me a curse would follow me—she threatened me so dreadfully. Don't ask me to tell you, I can't!"

"Hard-hearted old dragon!" muttered James, for the idea of any one being cruel to Milly enraged him beyond everything that had gone before.

There followed sobs and protestations, all the wild talk that was natural under the circumstances, and James even urged her to marry

him in spite of every obstacle. They could make a living—they were young and strong, and need not be afraid if they were only together.

But there Milly was firm. She would not wreck the peace of a whole life by marrying a man utterly detestable to her; but neither would she cast the blackness of a mother's hate across her only chance of happiness.

"I must go back, James," she said, "it's almost dark, and Mrs. Thurstan will want me."

"But you'll come again, Milly? I must see you, I shan't have any heart or courage without that! And do write to me, Milly—I ain't much of a scholar, but your letters do me such a world of good."

"I can't," sobbed Milly, "I must mind mother! I oughtn't to have come to-day—oh! James, don't ask me to make a quarrel between her and me! I promise you I never will marry Mr. Follen; but in everything else I must do what mother says."

"She has no right to make you miserable," urged James, with all the selfishness of a man; "you are a woman now, you ought to know what is for your own happiness and do it."

"Don't talk so, James, don't!"

"I shall go away; I won't stay here to be tormented like this."

"Oh! James, don't you be more cruel than mother is; you may break my heart, but you can't make me do a thing I know is wrong."

Then there were more tears and protestations, and in the midst of their distress, Boyd Thurstan rolled out of the alder bushes and landed at their feet. The sight of their tears and troubles had set him sobbing in a frantic manner, and, losing his hold of the branches, he tumbled down the bank, causing great dismay on Milly's part, and much wrath on that of James.

"Oh! oh!" she screamed.

"Don't, don't!" sobbed Boyd. "It's only me, Milly, it's only me, and I'm so sorry—I'll go to mamma and make her help you! I hate old Follen, nasty old thing, and your mother too—I hate 'em both and all the children."

"Hurra for you!" exclaimed James, seizing him in his arms, while Milly stared in great astonishment.

"Why, how came you here?" she said, "I shouldn't have thought you would have listened, Boyd."

"I didn't—I couldn't help hearing! I only follow you first for fun, and you went to crying so that I cried, too, and then the branch broke and down I came, and I've scratched my leg. Oh! oh!"

"I wouldn't cry for that," said James; "don't be a baby!"

"I ain't! I cried 'cause I was sorry for Milly; and you cried, Jim Ferguson, you know you did."

"Well, I'm afraid I did," said James, drawing his coat sleeve across his eyes.

"Come right home, Boyd," said Milly; "and if you tell of me I shall be dreadfully punished."

"I won't, you know I won't, I ain't a tell-tale!"

He scrambled out of James' arms, and fell to kissing her with such energy that the young man removed him a little jealously.

"He's an honest boy," said Milly, "and he won't tell!"

"No, indeed," added Boyd, waxing eloquent at the idea of his importance. "I know how to keep a secret—Miss Edgeworth says no honorable boy will break one, and I'm an honorable boy, I am!"

"Why, you little trooper!" ejaculated James.

"I'll tell you what, I don't know that Miss Edgeworth, but she's right up to the mark in her ideas."

"Yes, and I'll come and tell you about Milly," continued Boyd; "and I'll let Mrs. Bamp know I think she's a mean old thing; and I'll fire my arrow at Ike Follen the first time he goes by our house—so don't cry, Milly, we can fix it—don't cry!"

His face was red and swollen with weeping, his jacket half torn off him in the fall, but he looked a young hero every inch; and the pair showered such praises and caresses upon him, that he began to think himself a much greater person than even Miss Edgeworth's most remarkable character.

At last Milly recollected how late it was, and declared that she must go at once. She cleaned Boyd's jacket as well as she was able, pinned up the rent very successfully; and, after numberless farewells, each more painful than the one that went before, she took Boyd by the hand and led him homeward, leaving James in a state of absolute despair, for she vowed that she would never again meet or write to him secretly.

Poor Milly was disconsolate enough for several days; but Boyd went about so puffed up by the possession of a secret, that he looked as arrogant as a turkey-cock, revealing his mystery in every line of his chubby features, as any one of the masculine gender is sure to do if he has a secret to keep. He threw out vague hints to Minnie, and so roused that small female's curiosity, that she shed tears twenty times every

day, and was constantly so damp about her face and pinafore as to excite her father's displeasure.

James contrived several times to waylay Boyd and gave him letters to deliver to Milly, and Boyd retailed all the news he could think of, but it was little, and of a nature that only increased the young man's distress.

"She cries and cries, and so does Minnie, only she don't know what for, and her apron is in such a state"—meaning, of course, Minnie's, although his grammar was doubtful.

Milly read the letters, but never failed to scold Boyd for giving them to her, and she sent no answers.

One day she grew frightened, James wrote so desperately, and she entrusted Boyd with a note to carry to him. The boy was charmed, and started at full speed for the place where he knew James would be waiting.

It unfortunately fell out that Mrs. Bamp had chosen that afternoon to pay her obdurate daughter a visit, and, meeting Boyd near the house, she greeted him with her usual friendliness, as the young gentleman had formerly held her in high esteem.

"I don't want to speak to you," he said, "you are a nasty old thing, you make Milly cry. Just you let go my hand."

But Mrs. Bamp held on to it, and proceeded to deliver him an orthodox lecture upon the penalties in store for bad boys who used such naughty words.

"I don't care!" shouted Boyd; "you be nasty and mean, so! Let me alone—darn you! There, go and tell my pa, if you have a mind to!"

Overcome by that grand burst, and the utterance of the wickedest word with which he was acquainted, Boyd began to howl, and Mrs. Bamp was forced to administer consolation. He struggled and pulled, and, in the contest, out of his cap fell the letter Milly had placed there.

Mrs. Bamp recognized her daughter's writing and confiscated the document at once, breaking the seal and beginning to read it without scruple.

Boyd stamped and kicked her, threw gravel at her, but nothing availed.

"You're a bad boy," said she, "I'll tell your ma of your doings; as for that Milly, won't I teach her a lesson!"

She started for the house and Boyd after her, yelling at the top of his voice,

"I didn't tell, Milly, she stole it—she stole it!"

Milly was thunder-struck when her mother burst into the back porch where she sat over her work, crying more than she sewed: and

Boyd's lamentations brought Mr. Thurstan upon the scene.

Milly was in high disgrace, for Mrs. Bamp related the whole story, forgetting her own interest in her passion. In vain gentle Mrs. Thurstan said a few pleading words; her husband waved her aside—administered a thrashing to Boyd upon the spot, and threatened instant dismissal to poor Milly.

The conclave broke up in great confusion; Mrs. Bamp horror-stricken at her own work, Milly a perfect Niobe, and Mrs. Thurstan much distressed for the girl and her own child.

Mr. Thurstan retired with Boyd to his room, and, after a lecture of an hour, the child rushed out quite frantic with passion and grief.

Milly was quietly crying on the porch; her mother had gone home, and Mrs. Thurstan had retired sadly to her room, when Boyd appeared.

"I'll run away, Milly, I will—I will!" he shouted, and rushed past, full of a vague determination to do something that should make his father very unhappy.

Milly called after him; but away he went toward the brook, and the foolish girl hurried into the house, crying, "Mrs. Thurstan, Mrs. Thurstan! Boyd's gone to drown himself—Boyd's gone to drown himself!"

Out rushed the distracted mother, and out rushed Mr. Thurstan, filled with sudden remorse and fear, and Milly followed, wringing her hands and sobbing bitterly.

They neared the stream just in time to see Boyd flying across the board that served as a bridge. The three called out at once—he looked back—saw his father, and, in the fright, missed his footing, and fell headlong into the brook.

The current ran very swift, and was far over his head. Mrs. Thurstan sank almost lifeless upon the grass, and the distracted father hurried on to save his child; but before he reached the bank, James Ferguson leaped into the water, and brought Boyd kicking, spluttering, frightened out of his senses, but in no way injured, to his father's embrace.

For the next half hour everybody was little less than insane. Mrs. Thurstan hugged them all by turns, and her husband made a solemn promise that he would change his treatment of his son to a more judicious course.

Boyd himself soon came out of his fright, and when his father kissed him, and actually shed tears over him, his first words were,

"Don't send Milly off, don't! Jim picked me out—didn't you, Jim? And he wants to marry Milly, and she hates old Follen, and you ought to let her have him, so—boo-oo!"

And between sobs and syntax he was quite unintelligible; but the upshot of the matter was, that Master Boyd's unpremeditated bath wrought a great change in the destinies of Milly and her lover, and brought him some good likewise, poor little sinner!

Mr. Thurstan found a situation for James which would bring him in a comfortable living, quite enough to support his aged parents, enable him to take a wife, if he pleased, and lay up money into the bargain.

Mrs. Thurstan undertook to soften Mrs. Bamp's resolution, and gain her consent to Milly's marrying the man whom she loved, and, as sometimes happens in this life, in spite of all that misanthropes preach, things ended exactly as one would have desired.

In less than six months, Milly put on her wedding-dress, and became just the prettiest bride anybody ever laid eyes on.

Mrs. Thurstan had the ceremony performed at her house, and gave the party a supper afterward, at which Boyd played a prominent part, in a new jacket trimmed in the most marvelous manner, by Milly herself, with more gilt buttons than were ever crowded on to a jacket before;

but an abundance of buttons had always been the ambition of Boyd's soul, and Milly was determined that, for once, he should be made perfectly happy.

Isaac Pollen, in disgust, went off and married a lank, cadaverous old maid the week before Milly's wedding. It is a consolation to know, that his antiquated spouse led him a shocking life, and in less than six months he was quite doubtful if he had a soul, but certain that if he had once owned that important article, his wife was in possession of it then.

Mrs. Bamp appeared at the wedding in high spirits and a prodigious cap—declared that Milly had been perfection all her life, and that James was the very man she would have chosen for a son-in-law.

So everything ended happily for all concerned, with the exception of Boyd. There was always some shadow even on the brightest moments of that unfortunate creature's life, and at Milly's wedding he made himself so sick with bride's cake, that he burst three buttons of his new jacket, and was forced to undergo a two days' course of bed and bitter medicine.

LOVE'S CONTENTMENT.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

THOUGH sorrow's dark shadows

Are o'er us now,
And the seal of misfortune
Is stamp'd on my brow;
Though the visions we cherished

Are faded and gone;
Yet my love for thee, dearest,
Shall ever live on:
And the frowns of the cold world
We fly from shall be
But as links in the chain
Of affection to thee.

Should life prove a desert,
Yet, like Eden's lost pair,
We can find some green places,
If thy footsteps are there;
We can gaze on disaster,
And laugh while we gaze;
And see a bright future
Through sorrow's dim page;
And the sands of the desert
Shall yield fountains of life
To the cares, and devotion,
And tears of a wife.

Oh! it was not when fortune,
And friendship were thine,
Thou couldst judge of devotion
So faithful as mine;
For when joy hung its lights
On each garland I wove,

Ah! where was the test
Or the trial of love;
Oh! it was not when pleasures
Around thee were thrown,
Thou couldst judge of the heart
That was solely thy own.

But from the darkness and depths
Of the waters of woe,
Like the pearl that is cradled
In ocean below,
Love rises above
The dark breakers that roll,
To shine as a gem
In the crown of the soul;
To brighten and lighten
The dark waves of sorrow,
And shed on the heart
The hopes of a morrow.

Then say not, my dearest,
That fate is unkind,
Though he strips us of all,
And darkens the mind;
Nor lament that I wedded,
For I would not recall
The vows that I plighted,
Though bereft of my all.
Recall them? No, never,
For nought 'neath the skies!
The fortune I wedded,
Is still in thine eyes!

BARBARA'S AMBITION.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE, AUTHOR OF "NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD," &C., &C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by J. T. Trowbridge, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.]

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CHAPTER V.

THAT night the widow Mayland had another "curis" dream.

"I dreamt," said she, "that Mr. Montey was a lion, and that Mr. Blaxton put his head in his mouth."

It was now December, in which month the old year dies, and winter carves his monument in snow.

The widow Mayland was kept at home by cold weather and rheumatism. Not until the ensuing April was she able to walk as far as the village church.

"Mother," said Luther, one morning, "if you go out to-day—but never mind!"

"What, my son?"

"I was going to say, I wished you would call and see—but perhaps you'd better not."

A passionate emotion choked his voice.

His mother understood him.

"It's just what I was thinking of doing, my son. I'll call and see her this very forenoon."

Full of gloom and grief, Luther went to the store, and soon after, the widow put on her bonnet and shawl, and walked into the village.

"Good mornin', widder," said the blacksmith, as she passed the shop. "Glad to see ye out agin, with the buds and the birds, this fine spring weather."

He seemed cordial as ever; but the widow's keen eye discerned a slight affectation in his manner, and a certain coldness and suspicion beneath it. He did not this time invite her to call and see Barbara. Nor did Barbara, who was at work on her flower-beds as Mrs. Mayland went by, run out to greet her, and entreat her to go in; but she got behind the lilacs, and remained concealed until she had passed from sight. Alas! there is a worse winter than this which chills the earth and mantles it with snow; for the snow melts with the spring sunshine, and flowers and leaves put forth again, with renewed loveliness. But neither April sun nor warm south wind avails, where worldliness chills the soul.

"Well, mother," said Luther, as he entered

the house at noon, "did you go? Did you see her?"

"I went, but I did not see Barbary—not *ow* Barbary."

"What do you mean, mother?"

"I went by the house, for I felt Mr. Blaxton didn't want me to call, and I knew he was watching me. I stopped a little while at Mr. Holden's and went in to see Barbary as I came back. Luther, I don't see but you will have to make up your mind to be disappointed."

"I—I've made up my mind to that," replied Luther, and he hid his face in his hands.

"She was very polite to me, but I could see her smiles were put on. 'Where's Barbary to-day?' says I. 'Why, here I be,' says she. 'Where?' says I, 'I can't find her nowhere,' says I. 'I've looked all around, but I can't find Barbary.' I felt so bad, I couldn't keep the tears from streaming right out o' my eyes."

"'What's the matter, Mrs. Mayland?' says she. 'Oh! Barbary,' says I, 'I don't know. You know better than I. You was a different creetur' when I was here last fall. You are more as you were fore your mother died. It reminds me of the dream I had about you t'other night.' 'About me?' says she—and I could see she was beginning to soften a little, the true Barbary was coming back. 'I dreamt,' says I, 'that when your mother went to heaven, she didn't once let go of your hand; but she drew you on after her, up a beautiful hill, and there I thought all the gay garments you wore fell off; she put on to you a white robe, and you, too, looked like an angel.' Then I stopped, for I felt as though I couldn't say another word without choking. But I could see her breath kept coming quicker and faster, and her face looked white and distressed, and there wasn't one of her smiles left to hide her real feelings."

"'What else?' says she."

"'I'm afraid you won't want to hear the rest,' says I, 'but I'll tell ye. Oh! Barbary, you did look so bright and good there on the hill, with misty clouds all around it, and the

sun shining over all, and your mother still holding your hand, and pointing up to a glorious opening in the sky, where ever so many angels seemed to be looking down and smiling on ye. But then I thought somebody come along below, and threw up a gold chain, and you let go of your mother's hand to catch it, and began to wind it about your wrist; it grew heavier and heavier as you tried to pull it up; step by step you kept going down from the hill; your mother had lost her hold of you, and by and by you couldn't see her at all, nor the sky, nor the angels; and you had lost your white robe, so you put on your gay-colored garments again, and I woke up, a sobbing.' This was the dream, and all the time I was telling it, I could feel her heart heaving more and more, and in a minute she'd have had her face in my lap—I saw it coming—but just then Mr. Blaxton slammed the gate, and Barbary ran to hide.

"He looked a good deal excited when he came in, and says he,

"Mrs. Mayland,' says he, 'what's a going on here? I hope you ain't saying anything to influence Barbary. I han't got nothing agin Luther,' says he, 'I like him and wish him well; but I don't want you to come here and talk to Barbary about him, and that's the plain truth on't.'"

"By heavens! did he say that?" cried Luther, fiercely.

"Don't speak so; nor don't feel hard toward him, my son," replied the widow. I was hurt, but not angry; and says I, 'Brother Blaxton,' says I, 'you'll be sorry and ashamed of this some day,' says I. 'I han't said a word to Barbary about my son, nor I didn't intend to, though I should think you'd be the last man to object to having his name mentioned.'

"I didn't think that was going to make him cough and color so, or I wouldn't have said it.

"Mrs. Mayland,' says he, 'you needn't fling it in my teeth, about Luther's getting my money for me—I han't forgot it—I'm as grateful to him as ever—though it seems twouldn't have been lost, if he hadn't acted quite so hasty in the matter.'"

"Hasty?" echoed Luther, "hasty?"

"I do wrong to tell you all this, my son."

"No, no! I can bear the worst; what else?"

"There's nothing more. Mr. Blaxton was unwilling I should see Barbary again alone. So I came away."

"Well, mother, I am calm now, what do you think? Tell me."

"I think," said the widow, slowly and sadly, "Mr. Montey is in love with Barbary."

"Well?"

"And that he has offered to marry her."

"Well?"

"He is a rich merchant, while you are only his clerk—and Barbary, beautiful and good as she is, when she is herself, is under bad influences now——"

"Oh, Barbara! Barbara!" burst forth Luther, in wild despair.

"And that we must be patient and resigned," tenderly added his mother.

CHAPTER VI.

At about this time Mr. Montey bought a house—the finest "situation" in the village, although somewhat ancient; and immediately proceeded to fit it up in modern style. Why did Mr. Blaxton look upon the newly-purchased estate with such eyes of pride? And why did Luther Mayland groan inwardly and set his teeth fiercely together at sight of the workmen?

"Oh, mother! I can't endure it! I wish I was a thousand miles away. I can never see Barbara—living in that—in that house!"

"My son," said the widow, "you must be a man, whatever happens. And I'm going to tell you a dream I had, to prepare ye for the worst, if worst comes. I thought the sign on the store didn't read Cobwit & Co., exactly, but there was several other names there, and yours among them, till Mr. Montey came with a strip of cl'board, which he nailed over your name, just as they do to signs after one of the partners is dead, or gone out of the consarn."

From that hour Luther knew that the time was coming when his place in the store would be vacant, or filled by another. Accordingly he was not surprised, when Mr. Montey one day called him into the counting-room and shut the door, saying he wished to have a little talk.

"Luther," said the merchant, in a frank, kindly tone, "I've been thinking our relations to each other are not just what they should be between a clerk and his employer."

"I am sure," replied Luther, "they are not." He could be as frank as Montey, but not so fair and friendly. No sunshine of the other's smiles could brighten his stern and gloomy brow.

"Very well," said the merchant, softly. "What do you think ought to be done?"

"What *ought* I do not know; but I know what *will*. You will do what Follen & Page were very sorry they did not do sometime before their crisis came——"

Luther smiled grimly. Something passed over Mr. Montey's face like a flash.

"What do you mean?"

"That you will get rid of me."

"I trust you do not insinuate that I wish to get rid of you for any such cause."

"No, sir; I insinuate nothing; but sometimes our words mean more than we know; there is more in our hearts than our heads take notice of. I speak from a heart that has been too full of late."

"You had better speak out all that is in it."

"Sir, I think not. When you came here, I did for you all I could, and some things I had better have left undone. You used me while I could be of use. But you never repaid me with your confidence. You have taken from me what was dearer than my life; and now it is but little that you take away my employment also. Let all pass without words. I will go."

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Montey, "but I think we had better part. Will you give me a receipt in full for your salary up to next Saturday?"

The salary was paid; the receipt given; and Luther's occupation was gone. He went forth from the store. What was left him now?

"He saw around him the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth his work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing;
But turned from all she brought to what she could not
bring!"

It was by this time discovered that Mr. Montey had made a wise choice; that Barbara was the most worthy girl in the village, as well as the prettiest; and that, since she was destined soon to occupy the splendid mansion which was fitting up for the merchant's residence, her acquaintance was worth cultivating. So it happened that her time and heart were now so much occupied with gay company, while Luther, without employment, without hope or aims, lived solitary as an outcast.

As he was one evening passing by the new house, he saw Mr. Montey's carriage at the fence, and heard Barbara's laugh ring in the empty chambers. How is it that the laugh of a sweet-voiced, merry girl has such power to pierce the soul?

Walking home in the deep twilight, he heard a footstep behind him, the rustle of a dress, and a quick-drawn breath. With a lover's preternatural sensitiveness, he felt who was there before he turned and saw—starting back from him as if affrighted—Barbara.

"Good evening, Luther," she said, breathlessly.

He neither spoke nor moved, but shivered from head to foot. She was passing on. He stepped by her side.

"Barbara!" His voice held her like a spell.

"Look at me!"

There in the dusk they looked at each other, face to face.

"What is this?" asked Barbara, flutteringly.

"Our last meeting," replied Luther. "Here—once more together—once more—for the last time, Barbara!"

"Oh, Luther! don't speak so!"

"Do you know where I last saw you, last heard your voice?"

"I do not—where?"

"In that house—you were laughing—you tripped by the window. I could have died then, Barbara! You will live there—you will be happy, I hope—no, I lie when I say so! I don't hope you will be happy! It will be one comfort to know you are unhappy!"

"Then you hate me, Luther?" said Barbara, with a tremor of anguish in her tones.

"No, Barbara! Forgive me! You know that you have been dear to me as my own soul. You loved me too—but let the past be. I don't blame you at all. He offers you what I cannot. How can I expect to be loved for myself alone? I am not worthy of any such love. I do hope you will be happy—when I am myself, I hope and pray that you may be. Let us part friends."

"Are you going away?" faltered Barbara.

"To-morrow—I go—no matter where. I cannot suffer anywhere else as I do here. It is hard to leave my mother alone, she is all I have to live for; but I must work for her, and I have no work here. Good-by, Barbara!"

There was in his tones a solemnity, a subdued passion, and, withal, a tenderness that penetrated Barbara's soul. Oh, she had loved him—she loved him still—him only! That other love was but her pleasure and her ambition; the fascination of her easily flattered heart; not the deep fountain of affection which swelled anew, at this hour of parting, streaming and gushing up, irresistibly, through all obstructions, as if to stifle and convulse her when she would have said, "Good-by."

"One word, dear Barbara!" He took her hand. It was marble-cold; it fell lifeless at her side when he dropped it. He saw the dumb lips, the white despair of her face, and thought it was all for pity of him. "I pain you—I will no more. There is your father—I will leave you—good-by!" And in an instant he was gone.

CHAPTER VII.

"WHAT! that you, Barby?" cried the blacksmith, coming up. "What ails ye? Luther has

been talkin' to ye, has he? That ought not to be, Barby!"

"It will never be again," said Barbara. "He is going."

"So I hear; and I'm glad on't; I think 'twill be the best thing can be done. How happens it you are walkin' home?"

"Mr. Cobwit has come—he wanted to see Mr. Montey," replied Barbara.

"Mr. Cobwit? Must be some very pressin' business brings him here," observed the smith. "Come, let's go home. Your voice sounds strange—you don't act exac'ly like yourself, somehow, Barby."

"What! I?" cried Barbara.

"I'm afraid you ain't quite happy, my darter; be ye?"

"Happy? Of course I am happy! That is a splendid house—I am sure it will be delightful to live in it. Mr. Montey says we shall have two servants—I shall have nothing to do but to be happy! Though what will I do with two servants, I wonder?" laughed Barbara, with a false, bitter mirth, and a heart like ice in her bosom.

The lights in the village went out early, one by one, and the calm summer night, with moonlight, with floating, silver-edged clouds, dim stars, and soft south winds, possessed the earth. Peace, troubled minds; rest, aching hearts; sleep, sad and weary ones everywhere—the shadow and repose of the soothing night are for you. Oh! come, cease this tossing, and bitter sighing; for on the morrow thou wilt have need of all thy strength. Oh! maiden, soon to be a bride, give over this struggle and despair; conquer this feverish and wasting wakefulness, which mars the beauty needed to adorn the proud mansion preparing for thee. Oh! fortunate merchant, whose polished manners and show of wealth have won for thee so fair a bride—pace no longer to and fro in thy chamber, with knit brows and compressed lips; what unwonted cares are those that keep thee from thy pillow? Sleep, great Mr. Cobwit, in the best apartment of the inn! If thou canst not sleep, who can? Thou, too, honest blacksmith, in thy humble cottage—art thou, too, a watcher, this night? Oh! widow, lonely and acquainted with grief, but blest with vision to see beyond all this darkened gulf of trial and sin the mountain of thy God, sleep thou, and dream!

"Luther," said Mrs. Mayland, as the young man was going to pack his trunk, the next morning, "I would leave that now. Something tells me you are to wait a little. I don't know what is going to happen; but I am sure things

are taking a different turn—we shall see to-day." Luther's heart leaped within him.

"Oh, mother! do you think so?"

"Did I tell you my dream about a board Mr. Montey nailed over your name on the sign? I dreamt about it again last night. I thought there came a terrible storm; it beat upon the sign, and washed out all the other names; and then, just as the sun came out, the board that was nailed over your name fell off, and there it was, alone, and shining like gold!"

"Mr. Cobwit has not come out here for nothing!" said Luther, with a vague sense of something momentous approaching. "Hark! did somebody knock?"

"At the front door—I'll go!" said the widow.

A portly gentleman, with a crape band on his hat, a grave countenance, and a stout cane, wished to speak with Mr. Mayland.

Luther, with a face full of wonder and expectation, came forward to meet him.

"Ha—ah! good morning!" and the portly gentleman gave him two fingers.

"Mister—how do you do, sir? Walk in, sir," said the palpitating Luther. "This is my mother, sir. Mother, this is Mr. Cobwit!"

The great Mr. Cobwit! in her house! in her kitchen!—for Luther, in the moment's excitement, had quite forgotten that they had a parlor for visitors. The merchant waved his hand affably, and the widow, with pleasing simplicity, gave him a smile of welcome, and a splint-bottomed chair.

"So, it appears you have left the store, sir?" said Mr. Cobwit. "Sorry to hear it. You were a useful man, sir. What's the trouble between you and Mr. Montey?"

Luther blushed, but his countenance was ingenuous as a child's.

"We could not have that confidence in each other, which a clerk and his employer should," he answered.

"Confidence! h'm!" coughed the merchant. "Then you will betray no confidence if you answer a blunt question or two. Mr. Montey has been buying a place—fitting it up in some style—all this costs—and, sir, it is very important to the house of Cobwit & Co. to know where he gets his money."

"You astonish me!" said Luther.

"You'll be more astonished yet, sir. He has been raising money with our name. Have you a knowledge of any such transactions?"

"No, sir—that is—I suspect that he has borrowed—" faltered Luther, amazed.

"Of whom, sir? and how much?"

"About a thousand dollars—of Mr.—Blaxton,

the blacksmith." The name stuck in Luther's throat.

"A thousand dollars! Is this Blaxton an honest man?"

"An honest, poor man, sir."

"Go and ask him if he holds any paper bearing Cobwit & Co.'s signature."

"Pardon me, Mr. Cobwit, this will be a very unpleasant thing for me to do."

"Sir, the whole affair is as disagreeable as possible. For this reason we desire to have it settled quietly. The name of Cobwit & Co. must suffer no stain. Be secret—do what I named—and come to me at the hotel at eleven o'clock."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE great man departed. Luther took half an hour to compose himself and prepare for his delicate mission; then, with his mother's blessing, which was calmness and strength to him, he set out to visit the blacksmith.

"Ha, Luther!" cried Mr. Blaxton, embarrassed; "off to-day? Come to say good-by?"

"No, sir," replied Luther; "I have come to ask a question."

"Hey?" said the smith, rolling up his leather apron; "what's that?"

"Perhaps I have no right to ask it—do just as you please about answering—it concerns that money which——"

"You got for me of Follen & Page—speak it out, Luther!"

"I have no wish to recall that transaction," said the young man—"only to know that your money is safe."

"Fact is," rejoined the smith, twisting and untwisting his apron, "I s'pose I ought to have consulted you—but circumstances, you know—things took a little different turn from what I expected—I've concluded not to buy jest yet, and as I had a good chance to let the money"—Mr. Blaxton coughed.

"All that, sir," said Luther, "requires no apology; you had a right to do what you pleased with your money. "But tell me, or not—as you choose—whether you hold Cobwit & Co.'s notes for it?"

"And what if I do? Though, mind you, I don't say it—I don't say it, mind! I guess Cobwit & Co. are good for a thousand or two, don't you?"

"I see you are not inclined to place confidence in me," responded Luther. "Perhaps it is as well that you should not—as well—yes, better for me—I am sorry to have troubled you—good morning."

"Look here!" said the smith—"Luther!" But Luther was gone—walking fast back the way he came, for he could not pass Mr. Blaxton's house. "There's something—what did he come to ask me that for?" muttered the smith; "if I've got Cobwit & Co's notes? Here you be, are ye, at last, George? Where have you been all the morning?"

"Oh! around town—doin' them errands you told me to," replied young Master Blaxton. "Say, father! I've seen Mr. Cobwit!"

"Have you, my son?" said the smith, good-humoredly.

"Yes—and spoke with him!"

"Spoke with him! with Mr. Cobwit!"

"He wanted to know where the widdler Mayland lived—and I told him—and says he, 'Thank ye, my boy!'"

"Where the widdler Mayland lived!"

"Yes—he wanted to see Luther for sumpthin'—folks says he's come up here to straighten out business a little; but I guess Mr. Montey knows enough for that."

Mr. Blaxton pressed his hand to his brow, like a man who suddenly remembers many things at once.

"George," said he, "you stay here—tend to customers, or tell 'em I'll be back in a few minutes—I—I've thought of somethin'!"

Barbara sat sowing in the neat little sitting-room when her father entered. Sewing? no; her work lay on her lap, her needle was poised, her hand motionless, her face fixed; as if, at the moment drawing a thread, a petrifying thought had frozen her in her place.

"Barby!" said the smith.

"Oh! father!" she said, with a start, and began plying her needle rapidly.

"Barby, what's the matter with ye?"

"Matter? with me?" And she smiled a glassy smile.

"Yes—you an't yourself—you looked jest now like a ghost. What ails you?"

"Why—I am very busy—there is my traveling dress; Mr. Montey gave it to me, and I thought I could make it myself. We are going to Niagara—oh! I have so wanted to see Niagara!"

"That an't what I ask ye!" exclaimed the smith. "What happened last night between you and him?"

"Between me and—oh! nothing—only he bid me good-by—we bid each other good-by—there's no reason why we shouldn't—it is all over now; he is go—going to-day."

"You are talking of Luther, while I am talking of Mr. Montey!" impatiently cried the smith.

"I can't exac'ly understand about your walkin' home."

"Tis just as I told you—Mr. Cobwit came—"

"Yes, I know; but Mr. Montey—what did he say? How did he appear when he see him?"

"I don't remember—I did not mind; though, now I think of it," said Barbara, "he was surprised—yes, his look changed somehow, his voice altered—but I hadn't thought of it since."

"Tan't that, then, that's been ailin' on ye since last night? For, you see, I thought mabby there might be some trouble 'twixt him and Mr. Cobwit. Did he seem very much beat?"

"I thought 'twas strange he didn't say anything when I offered to walk home—he didn't seem to know what to say—so I ran away and left him with Mr. Cobwit."

"'Twas strange! Never mind—do your sew-in—I guess Mr. Montey is all right—of course he's all right."

Yet Mr. Blaxton felt heavy misgivings; he remembered how often he had heard an inward voice whisper, that there was something false and wrong about Montey; he recalled the circumstances of the signing of the note—the merchant's reluctance to use the name of the firm—his own ominous heart-sinking and distrust. He put on his jacket, took Cobwit & Co.'s note, and walked into the village.

"I'll jest see Montey," he said to himself, "and ask him if it is all right."

And Barbara sewed and sang:

"I saw two maids at the kirk,
And both were fair and sweet:
One in her wedding robe,
And one in her winding-sheet!"

CHAPTER IX.

As Mr. Blaxton entered the store, he met Mr. Montey coming out in great haste.

"I can't stop and talk with you now," said the merchant. "I have got to see a man—I shall be back in an hour."

The smith's great chest heaved, as he stood on the step, and watched Mr. Montey drive away.

"There's a row somewheres!" said Bartley, the jockey, with a leer.

"What do ye mean by a row?" demanded the smith.

"I tell you," replied Bartley, sharpening his knife on his boot, "that old Cobwit is a buck of the biggest size! He stirs 'em up where he goes."

"Look here, brother Blaxton," said Dean Long, in a low, confidential tone, taking the smith aside. "Have you got any paper with Cobwit & Co.'s name to it?"

"That—that's the second time that question has been axed me to-day! What if I have?"

"Let me advise you, as a friend, to put it out of your hands soon as you can. It'll save you trouble."

"Trouble? What—what does all this mean?"

"That we can't tell just yet. Keep still about it. Don't let Montey go next time. Tell him that note must be paid."

"Why, an't Cobwit & Co. good?"

"I'd trust *Cobwit & Co.* for half a million," said the deacon.

"Then what does all this mean?" again Mr. Blaxton demanded, somewhat wildly and fiercely.

"Everybody an't Cobwit & Co.," replied the deacon, significantly gliding away.

The blacksmith walked into the store, and out again, and up and down, consternation in his aspect, whirlwind in his brain. In less than an hour, Montey returned. Avoiding his future father-in-law, he was passing swiftly into the counting-room, where Mr. Blaxton followed and entered with him.

"Mr. Montey——"

"You must excuse me just now," said the merchant, with pale and determined looks, "I am pressed with business."

"So am I, and with somethin' besides!" Mr. Blaxton responded. "You must give me one minute, if it's the last either of us has to live!"

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want to know that it's all right, Mr. Montey!"

"What, that note?" the merchant answered, with something of his old coolness and polish of manner. "Mr. Cobwit thinks it had better be paid; the money is lying in the bank; I'll give you a check for it now."

This promptness staggered the blacksmith.

"Mr. Montey," said he, "I think I've showed plain enough that I've trusted you as one honest man should another. But I've heard things said that nat'rally make me feel oncomf'table—'tan't on account of the money altogether; but I've got a darter, Mr. Montey—a girl 't I think I ought to be proud on—dearer to me than anything else in the world—I han't no other child 't I think so much on as I do o' her! For two year' now she's took her mother's place to me and the children—I've been seekin' fer her good, mabby too much—and if I'm over anxious for her sake, you'll excuse it if you ever git to be a father."

He shed tears, and wiped them with his sleeve. The lines about the merchant's mouth twitched a little.

"I love your daughter, heaven knows," he said—"I would not injure her—I would not wrong her: whatever you hear, whatever may happen, believe that!"

"I do believe it, sir! If ever you spoke honest words, I believe you do now!"

The burly smith seized the merchant's delicate hand, and wrung it till the latter writhed visibly, not alone with the pain of the vigorous finger pressure, which was as nothing to the more terrible grasp of the iron hand of conscience laid upon his soul!

Long after, Mr. Blaxton remembered the merchant's look of anguish; while with solemn fidelity he treasured the memory of the words then and there spoken—words which he never ceased to believe came sincerely from Mr. Montey's heart. Well for us, if we could always trustingly see the deepest and best motives that lie hidden in the hearts of those whom selfishness and folly betray into guilt and wrong!

While the two stood there—the great, rough, tender-hearted smith ardently shaking the hand of the pale, polished merchant—the counting-room door opened and three men entered, Mr. Cobwit, Luther, and another.

"I regret the necessity," said Mr. Cobwit; "but I see no other way."

Mr. Montey's face changed again—this time to the hue of deadly fear.

"You promised me!" he articulated.

"And you deceived me!" sternly replied Mr. Cobwit. He turned to the blacksmith: "Mr. Blaxton, you have a note bearing our name?"

"Here it is!" The bewildered smith unfolded the note with his trembling hands. "I hope nothing is wrong—Mr. Montey just now said you wanted to pay it—he offered me a check."

"A trick to blind you." Mr. Cobwit frowned ominously. "I never heard of this note till to-day, nor was sure of its existence till this moment."

The poor man staggered back, stunned from the blow. In the meantime Mr. Montey stood white, and covered with cold sweat, his restless eyes rolling from side to side, as if instinctively and wildly seeking which way he should turn. Suddenly, with an impulse of mingled terror

and hope, he started toward Mr. Cobwit, reaching out his struggling hands, and whispering hoarsely,

"In mercy, don't forget your promise—don't break your promise!"

"Horatio Montey," answered the other, in stern, inexorable tones, "you, last night, took oath to me, that there were no other cases of this kind than the two proved against you. With that understanding I promised the mercy you have now no right to claim. Since you have perjured yourself, we cannot be sure of anything; there may be twenty more cases like this, and we now must protect ourselves."

At a gesture from Mr. Cobwit, the third person who had entered with him and Luther stepped forward, and laid his hand on Mr. Montey's shoulder.

"This ain't in 'arnest—this can't be!" burst forth the blacksmith, rallying from the first shock. "Mr. Cobwit—Luther—Montey! speak! clear up this thing! for heaven's sake, clear it up!"

"Mr. Montey," said the man whose touch was on the merchant's shoulder, "I have a warrant to arrest you on a charge of forgery."

"It is a false charge! it cannot be made out! give me five minutes to arrange my papers!" exclaimed Mr. Montey. The worst had come, and what manhood there was in him now rousing itself, sprang up to meet the event.

"Away with him!" said Mr. Cobwit, in a low voice.

"Well, sir—I am ready; but don't let it look like an arrest; we'll ride off together as if on business," said Montey to the sheriff.

He took his hat, arranged his neck-cloth, smoothed his handsome whiskers, then, without casting a look either at Mr. Cobwit, Luther, or Mr. Blaxton, walked out arm in arm with the sheriff, stepped briskly into the carriage which was in waiting for him, and rode away.

"Barby—Barby—my child—oh, God! my child!"

And tearing his shirt from his throat—uttering a stifled cry, as if his great heart burst in it—the blacksmith reeled, and fell heavily upon the floor.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

TO ONE AFAR.

BY EDNA CORA.

THE morn is fair, the hour bright,
And singing birds are gay;
But in my musing mood I sit
And dream of one away.

THE flowers bloom, and birds sing on,
But still my thoughts will flee,
With brighter hopes and sweeter chime,
To rest, dear one, with thee.

CROMWELL'S CLOCK.

BY J. SERGEANT MEADE.

HAVE you ever been in Philadelphia, dear reader, on a hot July day? Whew! Talk of the burning sands of Africa; I don't believe they can begin to compare in caloric intensity to the scorching bricks of the Quaker City. I perspire at the very thought of it. How old Sol does pour down his rays on our red-brick town; the houses get like perfect ovens.

But you may very naturally ask what Oliver Cromwell, or his clock, or anything else appertaining to that respectable individual, has to do with Philadelphia, or a hot day. I will tell you.

If you want to find a cool, comfortable place, on one of these intensely warm days, fly to the Library, in Fifth street. I do not know why it is, but it is very certain that the old Library is the coolest place in the city. Often have I gone there and seated myself in a sequestered nook, feeling thankful that I had such a sanctuary to retreat to.

It was on a very hot afternoon, last summer, that I sauntered into the Library, and, feeling utterly exhausted, dropped into a chair alongside the old clock, which you see on your right as you enter the building. This clock is said once to have been in the possession of the great Protector. So the story runs, and I believe implicitly in it. I like to think that, once upon a time, Oliver gazed on its quaint-looking face and, maybe, wound up the queer old piece of furniture himself.

As I sat down, the hands of the clock pointed to ten minutes of seven. The Library was very quiet, and I had not been sitting there more than three or four minutes before I began to get dozy—nod, nod, nod—going, going—gone. Fast asleep. Suddenly I awoke. What place is this I am in? A low, damp dungeon. How in the world did I get here? Had “the Black Maria” drawn up before the door, just after I had gone to sleep, and had a couple of “the Reserve Corps” conveyed me in it to Moyamensing Prison? I ransacked my brain to discover if I could remember having committed any thefts lately. No, my conduct had been unimpeachable, and my character irreproachable. I have not been easing old gentlemen of their tickers that I know of. Then how did I get here? I attempted to get out, but found I was

chained to the floor. I could not make this all out, and was just about scratching my head in my perplexity (why, where on earth did I get these long, beautiful, brown ringlets? I used to have that sort of hair, which caused my friends and relatives to give me the flattering appellation of “tow-head,” and) good heavens! my moustache, which for months I have been watching in the mirror, and which, before I went to sleep, consisted of, at the widest margin, ten hairs, has grown up into a most luxuriant one with fine, curling ends! My peg-tops, too, have gone, and, in their place, I behold a pair of trunk-breeches and high riding-boots. My waistcoat has changed into a doublet, and my coat into a cloak. My “all-rounder” collar has enlarged itself into “a Byronic.” Why—gracious goodness! I must be a cavalier!

Has the good fairy of the Christmas pantomime paid Philadelphia a visit out of season and created all these changes? I was absolutely expecting to see her appear on a flaming wheel of gold, and to hear the clown cry out, “Here we are, all in a lump,” when my cogitations were broken short by the sound of footsteps. They stopped, it seemed to me, outside my dungeon. There was a sharp sound as of a key turning in its lock, then a large bolt was withdrawn, the heavy door of my prison turned on its creaking hinges, and three men entered the cell. They were equipped in steel caps and cuirasses, and carried halberds. One of them, who appeared to be the leader, walked up to me, and, taking a key out of the bunch hanging from his belt, unfastened the padlock of my chains and raised me up. Having done this, he beckoned me to follow him, and I left the cell guarded, on both hands, by a halberdier. We traversed a long passage, ascended a high flight of stone steps, and entered a room where a sentinel, armed with an arquebus, was standing like a statue.

My conductor whispered a few words into the sentinel's ear, and then, lifting a curtain which masked the entrance to another chamber, ushered me, still guarded by the halberdiers, into the presence of—Oliver Cromwell.

Yes, there he sat in a big arm-chair, resting one hand on a heavy oak table, and grasping in

the other a roll of parchment. Immediately behind the table stood my dear old friend, the clock, which seemed to look on me with a piteous face. I own to being somewhat frightened, at first, when I found myself face to face with the stern Protector; but I immediately banished this fear and put on a proud, defiant look, which, I thought, was the way a staunch loyalist should appear under such circumstances.

Cromwell's brows contracted when I was brought into the room, and, in a stern voice, he addressed me:

"Sir Everard Pevenhill," said he, (I here thought what a pretty name I had; it sounded so much better than the one I bore in the nineteenth century.) "Sir Everard Pevenhill, thou art attainted of high treason and must suffer punishment accordingly. 'The God of Israel is He that giveth strength and power unto His people.' 'There shall go a fire before Him, and burn up His enemies on every side.' Hast thou ought to say concerning thyself, before thou meetest thy death?"

Now, singularly enough, although I never lost my nineteenth century, young America identity, an uncontrollable impulse appeared to force me to answer this harsh reception in the following words:

"Naught but that I am content to die in a cause which has been hallowed by the martyrdom of my sainted master, King Charles."

"Blaspheme not, young man," cried Cromwell, angrily, "thy doom is sealed. I hold thy death warrant in my hand!"

He rapped the roll of parchment on the table as he said these words.

"I am prepared to meet my fate," my *alter ego* very coolly responded.

Cromwell rose from his chair, and, pointing to the clock, said, "The executioner awaits thee. When that clock strikes the hour of seven," (it promised to do so in five minutes,) "thou shalt die." Then, turning to my guard, he cried, "Away with the traitor!"

One of the halberdiers laid his mailed hand heavily on my shoulder and exclaimed, "Come, Mr. —, it is time for the Library to be closed for the night!"

I awoke. Instead of stern old Oliver, I beheld the smiling and good-natured countenance of the obliging assistant librarian. I congratulated myself on having escaped the block and axe, and, rubbing my eyes, got up and left the building. Just as I was descending the steps, my friend, the clock, struck seven.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

BY, MARY L. LAWSON.

Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.—Job, 13th chap., 16th vers.

Now, tell me not of future joys—

These visions haunt my heart no more!

With falling pulse, and closing eyes,

My earthly journey almost o'er—

I quietly resign my breath

Of life into thine arms, oh, death!

Before me float long vanished scenes—

The pleasures of my childhood's home—

Forgotten smiles, familiar words;

Through woodland glades again I roam,

Or sit in some lone, shady nook

With many a dear old treasured book.

Lines that have slept in memory's cell,

My broken voice would fain repeat.

Breathe them to me, my gentle friend,

To bid my heart more warmly beat!

My faltering tones would mar the chords

Of sweetness in the poet's words.

The fitful, changing scenes of life

Rush o'er me in a single thought

Of early hopes, and cherished friends,

And youth's experience, sadly bought;

The weary griefs of tedious years,

And sorrow drowned in burning tears.

But near me, from His throne on high,

My Saviour stands, a pitying friend;

I feel His breath upon my brow—

New faith, and strength, and calm He lends.

The reconciling light of love

Shines softly on me from above.

Not darkly now, as through a glass,

I see time's foaming currents glide;

Each strange event, each fiery grief

Were waves upon the upward tide,

Whose stormy billows bore me on

To realms where purest bliss is won.

Jesus, this hour is very sweet—

It has no bitter portion left!

The threatening clouds and storms are o'er,

A tranquil stillness fills my breast:

My will resigned, my foes forgiven,

Thy calm smile draws me up to Heaven!

Dear friend, restrain this wild despair!

I know that we will meet again;

And yet, these drops of deep regret

Warm my chilled hand like Summer rain.

Oh! clasp it, clasp it close in thine,

Till it can cling to love divine!

THE BROKEN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. DENNISON was late the next morning. Indeed she generally was late. It was sure to create a little sensation when she entered, if the family were grouped in expectation, and her system of elegant selfishness rendered any consideration of the convenience of others a matter of slight importance. She was always lavish in apologies, those outgrowths of insincerity: and, in fact, managed to weave a sort of fascination out of her own faults.

This certainly was the case here. If Mr. Lee was resolute about anything in his household, it was that punctuality at meals should be observed: indeed I have seldom seen him out of humor on any other subject. But this morning he had been moving about in the upper hall a full hour, glancing impatiently at the papers which always reached us before breakfast, and walking up and down with manifest impatience. Yet the moment that woman appeared with her coquettish little morning-cap just hovering on the back of her head, and robed in one of the freshest and most graceful morning dresses you ever saw, his face cleared up, and, with a smile that no one could witness without a throb of the heart, he received her apologies and compliments all mingled together on her lips like honey in the heart of a flower, as if they had been favors of which we were all quite undeserving.

We went down to breakfast at last, but just as we were sitting down, our guest took a fancy to run out on the terrace and gather a handful of heliotrope which she laid by her plate, exhaling the odor sensuously between the pauses of the meal. I don't know what the rest thought of all this, but I was disgusted. It is a strong word, I know, but I have no other for the repulsion that seizes upon me even now when I think of that woman. Her very passion for flowers, to me almost a heavenly taste in itself, was so combined with materialism in her, that the perfume of the heliotrope sickened me.

Jessie did not seem to share these feelings, nor care that her own choice flower-plot had

been rifled of its sweetest blossoms. In fact, the fascination of that woman's manner seemed more powerful with her than it had proved with the proud, strong man who sat opposite me.

Jessie, the darling, either because she did not like the restraint, or, what was more like her, to give me dignity in the household, always insisted that I should preside at the table; Mrs. Lee, from her feeble state of health, being at all times unequal to the task. Three times did that insatiable woman return her coffee cup: first, for an additional lump of sugar, again for a few drops more cream, and then for the slightest possible dilution of its strength. While I performed these smiling behests, she sat breaking a branch of heliotrope across her lips, exclaiming at the beauty of the scene from an opposite window, and behaving generally like an empress who had honored her subjects with a visit, and was resolved to put them quite at ease in her presence.

But Jessie could not see things in this light. She was evidently as well pleased with her guest as she had been the night before, but, though she smiled and joined in the light conversation. I saw by the heavy shadows under her eyes that some anxiety disturbed her. The fact that she had made an appointment to ride with a suitor whom she must reject accounted sufficiently for this; Jessie had the finest traits of a purely proud nature, and the idea of giving pain was to her in itself a great trial. Still these observations only applied to the undercurrent that morning; on the surface everything was sparkling and pleasant. Mr. Lee was more than usually animated, and, before the meal was ended, quite a war of complimentary badinage had been kept up between him and our guest.

Jessie always went to her mother after breakfast. So, immediately on quitting the table, she stole away to the tower, looking a little serious, but not more so than her peculiar trial of the day accounted for.

I followed her directly, leaving Mrs. Dennison and Mr. Lee on the square balcony, on which the early sunshine lay pleasantly.

Mrs. Lee had not rested well; her eyes, usually so bright, were heavy from want of sleep; and the pillow, from which she had not yet risen, bore marks of a thousand restless movements, which betrayed unusual excitement. Jessie was sitting on one side of the bed holding a Parian cup in her hand, the amber gleam of coffee glowed through the transparent vine leaves that embossed it, and she was stirring the fragrant beverage gently with a spoon.

"Try, dear mother, and drink just a little," she was saying in her sweet, caressing way. "It makes me very unhappy to see you looking so ill."

"Indeed I am not ill, only a little restless, Jessie," answered the sweet lady, rising languidly from her pillow and reaching forth her hand for the cup. She tasted the coffee and looked gratefully at her daughter. "It is nice; no one understands me like you, my daughter."

Jessie blushed with pleasure, and began to mellow a delicate slice of toast with the silver knife that lay beside it, making a parade of her efforts which she evidently hoped would entice her mother's appetite; and so it did. I am sure no one beside her could have tempted that frail woman to eat a mouthful. As it was, one of the birds that was picking seeds from the terrace could almost have rivaled her; the presence of her daughter, I fancy, gave her more strength than any thing else.

"So you have had a bad night, my mother," said Jessie, tenderly; "once or twice I awoke in the night and felt that you did not sleep."

"Indeed!" said the mother, with an earnest look breaking through the heaviness of her eyes.

"Yes, indeed; but then I never wake in the night without wondering if you sleep well."

"Did you see me?" questioned the mother, anxiously.

"See you, mother?"

Mrs. Lee smiled faintly, and shook her head as if to cast off some strange thought.

"Of course it was impossible. I must have slept long enough to dream; but it seems to me as if I were in your room last night. Something called me there, a faint, white shadow, that sometimes took the outline of an angel, sometimes floated before me like a cloud."

"Oh, my good mother! it was kind to come, even in your dreams," said Jessie, kissing the little hand that lay in hers.

Mrs. Lee looked troubled, and seemed to be searching her memory for something.

"It took me—the cloud angel—you know, into the blue room."

"The blue room!" Jessie and I exclaimed

together, for that was the apartment in which Mrs. Dennison slept, though the fact had never been mentioned to Mrs. Lee; and another chamber had at first been intended for our guest. "The blue room?"

"Yes, the blue room!" she said; "but like all dreams, nothing was like the reality. Instead of the enameled furniture, everything was covered with the prettiest blue chintz, with a wild rose pattern running over it."

Jessie and I looked at each other in consternation, for the furniture which Mrs. Lee described as familiar to the blue room, had been removed to the chamber we had first intended for Mrs. Dennison; and that with which we had replaced it being too rich for a sleeping room, we had covered it with the pretty chintz, without mentioning the fact to Mrs. Lee or any one else.

"There was a toilet instead of the dressing-table I remember," continued the lady, "with quantities of frost-like lace falling around it and on it; with other things a little basket, prettier than mine, grander, full of moss rose-buds."

"Was there nothing else in the basket?" I questioned, holding my breath for the reply.

"Nothing else," answered the lady, smiling; "oh! yes, combs and hair-pins, rings and bracelets, the whole toilet was in a glitter."

"But nothing else in the basket?" I persisted.

"No, rose-buds—moss rose-buds, red and white. Nothing more," she answered, languidly.

Mrs. Lee paused a moment with her eyes closed. Then starting as if from sleep, she almost cried out,

"There was a woman in the room—in the bed—a beautiful woman. The ruffles of her night-gown were open at the throat, the sleeves were broad and loose, you could see her arms almost to the shoulders. She wore no cap, and her hair fell in bright, heavy coils down to her waist. She had something in her hand; don't speak, I shall remember in a minute: the color was rich. It was, yes, it was half a peach, with the brown stone partly bedded in the centre: the fragrance of it hung about the basket of roses."

"And you saw all this, dear lady?" I exclaimed, startled by the reality of her picture, which, as a whole, I recognized far more closely than Jessie could.

"In my dream, yes; but one fancies such strange things when asleep, you know, dear Miss Hyde."

"Strange, very strange," murmured Jessie; "but for the basket of roses and the fruit we

might have recognised the picture. Don't you think so, aunt Matty?"

"Did you get a look at the lady's face?" I inquired, suppressing Jessie's question.

"No, no, I think not. The thick hair shaded it, but the arms and neck were white as lilies. She had bitten the peach, I remember seeing marks of her teeth on one side. Strange, isn't it, how real such fancies will seem?"

"It is indeed strange," I said, feeling cold chills creeping over me.

"Besides," continued the invalid, while a scarcely perceptible shiver disturbed her, "notwithstanding the freshness and beauty of everything, I felt oppressed in that room—just as flowers may be supposed to grow faint when vipers creep over them; the air seemed close till I got to your room, my Jessie."

"And there!" said the sweet girl, kissing her mother's hand again.

"There the angel that had been a cloud took form again. It beckoned me—beckoned me—I cannot tell where; but you were sleeping, I know that."

"It was a strange dream," said Jessie, thoughtfully.

"The impression was very strong," answered the mother, drawing a hand across her eyes, "so powerful that it tired me. This morning it seemed as if I had been a journey."

"But you are better now," I said; "this sense of fatigue is wearing off, I hope."

"Oh, yes!" she answered, languidly.

"And you will be well enough to see Mrs. Dennison before dinner, I hope," whispered Jessie.

"Perhaps, child."

"Oh! father will persuade you!"

"Where is your father, Jessie?"

"Oh! somewhere about. On the front balcony, I believe, with Mrs. Dennison, who declares that she never will get tired of looking down the valley."

"Yes, it is a lovely view. We used to sit on the balcony for hours—your father and I—but now——" Mrs. Lee turned away her face and shaded her eyes with one pale hand.

I walked to the window and lifted the curtain, but there was a mist over my eyes, and I could not discern a feature of the landscape.

Some one knocked at the door. I went to open it, and found Cora, Mrs. Dennison's maid, who had been brushing her mistress' riding-habit on the back terrace, and had flung it across her arm before coming up stairs. The girl was a pretty mulatto, with teeth that an empress might have coveted, and eyes like

diamonds; but there was something in her face that I did not like, a way of looking at you from under her black eyelashes that was both searching and sinister.

"Mistress told me to run up and inquire if it wasn't time for Miss Lee to put on her habit," she said, shooting a quick glance into the room: "the horses are ordered round."

I felt the color burning in my face. The impertinence of this intrusion angered me greatly.

"Miss Lee is with her mother," I said, "and cannot be disturbed; when she is ready I will let your mistress know. Until then the horses must wait."

The girl gave the habit on her arm a shake and went away, casting one or two glances behind. What possible business could the creature have in that part of the house? Had the mistress really sent her? It was an hour before the time for riding, and it had not been our custom to hurry Jessie away from her mother's room.

While I stood by the window thinking angrily of this intrusion, another knock called me back to the door. It was the mulatto again with her mistress' compliments, and, if Mrs. Lee was well enough, she would pay her respects while the horses waited.

I went down myself at this, and, meeting Mrs. Dennison on the terrace, informed her very curtly, I fear, that Mrs. Lee was not out of her bed-room, having spent a restless night, and was quite incapable of seeing strangers. I put a little malicious emphasis on the word strangers, which brought a deeper color into her cheeks; but she answered with elaborate expressions of sympathy, inquired so minutely into the symptoms and causes of Mrs. Lee's prostration, that I felt at a loss how to answer.

"Dear lady!" she went on, "I'm afraid these severe attacks will exhaust the little strength she has left: they must make life a burden."

"On the contrary," I said, "there is not, I am sure, a person living who so keenly enjoys the highest and most lofty principles of existence. With the love of God in her heart and domestic love all around her, life can never be a burden."

"Indeed!" she answered, with something in her voice that approached a sneer, "I never was sick in my life, that is, perhaps, why it seems so terrible to me. Nothing could reconcile me, I am sure, to a life like Mrs. Lee's. At her age, too, with disease helping time to chase away what beauty one has left, how she must feel it!"

"You quite mistake the case, madam," I

answered. "Mrs. Lee never depended on her beauty, which, however, no one can dispute, as a means of winning love; her sincerity, intelligence, and gentle goodness are enough to outlive the loveliness of a Venus!"

"You are enthusiastic, Miss Hyde."

"I love Mrs. Lee, and speak as I feel."

"I am afraid," she said, in her blandest manner, "that my interest in the dear lady has led me into obtrusiveness, or, at least, that you think so. But she is so very superior—so perfect in fact, that one cannot shake off the interest she inspires. It was this feeling which tempted me to ask for the privilege of paying my respects—I see now that it was inopportune; but a warm heart is always getting one into scrapes, Miss Hyde. I shall never learn how to tame mine down. It seemed to me that the sweet invalid yonder must feel lonely in her room, and this was why that importunate request was made."

"Mrs. Lee is a woman who would find something of paradise in any position. Her sitting-room, up in the tower yonder, has always been considered the pleasantest apartment in the house."

"No doubt it was this conviction that made me anxious to be admitted. Still I must think that a confinement, that only promises to be relieved by death, must be a painful thing."

Why did the woman always return to that point? In my whole life I had never heard the probable result of Mrs. Lee's illness alluded to so often, as it had been hardly mentioned since Mrs. Dennison's arrival. It shocked me, and became the more repulsive from the usual levity of her manner. She seemed to weave the idea of my dear friend's death with every luxury that surrounded her dwelling; to my prejudiced fancy, she even exulted in it. I stood looking her in the face while these thoughts troubled my mind. What my eyes may have spoken I cannot tell, but hers fell beneath them, and, with an uneasy smile, she turned to walk away.

That moment Jessie came out to the terrace, looking a little anxious.

"Where is father?" she said; "mother is up and waiting for him!"

I saw a faint smile quiver around the widow's lips, but she busied herself with some branches of ivy that had broken loose from the terrace wall, and did not seem to heed us. Just then the tramp of horses sounded from the front of the house, and Jessie exclaiming with a little impatience, "Dear me!" walked quickly to the square balcony. I followed her, and saw Mr.

Lee standing at the foot of the steps ready to mount. He was giving some orders to the groom, and seemed particularly anxious about the horse which Mrs. Dennison was to ride. Jessie's face flushed, and a look of proud surprise came across it. Mr. Lee turned his head that way and called out,

"Why, Jessie, where is your habit? I never found you late before."

Jessie did not answer, but passed me descending to the terrace and down the flight of steps. She spoke to her father, looking back anxiously. After the first words, he started and seemed taken by surprise. Even from the distance I could see a flood of crimson rush to his forehead. They both ascended the steps together. Mr. Lee went to the tower, and Jessie ran up stairs to put on her riding-dress.

I went up to help her, but walked slowly, everything conspired to depress me that morning. It only required one serpent to destroy the perfect happiness of Eden. Our little paradise seemed following after the same fashion, and yet no one could tell why.

Jessie was buttoning her habit as I went in. She looked restless and hurt.

"Aunt Matty," she said, "I have a great mind to give up this ride, the thought of meeting that gentleman troubles me. Look how my hands tremble."

Yes, the serpent was doing its work. Even our sweet, honest Jessie was beginning to cover up her true feelings under false issues. It was something nearer home than the dread of an unwelcome offer that made her so nervous. For the first time since her remembrance her father had forgotten his wife. But for Jessie's interposition he would have ridden away without inquiring after her. I recollected how he had blushed when reminded of this.

Of course I could not speak of the true cause of this discontent, the delicate reticence becoming to a daughter was too sacred for that; but I said quickly, "Yes, yes, darling, you must go. It is your duty."

She looked at me earnestly, then dropping her eyes, went on with her preparations.

A second time Mrs. Dennison came to her chamber. Our coldness the day before had left no impression on the materialism of her nature. Sparkling with cheerfulness, and brilliant with smiles, she swept in, bending her flexible whip into a ring, with both hands, and letting it free again with a prolonged snap.

"All ready? That's right, my Lady Jess! The day is heavenly, and our cavaliers are coming up the road!"

"Thank heaven!" I heard Jessie whisper as she drew on her gauntlets.

If she fancied that the coming of Mr. Bosworth and his friend would release Mr. Lee, and leave him at liberty to spend his morning with the invalid, she was disappointed in the result, though not in the fact; for just as the party were mounting, he appeared on the terrace, and, descending the steps, joined them whip in hand. I watched all these movements, keenly—why, it would have been impossible for me to explain even to my own judgment; but shadows tormented me at this time, and all my senses were on the alert. Mr. Lee rode by his daughter, leaving his guest to the other gentlemen, between whom she rode triumphantly, as Queen Elizabeth may have entered Kenilworth, flirting royally with her handsomest subjects. Jessie and her father seemed to be conversing quietly, as I had seen them a hundred times riding down that road.

After the party was out of sight, I went into Mrs. Dennison's room to see that the maid had performed her duty, as was my custom; for I had assumed these light cares in the household, and loved them from the fact that, at least, an idea of usefulness was attached to my residence in the house.

Everything seemed in order. Cora, the mulatto girl, was busily arranging the dress her mistress had just taken off. Ear-rings and a brooch of blue lava were lying on the toilet, and the pretty cap, with its streamers of black velvet and azure ribbon, hung upon one of the supports of the dressing-table as she had left them.

I looked for the basket of moss rose-buds, but it was gone; some buds were opening in one of the toilet glasses, but that was all. Why had the widow Dennison taken such pains to put the basket out of sight?

"What have you done with the basket?" I inquired very quietly of the girl. "If you wet the moss again, we can fill it with fresh flowers."

"What basket, Miss?" inquired the girl, lifting her black eyes innocently to my face.

"The basket you brought in here, last evening."

"Oh, that!" she continued, dropping her eyes, "I've made so many of them things that mistress doesn't seem to care for 'em any more!"

"You—you make them?"

"Yes, indeed! Is there any harm, Miss?" she said, lifting her eyes again with a look of the most genuine earnestness.

"And you arranged those buds in the moss?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"And placed the half peach among them?"

"Was there any harm, Miss?"

"The half peach—after an Oriental fashion?"

"Dear me, I hope there wasn't any harm in the gardener's letting me have that one. It was the first I have seen this year, so I couldn't give up more than I did; but it was the biggest half that I saved for the mistress."

Nothing could be more natural than her dawning contrition, nothing more satisfactory than the solution she had given of a subject that had kept me awake half the night. What a fool I had been! Was I in fact becoming fanciful and old maidish—ready to find error in shadows, and crimes in everything? Heaven forbid that anything so unwomanly and indelicate as this should come upon me. Was it possible that I, in the waning freshness of my life, had begun to envy brighter and handsomer women the homage due to their attraction, and had thus become suspicious? The very idea humiliated me; I felt abashed before that mulatto girl, who sat so demurely smoothing the folds of her mistress' breakfast dress across her lap. It seemed as if she must have some knowledge of the mean thoughts that had brought me there. How artful and indirect my conduct had been! In my heart I had rather plumed myself on the adroit way in which my questions had been put regarding that annoying basket. Now I was heartily ashamed of it all, and stole out of the room bitterly discomfited. In shutting the door, I glanced back: the girl was looking up from her work. The demure expression had left her face, the black eyes flashed and danced as they followed me; but the moment my look met hers, all this passed away so completely, that my very senses were confused, and all the doubts that I had put aside came crowding back upon me.

I went up to Mrs. Lee's room. She was resting on the lounge, sound asleep; but her face seemed cold as well as pale. There was a strange look about it, as if all the vitality was stricken out. Yet she breathed evenly, and though I made some noise in entering, it did not disturb her in the least. I sat down on a low chair by the side of her couch, for Jessie had desired me to sit by her during all the time I could command. Thus I was placed close to the gentle sleeper. The deathly stillness in which she lay troubled me, it seemed too profound for good. One little hand fell over the couch. I took it in my own, and passed my other hand softly over it. Strange enough, she did not move, but began to murmur in her

sleep, while a cold, troubled cloud contracted her forehead.

"Ah! now I can see everything—everything; they are cantering by the old mill. I haven't seen it before in years. How beautifully the shadows fall from the hill, the waves are tipped with silver, the trees rustle pleasantly! No wonder they draw up to look at the mill, it always was a picturesque object!"

She was following the equestrians in her dreams—those strange dreams that seemed to drink up all the color and warmth from her body. According to the best calculation I could make, the party would have reached the old mill about this time. It stood under the curve of the precipitous banks, a mile or two up the river, and Mr. Lee had spoken of riding that way at breakfast. Thus it seemed more than probable that the party was exactly as she fancied it. Mr. Lee had doubtless informed her what route he would take, and so her imagination followed him while her frail form slumbered.

She stirred uneasily on her pillow, drew her black eyebrows together, and spoke again,

"Why does he leave my Jessie? She don't want to be left with that young man—and he, poor fellow! how he is frightened! What is that he is saying? Wants to marry my Jessie! Alas! how the heart shrinks in her bosom! My poor child! he should not distress you so! And yet it is an honest heart he offers—full of warmth, full of goodness! Can't you understand that, my darling?"

After this speech she lay quiet a few minutes, and then spoke like one who had been examining something that puzzled her.

"Jessie, Jessie! what is this? Why does your heart stand still while he speaks to her? It troubles me, darling. I am your mother, and this thing troubles me more than you can guess. You have driven one away—he retreats to the rear, heart-broken. That other one comes up. Who is he? what is he? Ask her, for she is watching him, and her loaded heart follows after, though he, my husband, is by her side."

Here she dropped into silence again, only breaking it by faint moans, and a single ejaculation, "Oh, not that! not that!"

Her face grew so painfully wan, and she gave evidence of so much inward anguish, that I was constrained to arouse her. My voice made no impression, and the clasp of my hand only threw her into a more deathly slumber. I began to comprehend her state. I had heard of deep trances, when the soul seems released from the body, or is gifted with something like prophecy. I knew, or believed, that this was an unhealthy

state, the result of disease, or the offspring of a badly balanced organization, and this thought horrified me; there was something of the supernatural in it that filled my soul with awe. By the contraction of her pale forehead I saw that there was some distress in the head; so, lifting my hand, I passed it across her brow, hoping to soothe away the pain. Certainly, the face became calm, a smile stole across the lips, and after a moment her eyes looking vaguely around, as a child awakes from its sleep,

"I have been asleep," she said, pleasantly, "sound asleep. When did you come in?"

"Only a short time since."

"And you have been sitting here while I slept?"

"Yes; after a restless night, I fancied a quiet sleep would do you no harm."

"Harm? It has given me strength."

"Do you think so?"

She smiled.

"Have you been dreaming again?" I inquired, a little anxiously.

"Dreaming? No, my sleep was profound, perfect rest. But where is Jessie? She sat where you are when I fell off."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I remember—her left hand held mine, with her right she was soothing the pain from my forehead."

"That was sometime ago; she has gone out to ride since, and I am quite sure Mr. Lee came up here after she left you," I said.

"I am glad of it," she answered, gently. "He was rather late, this morning, I remember thinking; but Jessie would not own it. So he came up, and I did not hear him. Miss Hyde, this is the first time in my whole life that his lightest footstep failed to wake me—what can it mean?"

"Yes," broke in Mrs. Lee's little maid, who had been hanging around the door, unheeded; for we had all become so used to her presence in that room, that it was no more heeded than that of the canary-bird in its cage on the balcony—"yes, ma'am, Mr. Lee came up with his spurs on, and his whip all ready, just like a trooper, clang, clang, clang. I thought the noise would make you jump out of the window in that white, loose gown, just like an angel with its wings spread, but law! there you were, ma'am, snoozing away right in his face, and he making up his mind, with the whip in his hand, whether to kiss you good-by or not."

"And did he?" inquired the lady, with a faint flush of the cheek.

"No, ma'am; I suppose he was afraid of scaring you out of that nice sleep. He only

looked at you sort of earnestly, and went off trying to walk on tip-toe; but mercy! didn't them boots creak?"

"I thought not," murmured the lady, with infinite tenderness in her voice; "I must have been dead if that failed to arouse me."

"Lor, Mrs. Lee," continued the maid, spreading her flail-like arms in illustration, "I wish you could have seen that new widder woman when them two gentlemen helped her onto the horse. Didn't her dress swell out—and didn't she keep Mr. Lawrence a tinkering away at her stirrups, with one foot in his hand, till it made me sick looking on. Awful 'cute lady that is, Miss Hyde; you ain't no match for her, no how!"

I really think that witch of a girl was gifted with something almost like second sight. I never had a secret taste or dislike that she did not understand it at once, and drag it out in some blundering way before the whole world.

"What makes you think so, Lottie?" I inquired, a little annoyed.

"Because you're straightforward right out and flat-footed honest; and she—oh, my!"

"What makes you say, oh, my! Lottie?"

"Nothing, Miss Hyde; only I've got eyes, and can see right through a mill-stone, especially when there's a hole in the middle. Perhaps you can't, then agin perhaps you can; I don't dispute anything; only, as I said before, that widder woman is too 'cute for such a mealy-mouthed lady as you are. My!—wouldn't she ride over you handsome!"

We spoiled that girl. She was neither servant, companion, or protegee, and yet partook of the position which three such persons might have occupied in the family. She waited upon every one with the faithfulness of a hound and the speed of a lapwing, seemed to be always in the kitchen, constantly flitting through the parlor, yet never beyond the sound of her mistress' voice. She belonged everywhere and no where in the household. She had defined her position out of the kitchen entirely by refusing to sit down at the table there, whatever the temptation was; always carrying off the tray into her own little room, after the mistress was served, and taking her meals in solitary grandeur from frosted silver and china, so delicate that you could see a shadow through it. Nay, she effected great elegance in this little room, which was a sort of select hospital for all the old finery in the household. Lace curtains, condemned as too much worn for the parlor windows, after passing through her adroit hands, appeared at the casement of her little room transparent as new; silk

hangings, when faded from their first splendor, she managed to revive into almost pristine brightness. She would cut out the freshest medallions from our old carpet and make it bloom out anew under her own feet. Then she had pretty nick-nacks and keepsakes scattered about which made her little nook quite a boudoir—indeed almost the prettiest one in the family. Mrs. Lee was rather proud of her unique handmaiden's retreat, it gratified her own exquisite sense of the beautiful; and, as the room opened into her own, it was but a continuation of the refinements that surrounded her.

In her dress, too, Lottie was more original than half the old pictures one sees offered for sale. Jessie's cast off dresses were remodeled by her nimble fingers into a variety of garments really marvelous. Indeed, Lottie was generally the most perfectly costumed person in our household. No one felt disposed to check this exuberant taste in the strange girl: it pleased the invalid, and that was reason enough for anything in our family.

"Yes, I say it again," persisted the strange little creature, folding her arms and setting her head on one side, "widders are monstrous smart; up to a'most anything. I've often wished that I'd been born a widder with both eye teeth out as theirs always is—are I meant. Lor! Miss Hyde, you ain't a circumstance, just leave this one to me."

"Lottie, Lottie," said Mrs. Lee, shaking her head, "you speak too loud and look bold, that style isn't becoming. Besides, the guests in a house must always be honored, never made subjects of criticism: in short, my good child, we are spoiling you."

Lottie withered into penitence with the first words of this reproof. When it was ended, a deep flush settled around her eyes, as if tears were suppressed with difficulty.

"Spoiling me! not with kindness, I should die without that," she said, half-sitting down on the ottoman, half-kneeling by the couch, "I won't speak another word against that—that lady. There, I've got it out, say that you are not angry with me."

"Angry! no, my child. Only be careful not to say harsh things of any one, it is a bad habit."

"I am sorry!"

"Well, well!"

"Very sorry!"

"There, there, child; it is not so very terrible!"

"I'll never call the lady a widder again. Never!"

Mrs. Lee smiled and sent her into the next room. She seemed troubled after the girl went out; for certainly tears had glittered in Lottie's eyes, a thing I had never witnessed before.

"Go in, Miss Hyde, and comfort her, poor thing! It was cruel to reprove her so harshly; but my temper is getting ungovernable."

It was almost amusing to hear that gentle creature condemn herself with so little reason; but she would not be convinced that something of the spirit of a Nero had not been manifest in that mild reprimand; so I went into Lottie's room, much better disposed to give her a second lesson, than to console her for the first. Miss Lottie had curled herself up in the window seat, with both hands clasped around her knees, and her face buried upon them.

"Lottie," I said, going up to her, "what are you huddled up in that place for? Is there nothing that you can find to do more profitable than pouting?"

"I'm not pouting, Miss Hyde," she said; "only grinding my teeth in peace and comfort. Why can't you let me alone, I should like to know?"

"What folly! Do get down and act like a sensible creature."

"Well," she said, throwing herself off the window seat with a demi-summerset, which landed her in the middle of the room, "here I am! what's wanted?"

It was rather difficult for me to say just that instant, having only a charge of consolation on hand.

"Well," she added, "what have I done to you, Miss Hyde, that I can't be allowed to sit still in my own room?"

"Nothing, Lottie; I was only afraid that you might be fretting."

Her eyes instantly filled with tears, which she dashed aside with her hand.

"So I was: what's the use of denying it? She never said a cross word to me before, and wouldn't now but for that Mrs. Babylon; I hate that widder, I want to stamp her down under my feet. It makes me grit my teeth when she comes sailing out into the garden, and looks up to Mrs. Lee's window just like a dog hankering after a bone."

"Why, how can you feel so bitterly, Lottie, about a person you never spoke to in your life?" I said, shocked and surprised by her vehemence.

"Didn't I, though? How 'cute people can be with their eyes shut! Well, I fancy that widder and I are slightly acquainted—better than she thinks for."

"Why, how can that be possible, you are always in Mrs. Lee's room?"

"Generally, generally—not always. There is hours in the morning before she gets up—hours in the evening, after she goes to bed, when I break out and do a little exploring about the premises. This morning I was in Mrs. Babylon's room before any of you were up."

"Indeed! How did that happen?"

"That sneaking mulatto girl came to the chamber door as I was passing and beckoned me to come in."

"And you went?"

"Me! Why not? If a girl never sinsatiates around, how is she to find out what's going on? Besides, I wanted to know just how Babylon looked in her own room; so, being invited, I went in."

"But what did she want of you?"

"Don't know. Something besides doing a braid up in eleven strands, I surmise, but that was what she made believe it was about—just as if that mulatto creature didn't understand that much of her business. I did it though meek as Moses; such hair! a yard long in the shortest part. It was worth while trying a hand at it; but, after all, it seemed like braiding copper-heads and rattlesnakes! I hate to touch anybody's hair if I don't like 'em; it makes me shiver all over."

"But why don't you like Mrs. Dennison?"

"Why—because I don't; and because you don't either."

I could not help smiling, and yet was half angry with the girl. She shook her head gravely and went on,

"It wasn't the hair, Miss Hyde, that copper-colored girl knew more than I did about it, often as I've braided for Miss Jessie."

"Then what did she want?"

"I've found out—never you fear."

"Well!"

"Can't tell anything about it. It's like a patch-work quilt in my mind, the pieces all sorted, but not laid together, the colors will get ship-shape by-and-by, and then I'll answer everything. She wants me to come into her room every morning, and I'm going."

"What, when you dislike her so much?"

"Yes, in spite of that, and fifty times as much. I'm going to do up Mrs. Babylon's hair for her."

"Well, well, I am glad you are not heart-broken about Mrs. Lee's mild rebuke."

"Heart-broken! I'd die rather than have a real cross word from her; for I tell you, Miss

Hyde, if ever there was an angel with a morning-dress and slippers on as a general thing, that angel is the lady in yonder. Miss Jessie is considerable, and you sometimes come almost up to the mark, but you can't hold a candle to her; neither one of you."

It was of no use reproving or questioning Lottie, she was in reality the most independent person in the house, so I went away rather amused by my efforts at consolation.

Earlier than I expected the riding party came back. Everybody seemed a little out of sorts. Jessie was pale and looked harassed. Young Bosworth rode by her side, but it was with the appearance of a man returning from a funeral. He lifted Jessie from the saddle. She reached forth her hand before ascending the steps, and seemed to be speaking earnestly. I saw him wring the hand with unusual energy and spring to his saddle again. As he was turning his horse, Mrs. Dennison rode up with Lawrence and Mr. Lee. For a voice so musical hers was rather loud, so I could distinctly hear her call out,

"Remember, Mr. Bosworth, your engagement for this evening; don't hope to be excused."

Bosworth bowed and rode slowly away; but Lawrence sprang from his horse and ran up the steps after Jessie, leaving Mr. Lee to help the other lady from her saddle.

Jessie heard him coming, and fairly ran into the house, a piece of rudeness that seemed to

surprise him very much; but unlike as this was to her usual manner, it did not astonish me. The dear girl's face was toward me, and I saw that it was flushed with tears. Bosworth had offered himself and been refused, poor fellow! I was sure of that.

Mrs. Dennison laughed till her clear voice rang far out among the flowers as she witnessed Lawrence's discomfiture. He colored a little angrily and would have passed her on the steps, but she took his arm with exquisite coolness, and smilingly forced him into the house.

"Babylon's got two strings to her bow—smart!"

This strange speech was uttered at my elbow. I looked round and saw Lottie close to me.

"Better go up stairs," she said, pointing over her shoulder, "she wouldn't let me help her; you must."

Mrs. Dennison entered the upper hall. Her eyes sparkled, her lips curved triumphantly. She had carried away her captive and exulted over him with charming playfulness, which he answered in a low, impressive voice.

I went up stairs leaving them together: Jessie stood in the upper passage leaning against the banister. She was pale as death, and her lips quivered like those of a wronged child; but the moment she saw me the proud air natural to her returned, and she moved toward her room waving me back.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LINES.

BY CLARA MORETON.

THEY told me time would deaden grief;
And so I sat with folded hands,
And waited for the slow relief,
And watched the hour-glass' glitt'ring sands.

THE days went by—I knew not how—
I only knew he was not here:
Morning and night were all the same,
Morning and night alike were drear.

ONE thought I mused on o'er and o'er:
If love survives the grave, I said,
He will come back to me again,
They cannot keep him with the dead.

HIS every thought was for our weal;
Can he so soon forget us there,
As any happiness to know,
While our sharp cries still rend the air?

THEN came thick clouds across my brain—
My faith and trust were lost in gloom—

THIS is the end of man, I cried;
All that once loved lies in the tomb!

OH, madd'ning thought! my reason reeled!
Life seemed to me a cruel jest:
I mourned the hour that gave me birth,
And called upon the grave for rest.

GOD answered not my erring prayer;
But gently took me by the hand,
And led me to the house of want,
And whispered there His kind command:

GO, feed the hungry, bind the bruised,
Speak to the dying words of cheer!
So shalt thou feel within thy heart
Thy Heaven begun, though wand'ring here.

SO shalt thou feel his spirit still
In gentle ministry with thine.
Mortal! he is not lost to thee,
But lives beyond the bounds of time!

THE NEW MINISTER.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

"Now, Sary Jane, do look arter them biscuits, and don't let 'em burn!" exclaimed widow Smith, as she bustled about with an unusually important air.

"Sary Jane," however, was not within hearing distance, and the good lady was obliged to attend to them herself.

"Gone to slick up, I s'pose," said she, as she opened the oven, "that's the way with these young things. Well," she added, "I used to be so myself when my old man was keeping company with me, but that was a good many years ago. Kitty, do you get a clean table-cloth, and be sure it's a pure white one, for I want to make a good impression on Mr. Yallerhammer the first time he comes."

"Mrs. Smith," said Sarah Jane, who had just entered the room, "pray don't call him 'Mr. Yallerhammer,' his name is Odenheimer, and I am sure he would be very much annoyed to hear you make such a mistake."

"What in the world do you s'pose he has such an outlandish name as that fur? He can't expect any one to remember it."

"It is a German name," was the reply, "and he is probably of German descent."

"Marcy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, as she turned from her occupation, and her eye fell upon Sarah Jane, "how fine you do look! I expect you'll take Mr.—what's his name's heart by storm."

This remark was received with a conscious smile, and both of the ladies then gave their attention to the business of setting the table. While they are thus engaged, we will inquire into the cause of the present preparations.

During the conference, which had just been held, Mr. Odenheimer was elected as the young minister for the circuit which included Flowerdale. As the congregations were poor, it was their rule that the young minister should be an unmarried man. Mrs. Smith was the only one in the village who had, as yet, had the good fortune to see Mr. Odenheimer. She had once met him while on a visit to one of the neighboring towns, and her accounts of him, for she never tired of describing his "tall figure," (she was "sure he'd have to stoop to get into her humble dwelling"); his curly hair "as black as

coal;" and his eyes that "jest looked like two rubies," (Mrs. Smith had not much acquaintance with precious stones, and supposed the color of the ruby to be black,) "a shinin' and a sparklin':" together with all his other charms, not the least of which was that he was an unmarried man, made him an object of much interest to the lady portion of Flowerdale. His lodgings, when he should come to this circuit, had been a subject of many animated discussions among the good people of the place; all the mammas of marriageable daughters felt anxious, in the hospitality of their hearts, to offer every attention to the young minister. This fertile spot seemed to produce everything but young men, and consequently these commodities were at a premium. The names of all the most prominent families in the church were handed in, as being ready to throw open their doors to the new-comer; and finally, it was agreed that widow Smith should give him the first tea, in consideration of her previous acquaintance with him; and Sarah Jane's father, being one of the head men in the church, was to have the pleasure of entertaining him during the first two weeks of his sojourn in Flowerdale.

This contemplated piece of good fortune caused "Sary Jane" to be regarded with envy by most of the ladies who were unprovided for, and they suddenly became very intimate with her, and evinced a great desire to visit her frequently. As this lady was known to possess the art of getting up good teas, her company had been solicited by widow Smith for the evening on which our story opens. She assisted very busily until the time approached for Mr. Odenheimer to make his appearance, and then she slipped up stairs that she might be able to receive him in a more becoming attire. Her hair was taken out of the papers (papillotes had not reached Flowerdale) and carefully curled over her fingers; and a plain white dress, made low in the neck, the sleeves looped up with ribbons, was donned. She had hesitated long between this and a flounced silk; but she finally came to the conclusion that the simplicity of the white dress would be more to the minister's taste. Her cheeks had a slight tinge of pink, which neither increased nor diminished during

the whole evening. Her neck, and indeed her whole frame, was bony in the extreme—her neck and shoulders gave a person the unpleasant impression that the bones were going to start through the skin. Her face and features, with the exception of her nose, were small, but this organ was of such a size as to impress the beholder with the idea that she was all nose. As to age—she had made twenty-two her standing-point for many years. The image which the glass reflected seemed to please her well, and she received Mrs. Smith's exclamation as a matter of course. She was troubled with some feelings of envy, however, when she beheld the plump, childish little figure of Kitty clad in a cool-looking blue muslin, which contrasted so prettily with her snowy complexion and rosy cheeks.

Mrs. Winter—Sarah Jane's mother—was also there, looking her best in a new cap with flaming red ribbons. And her daughter, Mary Anne, who was made on the same scant pattern with her sister, without so generous a supply of nose. Her hair was also limited in quantity, but she had somewhat supplied the deficiency by the purchase of two enormous branches of false curls—said purchase had been made expressly for this occasion. On the back of her head she placed what had originally been intended for a small lamp-mat, having first made a hole in the center, through which protruded her diminutive knot of hair; this arrangement she surveyed with much pleasure, and evidently considered it a triumph of art. After much deliberation, she had finally come to the conclusion that a rich dress would become her style of beauty better than a simple one; and she had accordingly arrayed herself, with much pride, in a green silk trimmed with scarlet.

Several other ladies were also congregated to give the minister a welcome, and they were now awaiting his arrival in almost breathless anticipation. Presently the stage drew up, and widow Smith went to the door to receive her guest. There was a decided flutter among the other ladies who sat in the little parlor with their arms neatly folded. Sarah Jane happened to be seated opposite the small looking-glass, whose frame was enveloped in pink tissue paper, and overhung with asparagus tops; she glanced in to see whether her ringlets were hanging in the most graceful attitude, and the smile of satisfaction which followed this performance proclaimed that all was right. Mrs. Winter gave sundry little tugs at her cap-strings, while Mary Ann improved the opportunity to arrange the folds of her dress.

Mrs. Smith entered the room triumphantly, accompanied by the stranger, and, turning to Sarah Jane's mother, she commenced the ceremony of an introduction—"Mr. Yallerhammer, Mrs. Winter—Mr. Yallerhammer, girls!" and the unfortunate man's hands were shaken by every one present. The widow then left him to be entertained by the others, while she put the finishing touches to the tea-table, after which they were summoned to the evening repast.

Upon this table so bountifully loaded with good things, hospitality seemed to have expended itself. The biscuits—good, generous sized ones—baked to an even light brown, were just warm enough to be eaten comfortably without burning your fingers, or making you wish for a glass of cold water the moment you put a morsel into your mouth. The strawberries—large and ripe—peeped saucily through the fine white sugar with which they were plentifully sprinkled. The crab-apples had been preserved with so much care, that they were placed on the table as whole as when put into the preserving-kettle; and the apple-sauce was so smooth and white as to be almost transparent. The cottage cheese was moulded into cakes which might have been mistaken in their purity for snow. On the fresh country butter was the impression of a cow, as natural-looking as stamped cows ever are, and making people wish to cut the butter from the edge of the cake so as not to destroy the picture. The jelly-cake was cut in generous slices, and showed throughout that there was no stint of material in making it; opposite to it was a large fruit cake in which the widow took especial pride: it was crowned with a heavy crust of icing tastily sprinkled with pink sugar. In the center of the table waved a bouquet, in which poppies, garden lilacs, and hollyhocks proudly raised their heads over the mignonette, heliotrope, and roses, which shed around a sweet perfume.

A general stiffness pervaded the company when they found themselves seated around the tea-table. Mr. Odenheimer felt embarrassed at being the only gentleman among so many females, while the ladies evidently were awed by the ministerial presence. Mrs. Smith endeavored to break the silence as much as possible by urging her visitors to partake of the bounties set before them.

"Have some butter, Mr. Yallerhammer? Do take a biscuit, Mrs. Winter; help yourselves, girls, all of you; I'm sorry I couldn't get a better tea; but you must all try to eat something. How do you think you shall like living in our village, Mr. Yallerhammer?"

"Oh! I think I shall like it very much; my first impressions are decidedly pleasant," he continued, with a bow to the ladies.

All smiled and seemed pleased but Sarah Jane, who fancied that his glances seemed to turn with the most pleasure upon the plump little figure beside him. Kitty, at this moment, displayed a beautiful set of white teeth, and a couple of innocent looking dimples; this fretted Sarah Jane more than ever, and she wondered why such a little chit had been invited. However, she remembered that after this night Mr. Odenheimer would take up his abode with them, and then, she resolved, that he should not be tormented with too many lady visitors.

"You'll like the society here, I dare say," continued the widow, "for we have so many young ladies among us."

"Indeed," he replied, blushing slightly, "that will be very pleasant. I was admiring the scenery on the road," he continued; "I think it is very fine; so many large, noble-looking trees add very much to the beauty of the place."

"Oh, yes!" replied the widow, with whom the idea of utility stood first and foremost, "we have plenty of wood here, and can always keep up good fires."

"I so enjoy," simpered Sarah Jane, "taking a book of poetry, and sitting under the shade of those trees; don't you think it is beautiful, Mr. Odenheimer?"

While the gentleman was wondering whether he was expected to consider the poetry beautiful, or the vision under the tree of the skeleton figure before him, Mary Ann remarked that the sight of trees, and all other beauties of nature, invariably called up in her mind a feeling of thankfulness. Here Mrs. Winter, who never approved of remaining quiet long at a time, broke in with the rather malapropos remark,

"We are expecting to have the pleasure of your society after to-day, Mr. Odenheimer."

"Thank you," was the reply; "but I think the pleasure will be on my side."

"Not at all; we shall consider ourselves highly fortunate in having your company."

"I am afraid," he continued, rather hesitatingly, "that I shall be encroaching upon your hospitality; perhaps you are not aware that there are two of us."

"Oh, that will make it still more pleasant!" replied his companion, with the utmost suavity of manner. "Is your friend also a minister?"

Just at this point Mr. Winter came in. Upon being introduced to the lion of the evening, he shook hands cordially, and made some remark about the pleasure he anticipated in entertaining him at his own house.

"But," said the minister, blushing, "as I was saying to Mrs. Winter—I am afraid you don't understand that there are two of us."

"Two of you?" exclaimed Mr. Winter, in astonishment. "You don't mean to say that you have a wife, do you?"

"Yes, I was married three days ago."

"La, me!" ejaculated the widow, "and here all these girls were setting their caps for you!"

At this announcement the "girls" looked supremely ridiculous. Mr. Odenheimer was evidently much embarrassed; Mrs. Winter buried her face in her handkerchief to conceal her mortification; the widow looked on in amazement, wondering why the knowledge of his possessing a wife should create such a scene; and Mr. Winter—the only one in the company who was at all calm—seized his new friend by the hand as he observed,

"To be sure we have room for two, we shall be right glad to see your wife; and I tell you what it is, you have done well in losing no time about this thing. Here have I been married these forty years;" (at this point his two daughters exchanged looks, and wished that 'pa would keep some things to himself;') "I know what it is, and I would advise every young man to get a wife as soon as possible."

This hearty speech seemed to have the desirable effect of putting the new minister rather more at his ease, and it gave Mrs. Winter time to recover herself so far as to be able to say and do what was expected of her on the occasion.

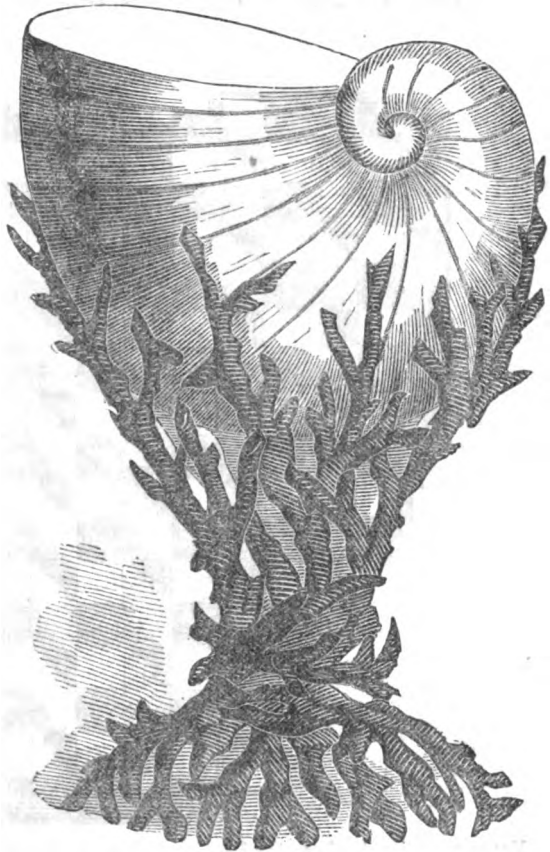
That evening the false curls were carefully placed in a box, with a sigh, and put away for a more important occasion—should such ever occur. The flaunting red ribbons were looked upon mournfully as a useless expense, while Sarah Jane's white dress was laid aside without a word—her feelings were too deep for utterance.

We have only to add that the bride won her own way among the inhabitants of Flowerdale; but there was none of that eagerness exhibited for the society of the new couple, which the idea of a single minister had drawn forth so enthusiastically.

CORAL SHELL STAND FOR CHIMNEY-PIECE ORNAMENT.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

IN commencing a pair of stands of this description, the artistic taste of the worker must necessarily be exercised, as, where the absence of regularity and uniformity is a merit, instead of a defect, it is difficult to give instruction to produce an effect which taste and skill alone can bestow. The great point to attain is to endeavor to imitate the branching of the real coral as closely as possible, which it is easy to do by the following means, aided by observation of the original production: A piece of strong wire must be first taken and twisted into the form of a branch of coral, by making several loops in the wire and returning to the central stem. These must not be formal or regular either in distance or length. After the wire is twisted in this manner, every part must be covered with a soft cotton twisted round it. Four or five of these strong branches must be prepared and united together with another wire about three inches from the ends. These ends form the stand at the bottom, and must be spread out so as to allow it to stand firm and secure. The upper part must also be now arranged in accordance with the form of the shell which is destined to be placed upon it. The shape must be finally formed



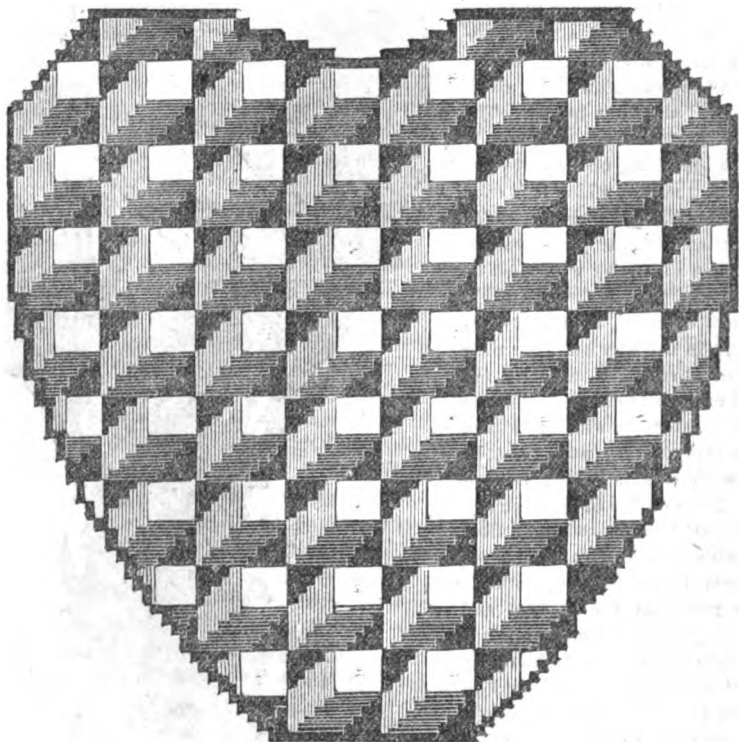
at this part of the work before the process of covering it with wax is commenced. When it is all skillfully arranged, to form a proper and artistic shape, short lengths of cotton cord must be tied on to every part, at irregular distances, and cut off, leaving the two ends about half an inch long; these are very useful in giving the branched appearance beyond what the wire can do. These ends must be slightly opened by untwisting the cord. It now remains to conceal all this rough frame-work, and to transform it into a close resemblance to real coral, by having some white wax melted and colored with Chinese vermilion, and with an iron spoon pouring it over every portion of the frame. This part of the work requires a little patience and care, as it must be gone over and over again, and must be turned and twisted in every direction while

the wax is being poured upon it, so that it may all be covered equally, and no imperfections allowed to appear. In coloring the wax it should be made to resemble exactly the natural color of real coral. In selecting the shells which these stands are intended to support, we must just mention that the shape and brilliant appearance of the well-polished nautilus is one which contrasts beautifully with the color of the coral. If covered with a glass shade, the effect is much improved. A well-arranged group of various sorts of seaweed forms a most appropriate filling in of these shells, and completes the beauty of their effect; but if this is not easily attainable, some of those delicate paper flowers which are now being made with very great taste and delicacy have an elegant appearance, contrasting admirably with the red coral

and the pearly shells. If the nautilus shell, or else that the wire frame-work of the stand should not be the one selected, we may just suggest that a heavy kind should be avoided, must be proportionately strong.

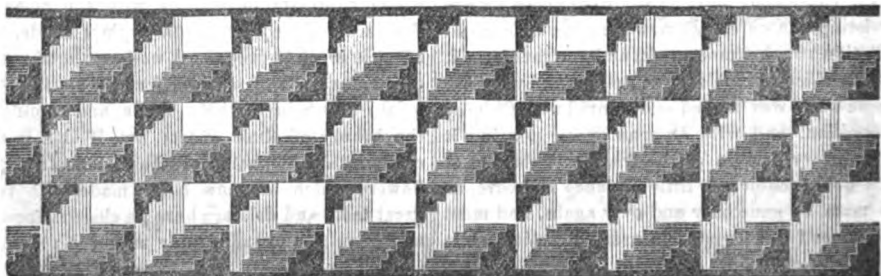
SLIPPER IN COLORED BERLIN WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



VARIOUS ladies having asked for a slipper, which may be easily worked, we give, above, a pattern for the front of one; and below, a portion of the side and back. It is worked in five colors, and has a very pretty effect indeed. The white squares are to be done in white; the black parts in black; the next darkest in green; the next darkest in red; the next darkest in blue; and the next darkest in yellow.

Or, if you begin at the toe of the slipper, on the left, and work toward the right, the first bit (a triangle) is black; the next is green; the next (the lines of which run upward) is red; the next is black; the next is yellow; the next (the lines of which run upward) is blue; and the next black, which finishes the first row.



A NORWEGIAN MORNING OR BONNET CAP, IN SHETLAND WOOL.

BY MRS. WARREN.

MATERIALS.—Half an ounce each of Cerise and white Shetland wool; two steel knitting pins, No. 12; crochet hook, No. 2.

Cast on 240 stitches. K (or knit) two plain rows *; now knit one stitch; take two together; knit 115 stitches; take two together, and take two together again; now K the remainder, taking two together before the last stitch. The next row back is plain; now repeat from * till there are 18 ribs of knitting in which there are 36 rows alternately decreased and plain. Take the white wool—knit three rows in the same way, which is one rib and one row, decreasing as before; K one stitch; take two together; wind the wool twice over the pins; take two together, wind twice over the pin again till there are 41 holes; then take two together twice; make 41 holes again; take two together; K 1; now knit 3 rows plain, again decreasing as before.

Now, with Cerise wool, knit six ribs or twelve rows, decreasing as before. Then with white the same as the first white stripe. Then continue with white and Cerise alternately till there are four white and four Cerise stripes irrespective of the first deep border. Now, with Cerise, knit 16 rows, decreasing as before. This finishes with one stitch. For the border along the front, with Cerise, make 2 L stitches, with 1 ch between each L; in one loop of the knitting 3 ch; 2 more L as before in an equal space to the 3 ch; this is along the front only. 2nd row, 9 L



with 1 ch between each u the 1 ch; 1 ch do between next 2 L; 1 ch 9 L with 1 ch between each u next; 1 ch repeat. This last row is worked with the knitting at the back within the row of L stitches. Run Cerise ribbon in the alternate holes of the white rows, and the same in the alternate L stitches of the border.

THIBET KNITTING.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHER.

This knitting, which has been lately introduced, is likewise sometimes called the Railway Knitting, from the extreme quickness which it

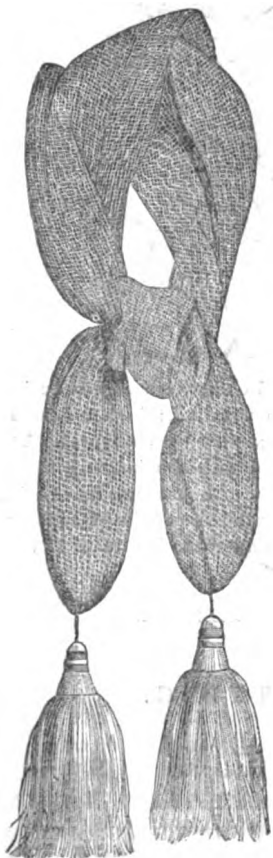
allows in the execution. As it forms a pleasant occupation and produces extremely comfortable articles for winter wear, it is sure to receive

favor. We therefore think instructions for working it may be acceptable to those of our subscribers who may not know it. Very large wooden pins and the twelve-thread fleecy are required, as a fine material is quite unsuitable for it. Cast on two stitches, place the right-hand needle in the left-hand, and put the wool over it twice; then insert the needle through the two stitches at the back, purling them. There will then be three stitches on the needle; the next row two of the stitches must be purled in the same manner, but the third stitch must always be thrown off the needle without knitting; this stitch forms the open edge. When a

sufficient number of strips are knitted they are joined together, but this is done in a particular manner. The two edges of each strip are placed together, and united with a row of herringbone-stitch in black wool, of the same kind as the knitting, taking care that the stitch of herringbone comes between each stitch of the knitting. A little observation will show how much the regularity of this part of the work affects the appearance of the whole. Very handsome comforters are formed of colored strips, which contrast well with each other, the black row between greatly adding to the effect.

A CREPED NECK-TIE.

BY MRS. WARREN,



MATERIALS.—Cotton, No. 60; a pair of Bone Knitting Pins, No. 12; two lumps of sugar dissolved in half a pint of hot water, and let remain till cold; two Chenille Tassels.

This is one of the prettiest articles for a neck-tie that can be made; having, when finished, all the appearance of soft white crape, and may be adopted either in mourning or out, by adding either black, colored, or white tassels. Cast on the pin for hundred and fifty stitches, and knit in plain garter-stitch till it is five nails wide; then cast off, but not too tight; then sew a strip of calico on to each side, but only so that it can be easily untacked. If the work is at all soiled, wash it with white curd soap and water; then rinse it perfectly, and squeeze it in a cloth very dry; after that dip it in the sugar and water, squeeze it slightly, and lay it out on a doubled sheet, to dry; afterward take off the calico, sew it up, and add the tassels. The washing and rinsing in sugar and water will always give it the appearance of being new.

THE SHANGHAI CLOAK.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



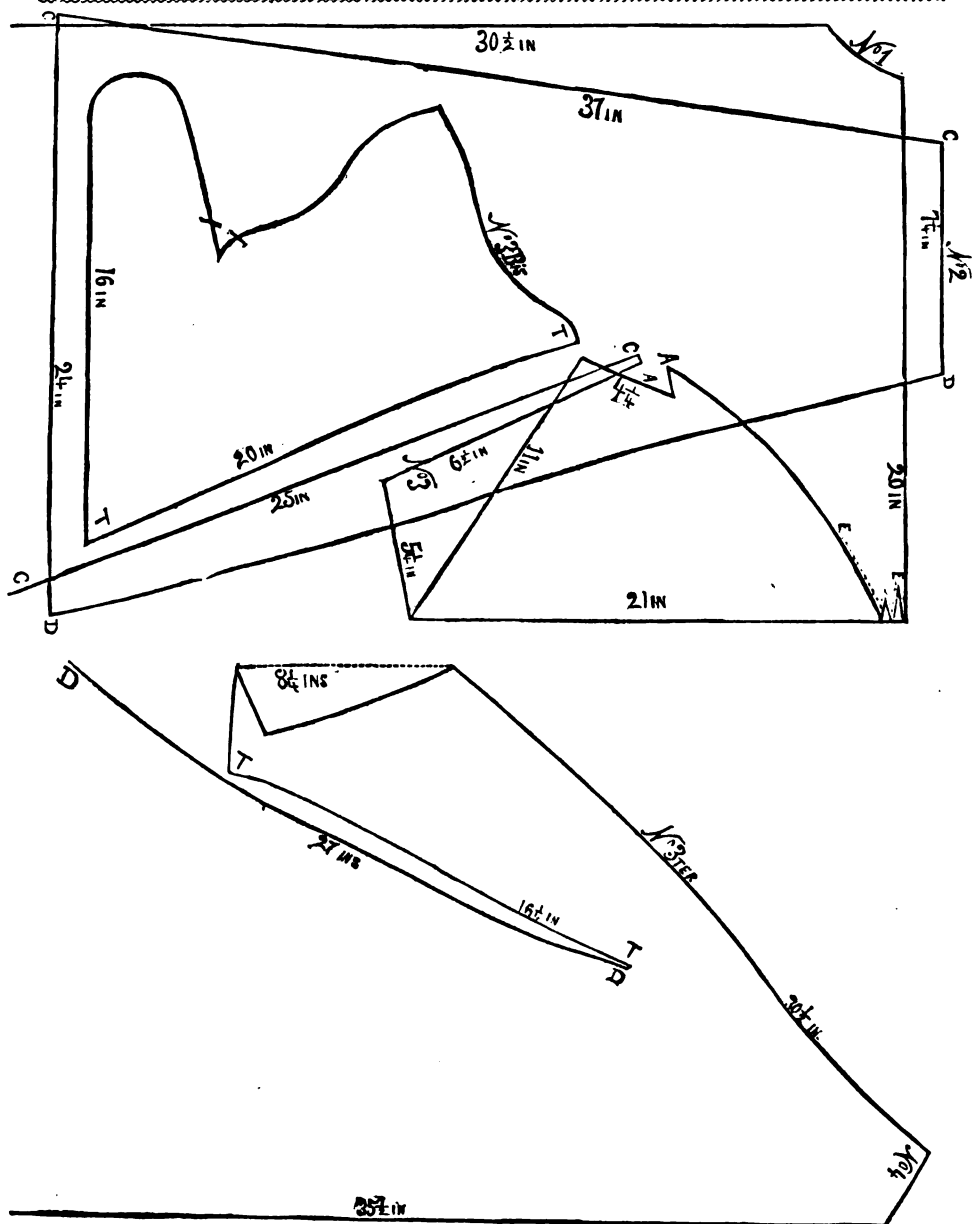
THIS garment is made of cloth, silk, or velvet.

No. 1. FRONT: this part must be cut 13 inches longer than our pattern; it is rounded in front and is 26 inches wide at bottom.

No. 2. GORE, added to the front and back to

give fullness to the garment. This gore is sewed to the front from C to C; and to the back from D to D.

No. 3. SLEEVE; this sleeve is divided into three parts. The seam which begins at the



neck, and joins the back to the front, continues along the sleeve, and makes it form an elbow.

No. 3 *bis*. SECOND PART OF SLEEVE. This part is joined to No. 3 *ter* by a seam running from T to T, it then returns on the front of the sleeve and forms a tab fastened by a button.

No. 3 *ter*. THIRD PART OF SLEEVE. This part is joined to the back.

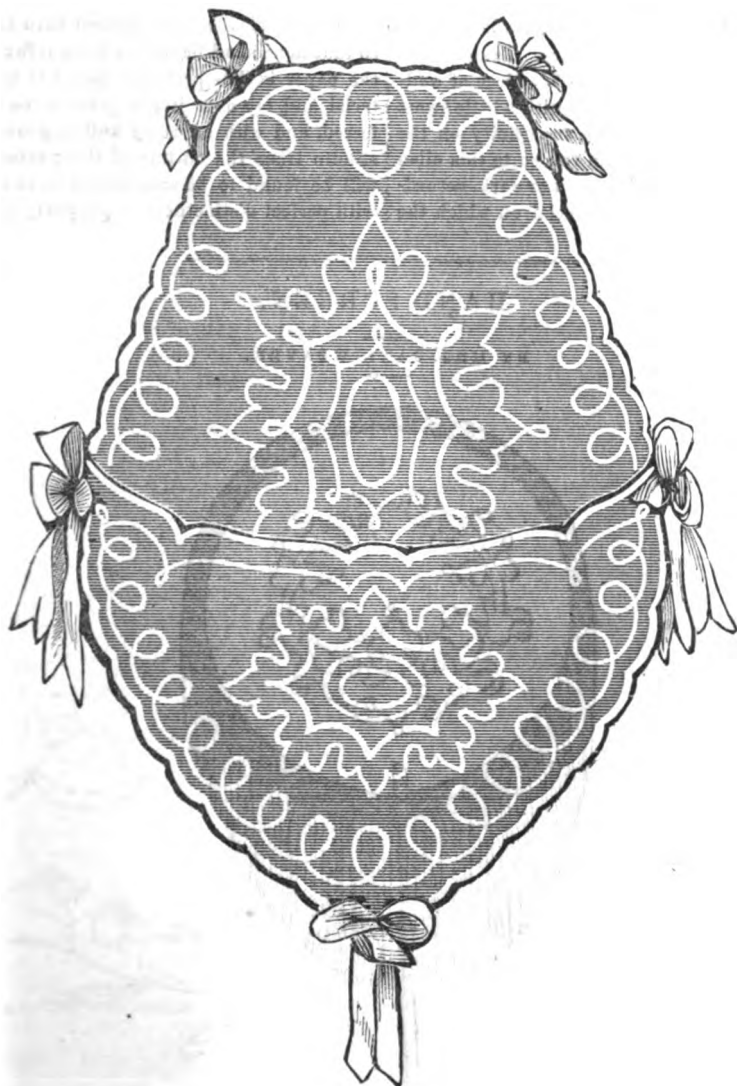
No. 4. BACK; this must be cut 15 inches lon-

ger than the pattern, and is, at bottom, 15 inches wide.

The trimming of the cloak consists of two rows of braid placed three-quarters of an inch apart. It laps over in front, and has three buttons to fasten it. Two small pockets are cut slanting in front. There is no seam at the sleeve-hole. It is another seam which forms the elbow.

WATCH-POCKET IN BRAIDING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS Watch-Pocket is to be made in white marcella, braided with scarlet, white, star, or variegated braid. It is finished at the corners and bottom by bows of narrow ribbon, matching the braid in color. As will be seen by the engraving, the hook is placed quite at the top.

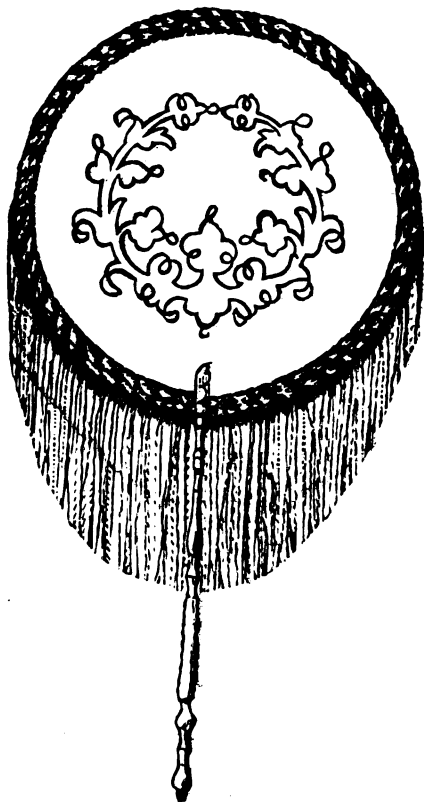
HOW TO TRANSFER PATTERNS.

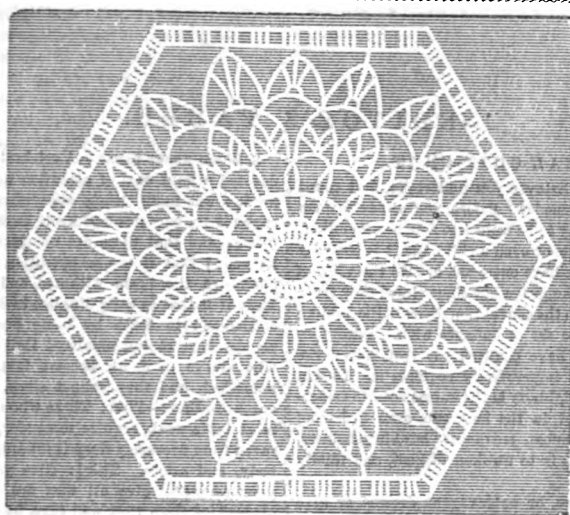
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

As many new subscribers have asked how to transfer patterns, we take an early occasion to answer them. Transfer paper is certainly the most easy and convenient method; if it cannot be purchased: it can always be made in a few minutes in the following manner. Take a sheet of thin writing-paper, and with a piece of wadding or flannel rub it all over with a little sweet oil, carefully removing any superfluity on the surface of the paper; then rub on to this oiled paper a little color, either light or dark, according to the color of the material on which the work is to be executed; if a dark cloth, for instance, a little chrome yellow is the best; if a light drab or any pale color, a little common blue makes the lines perfectly visible. This color must also be well rubbed into the paper, so that none shall be left on the surface. When the paper is thus prepared, place it on the material and lay over it the pattern to be transferred, and with an ivory knitting-needle or a stiletto trace the outline of the pattern, which will be found to be transferred to the material with perfect distinctness, if properly managed.

HAND SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

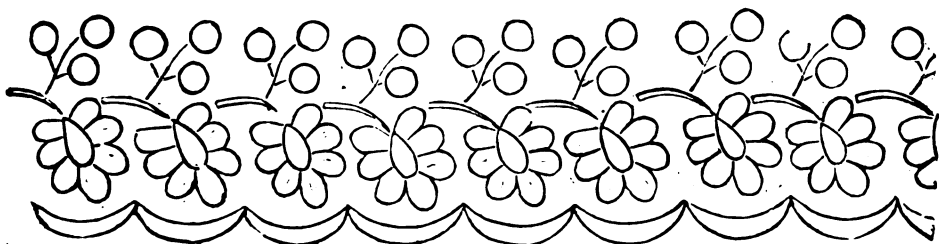




between the 4 double. This completes the star of 18 points. For the outer line, chain 7 between each point, looping into the centre stitch of each; there are three points to each of the six sides; at the six points of the hexagon there must be three stitches in one stitch to form the shape when the next row is worked. This row, which is the last, is 1 long 1 chain missing one stitch of last row. These hexagons are sewn together as given in the small diagram annexed.

PATTERNS IN SILK EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

COUNT THE COST.—Whatever you undertake, first count the cost. Have you friends? Before you alienate them count the cost. It is easy to be unjust to a father, a mother, a brother, a sister, a wife, or even a child, but it is less easy to recover the love you have outraged, or still the voice of remorse, especially if the grave has since closed over those you have offended. Even the conventionalisms of life, trifling as they seem, cannot be set at defiance with impunity, so that wise people, who have counted the cost, never violate them unless duty imperatively requires it. To win the esteem of your neighbors is the surest road to self-respect, to happiness, and, in the long run, even to honor; while to practice rudeness, meanness, hard-heartedness, and other selfish vices, is to awaken disgust, and finally hatred or contempt.

To buy fine furniture, or extravagant dresses, or give elegant entertainments, is all very pleasant; but when it leads to ruin, as it so often does, you will regret you had not counted the cost. Men who give themselves up to the sway of the appetites brutalize their natures, and not only this, but sow a harvest of pain and sickness for old age, if they do not cut short their lives; and when death comes prematurely, when they writhe on a bed of agony, oh! how they lament they had not counted the cost. Vice often comes in an alluring garb, but the adder is coiled under her Paphian garments, and, if we yield to her seductions, the day will come when we will wish that we had counted the cost.

Fathers, brothers, sons, count the cost, if you would succeed in life. Learn what you can do best, and do it with all your might. This man is a born mechanic, that a born orator, this a merchant, that a farmer, this an engineer, that a sailor, this a physician, that an author. More than this. There are some pursuits which require capital, as manufacturing, shipping and importing; and to embark in these, without adequate means, is to invite insolvency. Or to enter on an intellectual career without brains or study, is to ensure failure. In a word, in all conditions and phases of life, wise men, before they make ventures, rigidly count the cost!

EXAGGERATION IN TALKING.—Young people, especially, are guilty of this fault. We constantly hear such expressions as, "I am tired to death," "I did not sleep a wink all night," "I wouldn't do it for the world," "It was enough to kill me," "She turned as pale as a sheet," &c., &c. All such exaggerations affect, more or less, the habit of veracity, and make us insensibly disregard the exact truth. Thousands fall into this error without intending it. Besides nothing is so ill-bred. When a real gentleman hears such expressions fall from the lips of a pretty girl, he forgets instantly her beauty and can think only of what he considers her vulgarity. All young ladies, who talk in this way, are not, however, vulgar; but they should be the more careful, therefore, not to do themselves this injustice. Next to being uncultivated is seeming to be so.

SURPASSING ALL OTHERS.—A subscriber, forwarding a club, says:—"The people in this vicinity appreciate your efforts, and congratulate you on your success in furnishing a Magazine at two dollars, which surpasses in vigor and interest any three dollar Magazine published." And this seems to be the general verdict.

A WORD ABOUT SLEEP.—A celebrated physician, who had devoted a good deal of attention to the subject, said that no fact was more clearly established, than that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep; and he added that if the recuperation did not equal the expenditure, the brain withered and insanity supervened. Thus it is that in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping always died raving maniacs; thus it is, also, that those who starve to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are these—First: Those who think most, who do the most brain-work, require most sleep. Second: That time saved from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate. Third: Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all that are under your the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they wake; and within a fortnight, nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question how much any one requires, each must be a rule for himself—great Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.

THE YEAR 1861 is the latter part of the 5621st and the beginning of the 5622nd year since the creation of the world, according to the Jews. The year 5622 commences on September 5, 1861. The year 1861 answers to the 6574th year of the Julian Period, to the 2614th year from the foundation of Rome, to the 2637th year of Olympiads, to the 2608th year since the era of Nabonassar, and to the year 7160-70 of the Byzantine era. The year 1278 of the Mohammedan era commences on July 9th, 1861, and Ramadan (month of abstinence observed by the Turks) commences on March 13th, 1861.

OUR JANUARY MEZZOTINT.—Everybody seems to have been delighted with our January mezzotint. Says one of our most popular contributors. "We look at 'Cobwebs' again and again, all our heads together, and say, 'Isn't she a darling?' And another says, 'Yes, she is a darling!' A picture like that, in a way, hallows the whole number, the whole year, into which the thoughtful eyes seem peering. I am sure I thank you again and again for sending so beautiful a thing into so many homes."

OUR BEELIN PATTERN for this month, it will be seen, is twice the usual size, and as expensive as even the one in January, which was universally declared to be the handsomest and costliest embellishment of its kind ever published. Recollect, this is the only Magazine which prints these patterns at all, and that each such pattern, at a retail store, would cost fifty cents.

THE BIRD-NESTERS.—Isn't this also a charming picture? The children have been out bird-nesting; one of them has fallen and been hurt; and now the elder sister is carrying home the wounded, while the rest sympathizingly accompany her. How demurely Master Carlo walks along, by her side, carrying the spoils!

FRUGALITY'S CITY ITEM.—This admirable and popular weekly, now in its fourteenth year, is, we are glad to observe, doing more prosperously than ever. As a general litterateur, connoisseur, and intelligencer, it has few equals; as a literary paper, and especially a poetical one, it holds its own with the best; and in matters of fine art and the drama it is the representative paper of the city and the Union—the only thorough medium of theatrical information. It is very ably and very readably edited, and among its contributors are some of the most promising writers of the day—Stockton, Dorgan, Miss Donnelly, Miss Bridges. Mrs. Jacobs, and Julius Spec—writers who would do credit to any periodical in the country.

How We Do It.—"How can you afford," is a frequent inquiry, "to print so good a Magazine for so low a price?" We will tell you the secret, dear reader: we always insist on cash and pay cash ourselves. Thus, on the one hand, we make no bad debts, and on the other, buy cheaper than those buying on credit.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems. By Rose Terry. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—As a rule, volumes of poems, unless by well known names, are not worth the critic's reading. But this book is an exception. The name of Rose Terry had become favorably known to us, in the periodical literature of the day, and, therefore, we cut the leaves of this new work immediately. There are several poems of singular merit, and two or three very spirited ballads, in the volume. We cannot better exhibit the character of the collection, however, than by quoting

THE TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river, on the hill,
Lies a village white and still;
All around it the forest-trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it smiling shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lies still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river-shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;
Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh;
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And, weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Long to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And hearth, praying, this answer fall:
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all!"

The Printer Boy. By William W. Thayer. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—This excellent little book for the young is founded on the story of Franklin's life. It is the first of a series, which the publishers design to issue. The next will be, "The Farmer Boy, or how George Washington became President."

Lavinia. By the author of "Dr. Antonio." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—"Dr. Antonio" was a fiction of rare beauty, and "Lavinia" is hardly less meritorious. The scene of the story is laid, principally, in Italy, the hero being a young artist, and the heroine an English girl of beauty, accomplishments and wealth. The loves of these two; the Italian life; the minor characters who figure in the tale, are all equally well depicted: and the interest suffers no diminution, even when the scene of the story is shifted to England, though, perhaps, the exquisite naturalness of the narrative falls off somewhat. In "Dr. Antonio," there was a tragical denouement, and one that did not seem to us necessary; but in "Lavinia," this is avoided, and a happy marriage concludes the tale. Still the latter part even of the present fiction is inferior to the earlier chapters. This is less, however, because of any want of merit in the conclusion, than because of the exquisite beauty of the first half of the book, where the pictures of Italy are not less delicious than in Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," while the actors have far more reality. The author of "Lavinia," we should state, is an Italian, but has written his book in English; and few, even of the masters of the language, are so idiomatic and lucid in style.

German Popular Tales and Household Stories. Collected by the Brothers Grimm. Newly translated. With illustrations by Edward H. Wehnert. First and Second Series. 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.—These two volumes contain nearly two hundred tales. The stories are of various lengths, but all comparatively short. The style is pithy, and often archaic, as, indeed, is the case with most tales, which, like these, have come down from former ages. Dansen's "Tales from the Norse" will give those of our readers, who have not yet seen these stories, some idea of their character. But, perhaps, we go too far in supposing that anybody has not read the "Tales and Household Stories" of the brothers Grimm; for the work has long been world-renowned, and has furnished, time and again, materials for collectors of legends. We may say, however, that the present edition is a particularly handsome one, and that the illustrations, by Mr. Wehnert, are especially fine.

The Petty Annoyances of Married Life. By H. de Balzac. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—In France, marriages are generally conventional, and this fiction may, perhaps, be there a faithful daguerrotype of married life. But the exaggerations of "Punch," or "Vanity Fair," do not caricature the reality more, than its pictures caricature married life, as it is seen, happily, in England and the United States. What we deplore, in addition, in this volume, is the sneering spirit, the want of faith, which is such a curse to France, and which renders French literature so dangerous to the young. What Thackeray is to the most genial of his cotemporaries, that "The Petty Annoyances" is to Thackeray. The translation is executed with the same spirit and fidelity which marked "Cesar Biotteau."

The Heroes of Europe. By Henry G. Hewlett. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a biographical outline of European history, from A. D. 700 to A. D. 1700. Charlemagne, Geoffrey de Bouillon, St. Bernard, Frederick Barbarossa, Rodolph of Hapsburg, Columbus, and other characters typical of their time, are the heroes whose deeds are commemorated. It is an excellent work for the young. Several spirited engravings illustrate the volume.

From Hay-Time To Hopping. By the author of "Our Farm of Four Acres." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—This is a charming little story. Its merit, however, consists rather in its pictures of country life, than in any constructive skill as to its plot. The tone, so to speak, is better than the incidents. The volume is printed with unusual elegance.

Faithful Forever. By Corenty Putmore, author of "The Angel In The House." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Ruskin has said, in a late paper in the Cornhill Magazine, that this is a wonderful poem. Like most of Ruskin's opinions, this is an exaggeration; but like all exaggerations, it has a basis of fact. We cannot better define wherein the merits of this poem consist, (for it has very great merits,) than by saying that it is full of common sense, is quite original, and is singularly sweet and delicate. To give an exhaustive criticism of it would require pages. We must content ourselves with a few quotations. This, describing a young girl, is fine:

With whom she talks
She knights first with her smile; she walks,
Stands, dances, to such sweet effect
Alone she seems to go erect.
The brightest and the chastest brow
Rules o'er a cheek which seems to show
That love, as a mere vague suspense
Of apprehensive innocence,
Perturbs her heart.

Or again:

Even in dress
She makes the common mode express
New knowledge of what's fit, so well,
'Tis virtue gaily visible.

This, describing the change, which comes over the face of a young girl, when her lover appears, is exquisite:

And, as the image of the moon
Breaks up, within some still lagoon
That feels the soft wind suddenly,
Or tide fresh flowing from the sea,
And turns to giddy flames that go
Over the water to and fro,
Thus, when he took her hand to-night,
Her lovely gravity of light
Was scattered into many smiles
And flattering weakness.

How fine this, from the one she does not love, who, seeing the interview, writes to his mother:

Would I might
But be your little child to-night,
And feel your arms about me fold,
Against this loneliness and cold.

But we must stop, for if we go on, we shall fill our space, to the exclusion of other authors and publishers. We merely add, that, whoever wishes to read a charming love-story in verse, and pick up, at the same time, no little of the truest philosophy of life, should buy this volume.

Hymns of the Ages. Second Series. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—About a year ago we had occasion to notice a work bearing the same title as this, and of which this is really a continuation. It contained a selection of hymns, written in different centuries, and chiefly distinguished for their mysticism and sentiment. The present is a compilation similar in character, but devoted principally to Christian lyrics, in which thought, rather than sentiment, prevails. Like its predecessor, it is remarkable, not only for taste, but also for broad and liberal spirit. We cannot better describe the character of the work, than by quoting the words of the compilers themselves: "Choosing irrespective of creed, we have been often guided by rare and deep associations of the past; hymns there are here which have been breathed by dying lips, traced on the walls of prisons, sung with hushed voices in catacombs, or joyfully chanted on the battle-march, or fearlessly at the stake." We violate no confidence, we think, when we say that the compilers are two ladies, whose culture as well as piety appear in every selection they have made. The volume is exquisitely printed, on thick, vellum-like paper.

The Seven Little Sisters who live on the round ball that floats in the air. With illustrations. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Seven stories for children, descriptive of life in as many different climates, each story very prettily told. The illustrations are particularly elegant.

The Conduct of Life. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a collection of essays on subjects connected with life, such as "Behavior," "Culture," "Wealth," "Worship," &c. &c. They are written in pure, nervous English, contrasting, favorably, in this respect, with certain earlier productions of the same author. Nor are they less meritorious in matter. Mr. Emerson has studied life, not as a mere theorist, as too many might suppose, but with something also of the feeling of the man of the world; and hence his conclusions are broader, and consequently truer, than those which mere closet philosophers ever arrive at, however honest their intentions. We hardly know of any essays in the language, except, perhaps, Bacon's, which contain so much in such little space. They go straight to the mark. They have the ring of a rifle. In the guise of short, popular treatises, they really almost exhaust their themes. They have this merit also, that they instruct more by what they suggest, than by what they say. They set the reader to thinking. They stimulate like breezy, October mornings, out on the hills. They are set so thick with thought that one perusal is not enough. We have, already, read these essays twice, and do not doubt that we shall find much that seems new even at a third perusal. The volume is handsomely printed.

Plants of the Holy Land, with their Fruits and Flowers. By Rev. Henry S. Osborn, author of "Palestine, Past and Present." 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This is a very elegant volume. The type and paper are unexceptionable. The engravings, which represent various plants of the Holy Land, are colored after nature and are of striking merit. Mr. Osborn is favorably known as the author of "Palestine, Past and Present," a work of unusual merit, and which has had, we believe, quite a large sale. In the present volume, he identifies, to use his own words, "Scriptural plants with the existing plants of Syria, or with those mentioned and described in the writings of early Greek and Latin physicians, botanists, and naturalists." The love of flowers has been said to be one of the sweetest graces of womanhood. We can imagine, therefore, how a book like this, which describes and represents the plants spoken of in Holy Writ, from the most delicate and beautiful, down to "the hyssop that groweth by the wall," will be welcomed by the Christian women of America. It is a volume, that, on this account, not less than because of its elegance, ought to be circulated everywhere. It is especially valuable as a gift-book.

Tom Brown at Oxford. A Sequel to "School Days at Rugby." By the author of "School Days at Rugby." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a republication, in a handsome volume, of a story of which we have often spoken, and which is now being published, serially, in MacMillan's Magazine, in London. The tale has much of the freshness of its predecessor, and though a little more spun out, is, on the whole, one of the best serial stories we have had from England for a long while. The descriptions of life at Oxford are novel to most readers, and are said to be correct. The ladies cannot fail to be interested in the love of Tom for Mary, and of Handy for Kate.

Driftwood on the Sea of Life. By Willie Ware. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Jas. Challen & Son.—A collection of articles, in prose and verse, for which the author has chosen a very appropriate title. Willie Ware seems to be young and sentimental, and that is all we can say about him and his driftwood.

The Chapel of St. Mary. By the author of "The Rectory of Moreland." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—A story that will please readers of religious fiction, especially those belonging to the Episcopal denomination. In a literary point of view it is but of average merit. The volume is beautifully printed.

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MAKING PILAU.

This very wholesome and cheap dish consists of nothing more than rice swelled and softened by broth of any description. The substances most commonly used, and their proportions, are as follows:

Three ounces of rice for each person; it should be picked and washed in three waters. Half a pound of mutton to each portion of rice. Half an ounce of very fresh butter cut into small bits for each of the portions. A sufficient quantity of water to allow, when the broth is made, one pint to be imbibed by each portion of the rice. The broth is made first, and the meat should be but two-thirds dressed.

Pilau is made in a well-tinned copper stewpan, with a cover of a sufficient size to allow the rice to swell, over a charcoal brazier. The broth is poured into the saucepan, and when it boils the cleaned rice is gradually thrown into it; the rice insensibly absorbs the broth, and when the whole is imbibed, the rice is swollen, but unbroken, and perfectly tender, and is done. When taken off the fire and uncovered, a number of little holes produced by the evaporation of the broth will be observed; into these the small pieces of butter are put, and the stewpan is carefully closed: the butter soon melts and mixes with the rice; it is left to simmer for a quarter of an hour, and then placed in a tureen or dish. The rice should not be stirred while on the fire. The meat having been cut into small pieces, and browned nicely in fresh butter (which completes its cooking), is placed neatly on the pilau.

Pilau is improved by using pigeons and fowls, either added to the meat or alone. No vegetables are to be used, as they impart a harsh, unpleasant flavor to the dish.

A PILAU FOR FIVE PERSONS.—Fives ounces of rice; two pounds and a half of meat; two ounces and a half of fresh butter; five pints of broth made from the meat, and salted as usual. After the broth is made, half an hour is sufficient for cooking the dish, which is the general food of the Turks.

VENICE PILAU, AS A SIDE-DISH.—Six ounces of rice, washed in three tepid waters; stew it gently in two pints of broth over a clear charcoal fire, and closely covered. When all the broth is imbibed, it is done, and is to be taken off the fire; add three ounces of fresh butter, cut into small bits, that it may melt the quicker, and close the stewpan. Take six yolks and three whites of eggs, and beat them up well; uncover the stewpan and pour them into the rice, and then close it again, but still off the fire, and let it simmer. Take a deep dish, butter it, pour into it one-third of the rice, and add some small pieces of butter, and a layer of meat, cut and browned apart; then a second layer of rice, butter, and meat; then a third layer; arrange the whole in a dome shape: beat up the yolk of an egg in milk or cream, and cover the outside with it, then put the dish into the oven; the butter melts and the pilau assumes a yellowish crust; it is served in the same dish.

CONSTANTINOPLE PILAU.—According to the quality and number of the guests take either mutton, fowls, or pigeons; boil them till rather more than half done, then put the meat and broth into a basin. Having washed the pot, melt some butter in it, and when very hot, having cut up the half-cooked meat into bits, the fowls into four, and the pigeons in half, throw them into the butter and fry till of a light brown. The necessary quantity of thin rice being well washed, is then to be placed over the meat in the pot, and the broth to be poured over the rice till it is covered to a full finger's depth; then cover the pot, and keep a clear fire under it, and, from time to time, take out some grains of rice to ascertain if it softens sufficiently, or requires more broth; the rice must remain whole though thoroughly done, as well as the pepper which is used for seasoning. As soon as the rice is done, cover the top of the pot with a cloth five or six times folded, and the cover above it; and in a little time melt some more butter and pour it into holes made for the purpose, with the handle of the spoon; cover it quickly again, and then let it simmer till served. It is served in large dishes, with the meat nicely arranged at the top. One may be white of its natural color, another tinted yellow with saffron, and a third red with pome-granate juice.

Though the meat is fat enough for our stomachs, the Turks add as much as three pounds of butter to six of rice, which makes the pilau disagree with those unaccustomed to it.

Some persons prefer rice simply cooked with salt and water; it is served in many ways among the grandees of the Porte; and instead of meat, an herb, omelette, or nicely poached eggs are placed on the rice; in this manner it can disagree with none.

DESSERTS, CAKES, ETC.

MOTHER EVE'S PUDDING.

If you'd have a good pudding, pray mind what you're taught. Take twopennyworth of eggs when twelve for a groat; Then take of that fruit which Eve did once cozen, Well pared and well chopped, at least half a dozen; Six ounces of bread—let your maid eat the crust—The crumbs must be grated as fine as the dust; Six ounces of currants from the stems you must sort, Or they'll break out your teeth and spoil all your sport. Three ounces of sugar won't make it too sweet; Some salt and some spices to make it complete. Three hours let it boil without hurry or flutter, And then serve it up with some good melted butter.

Rich Bride or Christening Cake.—Take five pounds of the finest flour, dried and sifted, three pounds of fresh butter, five pounds of picked and washed currants, dried before the fire, two pounds of loaf sugar, two nutmegs, a quarter of an ounce of mace, half a quarter of an ounce of cloves, all finely beaten and sifted; sixteen eggs, whites and yolks kept separate; one pound of blanched almonds, pounded with orange flower water, one pound each of candied citron, orange, and lemon peel, cut in neat slices. Mix these ingredients in the following manner:—Begin working the butter with the hand till it becomes of a cream-like consistency, then beating in the sugar; for at least ten minutes whisk the whites of the eggs to a complete froth, and mix it with the butter and sugar. Next, well beat up the yolks for full ten minutes, and, adding them to the flour, nutmegs, mace, and cloves, continue beating the whole together for half an hour or longer, till wanted for the oven. Then mix in lightly the currants, almonds, and candied peels, with the addition of a gill each of mountain wine and brandy; and, having lined a hoop with paper, rub it well with butter, fill in the mixture, and bake it in a tolerably quick oven, taking care, however, not by any means to burn the cake, the top of which may be covered with paper. It is generally fed over like a Twelfth-cake on coming out of the oven, but without having any ornament on the top, so as to appear of a delicate plain white.

Italian Cheese.—Squeeze the juice of one lemon in a quarter of a pint of raisin wine; pare the peel of the lemon very thin (take out the peel before you put it into the mould); a quarter of a pound of pounded loaf sugar. Let it stand sometime, then strain it into a pint of thick cream; whip it till quite thick; put a piece of thin muslin into the mould, then pour in the cheese, and let it stand all night. Turn it out just before sent to table. The mould must have holes in it,

Orange Cream.—Put into a stewpan one ounce of isinglass, with the juice of six large oranges and one lemon, add sugar to your taste, rub some of the lumps on the peel of the oranges; add as much water as will make it up to a pint and a half, boil, strain through a muslin bag; when cold, beat up with it half a pint of thick cream; put into a mould. In hot weather add more isinglass.

Rock Biscuits.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of currants. Work the butter to a cream, add the sugar and three eggs. Mix all well together with a fork, put it on tin plates, and bake them in a moderate oven. They will keep good for twelve months.

Drop Sponge Biscuits.—Half a pound of flour, six ounces of loaf sugar, three eggs, leaving out one white. Beat sugar and eggs together twenty minutes, then add the flour.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Color Alum Crystals.—In making these crystals, the coloring should be added to the solution of alum in proportion to the shade which it is desired to produce. Coke, with a piece of lead attached to it, in order to make it sink in the solution, is the best substance for a nucleus; or, if a smooth surface be used, it will be necessary to wind it round with cotton or worsted, otherwise no crystals will adhere to it. *Yellow*, muriate of iron; *blue*, solution of indigo in sulphuric acid; *pale blue*, equal parts of alum and blue vitriol; *carmine*, infusion of madder and cochineal; *black*, japan ink thickened with gum; *green*, equal parts of alum and blue vitriol, with a few drops of muriate of iron; *milk-white*, a crystal of alum held over a glass containing ammonia, the vapor of which precipitates the alumina on the surface. Or—Alum crystals may be colored yellow by boiling a little saffron or turmeric with the alum, dissolved

in water; purple, by a similar use of logwood. Whether the alum be employed in its simple state, or any coloring matter be used, it is requisite to filter the solution through blotting paper before it is used. Or—Splendid blue crystals may be obtained by preparing the sulphate of copper—commonly called blue vitriol—in the same manner that alum is prepared. Great care must be taken not to drop it on the clothes.

Varnish to Color Baskets.—Take either red, black, or white sealing-wax, whichever color you wish to make. To every two ounces of sealing-wax, add one ounce of spirits of wine; pound the wax fine; then sift it through a fine lawn sieve until you have made it extremely fine; put it into a large phial with the spirits of wine, shake it, and let it stand near the fire forty-eight hours, shaking it often; then, with a little brush, brush the baskets all over with it; let them dry, and do them over a second time.

To Make Paper Fireproof.—To do this, it is only necessary to dip the paper in a strong solution of alum water, and when thoroughly dry, it will resist the action of flame. Some paper requires to imbibe more of the solution than it will take up at a single immersion, and when this is the case, the process must be repeated until it becomes thoroughly saturated.

Cleaning Hair Brushes.—It is said that soda dissolved in cold water is better than soap and hot water. The latter very soon softens the hairs, and the rubbing completes their destruction. Soda having an affinity for grease, cleans the brush with a very little friction.

To Clean Gill Frames.—Beat up three ounces of the white of eggs with one ounce of soda. Blow the dust from the frames with a bellows; then rub them over with a soft brush dipped in the mixture, and they will become bright and fresh.

To Prevent the Smoking of a Lamp.—Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn clearly, and give much satisfaction for the trifling trouble in preparing it.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Hints on Pickling.—Do not keep pickles in common earthenware, as the glazing contains lead, and combines with the vinegar. Vinegar for pickling should be sharp, though not the sharpest kind, as it injures the pickles. If you use copper, bell-metal, or brass vessels for pickling, never allow the vinegar to cool in them, as it then is poisonous. Add a teaspoonful of alum, and a teacup of salt to each three gallons of vinegar, and tie up a bag with pepper, ginger root, spices of all the different sorts in it, and you have vinegar prepared for any kind of pickling. Keep pickles only in wood or stoneware. Anything that has held grease will spoil pickles. Stir pickles occasionally, and if there are soft ones take them out and scald the vinegar, and pour it hot over the pickles. Keep enough vinegar to cover them well. If it is weak, take fresh vinegar and pour on hot. Do not boil vinegar or spice above five minutes.

How to Bone a Turkey.—After the turkey has been properly dressed, cut off the first joint of the leg. Now make an incision down the back-bone from the head, and carefully separate the flesh from the bone on both sides, until you arrive at the wings and legs. Cut very carefully round the joints, and insert the knife between the flesh and the bone, when the bone will be found to leave the flesh quite easily.

The Best Means of Clearing Coffee.—First, take the quantity of coffee required, and pour on boiling water; then strain it, and add the white and shell of one egg, well beaten up. Boil for a few minutes. If a strainer be not at hand, two tablespoonfuls of cold water poured in the coffee will clear it. It must be poured out very gently.

To Salt two Hams about Twelve or Fifteen Pounds each.—Two pounds of molasses, half a pound of saltpetre, one pound of bay salt, two pounds of common salt. Boil the whole together in a stewpan. Your hams should, two two days before, be laid in a pan and well rubbed with salt, which will draw away all slime and blood. Throw what comes from them away, then rub them with molasses, saltpetre, and salt. Lay them in a deep pan, and let them remain one day; then the mixture to be poured over them boiling hot—a sufficient quantity of the liquor to be made to cover them. For a day or two, rub them well with it, afterward they will only want turning. They ought to remain in this pickle for three weeks or a month, and then be sent to be smoked, which will take nearly or quite a month to do. An ox tongue done in this way is most excellent, to be eaten either green or smoked.

RECEIPTS FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

Chilblains.—Chilblains generally attack the hands and feet; but are cured by the same means on whatever part they may appear. When the tingling and itching are first felt—a sure sign of chilblains—the parts, hands or feet, ought to be bathed in cold water, or rubbed in snow, till the sensation subsides, then well dried; or the following preventive embrocation may be used, though the first method is unquestionably the best. Take spirits of turpentine, one ounce, balsam of compavia, one ounce. Mix them together, rub the afflicted parts two or three times a day with a portion of it.

Cure for Scrofula.—Put two ounces of aquafortis on a plate, on which you have two copper cents. Let it remain from eight to twenty-four hours. Then add four ounces of clear, strong vinegar. Put cents and all in a large-mouthed bottle, and keep it corked. Begin by putting four drops in a teaspoonful of rain water, and apply it to the sore. Make the application three times a day, with a soft, hair pencil, or one made of soft rags. If very painful, put more water. As the sore heals, apply it weaker.

Colds from Excessive Fatigue in Wet Weather.—Those robust individuals whose occupations are chiefly followed in the open air, on taking cold and experiencing rheumatic or other muscular pains from too lengthened and violent exertion in wet weather, have a specific for the cure of these affections, which is regarded by them as infallible—and this is, a tea or tablespoonful of the *oily fat* which drips from slowly-toasted bacon.

THE TOILET.

WHAT IS THE REASON?—It is a melancholy fact that not one lady in a hundred, in these United States, has fine or luxuriant hair. Everybody is complaining of the loss of "woman's chief glory," and wondering why on earth pomatums and hair washes, oils, and restoratives, fail to bring it back "as per advertisement." We suspect there would be a general exclamation of incredulity among the gentlemen, did they but know what an immense proportion of the tastefully arranged tresses they behold on fair heads grow on somebody else's pate. Almost every one wears a "roll" or "braid," which comes from the hair dresser's, and costs from five to twenty dollars. It is disposed with consummate skill—you cannot distinguish the sly hair-pins that fasten on the false decoration, yet there it is, a tacit confession that nature gives way to art.

"My hair will keep coming out, although I take the greatest pains with it," sighs the fashionable belle; "I don't see what the trouble is!"

There are several "troubles," first and foremost among which is the expensive "roll" itself. Any hair-dresser will

tell you that the weight and pressure of this heavy mass of false hair, with the heat it induces around the head, is highly prejudicial to the growth and welfare of the real hair. If you must wear a roll, let it be as seldom as possible. Whenever you can dispense with it, do so. Let its place be supplied as often as practicable with a light head-dress, secured with as few hair-pins as will support it. These last are fearfully destructive to the hair, cutting and wearing it to an incredible degree. Gutta-percha hair-pins are the best, and even these should be limited in number.

All sorts of pomatums, oils, and preparations, had better be let alone. There is no use in soaking the skin of the head in grease, as is often done. If the hair is harsh and dry, castor-oil, perfumed, is the best application, but the scalp itself should not be saturated. Washing the head thoroughly in fair water, once a week, will be found very beneficial.

Bodily health is almost essential to the natural growth of the hair. Nothing indicates the progress of sickness so plainly as the dry, dead look of the hair; and if our American ladies want lovely, luxuriant tresses, they must avoid heated rooms, late hours, and fashionable dissipation. There is no help for it—nature will avenge any infringement on her laws, and the sooner we become thoroughly convinced of this fact, the better for us!

There is no ornament half so becoming to a female head as thick, beautiful hair. It needs no decoration beyond a natural flower or two. Nets, diamond sprays, tiaras of pearl, are useless—it is like “painting the lily” to wear them. Remember this, girls, and take every precaution to preserve this exquisite ornament of Nature's manufacture. Once gone, it is hard to coax back again!

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF FAWN COLORED SILK.—The skirt is full, and has a puffing of silk put on like a tunic. Large, flat buttons covered with silk, ornament the front of the skirt. The body and sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Bonnet of white uncut velvet, trimmed with feathers and flowers.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF PURPLE SILK, STRIPED WITH BLACK VELVET.—The skirt and body are perfectly plain. The only trimming on the sleeves is a narrow guipure lace. Bonnet of white silk spotted with black velvet, and trimmed with black and straw-color pompons and feathers.

FIG. III.—THE EUGENIE PALETOT is made of gray cloth, and trimmed only with galoon of the same color, and large buttons.

FIG. IV.—THE VICTORIA PALETOT OF BLACK CLOTH, fitting close to the figure. At the back and on the hips are gimp trimmings.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses, whether for the house or the promenade, are most generally made high, closing with small buttons; some are made a little open, with *revers* forming collar at the back: the waists short, with narrow bands and clasps; wide sleeves seem to be most in favor; the shaped leeres, not fitting too tight, with three or four small puffings at the top, are much patronized by some ladies. The skirts are worn very long, and wide at the bottom, the breadths gored toward the top; narrow flounces, very full, and set close together, are again coming into favor for silk dresses, as well as narrow quillings placed at equal distances and reaching nearly half way up the skirt; a very stylish trimming for a light silk or poplin, is very deep points of either silk or velvet of a contrasting color, the points reaching to the knee, and trimmed round with quilling or plaiting of ribbon. Dresses having the skirts of alternate breadths of velvet and silk have an extremely rich and elegant appearance.

For dinner and evening dresses, rich, soft satins, and

bright *glaces* of delicate colors, will be fashionable; they are trimmed with lace, *tulle*, and flowers; for very young ladies *tarlatane* and the lighter materials are preferred: for evening wear, bodies are made with the short point.

Gored dresses, with the body and skirt in one, still continue in favor; and plain, short-waisted bodies, worn with sashes, bands, and clasps, and buttoned to the throat, are more general than anything else. For dark woollen materials, and for mourning dresses, the trimming usually adopted is, one deep flounce finished off by a very narrow one, with a puffing and heading, or only the heading. For more elegant wear, dresses are trimmed with several narrow flounces, which may be cut either on the cross or straightway of the stuff. These flounces are corded at the top and bottom.

Dresses with low bodies and pelerines are now very much in vogue. This is a very useful and economical way of making a dress, as it can be worn either for morning or evening toilet. The pelerine should be made of the same material as the dress, for morning wear; and one of black net, trimmed with black velvet, or of white lace, for evening. The sleeves should be made demi-long—that is to say, just coming below the elbow.

A very pretty way to make a black silk dress is with five very full narrow flounces at the bottom of the skirt; each flounce being corded at the top and bottom with white silk, and the flounces graduated. The body should be tight, buttoning high to the throat, with black buttons, edged with white. The waist short and round, and finished off by a broad sash of black silk, corded with white silk; this sash should be fastened on the left-hand side. The sleeves should be gathered at the top, large at the bottom, with a deep turned-back cuff; this cuff should be scalloped and corded with white silk, to correspond with the trimming on the skirt.

SLEEVES are a part of the dress on which advice is most frequently asked, and for which it is most difficult to indicate any absolute fashion, for their form varies and must vary according to individual taste, personal peculiarities, character, and habits. The close-fitting sleeves, which look remarkably well on certain ladies, have on others a scanty and paltry appearance. Wide sleeves with frills suit some persons best; and others again look well in sleeves with cuffs, or full ones gathered into wristbands. To give this last description some appearance of novelty, it is complicated by silk or lace ruffles placed lengthwise all up the sleeve. Others, also wide, and gathered a little at top, are bordered with a broad strip of velvet at bottom, and with a similar band, placed in a contrary manner, which seems to be a continuation of the first, and to close the sleeve by gathering it slightly at the bend of the arm.

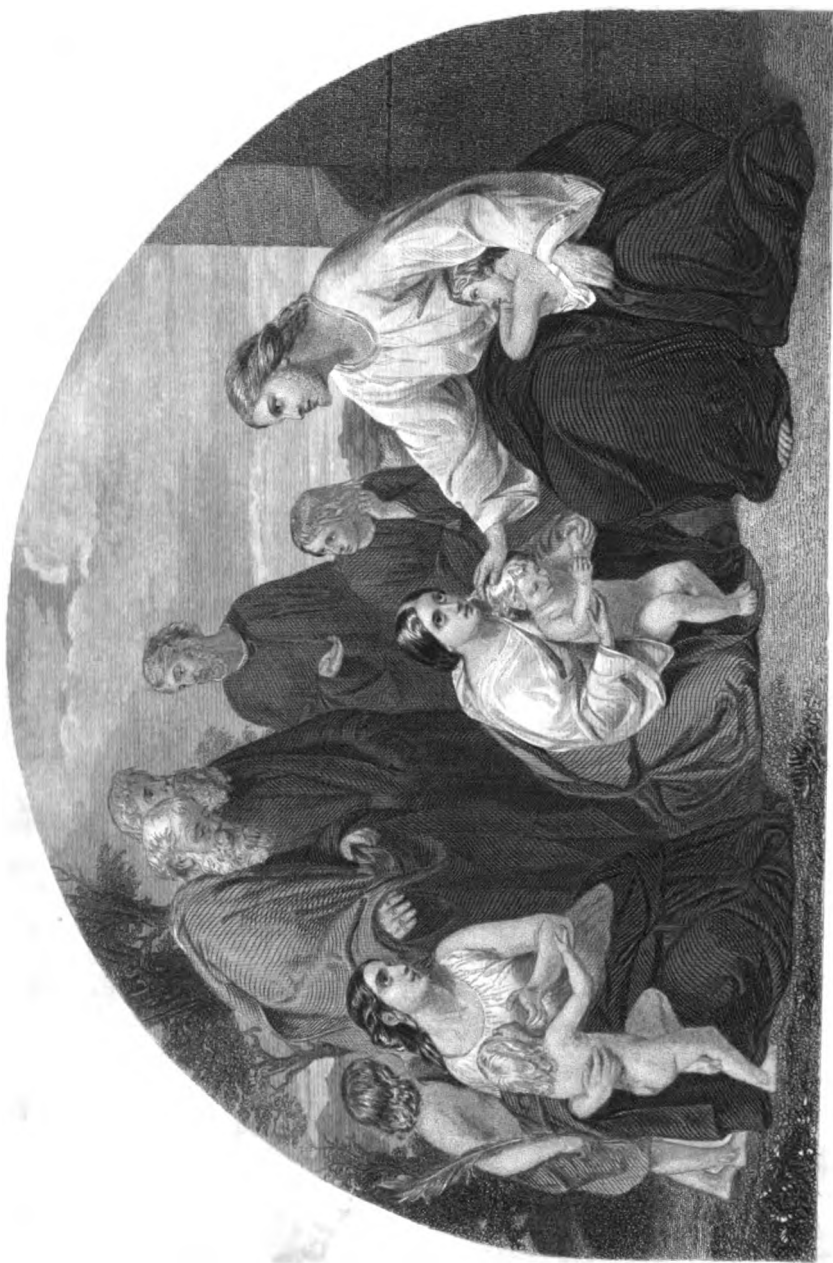
We give in our wood-cut fashions a beautiful style for muslin bodies. The muslin should be very thin and puffed lengthwise; between each puffing is a row of black velvet ribbon. The sleeves correspond with the body, having a black velvet jockey or cap at the top.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A BOY OF EIGHT OR TEN YEARS OF AGE.—The pants, jacket, and vest are all made of gray cloth trimmed with black velvet. Black cloth cap.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The coat is of dark blue merino, trimmed with five bands of black velvet, the lowest band being much the widest. The large, round cape and sleeves are made to correspond with the skirt of the coat. Black felt hat ornamented with a full plume.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In our wood-cuts of this month, we give a great variety of children's fashions, which are so exceedingly plain and simple in make that they need no description.





LES MODES PARISIENNES.

PARIS, 1870.

1870.

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LES MODES PARISIENNES.

REVUE DE LA

MODE

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THE CEMETERY MOON.



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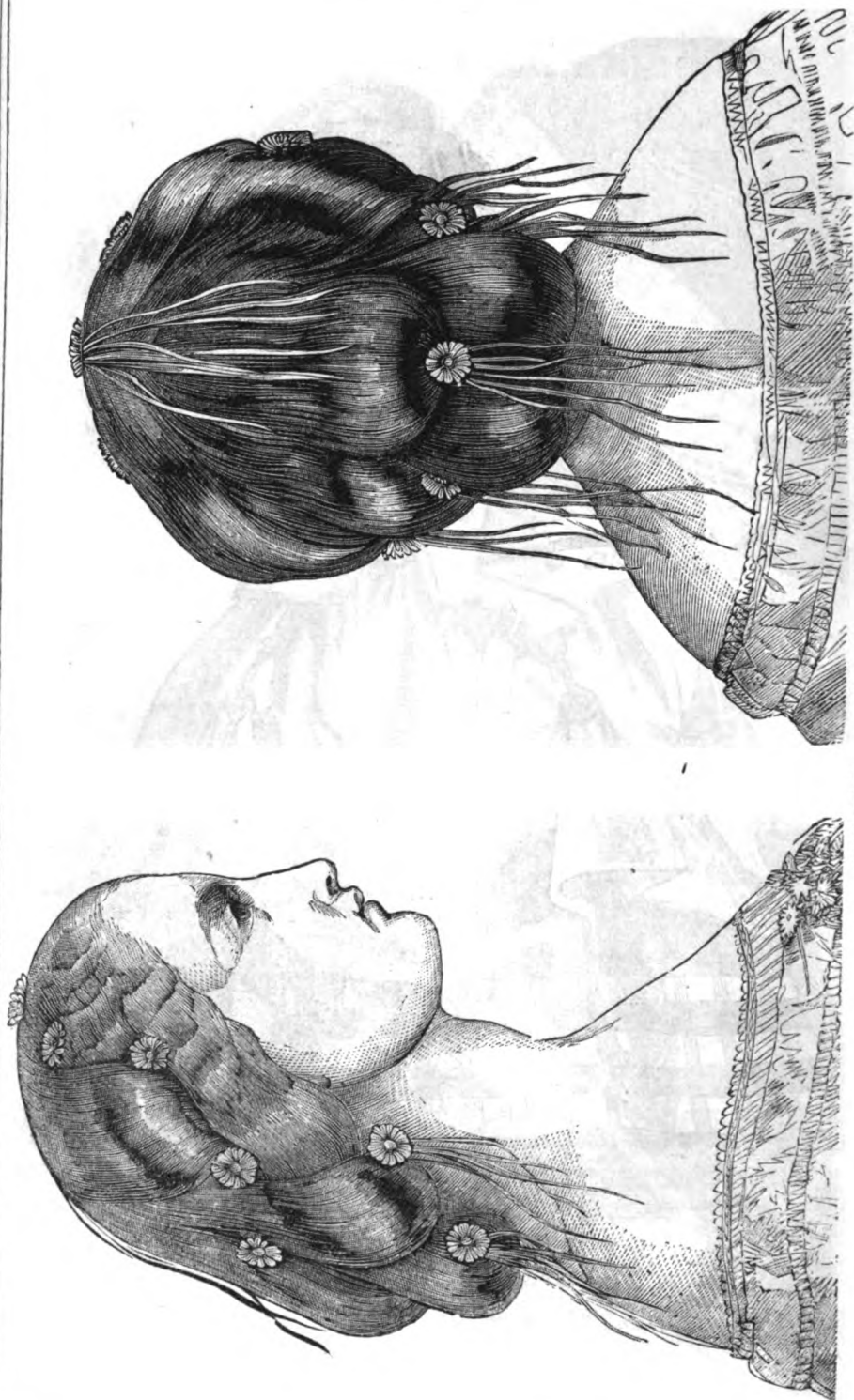
ALPHABET FOR MARKING: AND FIGURES.



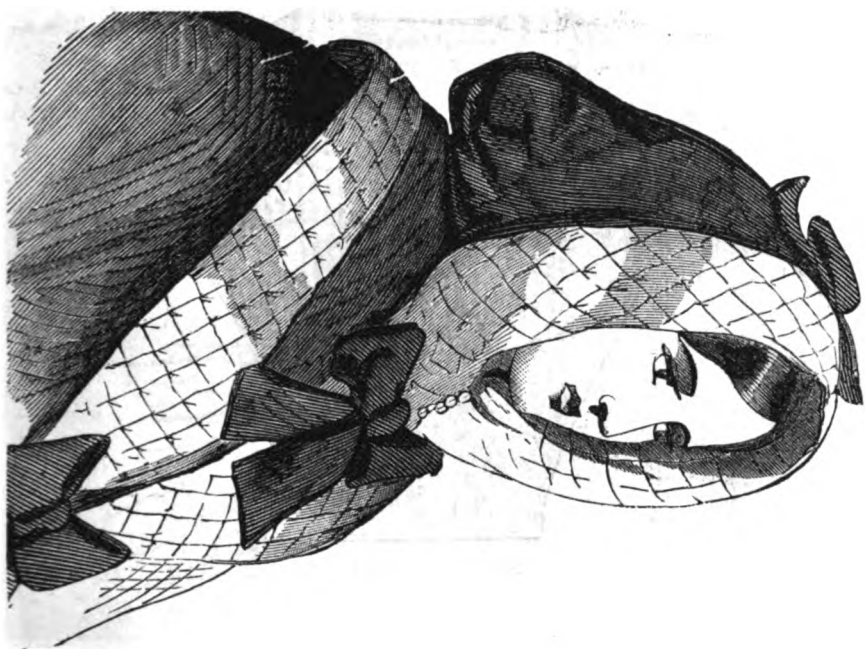
CARRIAGE DRESS.



WALKING DRESS.



HEAD-DRESS: SIDE AND BACK VIEWS.



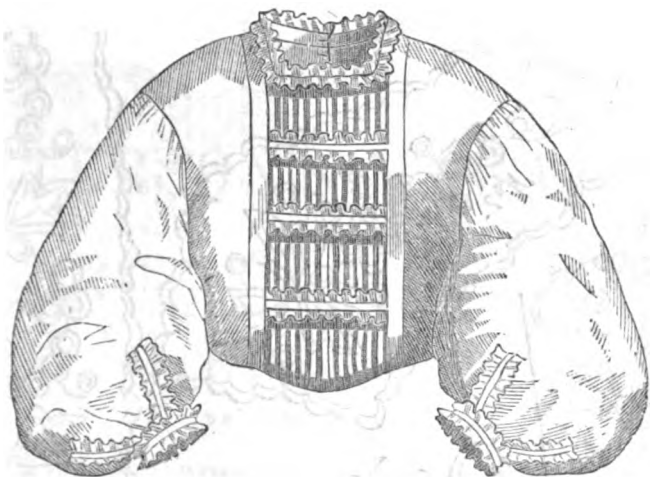
FRONT AND BACK OF CAPOTEIN, OR HOOD.



SWISS CHEMISETTE.



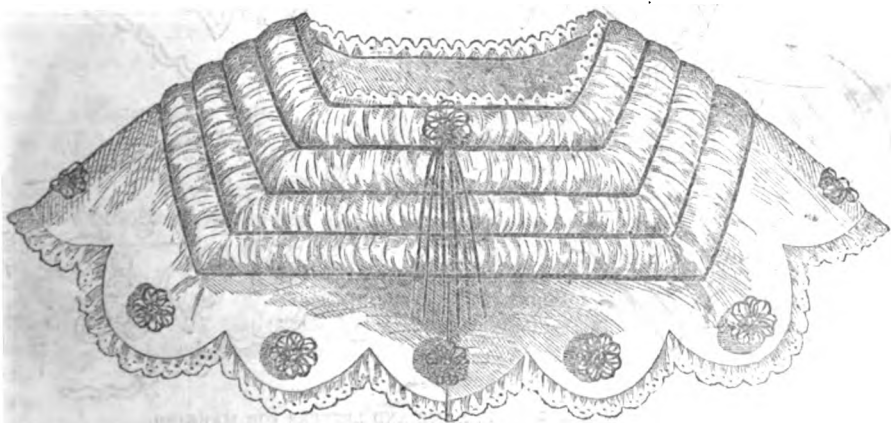
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH.



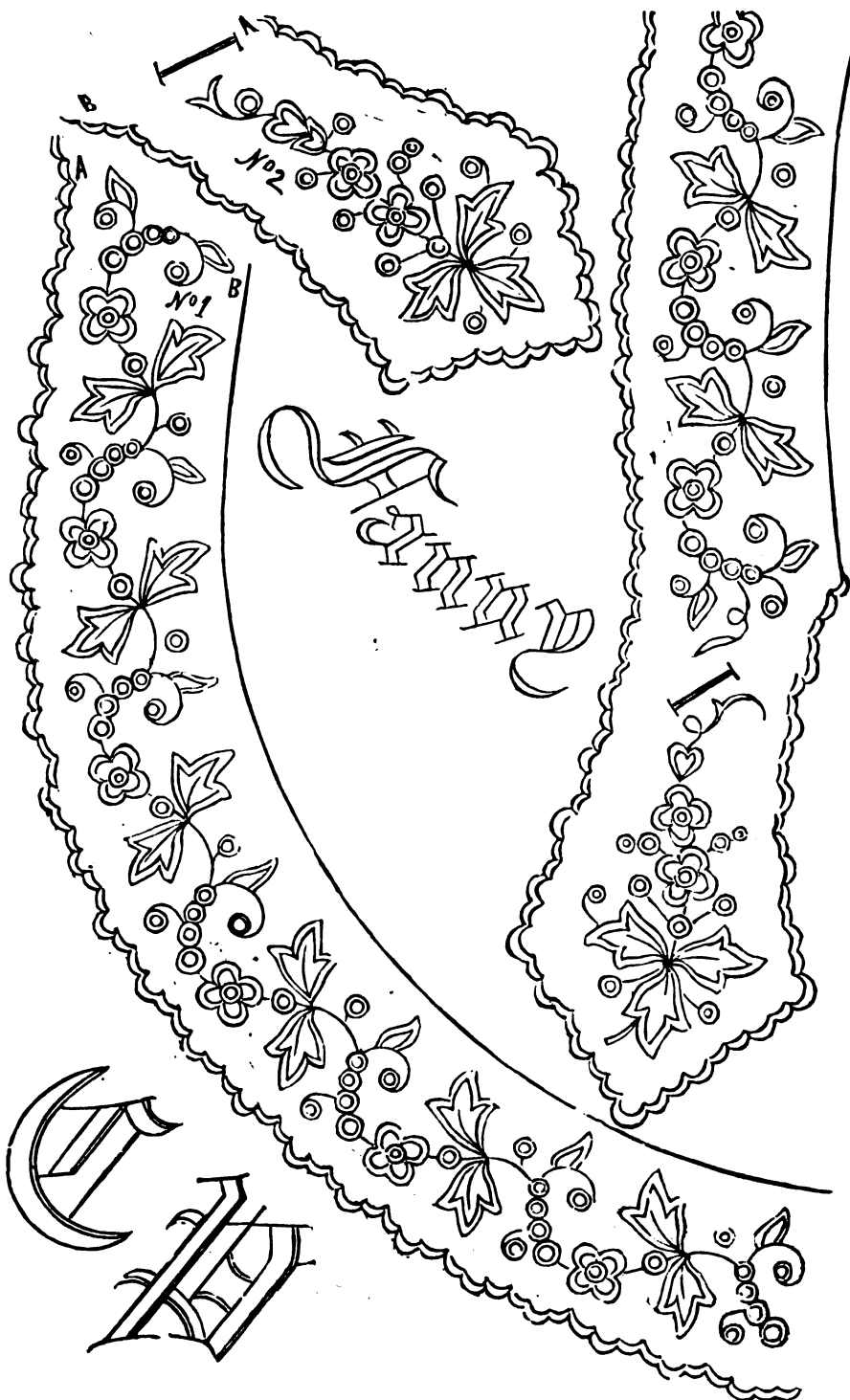
CHEMISETTE FOR ZOUAVE JACKET.



NAME FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



ITALIAN FICHU.



NEW STYLE COLLAR AND CUFF: NAME AND LETTERS FOR MARKING.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIX.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1861.

No. 8.

ONLY A FLIRTATION.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"So there is no engagement between you?"

"Engagement! I should think not. Why, Joe, I am only eighteen, I shan't be engaged for the next five years. I am not going to tie myself down to domestic life yet, I assure you."

"But, Nettie, you are wandering from the subject. I cannot think you utterly heartless, yet I frankly own you pain me by this dreadful spirit of coquetry you display. I am sure Graham Curtis——"

"Now, Joe, don't be tiresome. It is only a flirtation. We dance, chat, ride together, but that is nothing. I flirt quite as extensively with a dozen other gentlemen."

"But, Nettie," and a very grave look came over Joseph Lawson's fine face, "Graham loves you."

"So they all do, if I am to believe their protestations."

"So my friend, the man I honor and love above all other men, is to be the plaything of a woman's caprice. Sister, be careful, you are playing a dangerous game."

The crimson blood dyed the cheek of the little beauty, as she ran laughingly away from her brother, saying,

"I will come for the rest of the sermon, to-morrow."

One long stride the brother took, and imprisoning the little brunette in his strong arms he took her to the sofa, and drew her down to a seat beside him.

"No," and his face grew sad, very sad, "you shall hear my sermon to-day. Do you know, Nettie, why I am now, at thirty-five years of age, a bachelor, with a lonely, aching heart?"

"Lonely, Joe?" And Nettie, now grave as himself, laid her head on her brother's broad breast.

"Yes, Nettie! Even my little sister, dearly as I love her, cannot fill all my heart."

"Tell me about it!"

"It was twelve years ago, when I came home from college, that I first met Laura Lee——"

"Mrs. Holmes?"

"Yes; don't interrupt me. I will not tell you how slowly my heart woke to the sense of love, of the gradual growth of her image in it till it filled it entirely. Parents, home, sister, all became second to the one hope of my life! I met her often. We moved in the same circles in society, and at every party I frequented I could dance and chat with her. Her beauty attracted; her intellect interested; her sweet, gracious manners fascinated me. I was young then, and trustful, and when she let her little hand linger in mine, and turned from others to converse with me; when she let her large, dark eyes, full of soft light, dwell thoughtfully on my face, I believed that the devotion I lavished upon her was understood, appreciated, returned. You know that I am not an impulsive man, but I cannot forget easily, nor recover readily from severe blows. Day after day the love, the one love of my life, grew into my heart, absorbing me to the exclusion of all else. I felt so secure, looking into her lovely face, hearing her winning tones soften for my ear, feeling the answering pressure her hand gave mine, that it was long before I spoke my love. One evening," deep inspirations heaved the strong man's chest, and Nettie could hear how the rapid blood coursed through his veins, and made his heart beat quickly under her ear—"one evening we were alone in the parlor. She had been singing, and the rich, full notes seemed to hang lovingly around me, and I spoke my love."

"She drew away from the arm that would have caressed her, and said, with a light laugh, 'Why, Mr. Lawson, did not you know I was engaged?' 'Engaged?' I cried. 'Yes,' she replied. 'Mr. Holmes has been away since I knew you, but I thought you knew of the engagement.'"

"I knew this was false. Fearful of losing the attentions she had been accustomed to, she kept her engagement secret, that in society she might still reign as one free to be won. I said to her, 'Forgive me that I have annoyed you——' 'Oh! no, not all,' she said, 'I shall always be happy to see you. I am sorry there was any mistake, but I thought you were, like myself, only flirting, *pour passer le temps*.'"

"So we parted. I came home maddened, sickened. I," and here his voice sank to a whisper, "drank deeply, Nettie, to try to forget, but my nature revolted at this degradation and I tried study. My father's death just woke me from the delirious agony of thought; and when my mother followed him, leaving you, a child, to my charge, I sternly faced life, trying to forget the Paradise I had dreamed of and lost. Lost! Never can I trust again as I trusted then. Where domestic happiness should have blessed my life, she has thrown bitter memories to take its place. She has

made me stern, cynical, distrustful, and excuses it to herself on the ground that it was 'only a flirtation.' Do not let me see my little sister following in her footsteps, or I shall learn to hate and despise all women."

"I am sorry!"

"Nettie, Graham loves you, would make you his wife; he has spoken of it to me. Yet, if you cannot love him, let him see now that his suit will be a vain one. Do not lead him on, till you are his one hope, to drive him to despair at last. He is rash and impulsive, and may not live down such a blow."

"Joe——" in a low tone.

"Yes, dear."

"Tell him I—love—him—and am—not flirting——"

"Yes!"

"And—Joe—don't—hate—me."

A tender loving kiss was pressed upon her forehead, and a low voice blessed her for her decision.

THE WINDS.

BY CLARA MORETON.

THE winds are holding carnival to-night,

Driving their chariot clouds across the sky:

Weird sounds creep through the casement to my ears,
As troop by troop the mad hosts hurry by.

They waken superstitions of my youth,
Which years ago I thought were lulled to rest—
When reason took them in her matron arms,
And rocked them sleeping on her matron breast.

But now they fall once more upon my ears,
As erst they fell in days so long ago—
I seem to hear low voices murmur by
In waves of sound as tides that ebb and flow.

As if the spirits of the Dead were loose,
Clamoring for others their pale ranks to swell—

Oh! pass us by within this loving home!

Oh! come not near us with such purpose fell!

I keep my vigils by a sleeping form,
The tears fall heavy from my weary eyes:
Oh! God in mercy, grant he may be spared!
Who could replace him in his counsels wise?

Who could replace him in his tender love?
Who the dark void could ever—ever fill?
Oh! cease thy questionings, fond and feeble heart,
And learn to wait upon God's holy will!

The wind in peaceful murmurs dies away—
A sacramental silence fills the air:
The spirits of the just are round about,
And God, in whom I trust, is everywhere.

DAGUERREOTYPE.

BY MRS. M. M. HINES.

THE dark clouds gather thick and fast,
The beautiful bright blue
By such dense shadows overcast,
No sun-ray struggles through;
A white mist veils the landscape,
While the tired and weary day
Is peevish as a half-sick child,
Will neither work nor play—

But in an idle, restless mood.
With many a needless frown,
Scatter the wide-winged flakes of snow,
Like white doves dropping down—

Unpitted on the blackened street,
Where broad the earth stains lie;
Helpless their shrinking purity,
Alas! how soon they die!

And when to-morrow's sun shall glance
Athwart the place they fell,
No vestige that they ever lived
Their hapless fate shall tell!
They will their whole of duty do,
They'll leave no mark, nor name,
Ah! me, how many human lives
Have perished just the same!

CHECK-MATED.

BY KATHARINE F. WILLIAMS.

I.

It was the winter of 185—, when Paul Morphy was running his triumphant career in Europe, and ducal chess-players were writing to their friends to come and see the eighth wonder of the world. The victories so nobly gained and modestly worn, drew the eyes of all America upon the youthful champion, and a national pride mingled with the enthusiasm for his genius. The love of chess received a fresh stimulus throughout our land; clubs were organized in every little town, and the game absorbed more than ever the attention of its votaries. In B——, a large village on our central railway, raged an especial furor; and Henry Ballard, the best player in the place, enjoyed, on a small scale, the delights which Mr. Morphy tasted in their fullness. It was one of Emma Fairfield's greatest troubles that she understood nothing whatever of chess. She could indeed learn the names and movements of the separate pieces, but there she paused. She had no more powers of combination than a baby, and invariably received fool's mate from her opponent. How it vexed her to be so stupid after all the pains Henry had taken to teach her!

Poor little Emma! there was another lesson she had learned much more thoroughly from her handsome instructor. She hardly acknowledged to herself how perfect she was becoming in it, or dared to hope that she was not alone in her proficiency.

Affairs were in this condition, and Henry coming almost every evening to play dutifully with Emma's father, and allow himself to be beaten once in awhile for the sake of making himself welcome, when a new personage appeared upon the scene. Zara Maxwell, with whom our little heroine had an old school friendship, came to pay her visit of some weeks.

Zara was hardly what you could term a pretty girl, yet for all practical purposes was quite as well off as if she were beautiful. It was of no manner of consequence that her nose turned up and her eyes were green—that her complexion was sallow and her mouth too wide. She managed those verdant orbs with more effect than you or I could conjure out of the brightest hazel, or the sweetest blue; she had a way of drooping the long, black lashes over them that made them

look, as Emerson says, like "wells that a man might fall into;" indeed, more than one unfortunate had so fallen—figuratively speaking. The sallow complexion brightened as she talked; magnificent teeth dazzled from between the full, red lips, and the *nez trousse* became the most piquant spiritual feature imaginable. In dress she almost equaled a Frenchwoman; every defect was concealed, every beauty heightened. Her *savoir faire* was unapproachable; she made more of the scanty black tresses with which nature had dowered her, than Emma could of her magnificent profusion of brown hair. For the rest, she had been got up without any undue proportion of heart and conscience, though with her usual art she contrived to pass for having a larger share of each commodity than many of her compeers.

Such was the individual, who, provided with an ample wardrobe and plenty of pocket money, alighted one afternoon at Mr. Fairfield's door, and received the warmest welcome from our guileless little Emma.

The friends had a great deal of ground to go over in the way of reminiscences; spirit-stirring recollections of times when they had broken bounds, evaded school tasks, and made themselves generally obnoxious to teachers and principal. Emma, indeed, blushed a little at the remembrance of some of these wild pranks, and was fain to confine herself to more quiet themes.

"What has become of Tom?" she asked.

"You know she used to lead the school."

"'Tom!' my dear," said Mrs. Fairfield; "pray what was *he* doing in a young ladies' seminary?"

Emma laughingly explained that this was an abbreviation of Miss Thomas' patronymic; all the girls were called by their surnames, which were shortened as much as possible. "I was 'Fairy,'" she said, "and Zara was never called anything but 'Max.'"

"A very unlady-like habit," remarked good Mrs. Fairfield, rather severely. "I wonder Mr. Roberts permitted it."

"Indeed, mamma, I think it would have puzzled him to prevent it; not that I admire it very much *now*; but we must allow a little for the high spirits of school girls."

"And so this Miss Thomas led the school,"

continued Mrs. Fairfield. "What was she particularly distinguished for? Mathematics or music, or general scholarship?"

"Neither, mamma; she was the dullest girl in the seminary, as far as books were concerned. She 'led' because she had handsomer dresses, and more sets of jewelry than any one among us."

Mrs. Fairfield was astonished, as well she might be, at such a criterion of superiority. It was certainly well for her peace of mind that she had not been admitted "behind the scenes" at the school where she had placed her daughter. Emma, however, had come out uncontaminated from its influences; was just as obedient to her parents as if she had never considered it a brilliant thing to break rules, just as truthful to the world at large as if she had never deceived that lawful foe, the under teacher. Still it is an ordeal which few characters can pass through, and to which it is unwise to subject our children at the most impressible period of their lives. Miss Maxwell had not come from it unscathed, and having gone from school directly into the sphere of a vain and worldly-minded mother, was not likely to have any of its pernicious lessons superseded by juster and more elevated ideas.

Of course the two girls were not together long before Mr. Ballard's name was mentioned between them, and though Emma flattered herself that she had been exceeding discreet, and spoken of him just as she might of any agreeable acquaintance, her dear Zara saw the state of affairs in a minute. (The young lady's name, by-the-by, was set down in Family Record and early school books as "Sarah;" but she had adopted the Eastern appellation as more suited to her style and taste, and her mother, readily falling in with the whim, she became Zara, except to her grandmother and one or two old-fashioned cousins.) A few judicious inquiries elicited the further facts that Henry was a lawyer with fair and increasing practice; that he was an only son, his father being a member of Congress and one of the richest men in the place—and consequently, as Miss Maxwell remarked to herself but not to her friend, was a very desirable *partie*.

"It would be odd, really," she soliloquized, "if I should meet my fate here in the interior. Let me see—we are in February now; there will be plenty of time to get everything through and be ready to go to Washington with 'father' next December. However, I will wait till I see the individual himself. Perhaps he is awkward, or weak, or ill-looking. I don't rely much on

poor little Emma's judgment; her heart is too much in the matter to leave her eyes quite clear—and a husband who has any of these defects is not what I am going to take up with now. Time enough for that when the market gets duller."

II.

THE next evening, which brought Mr. Ballard to be reviewed by the fair Zara, by no means tended to banish her schemes concerning him. Chess was ignored for a time in compliment to the guest, and the young man proved himself so agreeable, and was at first sight so handsome that his enslaver rejoiced in the prospect of her conquest. Very few doubts as to her ultimate success troubled her mind; Emma was apparently the most formidable rival, and an amiable little milk-and-water thing like her was of small account.

So Miss Maxwell laid close, though wary siege to the desired fortress. When Mr. Fairfield, impatient for his accustomed solace, drew Harry away from the girls to the chess-board, she watched the game with absorbed interest, and her remarks were so judicious, so pertinent as it progressed, that Mr. Ballard, thinking he beheld in her a "foeman worthy of his steel," challenged her to a trial of skill. Many were her protestations of ignorance and unwillingness; she only played a little for amusement, knew nothing of the game as a science, was entirely unfit to compete with so practiced a player. However, she allowed herself to be overpersuaded. She was well aware of the *opportunities* which chess affords; the sort of *tete-a-tete* feeling it induces; the occasions for the display of a white hand and sparkling rings as they hover over the board uncertain what move is wisest; in particular, the chance which those eyes would have for execution, whether hid under their long lashes they contemplated the game, or were thoughtfully lifted to the opponent's face, as if to read there his intentions.

"I warn you, Miss Maxwell," said Harry, as they took their places, "that you are not to expect any gallant concessions whatever; I shall play my very best."

"That is right," she replied. "A fair field and no favor;" and the game began. It lasted long; was very tedious, thought Emma, who sat by industriously employed in crocheting, and cast ever and anon a glance at the board, vainly endeavoring to comprehend what they were about. The players seemed to find it interesting, as did Mr. Fairfield, who watched them

intently, offering counsel now and then, or applauding an especially brilliant move. The contest was at last decided in Harry's favor.

"We are more nearly matched than I supposed," remarked Zara. "I don't despair of conquering you yet, Mr. Ballard. A little time and patience will do it, I think."

"And practice," added Mr. Fairfield. "You must keep that up with me, Miss Maxwell; we shall have fine opportunities during these long mornings."

Zara felt by no means inclined to waste her prowess of various sorts on an old gentleman, her friend's father, but had no resource, except to reply that she should be delighted, and should count much on the improvement to be gained in contending with such an adversary.

"After all," she thought, "one can endure a few dull games when there is a sufficient object in view. My handsome *vis-à-vis* didn't quite see through my little speech, I take it; there are other victories worth trying for besides those at chess; and if I don't much mistake I shall say, 'mate' to him at that game before long. He's one of that impulsive kind that won't hesitate a great while about the important move; he'll not be quite as cool and cautious as he was to-night. How handsome he is! what eyes! Really, if I were a sentimental, silly sort of thing like dear little Emma, I should almost be in love with him! I'm afraid she will be a good deal disappointed—but we must all work for ourselves in this world."

Miss Maxwell's labors were prosecuted with zeal, and she flattered herself with every hope of success. The long morning games with Mr. Fairfield were something of a tax to pay, to be sure, but vanity ere long rendered them very tolerable. Your thorough-bred flirt is never above desiring the notice and approval of any member of the opposite sex, and Mr. Fairfield was a very well-preserved and good-looking old gentleman. Zara rehearsed, for his benefit, all the airs and graces which were to be used in the evening with killing effect on Harry; glanced up, looked down, displayed her white hands and whiter teeth in the most bewitching manner. The result of it was, that Mr. Fairfield thought her a pleasant sort of girl, though rather given to affectation and grimaces, and not to be mentioned in the same week with Emma.

Meanwhile the person whose good opinion was just now dearest to both the friends, offered his attentions in the most impartial manner. If he drove Zara out in the afternoon, he danced with Emma at some little gathering in the evening; at home, if he played chess with the dark-

eyed stranger, he sang with the blonde-haired friend. An onlooker would have found some difficulty in determining where his regards were really fixed. Indeed, it was a matter of discussion among the village maids and matrons more than once.

"I *knew* it's Miss Maxwell," said little Kate Wells. "Who would look at any one else when she was by?"

"Why, do you think her so very handsome?" asked her friend, Mystilla Myers.

"No; but so stylish, which is better."

"Well," said Mystilla, "I am not quite certain. Emma is a sweet, pretty girl, and there is something very winning in her manner."

"Depend upon it," spoke up Mrs. Myers, the mamma, "that he'll have neither of them. When a young man behaves so that you can't tell where his attentions belong, they mean just nothing."

"That would be *too* bad," said both the girls; "it is enough to disappoint *one* of them." For with the amiable instinct of their sex or—who knows?—an intuition of what their own conduct would be in similar circumstances, they assumed that Harry had only to ask and have. To be sure, the course of things does often enough bear out this assumption in reference to any tolerably pleasing young man.

Meanwhile the fair Zara was troubled with no such misgivings. She built her hopes on many things, chief of which was her own undoubted power of charming. But she had other causes—certain looks and tones—the way in which his eyes met hers now and then as she glanced up perplexedly from the board; the tender manner in which, when she spoke of going away soon, he had said he could not bear to think this was the *last* visit she would make them; oh! and a dozen little speeches; not the words so much, but the fashion in which they were uttered. How different his manner was to Emma—nothing of that gallantry, that insinuating grace—he never paid her a single compliment; only treated her in a polite, quiet way, just as he might have done if she had been her own mother.

"Do you know how much Harry admires you, Zary?" asked Emma, one night, as she combed out her long hair preparatory to "retiring," as they say in Rockland.

"No, I'm not aware of the exact measure," returned Zara, with assumed indifference. "How much? Half of what he bestows upon you?"

"He says that your manners are the most fascinating he ever met with—and that he never saw such eyes in any human countenance."

"Really," said Miss Maxwell, pretending pique; "'such eyes!' 'any human countenance!' I am much obliged to Mr. Ballard. What member of the animal kingdom have my poor *ojos verdes* the honor to resemble? The cat's, I suppose. Yes, that must be it—they're just the color. 'Oh, soft eyes! sweet emerald eyes!' The Spaniards are the only people, Emmy, who can appreciate my verdant orbs—but I did not think Mr. Ballard would be cruel enough to speak his mind so plainly. I shall remember it."

And she did, as also the fact that when, a day or two before, she had asked if he preferred blue eyes or hazel, he had answered with some nonsense about eyes that were so hidden by their long lashes, that you never could make out what their true color was. Also, she recalled, with much inward exultation, the fact that she had not a single compliment in return to report to Emma; Harry never commented upon her looks in any way. Zara had occasionally stretched her conscience a trifle when the compliment traffic was going on, by inventing some for the other party if she did not happen to have heard any; but to-night she did not feel inclined, and let Emma go to rest without giving her anything to dream upon.

But it so happened that her little friend did not suffer from this lack of complaisance; Harry had been generous himself, and given her quite enough to think of. There had been some behind the scenes of which Miss Maxwell was not quite in the secret; looks that expressed more than gallantry—tenderness; words that meant something beyond admiration—affection. In particular there had been an evening when Zara was out riding with a merry party, and Emma had remained at home with a headache—but before eight o'clock had given welcome to unexpected, though not ungenial company. It was all over—the blushing, the declaration, the confession—in the course of an hour or two, and before Zara returned, Harry was well out of the way, and everything as quiet as if no particular event had taken place. Emma could not speak at once of a subject so dear, so sacred even—that seemed as yet too precious for common life and use, and only to be pondered, dreamed over in solitude. Mrs. Fairfield, too, considered a little reserve in such matters as becoming, and was not in the slightest haste to spread the knowledge of her daughter's conquest. So Zara, dear and trusted friend though she was, never in the least suspected the inward fund of sweet assurance, which, in Emma's case, rendered pretty speeches quite unnecessary, and

enabled her to hear and repeat a compliment without the slightest twinge of jealousy.

Harry had indeed called Miss Maxwell fascinating; perhaps he might even have found her so, spite of the softer charms of his sweet little Emma, had he not with wonderful clairvoyance seen immediately through all her arts and graces into her real object. It has been remarked with proverbial wisdom, that if you wish to entrap a person inclined to larceny, you must secure for the business an individual of the same propensities; Harry had done in his time a little flirting on his own account, which doubtless made him quicker to detect the symptoms in others. If such a stylish sort of girl wanted to try her powers upon him, he was not the man to say her nay. There he was, let her see what she could do. He did not find the experiment unpleasant. You may take my word that these men, the best of them, never do; the very manner, the very coquetties, which, if offered to others of their sex, would be set down as the height of unwomanly, repellant forwardness, somehow assume quite a different character when lavished on their own sweet selves. "Bless the little minx!" says my lord in his heart; "she shows good taste, at any rate!"

So it chanced that Harry, in a very reprehensible manner, was exceedingly polite to his adversary, and even allowed her to think that the game was all in her own hands.

Some weeks had thus passed, and Miss Maxwell having received an urgent invitation from one of the dearest of her many dear friends, concluded to accept it. She had lavished an immense amount of ammunition on Harry, and was sure that every shot had told; at the final one, the news of her approaching departure, she was certain that the fort must surrender. She reserved it till a somewhat late hour of the evening, devoutly hoping that chance or destiny, or whatever deity presided over such matters, would give her a short time alone with him.

But no! Mr. Fairfield watched the game absorbedly—for, as usual, they had taken to that soon after Harry's arrival—and Emma sat contentedly with her crochet and gave them an occasional word; while Mrs. Fairfield sewed with neatness and dispatch on the last of the set of shirts she was making for her husband. She was a woman who despised fancy work, and did with her might that which her hands found to do.

The game went on rather languidly—and ended sooner than usual, though in the customary fashion, Harry remaining master of the field. Zara drew near the fire and sat there

somewhat pensively—Mr. Fairfield retired into the depths of the evening paper—and then, as kind Fate *would* have it, both Emma and her mother left the room for a few minutes.

"You did not play with your usual spirit to-night," observed Harry, presently, drawing his chair nearer hers; "I hope you are not feeling ill."

"Oh! no," she answered—"not ill—only perhaps a little depressed at the thought of leaving her friends—such *kind* friends as all of them had been. She was going the day after to-morrow."

"Going! and so soon!" It would have been very ungallant if Harry had thrown into this exclamation nothing but surprise; I wouldn't have you suppose him guilty of such a thing; his tone expressed regret—persuasion to stay longer.

"Yes. I am actually going," said Zara. "And who knows what changes may take place before I come again? Or I may *never* come—everything is so uncertain in this world."

"You must not give way to such depressing views," he replied, gently. "It would make me—yes—truly unhappy—to imagine that we were about to lose you altogether."

"We"—but, of course, that meant 'I.' There was just enough sentiment mixed up with Zara's prudence and management, to make her heart give a great bound as she heard these words, and the color rush into her cheeks as she wondered what would come next.

But—was ever anything so provoking?—there

came Emma back again. Miss Maxwell sincerely wished that dear friend in Jerusalem, but she looked up and smiled very sweetly, saying,

"I have just been telling Mr. Ballard of my approaching departure, and how very blue I am at the prospect of leaving you."

"And I," said Harry, "should be quite as mournful if I believed the parting were to be a long one. But I hope another summer will see you here again. Not in this house, perhaps—I think, my dear Emma," taking her hand and drawing her forward—"we should have no further reserves with so intimate a friend. I sincerely trust, Miss Maxwell, that you will not refuse a visit to B—, next summer, and that you will spend your time agreeably with us." He looked at the blushing Emma in a way that fully illustrated his meaning if there had been any doubt about it.

If the "Benicia Boy" had bestowed on Miss Maxwell's cranium a blow with one of those tremendous sledges which he is said to wield so easily, she could not have been more stunned than she was, for one minute, by this most unexpected announcement. Being, however, a person of great presence of mind she recovered herself in the next, and offered congratulations in the most delicate and touching manner.

When alone, however, she almost stamped with disappointment and vexation.

"Beaten at every point!" she exclaimed; "all my moves and stratagems thrown away; thoroughly, unmistakably CHECK-MATED!"

"I'M RICHER THAN YOU ALL."

BY HELEN AUGUSTIE BROWNE.

Ye may boast of wealth and honors;
Ye may boast of title, birth;
Ye may boast of your connection
'Mid the greatest minds of earth.
Ye may boast of marble fountains;
You may boast of frescoed hall;
You may boast your wealth of pictures—
Yet "I'm richer than you all!"
There are stores of wealth unfolding
Where the primrose has its birth;
Where the crocus, rose, and violet
Are wakening o'er the earth.
There are veins of riches gushing
In the woods and on the lea—
Nature's pure, exhaustless treasures,
And they all belong to me.
There are acres, broad, of sunlight,
There are songs of birds and bees,
There are music gushing waters—
Who would want your wealth for these?

There are views of pleasant landscape—
There are pictures in the stream—
There are clouds at yellow sunset
With their wealth of gold and gleam.
There are meadows—there are wildwoods—
There are flocks of winging birds—
There are fields of "smiling plenty"—
There are lands of "lowing herds."
There are stores of countless riches
On the land and in the sea—
There are treasures, deep, exhaustless,
And God gave their wealth to me.
You may boast of fame and title—
You may boast of wealth, array—
You may boast of rich connection
'Mid the noblest of our day.
You may boast of marble fountains—
You may boast of freestone hall—
I have wealth alone in Nature.
Yet "I'm richer than you all!"

BARBARA'S AMBITION.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE, AUTHOR OF "NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD," &C., &C.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. T. Trowbridge, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 152.

CHAPTER X.

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Cobwit.

"But this is terrible!" cried Luther. "Help! help!" He attempted to raise the fallen man. "He gasps—he is dying!"

"No, no—I—I'm all right—" said Mr. Blaxton, in a choked voice. "Never mind me—water—a breath of air!"

Luther held to his lips a glass which Mr. Cobwit filled from a pitcher on the desk.

"There—there! now I'm all right again—thank you—I stumbled over something black. Oh! don't trouble—I can get up." And the blacksmith struggled to a chair.

"You did not tell me an arrest was intended!" said Luther.

"I did not know what I should do," returned Mr. Cobwit. "But I came prepared."

"I wish," exclaimed Luther, remorsefully, "I had had nothing to do with it."

"A foolish wish. But I like you better for it. Help this poor fellow home; then come back here; I want you."

"Is this Luther?" said Mr. Blaxton, passing his hand before his eyes. "You're a good boy, Luther. Never mind me at all. I can get home," rising to his feet. "Where is my hat? There—you're very kind—I hain't no words left to thank you. What did I do with—with that—note?"

Luther's heart was too full of anguish and pity to speak.

"The note!" repeated Mr. Blaxton; "Cobwit & Co.'s note—I mustn't lose that!"

"The sheriff took it," said Mr. Cobwit.

"Oh! oh! all right! I forgot! Good day, Mr. Cobwit. Don't you go a single step with me, Luther! I shall be better soon as I git into the air."

"Oh! sir, be calm!" pleaded Luther. "It will all be well!"

"Yes—I know—it will all be well; it will all be well; it will all be well!" said the blacksmith, in heart-broken tones, walking feebly from the store.

In the little sitting-room at home, Barbara sewed, and sang:

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"One on the morrow woke
In a world of sin and pain;
But the other was happier far,
And never woke again!"

The words of that plaintive ballad had been ringing in her soul all the morning; they fitted themselves to a tune which she sang with strange sweetness and pathos, by little snatches.

"But the other was happier far!" she repeated, starting, as if the meaning of the words had suddenly opened like a gulf before her. "Happier far! She never woke again!"

Tumultuous thoughts of the future, of the past, of love, of Luther whom she had lost, seemed to rush over her like a storm, and she burst into a flood of tears. The sound of her father's footsteps alarmed her; she caught up her work, and plied her needle eagerly, as he entered.

"Oh, father! here is my new bonnet!" She avoided his eyes, conscious that her own were red, and unwilling that he should be made unhappy by knowing that she was sad. "Mrs. Bartley has just sent it home; isn't it a beauty?"

"Yes, yes; it's a beauty—a beauty, my darling," said the smith, sinking upon the lounge.

"I shall wear my old one to travel in; Mrs. Bartley is going to do it over for me. She laughed when I told her I must be economical. 'I guess,' said she, 'you'll branch out a little; I would! 'Tain't every woman can get a rich husband,' said she. 'Oh! but I haven't got him yet!' said I. I think these flowers are sweet, pretty!" exclaimed Barbara, putting on the bridal bonnet.

"Very pooty—very pooty, indeed, my child," said the blacksmith, his eyes wandering, and his great chest heaving with the throes of his broken heart.

"Sometimes it seems like a dream to me; I to marry Mr. Montey! I wonder if I ever should have encouraged him, if it hadn't been for you?" cried Barbara, looking in the glass. "Oh! if I only knew what mother would say! I believe I could have been happy—very happy—if I had married Luther—that is, if I had never seen Mr. Montey—but that is all over!"

The smith rolled from side to side, gnawing his lips, and clutching the lounge with his groping fingers; every word she spoke kindling new agonies in his breast.

"Have you seen him? I suppose he is gone by this time! Oh!" Barbara uttered a quick, faint moan, as if a sudden pang shot through her. "These flowers—they don't, somehow, become me!" And she stared with white cheeks and hot eyes at the strange face that stared back at her, like the very ghost of herself, from the glass.

"Barby! Barby! my child! my darling!" murmured her father, brokenly.

"Oh! don't imagine I reject!" cried Barbara, in hollow and light accents. "He's rich—handsome—elegant; I know he's very kind, too kind! what more could any woman ask? And to think he should—of all women, of all silly girls—choose me! I hate myself! Oh, I am horribly vain! I've thought about that new house, and the splendid style he tells me we shall live in, till I'm sure I never could be contented with anything less."

"But—Barby—my dear Barby—think——"

Still too intent upon playing her part to observe him, Barbara went on:

"Once I thought I should be perfectly happy, if we owned this house. But I am glad you did not buy it. Why, I should be entirely miserable now if I thought I had got to live here always! Isn't it curious how people who never thought of being even civil to me before, now come and make calls, and say, 'Good morning, Miss Blaxton! how well you are looking, my dear! you will make a beautiful bride, Miss Blaxton!' As if I couldn't see through it all! It was '*little Barby Blaxton, she's nobody!*' a year ago! Am I any better now? No, not half as good! Just because I enjoy to ride in a carriage, and live in a grand house, and wear fine clothes, they must come and simper, and pretend! Oh! I'll show them who can be proud!" And Barbara swept across the floor, scornful and haughty. "Here comes one of them, now! You'll see!"

CHAPTER XI.

WITH a great rustling of silks, the minister's fashionable young wife entered.

"Good morning, my pretty Barbara! Your wedding bonnet?"

"Do you like it?" And Barbara turned like a wax figure in a milliner's window.

"Charming!"

Ah! had the clear-seeing widow Mayland been there then, to behold these smiling masks, and the real faces beneath them! Barbara, pert,

proud, playing the lady, putting on pleasant airs, with we know what death-pangs of love in her heart—with what scorn of her visitor almost on her lips! The other, gracious, condescending, flatteringly familiar, all smiles; while inwardly stung with jealousy and hatred of the fair young creature whose beauty and fortune threatened to usurp the sovereignty of popular admiration hitherto accorded to her!

The blacksmith's mask alone was utterly shattered, so that any eye that looked upon him, could behold his agony all bare.

"Why, brother Blaxton! you look ill!" exclaimed Mrs. Plynne.

"I—I'm not over'n above well, ma'am," passing his shaking hand across his eyes.

"Oh! there comes Miss Locust, with my dress!" cried Barbara.

"Your wedding-dress, dear?"

"You shall see! 'Twas a present—you'll admire somebody's taste—it's such a love of a pattern! Come in, Miss Locust."

"How do you do?" said Miss Locust, primly, nodding all around, and subsiding into a chair.

"Dear father!" Barbara exclaimed, in a whisper of amazement and distress, "what is the matter?"

"Barby, my child," murmured the stricken man, "I feel—not well—I wish these folks was gone—dear Barby."

At the same time Miss Locust whispered something in the ear of Mrs. Plynne, who was admiring the wedding-dress; and instantly the serpent of malicious hate that lurked beneath the flowery smiles of that fashionable woman's face sprang up, unguarded, and ran all over it in swift coils of triumph and surprise.

"Merciful goodness!" ejaculated Mrs. Plynne, "have you heard the news?"

"What?" said Barbara, smoothing her father's brow with her affectionate hand.

"What Miss Locust tells; but it can't be true!"

"Barby—Barby—there, let me be, sit down, my child—God help you—God help you, my poor child!"

All eyes were fixed upon Barbara.

"What is it?" she cried, wildly. "You look at me so, father!"

"Do go, Mrs. Plynne, Miss Locust," said the blacksmith, rousing himself. "I know all—it's got to come to her—your bein' here will only make it wus—I'll tell her, if God will give me strength. Oh! Barby, my child, my darlin' child!"

The visitors hastily withdrew; even the cold-hearted Mrs. Plynne overawed by the poor blacksmith's sorrow.

"Don't fear for me! don't cry!" exclaimed Barbara, pale, terrified, but resolute. "Tell me at once!"

The broken man could only sob and hold her to his heart.

"Oh, father! this is what kills me! I can bear anything, if you will only tell me—anything! anything!"

"Anything but this! Anything but this, Barby!"

"Is it Luther? Has anything happened to Luther?"

"No, no—Montey! Montey!"

"My! tell me then! I can listen and be as calm!"

"He has been taken up!"

"Taken up! For what?"

"It seems he wasn't exac'ly a partner with Cobwit & Co., though he did business for 'em, and he had no right to sign their name."

"Oh, heaven! my mother! this wedding-dress! Luther! Luther!" cried Barbara, incoherently.

Her father held her in his arms, and, in such poor, crushed words of sorrow and love as he could command, entreated her to bear up under the blow.

"To jail?" presently said Barbara, shudderingly. "Twas forgery, then? And your money—the note—is lost?"

"Most probable, most likely;" faltered the smith, "the 'arnings of the last twelve year'!"

"Deceived—robbed—by him! Oh! father!" exclaimed Barbara, wildly tearing off the bridal bonnet, "I am punished! This was my ambition—all is gone—nothing is left—nothing but shame, shame, shame!"

CHAPTER XII.

"I see no other way," said Mr. Cobwit to Luther, "but that you must take Montey's place; you are just the man for us: we'll give you a share in the business, with three times your salary, and as much more as your enterprise can make it."

Thus the widow's dream came to pass: the same storm that obliterated Montey's name on the symbolical sign-board bringing out Luther's in full splendor.

Came all this by chance? Does hoary-bearded Time, on this little stage of the world, play only fantastic jugglers' tricks with his magic changes?

Not so! Time, the Avenger, grim Morabit, Righter of wrongs! See the admired Mr. Montey, flourishing yesterday, a goodly apple on

fortune's tree—to-day on the ground, proved rotten at the heart, crushed by the heel of the inexorable Gray-Beard! Witness also Barbara, rising in her balloon of ambition, throwing out even her heart to make it lighter, until, at a breath from the Old Man's nostrils, it bursts like a child's soap-bubble, and dashes her conspicuously from on high into a terrible slough of chagrin! Behold, likewise, Luther, as his mother did in a dream, suddenly emerging from the bitter sea into which he was cast overboard, helpless and despairing, by the late captain—behold him now on the quarter-deck, himself master of the little ship of trade, gravely giving his orders almost before the salt is dry on his eyelashes!

The world, which is the same world everywhere, in great cities and in little villages—the unthinking, unjust, fickle world that had so lately forgotten Luther in his wretchedness, and glorified Barbara in her pride—cast up hats, waved handkerchiefs, and huzzaned: Bravo! what a noble fellow was Luther! Ha! ha! what a silly girl was Barbara! And it was now discovered—first by those who had idolized him most—that Montey was the blackest-hearted rascal that lived; so prone is the angry tongue to take ten-fold vengeance upon those whom it has overpraised.

Montey, however, was by no means the perfect, unmitigated villain the virtuous world proclaimed him, as no poor sinner, probably, ever is. A little more selfishness, and a little less conscience—this makes the difference between rogues and honest men. Or is it often merely a matter of more or less discretion? Upon his trial, Montey's counsel maintained that, although he was not, strictly speaking, a member of the great firm of Cobwit & Co., he was in such a way connected with them in the branch business, of which he was manager, that his use of their name was at most a breach of trust.

"They've got a verdict, Barby," said the blacksmith, who had been called as a witness.

Barbara's anxious face lighted up.

"He is cleared?" she eagerly asked.

"They couldn't prove no forgery agin' him," replied her father.

"Oh! thank heaven! this is all I have prayed for," said Barbara.

And, the excitement of interest passed, she sank again into the heaviness of despondency, from which she had been momentarily aroused.

One night, after the younger children had been sent to bed, there came a soft rap at the door.

"Oh, father!" whispered Barbara, with a

look of alarm and distress, "can I—can I see him?"

"See who?" said Mr. Blaxton, ignorantly.

"My heart tells me who it is! Yes—I will! Go!"

The smith opened the door. A gentleman wrapped in a cloak stood on the threshold. The light from the lamp which Mr. Blaxton held above his shoulder fell aslant upon a fine, pointed nose and a pair of handsome whiskers.

"Montey!" uttered the amazed blacksmith.

The visitor was admitted. He laid off his cloak and sat down. Barbara was pale and agitated. Her father trembled. Montey alone appeared self-possessed. He spoke calmly of his late misfortune, protested that he had intended no wrong to any one, and made his love for Barbara an excuse for his ambition.

"If they had let me alone," he said, "all would have turned out right. I should have met all my liabilities. I—think—I should have made you happy. Do you forgive me?"

"With all my heart—which is too full of sorrow and shame to refuse forgiveness to any one!" said Barbara, in deep humility.

"And you?" said Montey, to the smith.

"Most sartin, I do forgive ye, Mr. Montey; though sometimes, when I think—but never mind that; here's my hand!" cried the smith, with tumultuous emotion.

Then Mr. Montey, in his polished, plausible way, opened a scheme which he had formed for making a fortune in a year, paying off his debt to the blacksmith, and fulfilling, in a style no less brilliant than he had promised, his engagement with Barbara. It was dazzling: Mr. Blaxton was momentarily elated by it; but Barbara shook her head.

"I have no pride left," she said, "to be tempted. You may succeed; but riches and splendor are not for me. I have a humble duty here—to my father, to my brother 'and sisters. This is now my only ambition. I wish you success—happiness—but let me entreat you"—fixing her sad eyes upon him with tearful earnestness—"do not again make too fine pretensions, or try to get rich too fast."

Montey's confidence was shaken. He bowed his head, and wept silently for a little while; then arose, and, with a countenance full of regret and despair, departed—never again to enter that house, or meet those whom he had wronged.

"Say, Barby!" cried young Master Blaxton, a few days after, "what's the reason Lute Mayland never comes to see you now?"

"Hush up, my son," said the blacksmith, with an unquiet look at Barbara.

"He's got to be the greatest man in town," declared George. "He has bought more wool and grain for Cobwit & Co., this season, than Follen & Page bought all the time they kep' store. Everybody likes to trade with him; and he's making money like smoke! They say he's goin' to marry Josey Long; he goes to see her every Sunday night."

The blacksmith turned away his head, and gnashed his teeth. "If it hadn't been for me!" he said, tortured by the sight of Barbara's distress.

"And where do ye s'pose they're goin' to live, Barby? Can't guess!" said George. "In the new house, where you was goin' to, you know. Cobwit & Co. took it for what Mr. Montey was owin' 'em, and now folks say Lute is goin' to have it. Hope he will; he's the smartest fellow in this town!" affirmed George, tossing his cap and catching it. He did not know that at the same time he was tossing poor Barbara's heart in his rude and careless hands.

"Barby!" said the smith, "here comes the widder Mayland! George! it's time you was to the shop. I'll be there in a minute. Barby! don't look so scar't. Mis' Mayland, how d'e do?"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE widow had come on an errand; she had expected to find Mr. Blaxton at the shop.

"I ain't there so much as I used to be; I can't work as I did—I han't neither the hope nor the strength," said Mr. Blaxton. "Sit down, Mis' Mayland."

"It used to be *Sister Mayland*," the widow smilingly replied.

"Sister—forgive me—I—we an't jist what we was," faltered the poor man.

Barbara had not yet spoken a word, but she sat cold, and dumb, and breathless, waiting to know what errand had brought Luther's mother.

"Here's something that'll interest and encourage you, brother Blaxton," Mrs. Mayland said.

"My glasses, Barby!" he demanded, taking the paper the widow gave him. "No—here—look at it, Barby! Is it—it can't be—oh, it is too much!" And he burst into a storm of tears.

Cobwit & Co. had paid Montey's false note.

"This is Luther's doin' too!" he said; "I know it. Twice he has saved me this money. I never could have made Cobwit & Co. pay it, and they never would have paid it if 't hadn't been for Luther! Oh, Barby, Barby! we ought to go down on our knees and thank him!"

Barbara hid her face and sobbed.

The widow smilingly assured them that all Luther asked was, that Mr. Blaxton would sign another paper which she had brought. This the blacksmith did with a shaking hand, making an autograph which looked like the Gordian Knot.

"Arter all, the Lord has been massiful to me a sinner! Widdier, I han't used you and your son, Luther, (bless him!) as a Christian should. I've repented with my face in the dust of the airth! Would the punishment could a' fell only on my old head—not on hers!"

He hurried from the room.

"He an't quite so careful now not to leave me alone with Barb'ry!" thought the widow. With a tear in her serene blue eye, an expression of yearning tenderness in her simple, sweet face, she looked upon the weeping girl.

There was a long silence—a silence in which mere than words passed between those long-estranged friends. Streams of melting fire seemed to flow from breast to breast. The widow stretched forth her pardoning arms with inexpressible love. Although Barbara, with her face bowed, saw her not, she felt the call of her soul; and, impulsively throwing herself from her distant seat, fell upon her knees before the widow, wildly embracing her, and sobbing on her lap.

"My child—my Barbara!" said the widow—"my own Barbara again!"

She had already placed her handkerchief upon the window-shelf—a signal agreed upon by her and Luther. And now, following his mother, his heart heaved and torn with suffering and inextinguishable love, Luther drew near and saw the signal.

"Poor, dear Barbara!"—the widow's voice was thrillingly soft—"all this will be blessed to us: you are not the only one who has suffered: it will be well for us all."

"Oh! I have been such a guilty, guilty, selfish, ungrateful creature!" sobbed Barbara. "You were the only true friend I have had—all the rest were false! And I grieved you away!"

"I should have come to you sooner, my child," wildly answered the widow—"but somehow I could not: the time was not ready: your experience had not done its work. I dreamed that I saw our Saviour take you and put you into a furnace; and when you was all glowing and softened, He moulded you in His hands to make you over more in his image. But I thought others came and handled you too soon; and you got out of shape, and grew cold and

hard again; and so He took you once more, and put you into a hotter furnace than the other, and heated you till you was white and soft as wax in His hands, and then He moulded and moulded you again to make you like Himself; and all the while you grew more and more beautiful; but this time He would let nobody come to you until He had finished His work—and I suppose that is the reason I have kept away."

"The first furnace was my mother's death. This—this has been a hundred times fiercer than that!" said Barbara—"and I kindled it myself! I have not deserved that you should come to me at all."

Again she covered her face.

Luther entered softly and stood behind her.

"Would you like to see him again?" asked Mrs. Mayland.

"Oh, if I could! once more! But no, no, no! It can't be! He loves another. She is worthier than I. He would never have flung away such a heart—oh, such a heart! It gave me a blow like death when I heard—but it is best so. May he be happy with her—I am alone—alone!"

With every fibre of his being prostrated and quivering with affection, Luther saw and heard all this.

"But if he loves you still, Barb'ry?"

"Oh, don't torture me!—loves me still!—he cannot!—that would be too much!"

He could endure no more.

The storm of love, and sighs, and tears burst forth:

"Oh, Barbara!"

With a cry she started, and saw him bending over her. She did not arise, but still kneeling looked up, with clasped hands, and that countenance full of forgiveness and ineffable yearning. The widow snatched her handkerchief from the window-shelf and fled from the room. When she returned, accompanied by the blacksmith, they found Luther and Barbara sitting side by side, reconciled, happy, beaming with the holy baptism of mingled sorrow and love.

"What is all the honors of the airth to a day like this?" said the great-hearted blacksmith. "I've been thinkin', it's past a year to-day since Luther brought me my money that he'd saved from Follen & Page. What a year it has been! Widdier, we are growin' old; but we've somethin' to live for yet—look! if ever there was two blessed children of two blessed parents!—it's a beginnin' of a new life for me and you to see their happiness! But what is't about Josey Long, Luther?"

"All a slander! Through my trial my heart

has remained here!" and Luther pressed the trembling hand that rested so lovingly in his own.

"And the new house?"

"As to that—Mr. Cobwit has offered it to me, and I have about concluded to accept it"—Luther smiled with tender playfulness—"to gratify BARBARA'S AMBITION!"

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Swiftly speeds life's crimson current, swiftly through each throbbing vein,
Swifter still speed thought's quick pulses through the ever busy brain:
Deeper, stronger than life's current, swifter than thought's billows roll,
Sweep restless tides of feeling through the inner depths of soul.

Glow the form—else cold insensate matter—with the throbbing life,
Thrills each sense instinct with being, with all warm emotions rife,
And from out the mind's recesses, like the diamonds prisoned light,
Gleam bright rays of thought, or sparkle beams of fancy, quick and bright.

From its unseen depths upswelling, beams the soul from brow and eye,
Of its hidden nature telling, whether base, or pure and high;
Tells the busy brain unceasing, planning, scheming day by day,
To the hands confides each purpose, they with ready zeal obey.

Thus, through all life's fleeting season, mortal and immortal, joined
In a wondrous two-fold being, think, and feel, and act combined;

One, the earth-born mortal, Nature dying with Earth's frailtest things,
One, deathless as the great Eternal from whose own its being springs.

Thus from "Time's great whirling spindle" life's uneven thread is spun,
Measured by revolving seasons, by words spoken, actions done;
Measured by the heart's pulsations, by the shocks some natures know,
When the heart grows ages old in a few brief hours of woe;

Measured by those transient seasons when pain mingles no alloy,
And we almost live a life-time in an interval of joy,
When the earth-bound prisoned spirit shakes its fettered wings half free,
Forgetting in its short-lived gladness the weight of its mortality.

Never resting, never pausing, onward speeds the dual life,
Loving, hating, joying, sorrowing, calm with peace, or wild with strife,
Growing deep, and pure, and holy, as it nears its destined goal,
Or in dark and sinful blindness wasting every grace of soul,

Till the weak and weary mortal, burdened with its cares and pains,
Falls, and leaves its deathless fellow, bright with virtues, dark with stains,
Gathered in its earthly journey to return to Him on high,
Who gave to it its deathless being from His own immortality.

Home returned, no more to wander 'mid life's tempest, or its storm,
Never more to sin or sorrow in an erring mortal form;
But forever and forever, in the realms of light above,
Drink fresh joy and inspiration from the fount of Heavenly love.

Thus a ray of light, divergent from the central orb of day,
Might through space for ages wander a lone solitary ray,
But return its wanderings over to its home beyond the sky,
And a star forever glitter 'mid the countless hosts on high.

Oh! this grandest, grandest mystery! Oh! this wondrous, wondrous life!
Who can tell its mighty portents—with what glories it is rife?
Fathom all its fearful meaning, all its destiny unfold?
Only He in whose own image man is formed a living soul!

THE WORLD IS FULL OF EARNEST MEN.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

THE world is full of earnest men
Who live to love and labor—
To do the little good they can,
And help a fainting neighbor—
There is a light their souls within,
Though dark the sky above them;

Each sits enthroned through life a king,
Amid the hearts that love them!
With faith that strengthens as they go,
With hearts to friendship given—
They rob life's journey of its woe,
And make of earth a Heaven!

SISTER AND WIFE.

BY HARRIET NELSON.

"A sinful soul possessed of many gifts,
That did love Beauty only, (Beauty seen
In all varieties of mould and mind.)
And knowledge for its Beauty; or if good,
Good only for its Beauty."

It was a large, low room, whose quaint and comfortable air was that of a home-place, where for generations families might have gathered, and experiences of household joy and grief taken place. Through the shadows of an October twilight, a fire on the ample hearth shed a ruddy gleam. The polished mahogany furniture; the mirrors with their massive gilding; the silver of the white-spread table; and the huge brass andirons sent back, each its own reflection of the dancing flames, so that the room was half-alive with fantastic shapes of fire-spirits. At least, so it seemed to the fancy of its sole occupant, a boy, who sat nestled in one corner of a capacious arm-chair, gazing fixedly sometimes at the lights and shadows within—but oftener with face pressed close to the window-pane, into the growing dimness without. By degrees, his passiveness changed into restless impatience. "What can make them so late, Nancy?" asked he, as the opening door revealed a portly form and round, good-humored face. "The clouds are dark and heavy, and it will certainly rain soon."

"Not to-night, Master Roger; and even if it should, Mrs. Thorpe is not more than half an hour distant, God giving her a safe journey."

"A half-hour!" echoed the boy, drawlingly, as if the time were a century in prospect, and threw himself back in his chair, to gaze through half-shut eyes at Nancy's bustling movements, as she prepared for the expected arrival. The half-hour had hardly passed, when the sound of carriage-wheels was heard, and Roger, starting from his dreamy picture, rushed into the hall, to meet his mother's tender though grave kiss with passionate caresses.

"What do you think I have brought you, my dear Roger?" said she, as she threw back the folds of her cloak, and disclosed the form of a child, whose sleep had been disturbed by the change of position, and who now raised herself, and looked around silently, but with an air of timid distress. Mrs. Thorpe removed the hood and blankets which enveloped her, while she soothed her with gentle words and caresses; till

the child closed her weary eyes, and letting her head sink against the motherly arm around her, was soon quite asleep. Meanwhile the boy gazed with a puzzled expression into the little face. With its long, dark lashes fringing the delicate pink of the cheeks, and the short, brown curls clustering around the mild forehead, it was pretty enough to attract an eye which had already learned to be fastidious.

So, while strangers watched her tenderly, the little orphan, Bertha, slept her first sleep in the home which had adopted her. A few days before, the father, whose memory was henceforth to mingle in his child's waking and sleeping thoughts, only as a face dimly seen through the twilight, had passed away from a life of strange vicissitudes. The remembrance of the mother, who lived only to see the first smile on her baby's face, she would never know.

This autumn night, on the unwatched graves of those young parents, the slow rain was falling, and never another to shed tears for them. She, in whose distant home by the beautiful Rhine, her artist husband had found her, and taken her across wide seas to breathe out her fresh, young life in a strange country—he, who had lived long enough to see his dreams of ambition, his strong hopes and purposes, perish one by one; upon whom disease laid its hand, while the prize was yet far off; the bosom of earth had received both to rest, and, unconscious of them, slept their child in a stranger's arms. Mrs. Thorpe looked upon her, while tears filled her eyes. Bertha's father had been the intimate friend of her own husband, whose death, by a sudden accident only a few months after their wedding, had cast over her young spirit the shadow of a grief which could never pass away. In the dark, melancholy eyes of her boy, and in Bertha's fair features, she recalled anew the images of the two friends in their bounding, eager youth, as she had first known them. Why, she thought, had God called the swift from the race, and the strong from the battle, leaving her to stand alone with nothing to support her, but the need of supporting

others? In the days when her bereavement was new, Mary Thorpe had prayed to die; and ever since, though she had learned to look with patience upon the end as far off, it was with gladness that she felt her steps approaching thereto. Yet life was precious to her, for the sake of the boy, whose earnest, sensitive nature no one could direct like herself; and now she was almost rebellious, as the ties of her earthly existence were strengthened with this new child, whom God had sent to her home and heart.

They are happy who have a happy childhood to look back upon. The departed grace of that season cannot indeed return, but the atmosphere of bland and sweet remembrances make a perpetual summer day in the depths of the soul. Amid loving and peaceful influences passed the early years of Roger and Bertha Thorpe. The mild mother-face that watched them expressed no distinction of love between the two. The same tenderly sad tones checked the waywardness of the boy and the heedlessness of the girl, and she herself could hardly have told which of the two was dearer. While Roger, with his wild impulses, his changeful moods, and "long, long thoughts," called forth all the deep springs of her nature, and made her tremble alternately with joy and anxiety, she rested serenely upon the gentleness and unwavering tenderness of her adopted daughter. Bertha was a shrinking, fond girl, and those who compared her with Roger called her a common child.

But she was not so. With a character transparent as daylight, a keen sense of right and wrong, and a moral thoughtfulness beyond her years, one felt in looking upon her broad, calm forehead, and into the depths of her brown eyes, as if sages might drink wisdom at this childish fountain. Sometimes almost unnaturally serious, she yet became, as she grew in years, younger rather than older in soul—gradually changing the reserve that repelled strangers for a fresh and winning simplicity.

Bertha Thorpe, who was neither handsome, rich, nor talented, was one of whose friendship many felt proud. Where she went, a genial, kindly atmosphere accompanied, as if good angels guarded her. So said the blind woman to whom she had talked; so thought poor Martha, the invalid of many years, into whose bare, monotonous chamber a thoughtful one had brought comfort and beauty; so the school children whom she met in her daily walks would have borne witness, as they looked into the face for the ready word and smile. "Surely you are a happy girl; you, who make everybody so happy," one of her friends said to her.

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And Bertha did not answer; while she considered, as often before, if she were indeed happy. Satisfied she could not be, for her nature was prone to exact more from itself than it had power for. Heights of self-sacrifice, depths of humiliation—these were what she pictured to herself as duty, while her rebellious spirit clung to the pleasant things of common life, loved the calm and the comfortable—things "not too bright or good for human nature's daily food." Between her aspirations and her attainments, there seemed to her a distance immensely wide, as, perhaps, it seems to all whose desires are high.

If Bertha found delight in the humble ministries of life, walking on earth like one born to serve, her foster-brother went his way rather like a lord, receiving all that the service of others might bring. With serene indifference, he took love and fealty as that to which he had the claim of claims. Roger Thorpe had the gift of drawing around him whatever was beautiful and pleasant, of keeping his feet unstained with common dust, his delicate soul uncontaminated with vulgar cares. Those soft, large eyes, that seemed sometimes like full fountains of joy and tenderness—need they be disturbed with sad sights, deformities and woes? Need that sensitive ear, made for the gentlest of tones and the sweetest of music, be annoyed by harsher sounds, by the rude discords of wailing poverty? No; others might join the battle; but for him, the student's quiet retreat. Others might travel the rough highway or the sands of dreary deserts, but for him the slumberous shades, where no rumor of fret and bustle could reach. In a dreamy, self-absorbed quiet, the years of boyhood passed. Now and then, longings for the great world came over him, not such as swell the heart with great pulsations to try its strength, but such as would be satisfied with the applause of men and the love of women, and the intenser joys of brain and sense. The mother was proud of her son, always graceful and noble in manners, always ready with tender and beautiful expressions of love, a richness of thought and feeling expressed in more genial hours. But when petty cares and household difficulties beset her, she turned with a half-sigh from his disguised annoyance to the deep-reaching sympathy of Bertha.

Between the brother and his sister there seemed no strong link. As is often true in families, the outward ties that bound them hindered real acquaintanceship of character. Roger, brilliant and fastidious, looked down upon his simpler sister as too much engrossed

in small interests to enter into the heights and depths of his dreams; not knowing, boy as he was, that she, a woman, had attained some real heights, which he should gain, if at all, only through much tribulation. Yet her sisterly cares were quite indispensable to him, and very pleasant was the thoughtfulness with which his lesser wants were heeded. Though this thoughtfulness sought out many, was it strange if it did most for him whose joyous freedom, often overflowing spirits and rare wit, made, as it were, very sunshine in the household? What a dearth, what a darkness in the intervals when he was absent! What gladness when he returned, always seeming so grown in knowledge, beauty, and gifts!

On an October afternoon, "cool, and calm, and bright," Bertha Thorpe was returning from one of her frequent visits of charity. Turning aside from the highway, she took a favorite path through the woods, trampling beneath her feet withered leaves and green mosses; the gentle murmur of the branches overhead mingling with the melody of the hymn she was unconsciously singing. Riding slowly along the wooded way, Roger approached her unawares. A pretty enough picture she made to his artistic eye, the wild, slightly-flushed face set in a frame of light brown banded hair; eyes, which now beneath the drooping lids, saw only the yellow carpet at her feet; a slender, erect form, clad in soft, gray hues, that though too cold for beauty, were yet in agreeable harmony with the pensive grace of that autumn day.

"Well met!" exclaimed he, as she became conscious of his presence; "strange to say, I was becoming tired of my own company, and wishing for some one in whom to expend my raptures with this air and sky, the woods, the rare Indian summer weather. Now, confess, were you not in a similar mood? Are you not delighted to see me, and especially delighted to be relieved of this basket, which betrays you the Lady Bountiful of the neighborhood?"

"To be rid of the basket is well enough, but I was finding my own thoughts tolerable companions."

"Thank you! better than the present one, I dare say. But you are getting too soberly inclined. Young ladies should not think."

"Indeed! What should they do?"

"Sit still, play the piano, pluck flowers, and especially look beautiful. Nothing makes them so uninteresting as thinking. You know my theory—beauty, the first law of all things, especially of woman."

"That is very well for a youth with a twenty

years' long experience of things. Don't be surprised if some of us, however, rebel at your grand, first law, and choose to see our reasons a little now and then, even though it be uninteresting;" and something in the calm eyes of the maiden shone like the sudden reflection of flame in blue waters.

"But now, to-day, we should none of us think, you nor I, but keep quiet and feel the enjoyment of just living under such a sky, breathing such odors, and looking into such misty depths of atmosphere. And here were you, moping along, as if it were the dullest and dearest of the days that are coming, if the thought of them be not a sin now. Sweet, my sister, be merry!"

"How can I be merry in such a flood as you are carrying me away with. I can enjoy myself soberly now and then."

"But tell me what you were thinking of, and I will enjoy myself soberly too. Anything but enjoy myself alone to-day. I am in the social mood and must be indulged. Let me hear your thoughts, whether upon 'fixed fate, free will, or foreknowledge absolute.'"

"Don't laugh at me, Roger; you know I cannot bear to be laughed at. They were the simplest of all thoughts. I was just at Mrs. Winn's, and she, poor woman, is sad enough—a drunken husband, an idiot child, and such a comfortless home. Oh! you cannot imagine it!"

"Don't describe it, I pray you."

"I was thinking how little I could do to relieve her and several others quite as miserable, of whom I know. Then I thought of all the sickness, and bondage, and sorrow the world over—the great works to be done, and the wise schemes to be brought about, and wondered when there would arise those who have the means and the heart for it all. Certainly, human efforts can do much to cure human suffering."

"Really, you are too much of a philanthropist, almost an enthusiast. The truth is, if these things are, they must be, and are not for us to cure. If we are to interest ourselves in all the real and imaginary wants of our fellows, that is the end of us. No taste, no culture, no scholarly graces—only a company of wild dreamers about progress. Now this is a good, bright world; should every breeze come to us laden with sighs?"

"There are sighs on the breezes, whether we hear them or not, and though it is a good, bright world and we are happy in it, I know others are not so—low, groveling creatures, who cannot rise above their care for daily food."

"Doubtless there are such, and if we could raise them all to our own level, we would do it. You and I would go forth on our chivalrous mission and make a new earth of it. But as this cannot be, the next best thing is to make the most of ourselves possible, to become as great, as happy, as noble as we can, and leave what we are unable to Providence."

"That may be right, but I am afraid I should grow selfish even in such a high endeavor as that."

"Not at all. Don't feel it necessary to keep yourself perpetually restless. This fretting and grieving is quite useless. What we are is of vastly more importance than what we do."

"Granted—then what am I?"

"A dear, good girl, who would make an excellent sister of charity, if I could be so disinterested as to sacrifice her to public good. But since you are my sister, you must be mine only, as long as you live. I can't spare my one."

If the downcast eyes of Bertha had just then been raised, perhaps there might have appeared in them some reluctance to this "shall be," some yearning of soul, the fluttering of a vague wish—who knows? She was silent for an instant, then said softly,

"And what are you?"

"To-day, a living example of the bliss of idleness."

"And shall be?" An earnestness unwonted flushed the gay, open face. Roger looked far away to the blue hills, as if from their heights they might give him the answer.

"How should I know? Something great, perhaps. After all, I am not satisfied. Bertha, I feel as if a larger life were waiting for me; as if, without and within, a universe were waiting to reveal itself. But the oracles are dumb, and we cannot hasten their replies."

Bertha thought often of Roger's theory of life. Would it then be best, as he said, to shut her soul from grief and want, to open its windows only to beauty and gladness, and let the great world, which her feeble power could never move, go on as it would? But theorize as Bertha might, she found this quite impossible in reality. To-day, Mrs. Thorpe was ill, and no one could bathe her head, and wait upon her carefully and gently; no one could direct the servants and attend to guests but Bertha. To-morrow, Roger himself had a headache, or a restless mood, and his sister must sing, or read, or talk; every one else had a harsh voice, or false accents, or teased him with silly remarks. Next day, came, perhaps, a message from old

Mrs. Blythe—her granddaughters were away on a visit, and could not Miss Thorpe spare a day to keep an old lady from utter weariness? And all the while, she knew that blind Ellen Hale was waiting for some one to read the new poem to her—that the sick lad, John Fowler, would remember her promise to come and talk with him of blessed Bible truths, and that Mrs. Winn's haggard children were counting long days till the promised playthings came. Between labored reasonings and the impulses of the soul, some become entangled, or wander into strange inconsistencies on the right hand and the left. But simpler beings find in the promptings and needs of every day the path in which to walk, while their doubts and questionings are merely as clouds overhead. As true, strong principle and a generous nature led Bertha out of the influence of speculations, Roger generally turned his back upon them, except when it was convenient to invent a theory to excuse his indifference to all theories. How pleasant were his roamings in the enchanted realms of old poetry and fable! how nature bathed herself in the light of other days! what golden dreams filled the young man's soul, of lands beyond the seas, of sunset beauties on ancient river and shore, immortal in history! A dreamer he went out into the world to seek his destiny. What would he find there?

"I am growing old, Bertha," said Mrs. Thorpe one day.

"Never old to your children, dear mother," she replied.

"Look at me, my child. Do you not see how the wrinkles on my face have deepened? how my hair is gray, and my step feeble? I am sure I have not many years to live."

"Do not talk of it; it cannot be."

"Yes, Bertha, let me talk of it now, while I have strength. You know I have loved you little less than Roger. I have sought to be a mother to you in all respects, though, indeed, it has been an easy task. I have a great request to ask of you, Bertha, and if you cannot grant it easily, heartily, do not grant it at all."

"Mother, you know how easy it is for me to do your wishes. I can promise without knowing."

"I need not to tell you my anxiety for Roger, my care lest his warm, impulsive disposition and carelessness of the ways of the world should lead him into difficulties. He has never had sorrows; he thinks there are none; but they must come, and how unfit he is to bear them well! You are prudent, discerning; you are a woman and know something of what life is;

it is one like you whom Roger needs as a friend, a companion—almost a guardian.” The color mounted into Bertha’s pale face, but she listened very quietly, while Mrs. Thorpe went on. “Do not bind yourself by any promise to me; but if Roger ever asks you to marry him, remember this, and let the thought of me come to help you decide between him and what, in some respects, might seem to you more desirable.”

“Mother, I shall never have such a decision to make. I am not one to be sought after, especially by Roger, who is like a brother to me, and who loves beauty as he does his own life. I am not beautiful, you know.”

“Not beautiful! let me see.” And the smiling mother turned the blushing countenance toward her. “No, you are not beautiful, perhaps, but I never thought of it before. And why should you not be sought after? If Roger’s own mother, who is so proud of him, thinks you more than worthy of him, of whom then are you not worthy? It may be I shall live to see you Roger’s wife.”

“For your sake, and for his own, I will be to Roger all I can be conscientiously, now and always. I promise that; remembering your goodness to me, ever since I came, a poor, unconscious orphan, to this dear home.”

Mrs. Thorpe’s request awakened in Bertha’s mind the old questionings; and a sentiment regarding which she had never dared ask herself, now rose with an earnestness she could not mistake. Yes, it was true that she did love her foster-brother, unsolicited, unrewarded. She had once laughed at the idea—now she wept over it. Once she had told herself how unwomanly was such a dream—now, unwomanly as it was, she knew it was her destiny. She would have driven away love by mocking at herself and it; still it stayed. She taught herself how vain, how impossible was all hope, but was not altogether hopeless still. Her pride and her love waged the sternest of conflicts, and both were too strong for her peace. But she was glad he did not know—that no one knew it. “This is my secret,” said she, “and no one shall tear it from me. If I only need not have known it; if, as for the past years, I could have gone on without suspecting that Roger was more to me than the nearest of kin might be; that would have been well. But since it is not so, I will do like brave women of whom I have heard—be happy as I can be, conquer myself by long striving, and as I have not the love of one, live for that of all. God knows that this trial has not come through any foolish imagination, any romantic dreams of

mine. It has come to me unawares, and so I can ask and expect aid to bear and outlive it.” So, if after this, something like a shadow settled over the life of Bertha Thorpe, it did not altogether hide the sunshine of her spirit, but only made it softer and more lovely. And when Roger wrote of new ties he had formed, of new hopes that were rising like stars in his horizon, of the matchless beauty and grace of her to whom his heart was given—for his sake, Bertha was glad, and for her own sake, not sorrowful. Were there, deep within, no uprisings of envy, no thoughts that so and so it might have been, and the better for all? Were there, as she gazed in a kind of trance into the still face that looked from the mirror upon her, no strong wishes for the beauty that might have won his love, no half-scorn for the gifts of a deep, earnest character, an intellect strong in its love of knowledge, and a warm, full heart, all which failed to win what the beautiful might claim as their prize? We will not wonder if the evil thoughts entered in for an hour—that first hour of lonely self-communion. We will wonder at the grace and faith, the peace and comfort that came in their stead, not for an hour, but for days, months, and years.

Meanwhile, Roger Thorpe was living a new, a charmed existence in himself and in others. Some know a time in which a change passes over all things. Old, familiar objects wear a new aspect, and the soul finds itself amid the wanted faces and places, indeed, but all transfigured, and bathed in a light as from strange skies. All growth is not gradual. There may have been long preparation in darkness and silence, but suddenly, as by one great leap, causes develop into effects, and the fruition long yearned for while dimly understood, reveals itself in an instant. Like one banished from a celestial world, and remembering only by gleams the inheritance to which he was born; so the soul wanders hither and thither, seeking its own, till, at length, in some favored hour, the portals of life are thrown open, the wealth which they inclose shines forth, and, in the glory of that vision, it is forgotten that sight is not possession, and that this is only what shall be.

On a pure, bright June morning, a youth rode slowly along an accustomed road by the river side. Here was a man, who yesterday was a boy—a poet, who was yesterday a dreamer. Then he was poor: now he was rich. Hitherto indeed, the world had given him what it calls good—wealth and such honors as his years could claim. Nature had done her part for

him, giving him manly beauty and strength, and a quick, keen intellect. But what were these or anything she could bestow upon her child, while she kept her motherly face veiled from him and baffled all his searchings? The youth of Roger Thorpe had not been a remarkable one externally. Removed from the necessity of personal exertion, and finding even the difficulties in the way of knowledge smoothed down as before a more than king, existence had presented only its softer side, and he was unconscious that there could be any other. But vague dreams of a life that should be more than this had kept the boy restless. While fortune had sung to him with flute-like tones, sometimes his heart thrilled as if a trumpet called him to battle. The uncertain and disjointed syllables in which the outward world spoke, now and then gathered themselves into words and uttered the beginnings of great lessons. Like a dumb giant, struggling to express his tumultuous thoughts and forming only inarticulate sounds, so looked the world. But as if some divinity had restored the power of speech, he now seemed to hear clearly. The veil had passed away like a summer cloud, and nature stood smiling before him, ready to open her infinite heart and speak its fullness. All within and without radiated with new light, and he stood like a king amid his broad and fair possessions. The river lay motionless in the soft morning sunshine, and in it the shadows of trees, hills, and clouds slept lazily. Light vapors floated away in the distance beyond the farthest mountain tops. All the air was filled with bird songs, but gayer and more musical than birds, were the thoughts that in a kind of measured chime flitted to and fro in the mind of Roger Thorpe. So this is what I was born for—to be the interpreter to others of the new glory my eyes are open to, of the new life that floods my soul. As if some inspiration had made me a prophet, I seem to see the great purposes of things clearly. I seem to know surely that I am one of nature's elect, and that the beauty I have always loved is ready to drop into my hand. Now I can speak, I can write.

Thus Roger Thorpe felt that all things bright and fair were his ministers, that all experience through which he might pass, would only call forth new powers and make him greater and happier. Large were the plans he formed for himself, and strong the resolutions that henceforth no idleness or folly should come between him and his great object, the culture of the genius which he believed God had given him. These plans were in no small degree car-

ried into execution, and Roger Thorpe became distinguished among his fellows for fine talents and scholarly acquirements. What he wrote occasionally, was received with favor sufficient to satisfy him in his first endeavors. Those who worship intellect paid him homage, and he was a favorite in society. Few inquired how much depth of heart the brilliant exterior covered. Any one of the fair women around him would reward his attentions with most gracious smiles, and be flattered by his praise without much questioning as to its sincerity. It was agreeable to have such eyes rest upon you in even a feigned admiration, and though a suspicion would sometimes cross the mind that they read more than you quite cared to have known. He had something of a passion for the study of character, especially womanly character, for sounding the depths of fresh, impulsive natures, and bringing the feelings of strong, proud souls under a kind of forced subjection to himself. Should not a lover of beauty find delight in these most delicate manifestations of human life, and was it of much consequence if a few, more sensitive, found that their affections had blossomed under too cold a sky, so only one who was born a poet enjoyed their little hour of grace and fragrance? Certainly, no one could be more serenely unconscious than Roger Thorpe of wounded feelings or disappointed hopes. The need of love had never come home so closely to him that he could understand it in others. In truth, he was not aware that he received more than he gave—the entertainment of an evening, the exchange of thought and sentiment in a few passing conversations.

But for once he learned to have lost his usual indifference and be conquered in his turn, nor was it considered cause of surprise when the most brilliant of belles and most accomplished of coquettes drew the regards of the young poet. As a painter might dwell on a new-found work of art which approached his perfect ideal—as a sculptor might yield his homage to the purity and harmony of some marble form, so Roger Thorpe gave his artistic admiration to Clara Lincoln—for the time quite rapt from himself in his dreams of love.

"So Miss Lincoln is at last ensnared in her own net," said to her one of her privileged friends.

"Nets are for less gay birds than I, *ma chere*. Don't think that my wings are too closely pinioned to fly when I wish."

"Mr. Thorpe is well enough, but those fine eyes do wondrous execution. Take care of

yourself and don't die of a broken heart if your lover flies first."

"She is a weak woman who cannot hold what she has made her own."

"Every one thought him very devoted to Alice Jay. She, poor thing! is looking sorrowful and ghost-like, and seldom goes abroad now-a-days."

"Is Mr. Thorpe responsible for a little girl's fancies? You know he is the soul of honor."

"Honor means anything and everything, so I dare say he may be. Still I advise you to be on your guard."

"I have no fears. In the first place, I understand him thoroughly, and know that he will not care to be free until I should choose. Then secondly, I love him myself—just a little—enough to make it agreeable to try to please his wayward fancies; and I am very proud of him. What better safeguard could I have?"

"Then I suppose you intend to put on the character of a literary lady, as would be becoming in Mr. Thorpe's future help-meet?"

"No, excuse me from that! Who now-a-days would care for the goddess of wisdom herself, if she were to come down to captivate mortal man?"

"But I see him very often talking with Miss Cushing, who has the reputation of being very profound for one of our feebler sex. She may steal Mr. Thorpe's heart from you some day with her solid accomplishments."

"I have little fear of any ill results from their metaphysical dialogues. A half-hour's talk with a clever woman is very well; but as Roger says, clever women are always most admired by their own sex. Did you ever know a belle who talked about books? The thing is an absurdity," and Miss Lincoln smiled at the argument with which, for the thousandth time, she fortified herself in her pretty castle of indolence. And so the world goes—perhaps she was not wrong. Need one seek every gift? If nature has been graciously lavish, why not rest content? Why should the royal lilies toil and spin? and why bright-winged birds gather into store houses? No art, no toil can impart the gift of winning love, and what can make life worth the living if love be wanting? Can any tell me?

Ill for those who have that bright gift, if, instead of using it for its own use, to make other souls good and happy, they buy therewith empty adulation and food for capricious vanity. Better be without the blessing, which must, in the end, change into a curse.

A room in the heart of the city, which the din and roar of the busy street reached but faintly, and from whence the sunlight was shut

out by thick curtains, so that the air of quiet and seclusion which reigned there, was rendered more intense by contrast with the haste and glare without. Books in choice bindings were ranged along the walls; a few rare pictures hung here and there, and graceful sculptured forms occupied niches in the apartment. The green carpet spread beneath like moss; delicate odors of exotic plants shed sweet suggestions of tropical springs, and a mimic fountain threw its waters upward to fall again with a perpetual tinkle. The table in the centre was strewn with papers, and, sitting by it, Roger Thorpe gazed, half-entranced, upon the delicately-penciled characters before him. They were the last sheets of the work into which he had thrown all the enthusiasm and culture of his nature; which was a part of himself, a transcript of his own nature. This then was to go forth in token of the inspiration within him, a revealer to others, as he believed, of the glorious fullness of nature and the beauty of outward existence. There is no joy so full of enchantment as that of having accomplished something; brought into reality that which lived only in our own ideas. Such pleasure we each of us know in greater or less degrees in our daily lives; it incites to noble deeds, to heroic adventure, to long search and wise invention. But who knows but he who has felt, the joy of the painter when he lays aside the pencil and gazes upon the transfigured canvas? Who could enter into the soul of a Phidias, as he saw the grand statue of Minerva stand perfected before him, or of Michael Angelo, as the marvelous dome of St. Peters hung in the firmament above. Not too small is humanity then to claim its kindred with Him, who looked on his broad creation, and behold, it was very good.

Noble and beautiful Roger Thorpe certainly was, though you might fear the scorn which sat around his mouth—the indifference and pride that sometimes haunted his face. But to-day, contempt and indifference for others were merged in the satisfaction he felt in the expression of himself that lay before him. Thinking not much as to how men might receive it, he had spent some of his happiest hours upon it. From social life, from the claims of the world, from the smiles of his betrothed, he had come with always fresh delight to his self-appointed task. So, was it strange if then he reasoned thus? They are wrong who say that happiness depends upon love and sympathy. Suffering comes from the need of these, but he whose needs center in himself, will not fear loss or change. Like the old gods, let us keep

ourselves calm within ourselves. If our souls can attain serene heights above the misery and folly of the race, let us keep them with no childish fear of the glorious solitude. We are born alone, we die alone—is it not as well to live, enjoy, work alone? I am happy; I am growing into larger knowledge and thought—what more is needful? Mother, sister, wife—those are dear names, but the highest life does not embrace them. With them—without them, mine shall be complete.

A little time longer, and Roger Thorpe stood before the public as an author. One of the first copies which he received of his work, was sent away with these words inscribed on a fly-leaf, "To my sister, Bertha Thorpe." Before he had time to know what judgment would be passed on his work, he was summoned to his mother's sick bed. Very gently were the hours of her life ebbing away, and she was serenely looking on to the day, when she should be reunited to the husband, whose image, remembered in its brave manhood, was perpetually young in her soul. Through the weeks before her death, all things in the household went on quite as usual, and you would hardly have guessed the overhanging shadow, but for an unusual gentleness, a kind of solemn peace, like the twilight hush after the sun has set and before the evening darkens.

One day, after Roger had been dreaming, half-awake, half-asleep, in the dim light of a November afternoon, he roused himself as his sister entered the room, and watched her with scarcely raised lids, while she moved quietly across the floor. It is a real pleasure to look at my sister, he thought—so quiet, so unconscious, and doing everything with the least possible commotion, as if she had fairy fingers. What a blessing she is in my mother's sick room—she, the true child, rather than I! And a slight pang of conscience was felt, at the remembrance, quickly expelled, of sundry occasions when filial duties had been too irksome to him to be very carefully performed. "Bertha, my dear, could you not sit still and talk just a few minutes?" said he, as she was leaving the room.

"Certainly," she replied, turning with a smile, "I thought you were asleep. I am ready to talk or listen as seems good to you."

"You have not told me what you think of my book; now let me have your opinion."

A slight flush colored her cheeks. "I must not be so vain as to anticipate the critics, and, of course, I could only praise in the very face of the writer."

"Now, be honest—your criticism is of more value to me than that of all the reviewers. Praise or blame—don't be afraid, Bertha. Did it ever remind you of our childish days, when we dreamed strange dreams, peopled the woods with our fancies, and made ourselves heroes and divinities?"

"Yes, the book was very like you—it was yourself, Roger. How could it then fail to be pleasant to me?"

"But judging of it impartially, throwing me out of the question—you can do that, Bertha, and with that keen insight of yours, you could not help doing it. I will not be satisfied with any half-in-half answer."

"Then, setting you aside; it is a book full of beautiful, pleasant thought and deep meaning; to be studied amidst the grandest and loveliest scenes of nature, as one would hang upon the lips of an interpreter of some mystic tongue."

The dark eyes of the young man glowed in answer to her enthusiasm—then he looked dissatisfied. He was silent for a minute, bending his head low till the heavy brown locks shaded his dreamy face, almost perfect in its delicacy and grace of mould.

"You have not said all, Bertha. No praise is to be valued except with a spice of blame. I must have it."

"I felt one want in reading it—the want of intense, earnest feeling—of expressions of interest in the great needs of our race, of condemnation of the sins and sympathy with the faults of our fellow-beings." She looked at him, as if fearful of offending.

He said, "Go on, go on; I like to hear you. You look at everything from just the opposite point of view to myself. Did you know that we are perfect antipodes?"

"It is what one might write in a perfect world, with no God, if that could be. Now, with all the activities that make it such a grand thing to be alive, I long to see you in the ranks of those that struggle to push on the better days, instead of trusting in their own creations, though ever so beautiful."

"I plead guilty in part; if there is one word I hate, it is reform. What would be the good of my wearing out, vexing and fretting myself with the idea, that I must be a progressive man, *pro* this and *anti* that, always groping in the darkness in search of human miseries?"

"One does not have to search long to find them in abundance."

"There is so much walling at vice and folly, that people have forgotten what wisdom and beauty are. As Goethe—grand soul—says: It

is not by attacks on the False, but by the calm showing forth of the True, that good is to be done. Only let us be faithful to our own vocation; if thinkers and scholars, especially to that, and reforms will take care of themselves. I see you will not be convinced."

"If I were sure there were no lazy selfishness hidden under this charming philosophy!" She rose, and Roger, as he replied, moved toward her,

"You must be more merciful to us; every one in the world is selfish but my dear sister." And he bent to look into her truthful eyes, while he kissed her cheek almost reverently. After she went, he wondered if Bertha seemed to him quite like a sister; thought, what if she were his wife, she, the purest, noblest mind he had ever found among women. He concluded that, after all, she was too cold for loving, too much of an enthusiast to give her heart to one man, and, perhaps, too simple and plain to make in a home the radiant sunniness he wanted there.

Under the frowning autumn sky, beneath a turf strown with the dead summer leafiness, Mrs. Thorpe was laid to rest, and her children turned away, both sorrowing, though with a different sorrow. With the one, sincere as was the mourning, it was not entwined with all the relations of life, and in a few months all would be the same, inwardly and outwardly, as if this grief had not been. But to the other, the loss was one which, with every new morning and evening, would seem to grow fresher, which would force itself upon her in her familiar occupations, her daily duties, her walks, her prayers. Henceforth her way was to be a lonely one, with no more a mother, no more a home on the earth. And the young spirit, as it tasted the first drops in that bitter cup, the cup impossible to put away from the lips, cried out in its desolation. To look forward to long, dreary months and years, and see no joy in any of them; to dream of a happiness that might have filled existence to the brim, but which can never, never be; to think of cheerful homes where smiling wives, mothers, and daughters dwell, and feel that there is none such waiting a new inmate—this is not the least end of sad experiences. Gradually, thank God, the sting of it passes away; each hour, coming darkly veiled, looks back with a sweeter, calmer face; somewhere the wandering wing finds a nest and a resting-place for itself.

"Will you hear my plans, Roger?" asked Bertha, her calm face stiller than ever, her deep, soft eyes darkened with only the wonted

shadows, and her whole nature filled with that quiet which succeeds the violence of strong feeling. He took her by the hand, and looked at her with an inquiring expression.

"My child, you are too worn to plan and think! Let me do it for you. What need of anything but rest?"

"You know I am alone now, and must act for myself," and she paused lest she might betray herself. Roger was just about to say, "May not your brother act for you?" when a new thought struck him, and he remained silent. Was he then her brother? Could he act for her? Must she not go her way alone? And what if she loved him better than as a brother? He looked at her with an almost cruel intentness, determined to read the secret of her soul, if there were one. The face, drooping and tearful, baffled him.

"Our mother's generosity has made me quite independent. Yet I want a home and something to do which will occupy my thoughts. Mrs. Blythe has offered me the one, and I shall find the other in teaching her grand-daughters."

"Bertha! pardon me; but it is absurd! Become a teacher of children—the companion of a stupid old lady! Why not stay in this home of our childhood till Clara and I are married? Then you know what a joy our sister would be in our household."

A slight quivering of Bertha's lips did not escape his keen scrutiny.

"You are kind, Roger; but I shall be happier as I have chosen. And do not you see that it is best?"

"It is best, if you will be happier; but are you not giving up your brother very coldly?"

"How giving you up, Roger? For your own sake, and more—for our dead mother's sake, I could not do that. If ever you are in need of me, you will know I could not do it."

Roger said only, "You always do what is quite right, Bertha; but remember—we are brother and sister in our separation as much as we were in our childish sympathies."

She left the room, and the brief conversation ended, while he sat thinking, dreaming of what might have been—of past joys, of the strong, constant love he had very likely suffered himself to lose, and wondering if that for which he had exchanged it would be satisfying and true. After all, what did it matter, and why should the one or the other very much affect his peace? It was a pleasant thing to be loved, and Bertha was too sensible a girl to suffer from any such fancies.

A few days more, Roger and Bertha Thorpe

had separated from the home of their childhood, from apartments consecrated by tender memories of the dead, from the familiar scenes where they had played in childhood and held pleasant converse in later years, from books and pictures, trees and flowers, each of which had its history written deep in their hearts. It was the threshold of a new era, and, looking back from it, how fair, how sweet lay the past behind them in its morning glory! Fresh and dewy as the fields of Eden, free from spot or cloud, are the remembrances of days we have spent with dear ones, after lover and friend have been put far from us, and the brightness has faded from our path. But we may not long look backward; though the past bids us, "Weep!" the present equally commands, "Act!" and the future, "Hope!"

The young author went back to the quiet of his study, to the growing promise of his fame—to the smiles of his chosen bride. For Bertha waited only a common-place routine which she had neither the energy nor the wish to change. Morning and evening glided into one another in their monotonous round, distinguished by neither pleasure nor pain. She seemed a burden to herself, as she moved about from day to day, with a dull, dim longing in her heart, and a wondering if many weary weeks must so creep on, before earthly things should become to her the shadows which now they seemed. A lethargy crept over her brain, her step grew languid, time and space, and all else indifferent to her, and one spring morning, at her self-imposed task, hearing lessons drowsily repeated like the hum of bees, she fell asleep. It was a long, troubled sleep, disturbed by vague sounds and fitting phantoms, with sometimes a vague consciousness of life, or death in life. When she opened her eyes again, weak as she was, and strange as all seemed, she had come back from the gates of death to a new world. Flowers were budding, birds were singing; but the hopes in her soul, springing from some unknown source, were fairer than flowers, and the new joys of existence were better than bird songs. Now, in her mature womanhood, serene and strong, the past love not blotted out, but living to deepen and enlarge the sympathies of her nature, she gave herself anew to her work. They were not great things that she devised for herself; she did not talk to others of what she would do; she did not open nor carefully strive to hide it. Her name was not mentioned among those of the benefactors of mankind; the public that praises as well as blames, indiscriminately, did not hear of it; and even the few who knew

her, that is, saw her every day, ate, and walked, and talked with her, did not much understand that she was in any wise above them. Yet, I believe that He who sees truly, saw through the outward veil how His child was growing into angelic stature: in the welfare of others her own becoming more and more merged, the old self-assertion and pride softening, and the distrust that had once brooded over her changing into comfort and faith.

"What was her work?" That which is ours, each one of us: to keep alive the energies of the mind, to cultivate pure tastes and genial impulses, and to see to it that, with these, the soul does not become enfeebled or dwarfed. Expecting no greater bliss to crown her days than what the present supplied, she sought those whom she could benefit by the power of her influence in word or deed, or by the alms which were less welcome than her mild presence. To her many owed the impulse which first led them to think of and desire an elevated, true character. And where neither her speech nor her charities could reach, her prayers, her unspoken sympathy were given continually.

Again Roger Thorpe was alone in his study. A single lamp lit the pleasant surroundings, on which he looked, that night, with all a Cynic's indifference. Many things vexed his thoughts as he paced to and fro; the brown hair falling over his forehead, and his lips curved with a smile of intense scorn. That day, the dream of love of the past months had faded. Faint though it was, it had been something to him, and his pride was wounded to know that he had given more than he had received. The caprice of Miss Lincoln had wearied at the devotion her lover almost unconsciously exacted, and one day, piqued by mutual reproaches, they angrily separated for the last time, and Roger had just learned of her new engagement.

"Well, why do I fret? I am myself still; more than she or any earthly being could have made me, and it is ridiculous to be disturbed by such trifles. That is the mind of women—fickle, feeble, vain, all of them." Like a phantom, rose suddenly before his memory, a sweet, earnest face, bending toward him and with questioning eyes looking into his. "Be it so—or be it not," he said, shutting his eyes to the vision, "henceforth I will look upon them as dolls, children, and give my sober thoughts to something nobler. Neither wife nor child shall stand between me and what I will yet do. My fate or rather my will has so decreed it, and I am quite sufficient to bear whatever evil comes with my lonely lot."

Roger Thorpe grew a cold, proud man, vainly seeking the friendship of men and rarely sought by them. Those who honored his gifts feared his sarcasms. Only one or two most similar to himself in tastes, and standing high in their profession of letters, found their way to him and trusted him for an interest he did not deign to express. The reception his works met from the public tended the more to embitter him, stoical as he termed himself. In a small circle, they were indeed read and warmly praised, but beyond, no one knew them or cared for them. They did not come home to the experience of any but an elect few. No warm heart felt itself kindled into more glowing warmth; no humble, generous soul was lifted by them to nobler heights.

And when the fame of the first days was passed, the young writer began to ask the secret of his failure. People were stupid; the world was intensely practical. Homer might sing and Plato talk in modern cities, and men pass by on the other side; so let his philosophy and his songs suffice the philosopher and the poet; so let another dream fade out of my fancy. Soon I may look upon things practically, too, and know what they are worth. Something I have left me yet; the glorious heritage of nature, in itself, joy and beauty enough to keep me from mourning; books, best of companions; and the kingdom of my own mind.

But there came a stroke, worse than all others. A dimness gradually grew over the shining daylight, a blur over the printed pages on which his eager eyes were wont to rest. Like a flash, the truth at last came to him, that henceforth a veil was to rest between him and the motherly face that had always worn a welcome, that nature would no longer smile for him, and all pleasant sights be as though they were not. Only a glimmering of light was left, and that, insufficient as it was, seemed to make the burden only the heavier. Almost frantic under the affliction, he clung to the last hope, and when that failed, sunk into a melancholy, the darker for that his past existence had been so bright and joyful. To those who came around him with kind offers, he replied coldly, for, in the universal blank, friendship was as little worth as all else. Pleasant theories, beautiful dreams, strong self-sufficiency, all had vanished in a moment. Amid his gloom, seeking on the right and left for consolation, the resolve grew up, as he had been alone in his joys, so to be in his trouble, and to bear silently the lot which it seemed no ray of brightness could ever mitigate.

Bertha Thorpe sat alone—an open letter spread before her, which had stirred her soul to its very depths, awakening emotions which had long slumbered. Thus wrote the brother of her early days: "Once you said to me that when I needed you, I would know that you would not give me up. I will not presume too much upon that, nor ask what you cannot bestow; but now that the hour of my need has come, I would gladly believe that you are not indifferent to it. You know what my affliction is; how I dwell continually in an uncertain twilight, to which I sometimes think total darkness would be preferable. When this first came upon me, I bore it with what fortitude I possessed. Unsubmissive and sullen, I sought aid neither from above nor around me. But at last my will was compelled to yield, and my soul cried out in its loneliness for a support and helper, human or divine. Since then, I have been another man. How I know not—but the need of human love has come and makes me like a child again. Bertha, I once loved you as a sister; later, when I thought of you, it was with a deeper interest, a tenderer feeling. And now I am sure that if any social joys are to grow up around my manhood, it must be through you. It may be selfish to offer you the wreck of my former self; but from that wreck, there may, and with God's help and yours, there shall—arise a better life. So now I ask you to become to me, if you can, dearer than sister or friend. I ask you as my wife to make my dark lot bright; to teach me the meekness, faith, and goodness which make your own character beautiful."

The early fervor and freshness of Bertha's spirit had passed. She had learned to look at things with more soberness, and this new claim startled her. To go out from the quiet, familiar scenes to which she had learned to cling; to give up the daily employments rendered dear by so many associations; to leave the work which she had chosen for herself—was it possible to give up so much for the sake of one? Yet again, she remembered the wish of the mother whose memory she held most dear; she remembered how darkened and dreary would be Roger's lot without her; and withal the old love pleaded for him with a voice she could not resist. So, in her mature womanhood, Bertha Thorpe took the name and station of wife, almost doubting whether it was for good or ill that she did so, trembling at the accomplishment of the youthful dream that had seemed so impossible to be realized.

It was in darkness of outward vision, and

with many misgivings as to his right to join his own saddened fate to the life which was worth so much as a minister of good to many. But the hope which encouraged him that they might work for each other, and together for those around them, was not a vain one. Returning to the quiet home of their early days, they seemed almost to have begun their existence again, an existence which daily grew more and more fruitful in blessings, and filled with the light and joy of mutual love. Bertha found that in her quieter, and perhaps narrower sphere, there need be no narrowing of her affections; that in the tender care and constant sympathy she gave one, there was no lack for all who had need.

Though Roger Thorpe had many hard lessons yet to learn—though the long, constant pressure of the burden laid on him sometimes chafed and fretted his spirit; yet he found a peace and substantial satisfaction in his present lot, which all his days before he had never known. The

love mingled with something like deepest reverence, with which he regarded his wife, seemed, of itself, in the daily response it met with, enough to make happiness perfect. But beside this, his soul had opened to behold the great relations which bind together all God's creatures, to know that for the noblest and largest culture, there must be wide out-going sympathies and willing labors and sacrifices for human weal.

A new inspiration showed itself too in what he wrote, and men began to recognize his power and delight in yielding to its influence. And though a large popularity or long fame may never be his, yet doubtless many a good deed and true feeling will grow from the earnest and beautiful words he has spoken in the world. Like the pilgrim's, his way down into the valley of humiliation was rugged and thorny, but he finds there the air pure and balmy, the sunshine clear, and the turf meadows bright with blossoms.

UNDER THE SNOW.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

A ~~wa~~llow sound doth haunt the winds to-night,
And the black clouds shut out the silver stars,
That else had shone on earth so chillily white,
Like the cold clay upon the coffined bier,
Under the snow.

The woodbine taps upon the window-pane,
When the low moaning voice swoops lingering by;
I listen for a voice I shall not hear again
From lips that mute within the church-yard lie,
Under the snow.

I think in sorrow of that grave they made
On the green hill-side where the woods grew sear,
And the pale face that from our sight they laid,
That now lies sleeping in the midnight drear,
Under the snow.

And yet I know she cannot hear the blast
That blows so chillily over her low bed:
Cold is the bosom that has throbb'd its last,
And grave-yard dust lies on the lily lids,
Under the snow.

Under the snow how many a hope is laid!
And hearts beat faster on this Winter night,
Thinking of graves that only late were made,
Now shrouded up in chilly, chillily white,
Under the snow.

Earth's fairest flowers black with frost lie low,
Covered with mould, and dark and damp decay;
The Summer brook hushed in its fairy flow,
Sleeping in darkness with our flowers that lay,
Under the snow.

LINES.

BY E. SUMMERS DANA.

I AM waiting for a voice to break
The silence of the hour,
The still, calm hush that lingers yet
With sweet, unconscious power,
That comes so kindly to relieve
The darkness of this Sabbath eve.

I dreamed me of a white hand laid
So softly on my brow;
Its touch had lingered like a spell
That had enthralled me now,
If on the stillness of the air
Had floated by so sweetly there.

A treasured tone, a whispered word
With magic in its name.
To steal, like witching music, from
Each thoughtful toll and aim
Its sordid, selfish, worldly cares,
With troublous maze of wicked snares.

It comes not to my waiting ear,
That deep, impassioned voice;
And here in loneliness shut in,
I only may rejoice
To fondly hope that Heaven may give
Me hours 'twere glorious to relieve.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was no other alternative.

The old homestead must be sacrificed, or Annette Burns must leave its sacred roof, and go out among strangers to earn, by the toil of her hands, little by little, the sum that was requisite for its redemption.

Her face was very pale as she spoke of this to her parents, but its expression was firm and patient beneath that unusual pallor.

It was a new experience to them all—this stern grapple with poverty. Mr. Burns, though originally well off, had an easy disposition, and could never say "no" to the friend who asked him for pecuniary aid. He had endorsed for the accommodation of two trusted friends, and those same friends had put their property out of their hands and conveniently "failed." Mr. Burns' entire possessions would hardly satisfy the claims of the creditors; and now in his old age—a confirmed invalid—with his wife and two children, he found himself almost penniless.

Elmstead—the family residence—with its dozen acres of fine land, was mortgaged to liquidate the last claim; and if the amount of this liability was not paid within a given time, the Burnses would be homeless.

To Annette, alone, could this helpless family look for aid. Mr. Burns was confined to his room for the most part; Mrs. Burns, herself slender in health, was fully employed in attending to her husband and Freddy, the six years old boy; there was none save Annette on whom to depend.

And she? Reared tenderly, petted, and flattered, her life guarded from all care, what could she do in this struggle with life's cold realities?

When the trial came, Annette proved her worth. Elmstead was dear to her as her own heart's blood; she could not see it pass into the hands of strangers, and leave her parents and dear little Freddy homeless! Never! so long as there was strength in her arm, and money could be obtained by labor!

And so she made her decision. She spoke of it very calmly. She would go to Milltown, the great manufacturing city, and secure a place in the factory there.

How her father's pale forehead flushed, and

how the crimson heat of pride burned in her mother's cheek at the thought! but the noble girl silenced all objections.

"It is for the best," she said—"I have lain awake all the past night to weep and pray over it. And now I am fixed. Nothing can change me."

"But what will Blake Hammond say?" asked her mother.

A soft shade of rose-color swept up to the girl's cheek.

"If he is the true man that I believe him to be, he will bid me God speed! If he is less than that, his opinion can have no influence over me."

Scarcely had she finished speaking, when the postman entered and laid a note on the table before her. Every vestige of color fled from her face, as she read the few words written there, pressing her hand against her side like one in pain.

Directly she went up to her chamber, and came down no more that day. Her sole earthly prop had fallen!

At breakfast, she made her appearance, calm and emotionless as usual. She kissed little blue-eyed Freddy, stroked the white kitten that leaped purring on her knee, and conversed on indifferent topics with her accustomed cheerfulness. When the meal was concluded, she laid two pieces of paper before her mother, and asked her to read the contents aloud. One was the note she had received the previous day—the other was her reply. The first ran thus:

"MISS BURNS—Circumstances, of which you must be aware, render it expedient that the childish 'engagement,' as we were pleased to term it, made between us so long ago, should be dissolved. Probably you will be as ready to agree to this request as I am to make it. Let me hear from you soon. Yours truly,

BLAKE HAMMOND."

The answer was brief and concise.

"MR. HAMMOND—Consider yourself free.

ANNETTE BURNS."

To all the surprised exclamations of her parents, she returned but one reply.

"It is better so; and let the subject never be renewed."

And from that day forth the name of Blake Hammond was unspoken at Elmstead.

But despite her seeming serenity, it cost Annette no light effort to submit to the sundering of a tie, which, for four happy years, had bound her. Four years ago, when she was nineteen, and he twenty-two, she had pledged her faith to Blake Hammond, and they were to have been married on the coming Christmas day.

Circumstances had occurred, which, to the worldly mind of young Hammond, justified him in breaking his plighted word, and casting the trusting girl from his heart.

He was ambitious, though poor; he aspired to wealth, his idol; and how could he ever reach the glittering treasure, if he married an insolvent's daughter?

CHAPTER II.

FOR five long months had Annette Burns toiled in the noisy factory. Far from all her kindred, in a strange city, and among unsympathizing strangers, she went about her daily task. From "cockcrow until starlight"—the same weary, monotonous round—unvaried by a single kind word or friendly smile. Every thread that she wove in the senseless web was a record of the death of some fair hope; every desolate sunset marked the fading out of a little more brightness from her young life.

Nothing but the thought that she was to save the beloved roof over the heads of her dear ones, buoyed her up and kept her arm strong and willing. Only the remembrance that she was laboring for father, and mother, and Fred, cheered and sustained her.

The other girls—her gay companions in the factory—expended their hard-earned money in gaudy dresses; she made no purchases—every dollar was hoarded as jealously as the miser hoards his gold. The first payment to Mr. Steele, the holder of the mortgage on Elmstead, had been promptly met; and only by the closest application and economy could she expect to discharge the next instalment.

The girls sometimes joked her about her meagre wardrobe; the light-headed young men, employed about the establishment, called her the Quakeress; and her landlady entreated her, as a special favor, and for the credit of her boarding-house, to purchase a new winter bonnet. But Annette endured all in silence, and kept on in the old way.

Her quiet, statuesque beauty attracted much notice, and, if she had so willed it, she might

have been what each one of her young companions aspired to be—the *belle* of the factory. But her sole wish seemed to be to escape observation; and she turned a deaf ear to all the flatteries and gallantries of the admiring young men. When strangers visited the room in which she worked, she never looked at them, but kept on with her business. What right had she to meddle with the gay and happy world!

One day, her overseer, Mr. Granger, said to her in passing,

"Miss Burns, there is to be a grand levee at the hall this evening, in honor of the arrival of Mr. Templeton, the owner of the mill. He has been in Europe for the past two years. You have heard the girls speak of the ovation, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"There will be music and dancing, I believe. Shall you attend?"

"I believe not."

"Indeed! I had hoped otherwise. In fact, I stopped to ask you if I might not escort you thither?"

"Thank you. You are very kind; but I cannot go." She turned away to look after a woolen thread, and he walked on to bestow his attentions where they would be better appreciated. Mr. Granger was a self-conceited, little man, and quite a favorite with the young ladies in his room.

Attend the levee! Annette said the words over to herself with sarcastic emphasis. She, whose best dress was a delaine, darned in the waist and exceedingly scant in the skirt! She, whose shoes were worn to the utmost, and now hardly sufficed to perform their wonted office!

But this day the girls were all in their holiday attire. There was a great deal of laughter and bustle among them, and many eager glances were cast toward the door which opened into that department. Annette asked no questions, but the reason for this unwonted display was explained to her by the girl in the next row of looms.

Mr. Templeton was coming in, that morning, to inspect the works. It was eminently fitting that the owner and proprietor of all this wealth should be received with some little demonstration!

Aye! the owner of them all! Annette's heart was very bitter toward this man. She felt grieved with herself for it, but she could not crush the feeling. He, rich and powerful, what cared he for the toil and suffering of the humble operative, by whose weary labor he gained his wealth?

She would not even turn her head to get a glimpse of him, when he came in, attended by his secretary and a couple of the overseers. The party halted by the loom at which she was engaged, and conversed for a moment about that particular kind of cloth. One of the overseers made some inquiry relative to this web, and Annette, raising her head to reply, met the full gaze of Mr. Templeton. He disappointed her. She had looked for a wiry little man, with hard features and cold eyes—she saw instead a tall, well-developed figure, with a face at once noble and striking. A massive forehead, crowned by clustering curls of brown hair, deep, fathomless brown eyes and finely-cut features. The only trace of haughtiness was in the firm compression of the lips, and the almost stately carriage of the head. Mr. Templeton evidently noticed her scrutiny, for he bowed to her as if in acknowledgment, and passed on.

CHAPTER III.

THE levee was "splendid." So the girls said, the next day. Mr. Templeton was present, and though he had not danced himself, he had put no hindrance on the gaiety of the others. They all united in pronouncing him a handsome, kind-hearted gentleman; and wondering if he was to marry the beautiful Miss Gordon, to whom report assigned him.

Returning to her boarding-house, at dinner time, Annette was obliged to step into the gutter to allow a stylish carriage, with a span of black horses, to pass by. Casually glancing up, she saw that the occupants were Mr. Templeton and a young lady of surpassing loveliness. The fair face was turned toward him, wearing a gay smile. The ermine tippet and velvet mantle repelled the cold which made Annette shiver in her thin cotton shawl.

That night her prayer was long and fervent, and its burden was: "Oh, God! keep me from vain envyings!"

The week was a weary one. It was mid-winter, and the severe cold, acting on Annette's delicate organism, produced influenza and fever. Her miserable shoes admitted the snow at every step, and her well worn garments were but a slight protection against the wintry blasts. For five days she was confined to her room; but feeling better on the sixth, she resumed her place at the mill. It was Saturday, and the day on which the quarterly payments fell due. At night Annette went down to the counting-room with the others; but the warmth of the parlor so overcome her, that she did not rise

from the chair into which she had sunk, at her entrance, until all her companions were gone. The paymaster had left too; only Mr. Templeton remained. She went up to his desk with her unspoken request in her eyes. He made no remark, but counted out the money, entered the payment on the book, and opened the door for her as she departed.

Arrived at her boarding-place, from force of habit, Annette counted the roll of bills, but started in surprise when she had finished. There was the full amount of her three months' wages. For the five days she had been absent no deduction had been made.

Annette was not easily tempted, and the money, though of great importance to her, had no power to make her forswear her honesty. Her very first act on Monday morning was to go down to the counting-room and explain the mistake. It was yet early when she arrived, and, as before, no one was there but Mr. Templeton, who, engaged in reading the morning paper, did not notice her entrance until she spoke.

"There has been a mistake made in my quarterly account," she said. "Sickness compelled me to be absent from my work five days last week, and there has been no deduction made in my wages. There is the balance." And she laid it down before him.

"I was aware of this," was the answer. "Mr. Granger keeps a record of all absentees. There was no mistake. We are all liable to sickness. Good morning." He had forced the note into her hand and bowed her from the room before she could offer a single word of objection.

And that afternoon's mail carried all the ready money which Annette Burns possessed to Mr. Steele, her second payment on the mortgage of Elmstead.

The next morning a telegram was handed to her on her way to breakfast.

"Freddie Burns is sick. The doctor has no hopes of him. Come home immediately.

YOUR PARENTS."

This was all. And she—she—oh, heaven! had no means to defray the expenses of her journey, and no prospect of anything until next quarter's day! And Freddie was ill—perhaps dying! Dear little golden-haired, blue-eyed Freddie! He called for her, no doubt—wept for sister Nettie to hold his fevered head, and moisten his burning lips!

It was a long, lonesome forty miles to Farmingdale, but there was no other way. She must perform the journey on foot! But she must

hasten—not a moment was to be lost! Maybe even now her darling was lying cold and pulseless in his last sleep! She clasped her hands in agony, and hurried down the path to the factory. At the gate she met Mr. Templeton. She stopped instantly and addressed him.

"I want leave of absence!" she said abruptly. "My only brother is dying, and I must go at once. I have just learned this, and have had no time to give the proper notice."

Mr. Templeton was startled, not less by her tone, than by the wild pallor of her face.

"Where does your brother live?" he asked.

"In Farmingdale."

"Very well; I will speak to Mr. Mayfield about it."

"Sir, don't delay a moment! Every second lessens my chance of seeing him alive!"

"True. But the train for Farmingdale does not leave until half past two, and it is only seven now. There is ample time. You go in the cars, of course?"

A burning flush swept over Annette's face. She felt her cowardice. How could she tell this rich and aristocratic gentleman, who counted his dollars by the hundred thousands, that she had not the trifling sum necessary to pay her passage home? A moment only did false shame prevail—her own true courage triumphed. She lifted up her head, proudly, and said,

"No, sir, I do not go in the cars. I am obliged to go on foot. Now you understand why I am in such haste."

"On foot? May I ask—excuse me—isn't it forty miles to Farmingdale?"

"Yes."

"You cannot go on foot," he said, decidedly. "Take this pass. It will carry you through to Farmingdale, and beyond, if you wish, and afterward bring you back to Milltown. I am a director of the road. God grant you may be in time!"

He pressed her hand, turned, and walked rapidly away.

Oh! how fervently Annette blessed him! His name went up to heaven in her prayers, asking for all peace and happiness to rest upon him! That little deed of kindness had touched her heart—she called Mr. Templeton haughty and purse-proud no longer!

CHAPTER IV.

She was in season. Freddie yet lingered. With a glad cry he held out his little wasted hands and sprang into his sister's arms.

There was a little season of prayers and sad

bewailings, a brief period of wearying heaven with mad entreaties, and then came surcease. The angel of death would not be propitiated, and on the third day after her arrival, Annette held her brother to her bosom for the last time, and saw him breathe his last, with his glazing eyes fixed on her face in wordless love.

One short week Annette tarried at Elmstead, and then went back to her toil. Her face was a little paler, her soft dark eyes a little more sad, but the sweet patience of her countenance remained unchanged.

She gave back the "pass" to Mr. Templeton; but when she essayed to thank him, a flood of tears was all she could offer. And he had glanced at her black dress and understood all without asking a question.

From that day the rich man was strangely considerate toward this humble girl. He sent her books which could not be procured at the library, and, occasionally, a rare hot-house flower found its way to her attic room in the great boarding-house.

The winter passed away. March came. This was Annette's natal month. How differently would she spend this coming birthday from the last! Then, all was joy, song, and sunshine! Beloved friends had congratulated her, loving eyes had gazed fondly into hers, and rare testimonials of friendship had been showered upon her. Now how changed everything! She longed to go home for that one day—it would be so pleasant to pass her birthday at Elmstead, with her desolate and bereaved parents. This longing was so strong that, unconsciously, she spoke it aloud as she paused for a moment in the empty hall of the factory to adjust her shawl.

"Oh! if I only *could*! It would be so sweet to spend that day, of all others, beneath the roof! The Sabbath, too—doubly blessed! But it is all right—God will be with me here as well as there!"

Only three days intervened between then and the Sabbath, and the work was more than usually pressing. The next day Annette's web was exceedingly troublesome, and her task was not finished until some time after sundown. The other girls had left the mill, and, with a little nervous fear at the lateness of the hour, she hastened out. The gate was locked, and she was obliged to retrace her steps and cross the footbridge above the fall—a course which would make her walk a half-mile longer. She hurried over the bridge and struck into the air was keen; the evening-star lit; but the dark, narrow street at the extremity. The

tall buildings made the way dark and gloomy. In spite of herself, Annette felt frightened and desolate, and fear almost lent her wings.

There was a quick, firm step behind her; but she did not look round—not even when it halted at her side. The voice which addressed her drove all fear from her heart. It was that of Mr. Templeton.

“You are late, to-night, Miss Burns. Permit me to attend you.”

He wrapped the shawl which he was carrying carefully around her, and drew her hand within his arm. This protecting care was new to her, but it was very sweet; why, she could scarcely have told, yet she knew that all fear and coldness had gone away from her.

They went on a little way in utter silence; then he said,

“Annette, may I talk to you freely?”

At being called by her christian name her heart beat fast.

“Yes,” she said, faintly.

“Thank you!” He was holding her hand now. “It is abrupt, I know, Annette. But I cannot see you wasting your youth and bloom away. You must quit this factory life at once; it is killing you. From this night it is ended! Do you hear me, Annette?”

Certainly she heard him; but she was utterly at a loss to comprehend his meaning, though she bowed her head in response.

“Well, then; the existence that you take from toil must be given to me! Annette, I love you. I have watched you, when you little suspected me. Speak to me, Annette. Is this love to be sent away uncared for? Is it?”

Annette saw, as with a flash, into her own heart, the sealed chambers of which she had

not recently dared to fathom. Thank God for it! Yes, she could speak now. But when she essayed it, her speech was only tears. Mr. Templeton stooped to kiss them off.

“My darling! Your face has haunted me since the first look I had of it. The shadow has been always with me—now I am to have the substance! Blessed reality!”

They turned an angle of the street and into a sheltered covert. A horse attached to a sleigh was tied to a post. Templeton unbitched the animal, lifted Annette in, and took his seat beside her. To her surprised inquiry he said,

“Forgive me, dearest; but I was in the ante-room, last night, and overheard you wishing to be at home on your birthday. I am going to take you there now. We will celebrate the day together, if your parents will receive me.”

“Oh! Mr. Templeton!”

That Sabbath—that quiet, sunshiny Sabbath—what a joyous day it was to the residents of Elmstead. A day of praise and thanksgiving, and tearful offering of thanks to the God of mercy and love.

And before Renynor Templeton left Farmingdale, Elmstead was reclaimed from the shadow of debt, and the mind of Annette was at rest.

In May, the month of blossoms, the bridal took place, and the beautiful lady whom Annette had once envied as the promised bride of Mr. Templeton, was the bride's maid. Isabel Gordon was a tried and trusted friend to Mr. Templeton—nothing more—and in after years she became as a sister to his fair young wife.

Elmstead was kept in the family as a country-seat, but through the cold months Annette's parents shared with her the stately elegance of her husband's city home.

MY MOTHER.

BY PHILA EARLE HANLY.

On her white couch all the long day, my mother
In patient waiting lies,
Looking out on the path which leads to Heaven
With tender, wistful eyes.

All the long day upon the shining hill-tops
She lingers and she waits,
Just where the golden glory falls upon her
From out the pearly gates.

Slowly they swing upon their golden thresholds,
Unclosed by angel hands;
And she, just standing at the blessed portals,
Looks on the Eden lands—

Looks where the silvery stream flows through green pastures
And through the rows of palms;

And sees Heaven's high, celestial, gleaming arches,
Where echo holy psalms.

Yet, turning from the vision, gently lingers
This side the light and stars;
Is there some blessed mission still unfinished
Without the crystal bars?

Ah! yes—a few more pleading prayers to utter,
A few more pleading prayers—
A blessing to bestow, ere heart so loving
Rests from its weary cares.

Then, when the long day passeth to its sleeping,
And passeth too the night,
She goeth homeward with the prayers and blessings
Just in the morning light.

SHE WOULD BE A HEROINE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

EVERYBODY is tired of living—you are, so am I, and so are our neighbors; nevertheless, if we were told that we must die to-morrow, how different things would look, and the ones who had been loudest in declaring their contempt of all earthly joys, would be the most ferocious in their moans at the idea of renouncing them.

Susan Carter—I beg pardon for her ugly name, but I was not her god-father—was miserable among the rest; more miserable than anybody in the world, she thought; just as you and I have done a score of times, and shall again. We are as great fools as Susan, as mankind in general, only we do not believe it any more than Susan did, or than do the people whose follies we can discern so plainly from under the beam in our eyes.

Susan was eighteen—an immense age in this era of the world, particularly in the blessed portion of it where the angel of life has set us down. Susan was pretty, but that did not satisfy her; she had bright eyes and red cheeks—she longed for orbs which possessed a “mournful meaning” and the delightful pallor described in romances. She was ridiculously healthy in spite of herself—she desired to lie awake at night, to watch the stars out and so on, and she never could. Sleep would come, appetite would follow the next morning; and if Susan tried to go without her breakfast and be sentimental, the consequence was that she had what the doctors called a colic, and was forced to swallow camphor drops instead of weaving magnificent visions.

She had but lately returned from boarding-school, where she had spent so many years, that her mother, as is too often the case, really knew very little of her child's character. But in most things, Mrs. Carter was a remarkably sensible woman; slightly satirical, perhaps; somewhat impatient of folly; yet kind, warm-hearted, and devotedly attached to her daughter.

Susan was beset with a passion for becoming a heroine—she wanted her life to go on like a three volume romance: nothing less would answer. The materials were sadly wanting and Susan's invention at fault. She had been happy as a child, her mother was wealthy, her home pleasant: it really was a hard struggle against reality to twist existence into the shape she wished it to assume.

Susan had been educated as all girls are in boarding-schools; probably the hardest study she did was over the surreptitious novels hidden away in trunks and all manner of safe places.

Her intimate friend was well adapted to the task of cultivating Susan's romance, and she had omitted no instruction which it was in her power to give.

She was a year older than Susan. She had been sent to school to break up a love affair, of course: there was not a girl but knew it in less than three days after her arrival and worshiped her accordingly.

No plummet could have sounded the depths of the misery which Miss Josephine Mapes had endured. She was old in grief, had a heap of ashes where her heart ought to have been, an immense tomb-stone on top; and all manner of restless creatures, blighted memories, thwarted affections, and every other sort of uncomfortable ghost, made a promenade ground of her bosom and tore at her soul with their icy fingers.

She made a confidant of each girl in the school under terrible vows of eternal secrecy—she drove them nearly frantic by shrieking in the middle of the night—she tried to tumble out of windows and poison herself with red ink and slate-pencils. There was nothing she omitted which could have won applause, and her companions idolized and revered her as it was their duty to do. She glided about, among them, but not of them, indifferent to amusements or study, not to be allured by pound-cake or pies, a moral desert, a stricken tree, a living, breathing novel, who without hesitation allowed herself to be read and pitied.

She made Susan her chief friend; they were inseparable during the months that Miss Mapes remained in the institution. She told Susan every event of her life—she went back to her desolate childhood—she detailed the cruelty of her step-mother. At last she came to Hermion, the lover from whom she had been torn by the iron hands of tyrannical parents.

Here I pause; I cannot do the subject justice.

The effect which such companionship had upon Susan can readily be imagined. She returned home determined, at any cost, to become a heroine. She put her natural good sense aside, and converted herself into the most impossible

object that the teachings of Miss Mapes and her novels could invent.

These things dawned gradually upon her mother's mind, and filled her with more grief and consternation than she chose to express. She tried to reason with Susan, but finding that useless, she could see no better way than to let the fever reach its crisis, taking such measures as suggested themselves to prevent the girl from becoming ridiculous before the world.

Susan was bound to have an aim in life—she would mould her destiny into something new and strange! She wanted a career—space—glory—action, and the Lord knows what beside.

Her mother mildly advised that she should try some daily occupation—sweep a room, or do plain sewing. Susan scouted the idea—nothing but performing the impossible could satisfy the cravings which the confidences of Miss Mapes had roused in her soul.

She tried to turn her mother into a tyrant, such as Josephine had pictured her parents, but Mrs. Carter declined utterly to play the part, and insisted upon being affectionate and forbearing.

When that failed, Susan for a time concluded to find sympathy in her mother's companionship; Mrs. Carter thought that safer than to have her seek sympathy elsewhere, so she listened to her confidences, and endeavored to make her see things through a less distorted medium; she might as well have tried to make a man in the nightmare believe he was not being ridden by a demon with seven heads!

At last Susan took up authorship. Josephine had said that her soul was full of undeveloped genius, it should be kept silent no longer.

She began at once—no little poem—no slight sketch—not she! Her nature despised magazines and abhorred newspapers; in nothing less than a thick dollar volume, with very fine print and as little margin as possible, could her spirit obtain release.

She shut herself up in her room, shook down her hair, placed her writing materials upon the table, and began to pace the floor and arrange her plot. But the ungrateful plot refused to be arranged—the characters would not present themselves distinctly to her fancy.

She sat down and wrote a long letter to Josephine, detailing her plans and asking for a speedy answer and oceans of sympathy. The response came before the first line of the novel was written, and it gave Susan all the encouragement she could have desired.

"Burst your shackles," wrote Miss Mapes; "be no longer a butterfly—rush forward to the

real life—let your soul expand its wings," and so on for fourteen mortal pages of mixed metaphors and wonderful counsels. Upon the fifteenth page she reached the recital of her own sufferings, which she took from their commencement—back in the desolate childhood—and related to the blighted present. The twenty-fifth page contained vague and terrible hints "that death was near the writer, and had sent Truth before as a messenger," and Susan read on to the thirtieth page, when she was obliged to drop the letter, leaving the half still unread, and give way to a burst of tears and sympathetic anguish.

The novel was commenced. Susan concluded to let the plot take care of itself, and went to work to bring her heroine upon the stage, and get the hero down on his knees without loss of time.

She had been engaged for several days upon her labors before she concluded to take her mother into her confidence. At last the desire to be appreciated, to hear herself praised, conquered all other feelings. So one day, when Mrs. Carter entered the room, and asked the cause of her constant occupation, Susan revealed the whole and waited to see her parent burst into a flood of happy tears, or do something proper for a sentimental mother upon hearing a secret of such importance.

Susan was ready to respond exuberantly, however the love and admiration might be displayed, and she shrunk into herself like a sensitive plant, or any other poetical thing you prefer, when her mother said,

"Oh! my dear, are you going to add another to the list of young lady scribblers? I thought you were as tired of them as I am."

Susan looked injured and grieved.

"If I had thought you could treat me in this manner, mamma, I should have kept my secret to myself."

"Please call me mother; you are not a baby, and English is your natural language. But about novel writing—the honest truth is, Susan, I doubt your powers. You can enjoy fine poetry or a pretty romance, but I do not believe that you possess genius; and certainly, my child, you would not wish to write a book that could only take a retired place among the hopeless mediocrity which has flooded our country with so much trash!"

Susan longed to burst forth in an eloquent tirade, and quote passages from Miss Mapes' letter; but somehow, with her mother's sensible gray eyes and somewhat quizzical smile full upon her, she found it difficult to get up heroica.

She murmured—it would never do to write muttered, although that is always the plain English of the dove-cooing-expressive word—something about desiring sympathy, soul freedom, and several other trifles, which American women pine for so much at present, and the road to which, judging from their conduct, leads through all sorts of dangerous places and ridiculous adventures.

“Every girl writes poetry,” replied Mrs. Carter; “but the sensible plan is to burn it when written. However, read me a few pages of your novel, Susan; if you have any literary talent, rest assured I shall be the first and readiest to acknowledge it.”

Susan blushed and hesitated, but at length took up her manuscript and began to read. Her mother did not laugh, although she would have given the world to have done so; and Susan hurried on, believing that her parent was touched and growing quite tearful herself over her heroine’s misfortunes.

When she paused and looked up, Mrs. Carter answered the questions in her face, quietly, but with no unkindness.

“Authorship is evidently no more your fate, Susan, than it was mine. Take that one expression, ‘The very fountains of her being coagulated at his words!’ My dear child, if you can’t compose better sense and better English than that, the money I have spent has been sadly wasted. Put your manuscript away—a few months hence you will blush for it. You have raised your characters all on stilts, people can’t go through the world upon such elevated heels. I don’t mean to be harsh, but since you ask my opinion, I must tell you that your story is only laughable; but let it console you to know that I once wrote things just as ridiculous.”

Susan threw aside the manuscript in despair.

“Oh! mamma——”

“Mother, if you please.”

“How unsympathizing you are! Josephine views me so differently—she believes in my talent——”

“That was your intimate friend at school?”

“Yes; a noble, darling girl! Such a letter as she wrote me only a few days since, so full of sympathy and tender counsel.”

“Let me hear portions of it, will you?”

Susan was determined to soften her mother, the novel had failed to accomplish the work; but Josephine’s letter could not help but touch her to the heart.

She took the epistle from her desk. Mrs. Carter shuddered as she saw the innumerable sheets. Susan turned to the passages where

the writer detailed her own experience; the tears came into her eyes at the first words. She read the story of Josephine’s joyless childhood, her after affections; she reached the heart-rending paragraph which began,

“The mildew of grief has blighted my soul——”

“Hot milk will take it out of linen,” interrupted Mrs. Carter; “she had better try the remedy.”

Susan thrust as many pages of the letter as she could into her bosom, and burst into a flood of tears.

“What now?” asked her mother. “Why, Susan, you are a second deluge! You will certainly drown our household ark if you continue.”

“Oh! mother, you will break my heart!”

“I’ll buy a strait-jacket if you will send it to your friend,” returned Mrs. Carter, coolly. “What an injury that girl has done you by her romance and her pernicious advice! Indeed, I do not mean to be cruel, but if you could only see such nonsense in its true light, you would be heartily ashamed of yourself.”

Susan was speechless.

“Come,” urged her mother; “put by your novels, give up the friendship of that girl whom I will charitably believe crazy, and try to conduct yourself like a sensible woman. You will find me the best friend you could have; I am quite young enough to understand your feelings. Can’t you trust me, Susan?”

“Call me anything except that vulgar, detestable name,” pleaded the young lady.

“Fool!” said her mother.

Susan’s delicate nature revolted! She could have quoted Scripture wherewith to have annihilated her unnatural parent, only as well as she could remember the passage applicable, it threatened brothers who call such names; there seemed to be no Biblical prohibition against hard-hearted parents giving their offspring any appellation which gratified their cruelty.

Susan did the next best thing which suggested itself; she went into a spasm of hysterics and swept toward the door. But alas! the fates were always averse to her succeeding properly in any bit of tragedy or romance!

She stumbled over the hearth-rug and bumped her forehead against the mantle.

“Amanda with a black eye,” said her iron mother; “that’ll never do, my dear—you will find arnica and brown paper in my room.”

Susan wept, and moaned, and made herself miserable during the next two days. But her mother’s lecture had one good effect; she went back to her manuscript, read it over, really

gained a dim consciousness that it was less admirable than she had supposed, and ended by putting it in the fire.

When Mrs. Carter thought that the girl must have begun to come to her senses, she went up stairs and held a long, serious conversation with her. But Susan was not in a mood to listen to reason, or receive much benefit from advice.

The scarlet fever of American-girl-absurdity was upon her in its full force, and neither allopathic doses or homœopathic drops of counsel had the slightest effect.

She desired to believe herself desolate, alone in the world. She would have been glad had her mother put any restriction upon her, or committed some act which she could have construed into oppression and tyranny. But Mrs. Carter refused to turn herself into a female Blue-Beard, or play the part which is given to parents in so many novels.

She talked kindly, tried by affection to win Susan back to a reasonable feeling of duty and share of common sense; but Susan was away in her idol world, and preferred rather to listen to Josephine's lofty precepts, than to acquire anything approaching child-like submission and obedience.

They lived upon the outskirts of a large town which considered itself a city, out quite among the fields; and Susan began a system of long walks—solitary rambles, she called them in her letters to Josephine—dark hours of self-communion, with nature for her only friend.

Of course, the correspondence continued with its former strength and rapidity. A ream of note paper did not last Susan any length of time, and the epistles on both sides were enough to have startled their respective grandmothers from their respectable graves.

There was no subject they did not discuss, no feeling they did not reveal, breaking the harshness of English with Spanish sighs, Italian spasms, French groans, German growls, and interjections from every other language that was ever conceived or taught by the high-pressure system of a modern boarding-school.

There came a time when Susan's rambles were fraught with a deeper interest than they had possessed at first.

Her dreams took an aim, a visible shape—she met with an adventure and she fell in love.

She had walked a long distance from home, and was romantically pacing up and down a pretty grove which she haunted a great deal, when a big dog suddenly sprang down a little slope and appeared fully determined to put an end to her troubles then and there.

Of course she screamed, tried to run, but could not, and was frightened half out of her senses, as any other female would have been in the same position. Before the dog had an opportunity to harm her, even if such was his intention, a young man hurried down the hill and drove the brute away with a thousand execrations.

Susan had seated herself, really faint with alarm; when she was able to think and see, she beheld a handsome young man bending over her, offering her water from the spring in a pocket cup; and everything was so like a scene in a novel, that Susan nearly swooned from delight.

Under such circumstances, could she do anything but fall in love with her preserver—anything but blush and pale alternately, as she listened to his exaggerated self-reproaches for that which was no fault of his?

Of course Susan dreamed of him that night, and opened her heart the next day in a long epistle to Josephine; but before that fair damsel's answer had time to arrive, other events had occurred which turned the thrilling hour into the work of destiny—Susan had met her fate—at least that was the way she turned it in her mind.

The next day she was unable to visit the grove, but the afternoon after that she wended her way thither, and, by the merest accident in the world—oh, no! what a miserable chronicler I am—by the special interposition of destiny, there was the young man again, on that occasion without dog, or gun, or any other dangerous implement or beast. He looked so pale, so sad, so handsome, that any young girl would have taken him for an Italian prince in disguise, and an older person would have decided at once, that he must be a third-rate actor out of employment.

They met, they conversed. Susan knew that it was improper, but for the life of her she could not run away. He walked by her side part of the way home, left her with faltered words and a glance that thrilled her being.

Isn't that told in a beautiful style? I copied it from her letter to Josephine.

Twice again they met, but no longer by chance! The dark-eyed youth had found a voice—oh! such a voice! He told Susan that he was alone in the world, wretched, a pining soul searching for its lost mate. He had found that other half—she was the beautiful moiety—his queen—his morning-star!

She might drive him from her—he knew she would—he wanted her to do it—he was a pre-

sumptuous stranger—no, not a stranger—their kindred souls had spoken—worlds could not separate their spirits now! But as far as the material substance went, they must part! It was her duty to drive him away—she would do it—he must go—the river ran black and deep beyond the city walls—no, beyond the old brewery—beneath its turbid waters he should find repose.

A three volume romance compressed into a single paragraph—a valuable lesson to learn!

Susan did not bid him go; she wept—she faltered—she turned to depart—he made a gesture toward the river—she shrieked—he fell on his knees—she sank into his arms—he called her Evangeline—she called him Spiridion—they vowed to die together—but first they would let their souls speak and tell of a hard fate and fortune lost on the one side, an unnatural mother and an uncongenial home upon the other.

The next day they met again for the purpose of bidding each other an eternal farewell—he meditated pistols, she poison.

Yet it was decided that he should see her once more! They repeated Romeo and Juliet—he told her that he knew where she lived, and asked only that he might come into her garden that evening, and recite the scene under her window.

The fortunate girl had a window not like common ones, but draped in vines, and altogether romantic and picturesque!

Yes, he might do that; then they must part—her mother would curse her—they must say farewell.

That evening Susan stood in her chamber, after her mother had gone to bed, dressed in her most becoming attire, looking as much like Juliet as she could manage to make herself.

The full moon shone brightly and illuminated the garden, the spring flowers sent up a sea of perfume, and, altogether, the scene was as heavenly as possible.

A sound below—the preconcerted signal. Susan leaned against a table, faint with excitement. A thrilling voice began:

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound!
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!"

She moved to the window—dropped on one knee—leaned her head upon her hand.

"'Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand!'" cried Romeo.

"Bow wow!" responded Bose, the dog, disturbed in his slumber under the back steps.

"Ah, me!" said Juliet.

"She speaks!" said Romeo.

"Bow wow!" said Bose again, more original, but less musical than the lovers.

"Confound that dog!" muttered Romeo.

"He'll wake my mother!" moaned Juliet.

Silence again—Bose concluded that he had been deceived by a bad dream and laid himself down to sleep once more. The scene went on—the actors gained confidence—the moon shone more brightly—it was real—it was Italy!

"If but my brothers find thee here!" exclaimed Juliet, getting nervous at some noise, slightly missing the text and whispering to herself, "Mother would kill me!"

The sound died, Romeo's voice alone broke the delicious stillness. They went on famously—he came to:

"Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow——"

"Oh! swear not by the moon!" said she, gave a strangled squeak, and added in language much more natural both for Juliet and herself, "Oh, my! what was that?"

"Only a horse passing!" muttered Romeo; then burst out,

"What shall I swear by?"

"Do not swear at all——"

"That is very correct on your part," said a whispered voice in the chamber; "don't encourage the young man in any such bad habit."

Susan could not even groan; she fell back from the window and lay huddled in a miserable heap of fear upon the carpet, gazing wildly at her mother, who stood near the door, wrapped in a bed blanket, shaking her broad night-cap ruffle with smothered rage and laughter.

"Enter Lady Capulet," said she, cool and collected as the spring evening. "I believe it wasn't my cue, my dear; but no matter, just lie still while I do a bit of tragedy in my turn."

All this had passed unheard by Romeo, who only thought Juliet had disappeared from the window before she ought, and stood waiting her return, folding his cloak about him and kicking his heels impatiently.

"What shall I swear by?" he repeated, as a shape that he took for Juliet appeared at the window.

He looked up—a voice very different from the one he expected called out,

"Young man, if you stay there a moment longer, I'll set the dog on you—if you come here again, I'll have you arrested!"

Romeo started to run—his cloak caught in the branches of a shrub, and down he went with a fracas that roused Bose effectually. Out rushed the dog—Romeo swore and howled—Bose made at him—Lady Capulet leaned over

the window-sill, shook her night-cap border, and laughed heartily in spite of herself, so tickled for the moment by the fun of the thing, that she could not resist calling out, "A Montagu, a Montagu! Take him, Bose; seize him, old fellow!"

A howl from Romeo—a growl from Bose—a sharp click as when a tailor's shears meet in thick cloth—a low moan from Juliet—applause and much night-cap shaking from her ladyship, and then a grand tableau.

Bose holding Romeo by an unmentionable part of his inexpressibles—Biddy in the side door bearing a light and a poker—Jake, the boy, on the steps, armed with a pitchfork—the picture suddenly marred by the quick breaking away of Romeo—pursuit by Bose—a fence scaled—dog called back, and Romeo safe.

Whistle prompter—close the scene—language can do no more!

The next day Mrs. Carter made her own inquiries, and took such measures as she saw fit; then she went up to the chamber where Susan had confined herself, and held a long conversation with her.

But Susan would hear neither reason nor affection.

"You have broken my heart," said she.

"And, I hope, saved your reputation," retorted her mother, more bitterly than she had yet spoken.

Susan rose—a great determination nerved her. As she had just written to the mildewed damsel, all was over—her lover could never return—he would always believe that she had brought this disgrace upon him—nothing was left her but to die.

The plain English of all that was, Susan was frightened at her own folly—she would not have seen the young man again for worlds—but she was determined to be wretched.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, "I will take poison!"

"The very thing I expected you to propose," returned the accommodating Mrs. Carter; "I brought two bottles up with me—which will you have, opium or strychnine?"

She took a brace of ominous little phials from her pocket and set them on the table before Susan.

"I will have Biddy get some mustard and hot water ready," said she; "if you should repent after swallowing the potion, and want an emetic handy."

Susan seized the bottles and dashed them violently upon the floor.

Mrs. Carter pulled out a horse pistol and a bread knife.

"Take your choice," she said, sweetly; "I want this death done up in the most approved style; it isn't every day one has a tragedy in the house."

Susan fairly tore her hair with rage and shame, but she could not relinquish martyrdom in that way.

"I will live," said she.

"Don't inconvenience yourself on my account," interrupted her mother.

"I will live," pursued Susan, grandly, "but far from here."

"In Borriboola Gha," suggested Mrs. Carter.

"I will turn my talents to account," said Susan—paused to produce a proper effect, and added, "I shall go on to the stage."

"The very thing," said her mother, with a glance at the window which nearly drove Susan frantic; "your first appearance was successful in the extreme."

Susan disdained a reply.

"Let me be at peace," said she, bitterly, "I shall not trouble you long."

"Anything you like," replied her mother.

"I have ordered beefsteak and onions for dinner—shall you come down?"

Susan swept out of the room and passed along the hall to an apartment that was seldom used—a great barn of a place, where, as a child, she had practiced histrionics, and that was now used as a place to pack all sorts of old trumpery.

Mrs. Carter walked coolly down stairs; Susan went back to her room, armed herself with a pile of play-books and went into her theater to perform at leisure.

She had studied twenty parts at least—Josephine had taught them to her, the mildewed female's genius was universal. Susan went through Bianca and several other bits—she could not trust herself in Juliet just then—and, at last, got fairly afloat in the great scene of the Hunchback.

She railed up and down the room—she set out an immense bag of coffee to represent Master Walter. She thundered and ranted—bade him bring on his husbands—break matches, and made the coffee-bag shake from his foundations.

She reached the grand climax: "Do it, nor leave the task to me," and paused, quite out of breath. At that moment the door flew open, and her mother burst in, so strange and appalling a sight, that Susan tumbled over the coffee-bag which believed itself Master Walter, shocked by the horrible idea that her mother had gone suddenly mad.

Mrs. Carter wore a long, white dress—

evidently, on ordinary occasions, employed as a night-gown—a red shawl was fastened about her waist and stretched along the floor in a train; her hair streamed over her shoulders, and upon her head was perched a gilt paper crown.

She took no notice of Susan; she marched up and down the room, flinging her arms about, kicking her train, knocking over every light article that came in her way, stamping and shrieking wildly a medley so furious and horrible, that Susan could only cower more closely to the coffee-bag for protection, and put up feeble shrieks, which were drowned in the volume and passion of her mother's voice.

"Blow winds and cr—r—ack your cheeks!" screamed Mrs. Carter. "Bring here a steed—take off your night-gown (no, that's improper,) get on your night-gown—Glammis thou art and Cawdor too."

Bang went two old chairs and a broken table.

"Mother!" cried Susan.

"Parents have flinty hearts—no tears can melt 'em—oh—oh! What, not one kiss at parting! Thy bones are marrowless—so much for Buckingham. Look on this picture and on that! That voice—thou art—a palace by a lake—a gar—r—rdiner's son! Speak, woman—yow, yow!"

"Mother, don't! Stop, do stop!" screamed Susan.

Bang went a brass kettle, two baskets of clothes and a small cradle, one that Susan had formerly slept in; she sank lower, overcome by a host of infantile recollections.

"My foot is on the ploughshare, and I will not turn back!" howled Mrs. Carter, tossing her arms more wildly and lifting her voice an octave higher. "Blisters upon thy tongue that spoke such words. Did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood? Fazio, thou hast seen Aldabel—la! Go, hide thee from my sight—I'll speak anon—my drops of tears I'll turn to sparks of fire"—sob—sob—great clatter among a pile of dishes—new shrieks from Mrs. Carter, and a burst of genuine tears from Susan.

"Mother, don't! Oh! don't—are you crazy?"

Mrs. Carter stopped short in her promenade, dropped her arms, and said in her natural voice,

"No, my dear, I am only rehearsing. I have decided to go on the stage with you."

That last blow finished Susan completely. She was sick with excitement, faint from lack of food, and she rolled over the coffee-bag in a fit of hysterics which had no make believe about them, honest spasms really pitiful to witness.

Mrs. Carter got her into her own room, un-

dressed her, put her to bed and sent for the doctor.

By the time he came, Susan was more composed, but she really was unable to rise at all.

"Nervous," said the doctor, shortly, dropping her wrist; "got nervous fever: brought it on yourself, I'll warrant: women always do. What have you been about?"

"Nothing," faltered Susan; she caught her mother's eye and retreated under the bed-clothes.

"I know," said the doctor, "you've neither eaten or slept; oh! these girls! Just tell me what you put in your stomach yesterday."

"I—I—don't remember."

"Did she eat any breakfast, Mrs. Carter?"

The lady shook her head.

"No dinner?"

"None, I believe."

"You ate something," said the doctor; "now tell me what it was?"

"A piece of candy and a bit of jelly-cake," groaned Susan.

"Are you an ostrich?" demanded the physician, sternly.

Susan quaked with fright, but answered never a word. The doctor concluded his inquiries, gave such remedies as he thought proper, and went down stairs to have a conversation with Mrs. Carter, whose special friend he had been for several years. All that time Susan lay crying on her pillow, watched over by wondering Biddy, as she was mortally afraid of being left alone.

Mrs. Carter confided to Dr. Pierson as much of her daughter's folly as she considered necessary, and the two debated upon the best means of curing her mentally as well as physically.

The doctor was a widower, somewhere about forty, an eccentric, but exceedingly kind man; and he had always felt a quiet sort of regard for Susan ever since she became a young lady.

He determined in his own mind to marry her, fully satisfied that she would soon outlive her romance, and settle down into a very sensible, lovable woman, like her mother.

But all those resolutions he kept to himself, promising Mrs. Carter that everything should go well, and that Susan would rise from her bed altogether a different creature.

The foolish girl!—don't nod your heads approvingly, my fair and youthful readers, you have been almost as silly yourselves—was sick for a month, but the illness did her an immense deal of good. Her mother proved a capital nurse, and Susan learned to love and appreciate her as she had never before done. She began

to see her past conduct in its true light and was heartily ashamed of herself.

Mrs. Carter had great hopes of her, when Susan one day acknowledged that such was the case; but when Susan told her to take a great package of letters from the writing-desk and burn them, Mrs. Carter knew that the cure was complete; it was a bundle of Josephine's letters that she ordered into the flames.

When Susan could sit up and drive out, she found Dr. Pierson so attentive that she wondered she had never discovered, not only how gentlemanly he was, but so intellectual and refined in spite of his oddities and jests.

Mrs. Carter read to her a great deal, books which really benefited her; and Susan shuddered even to think of Josephine's French novels and Josephine's counsels.

It was now so late in the spring that summer sent on her sunshine in advance. One day Susan and the doctor took a long drive out of town. Several miles from the city there was a pretty trout brook, a cascade, and other marvels that often attracted visitors, so a hotel had been built on the spot, which during the warm months was greatly frequented.

The house was full then; Pierson insisted that Susan must rest in one of the parlors for half an hour or so. While she sat there, he went out, and Susan, exulting in her new strength, began to walk up and down the room.

During her promenade, she passed the open doors which led into the hall; some one hurried by—a tall man carrying a tray covered with glasses. Susan neither screamed nor fainted—her veil was down—the youth did not perceive her, and she gazed at him with a sort of fascination; he passed through the hall and disappeared.

She had seen Spiridion, Romeo, or whatever name she chose to give him!

Just then the doctor came back.

"Were you going out to look for me?" he

asked. "The carriage is ready. Come, if you are rested."

Susan took his arm in silence, and, on their way through the hall, Pierson talked so constantly that he did not observe her agitation.

"Did you see that stylish fellow with the tray?" he asked, in perfect unconsciousness that Susan had ever before beheld him. "He is a little brain-cracked—was crossed in love once—been an actor, and the Lord knows what else. I knew him in Hartford, and when he came here, a few weeks ago, out of money, I got this place for him; he can do the duties very well, and the women like his looks."

Susan bit her tongue to keep from screaming, and they drove away. The tears she shed that night in her mother's arms were a pretty certain proof that she had been sufficiently punished.

Mrs. Carter and Susan made a little journey soon after; and somehow the doctor found it necessary for him to take the same route at the same time.

Susan enjoyed her summer thoroughly, and returned so radiant, rosy-cheeked, and content, that she hardly knew herself.

When Pierson offered her his hand and heart, three months after, she accepted them, not with any romance or sentiment, but convinced that she loved him and determined to make him a good wife.

Mrs. Carter was delighted with the match, and grew so young and charming, that Susan wondered she could ever have wished for any other confidant, and could not sufficiently show her love and gratitude.

All those things happened ages since, of course. When I last saw Susan Pierson, three great boys called her mother; she would permit no namby-pamby names: and she had grown so stout that she could not have been romantic if she had tried.

A LOVER'S LAY.

BY MRS. C. H. CRISWELL

I CANNOT cease to love thine eyes,
While thus on me their light doth shine,
For oh! 'tis brighter than the skies
Of Summer at the sun's decline—
Softer than moonbeams on the sea—
Sweeter than all their light to me.
I cannot cease thine eyes to love
While beauty from their darkness glows
Like fire-flies from the shady grove,

When wearied Nature seeks repose;
Like meteor from the midnight sky—
Like lightning from the storm-cloud high.
Thine eyes to love I cannot cease—
For in my dreams they haunt me so,
That while I feel their power increase
I dread the hour that I must go:
For oh! I cannot linger here
While hope is vain and life is drear.

THE SHADOW.

BY M. LINDSAY.

I HAD lodgings at one time in C—— street, and, for a fortnight or more, I had noticed a thin, gaunt, unhappy-looking man of decent dress and gentlemanly appearance passing in and out of the room next to mine. He once or twice inclined his head to me in a civil way when we met, and perhaps as often tendered me the salutations of the day. What was most noticeable in him was his wretchedness; he seemed nearly consumed by it; and its expression was such that I think I should have shrunk from him, had it not been for a gentle look in his eye, and a pleasant smile that softened his whole face when he recognized me. They indicated a social nature that reacted itself out toward its kind; a yearning for human sympathy.

One Sunday evening, in the early twilight, I was sitting alone in my room in thoroughly bachelor mood, thinking of the loved and absent, and the loved and dead, when there was a low knock at my door. I opened it. My unhappy neighbor stood there looking more unhappy than usual, but his winning smile spread itself over his features as he said,

"You are alone as well as myself; I came to ask you to try a glass of Hungarian wine that I selected yesterday." I did not care for wine at that hour, but his manner was such that I could not refuse, so I accepted his invitation and repaired with him to his apartment. The wine was ordinary, and I soon perceived that it was only the pretext for obtaining my company. We spoke of the common topics of the day, but it was not long before my host led off to the spiritual, and then to the supernatural, his manner and expression growing more and more interested. He had a way of looking intently before him where I saw only vacuity, and then at times of glancing to his left and edging his chair to the right. At last, he said to me in a very earnest manner, interrupting me in the midst of a sentence, "Tell me now, can you see a shadow there?" and he pointed directly before us into the light.

"I see none," I answered.

"It has flitted now," he said; "don't you see it here by my side?"

"I see nothing beyond your chair-arm," I

said. "Are you troubled with optical illusions?"

He shook his head. "But did you *never* see shadows between you and the fire?"

"Only when some object interrupted the passage of light."

"Did you never see a shadow without a substance? Something independent of the laws of light? I always see one between me and the firelight, and it sometimes stares at me suddenly from the full sunshine. What is more strange, it is even in the thick darkness."

"It is strange," I answered.

"Yes, yes; how true it is that there are stranger things than are dreamed of in philosophy!"

"How long have you been visited by this shadow?"

"I cannot give you the time in years. At first, I was beset with painful emotions which I could not drive from me or subdue. They grew more intense, until they became my nightly dreams; then followed day-visions when my eyes were shut, although I did not slumber; then a faint and uncertain shadow at twilight with open eye, and now the shadow has grown dark, and deep, and does not leave me."

"Does it seem friendly?" I asked.

"Yes, friendly; still it gives me pain; it makes me utterly wretched; it wears me out: look at me! I am not yet fifty; would any one have thought it?"

"Can you do nothing to free yourself from it?"

"I would not be without it. It belongs to me; it is mine; it ought to visit me; it ought to be with me. I could not live without it."

"How inexplicable!"

"To you, not to me. You are young. Though I am not so very old, I have lived a great deal; I have lived fast and had experiences that come to few."

"I am glad to think so," was on my lips, but I had too much consideration to let it fall.

"There—now *can't* you see this shadow by my side?" asked my companion. "How kind it looks, and yet it tortures me."

"I see nothing," I answered; "but it is past my comprehension that it should give you pain when it appears to express kindness."

"Still it is so," he said.

There was so much about my new acquaintance that was mysterious, and the conversation had already become so embarrassing that I took my leave, pleading as an excuse the urgency of a visit to an old friend.

Weeks passed on; and I saw little more of my fellow lodger than before, but I observed when we met that he was growing more worn and haggard; his eye was wilder and his step feebler. He was rapidly becoming like the shadow that haunted him. I was, therefore, not surprised to miss him altogether for a few days, and then to receive a request to visit him in his room, with which I complied. I found him in his bed, half-raised by pillows.

"I am dying," he said, as I approached him, "and so I sent for you. I have something to disclose. I *must* disclose it. The shadow will not let me die till I have done so."

"Do you wish to die then?" I asked.

"Oh! there is little choice to me between life and death, but I know I cannot live; I *must* die, and it is hard to be so long dying. I shall be glad when it is over."

"You suffer greatly then?"

"Yes, and without interval."

"Can no relief be found for you?"

"None. I fear not even in death. How sorrowful the shadow looks as I say it! You can surely see it now."

"No."

"How I wish you could!"

"What is it like?" I asked.

"Like? Why it is a woman; and shall I tell you? It is—my wife."

"Your wife? Do you mean her ghost?"

"No, no: no ghost. She is not dead."

I was silent. He looked at me, intently, for a few moments, and then said, "Let me tell you more. Let me tell you all. I was young when I first loved her who is now my wife. I need not describe her to you. She was a noble girl, worthy in every way. I saw that she loved me, and I asked her to become mine. How well I remember the scene! So does the shadow. See, she acts it over again to the very life. She comes to me. She lifts her arm to my neck and clasps it as I bend to her. She kisses me so tenderly, and lays herself against my breast to be folded in my arms. She does not speak. She did not speak before. Oh! it was beautiful, and so like her—the way in which she told me she would be my wife! But her kiss, tender as of old, stifles me now; and I cannot clasp her in my arms, for her head upon my breast is so heavy that it stops my heart-beats."

He breathed very slowly and painfully, and made an effort to change his position. At length he went on: "I was so happy when the wedding-day came and Mary and I were married. She was beautiful as she stood by me in her white robes, and, hand in hand, we took the holy vows. I vowed to love her. Well, I *did* love her. I love her now; but sometimes—how I have hated her! I promised to comfort and honor her. Is there honor in base names? Is there comfort in threats and blows? Oh! God! I promised to keep her in sickness and in health. *How* have I kept her? and *where*? She has not broken *her* vows. What passionate, self-sacrificing love has she wasted upon me! She has kept to me in sickness and in health only too faithfully. Even when shut away from me in prison walls, she has followed in spirit and in shadow. Now her lips seem repeating her sacred and binding vow. She holds out her hand for the ring; but see! the ring is already there. It is the sign. She *is* my wife. We are bound to each other. The bond was never broken. Will it not hold us through all eternity?"

Mary and I were happy for a time after our marriage, very happy; but I was foolish, and then I grew false, and still more false, till, at last, Mary knew it, and her heart almost broke. Better *had* it broken, and she died, than have lived on as she has lived, as I have forced her to live! She wept, when she heard of my faithlessness, as other women might have wept; she entreated, but I would not hear her, and thrust her from me. Then she complained and upbraided me, and my anger rose. I was violent, and wronged her still more deeply. Wrong followed wrong, each growing heavier, till I hated her because I had so wronged her. She grew to fear me, and sought protection from me, even from me who had vowed to protect her; and then I feared her, for she knew my dreadful secrets; in her distress she might reveal her wrongs. What should I do? What *could* I do? What would you have done?"

"Humbled myself before her," I unhesitatingly answered; "flung myself in the dust at her feet, and implored of her forgiveness and reconciliation; implored forgiveness and reconciliation of God."

"You might have done it, and it had been better; but I could not; my whole nature was so untrained, unschooled, so unused to repentance and humiliation, so enslaved by passion and will. I determined to rid myself of her entirely, to rid myself even from all fear of her. I had not the heart to take her life. I

did not dare to; for the dead *do* tell their tales, and cry out loudly for vengeance; so I let her live on, but I made her life far worse than death. I said she was *insane*; that she was mad when she told of her wrongs; that her mind was sick and wandering among terrible delusions, and there were some who believed the cunning tale. I persuaded the doctors to call her mad, and paid them hire for it. Then I tore her from the home she loved, tore her from her children, and locked her in a bedlam. And I thought she would surely go mad there, and I should be justified by the world and safe from her forever. Justified by the world! It kept silence, but I held my breath in agony at its dark suspicions and its smothered blame. Safe from my wife! I was never so in fear of her before, in fear of her escape, in fear that her tale of wrong *might* be listened to and believed, in fear of—I know not what. And, worse than all, I could never more escape from the wretched woman. Scarce one minute, day or night, was she absent from my mind. When I entered my home, my first thought was, 'She is not here; she will meet me here no more.' When I sat down to my table, there was her empty place; and where was she who had filled it? She would never fill it again! I could not eat. I went to my room. There were the chairs as she had placed them; no one must touch them; they must not be moved even for convenience, for she would never place them so again. I heard my children cry for their mother. They plead with me to bring her back to them. How could I still their cries, or soothe them with my love, or hear them express their love for me, when I had so selfishly made them motherless, and knew I deserved their hate? I could not bear their presence and rushed from them, leaving them to hirelings. When I was in the street, every one I met seemed to ask, 'Where is thy wife?' In business I was distracted and wandering to her for whom I had once labored and sought success. At night, no cheek pillowed itself against mine, and when, after long and painful restlessness, troubled sleep came, it was only that I might dream of my poor victim weeping her hopeless tears on a mean pallet in a maniac's cell. How could I dream such dreams and live? And when I woke and stretched out my arms, and they came back empty to my breast, it was even worse. I had meant to put my wife where she would not trouble me, but she did not cease to trouble me now. I had no rest from her. Her voice was ever in my ears; sometimes speaking her old words of love, sometimes her just complaints, sometimes pleading

for her children, sometimes for release from her living death. Would that voice never be hushed? Could I never stop my ears to it? No, *never*! I have heard it from that time always. I hear it now. I shall hear it through eternity. Her voice was very soft and musical, and it is so now; and yet it jars my nerves more than the worst discord."

"Is your wife still living?"

"She is; and it seems as if she would never die. I have thought if she would, I might have some peace, I might be free from her voice, or, perhaps, from her shadow; and then I have feared that death would only make the voice sepulchral, and turn the shadow to a real ghost."

"Have you ever visited her in the mad-house?"

"Yes; and she rushed to meet me, and clung around my neck and kissed me more fondly even than when a girl. She loved me as of old, spite of all the wrong she had borne from me, and would have forgiven all and come back to me as she came at first, but I was still afraid for my good name. I was afraid for my reputation. There was even more danger than before. The last wrong, instead of hiding the rest, had only added to them, and itself outweighed them all. Wretch and villain as I was, I pitied my poor wife; but I felt that I could not release her, I could not give her back to her children, and I would not even permit them to see her lest they might plead with me to restore her to them. I hardened my heart and left her; but she did not leave me. After that she came to me in day-visions, and then in shadows, clinging to me like guilt, and following me like justice; a very prophet of doom. I put my children away from me, that I might not see *her* in them; but I only saw her the more. I abandoned my house as a haunted place, but the haunter went with me. I have tried to lose her in throngs; she will not be lost. I have sought the gayest circles, but her shadow was ever in the company, breaking up the figures of the dance, and her voice would chime in with the singers till I could hear nothing else. I have traveled among new and strange scenes; I met her there: she would not be forgotten, or left behind. And her presence, like a spell, blights everything else. It takes the freshness from novelty, and the charm from beauty. What once pleased me most, pleases now no longer. I am indifferent to whatever has not been hallowed by her. I see no excellence in man or woman unless it be a resemblance to her."

"Where are your children?" I asked.

"One is dead; the other, a girl with her mother's name and face, is in the care of a relative. The shadow watches her, but it makes her happy. I have seen it hovering over her in her play, and she only laughed the merrier, and danced the lighter, while my tears flowed faster, and my heart broke afresh. There—now the shadow weeps. If you could only see it! It is very beautiful."

"Strange, that with the feelings you express, you never tried to make some reparation for the terrible wrongs of which you confess yourself guilty."

"I did at last; but not till I had become a ruined man; not till my business was gone, my reputation injured, my friends grown cold and negligent. When I had nothing left to lose, and was so fallen and desolate that I was reckless of the future, tormented by the voice, pursued by the shadow, I sought my wife, determined to do her what poor justice I then might; at least I would restore her to liberty, and take her to my arms if she did not shrink from them. Alas! I was too late! Long years of confinement and neglect among wild lunatics, the wretchedness and hopelessness of her con-

dition had worked her ruin, had slowly but surely destroyed her reason, and she had become like her associates; she *was* a lunatic, and, since I no longer wished it, it made me doubly wretched. She sprang to meet me with unmeaning laughter, and her talk was senseless and boisterous. What a change! I could not bear it, and I hastened from her. I have never seen her since. But the shadow has not changed. The same always; and always with me. Don't you think it will be with me after death?"

I did not answer.

"One man," he resumed, "wrote 'remorse' on his death-bed, as if trying vainly to express what he felt; I might write 'retribution,' 'retribution' ten thousand times, and I could not express what I have endured. My wife, abused, wronged above all others, has not suffered in her wrongs as I have in wronging her. And it is right. Sin should fall heaviest on the sinner. The shadow—the voice——"

The poor wretch closed his eyes. "Almost dead," he gasped. "Mary—forgive—kiss——" was all I could understand of his inarticulate murmurs. He threw his arms out as if trying to clasp some beloved object—they fell heavily. He was dead.

LINES.

BY PHILA EARLE HARDY.

I AM weary, dear heart, I am weary,
And painfully throbs heart and brow!
Oh! is it from memory's chalice
That I drink such bitterness now?
Have the sweet-perfumed censers, swinging
So tenderly over my head,
Forgotten to scatter the fragrance
Which once o'er my pathway they shed?

I am weary, dear heart, I am weary,
My footsteps grow faltering—slow;
Is it because o'er rough places
They've wandered since long ago?
That the path o'er the clover blossoms,
Where we wandered so fondly then,
Is lost 'mid the heavy, brown grasses,
And we never shall find it again?

That the green, shining leaves have fallen
From the blossoms of hope away,
And the stems, all withered and scentless,
Only lie in my hands to-day?
Or is it the groves, closed forever
Adown in the depths of my heart,
Which I bend so tearfully over,
While pain-quivers into life start?

Ah! well, these old memories and dreamings
Only sweet sadness should bring,
For they, in life's difficult music,
Are the easiest notes to sing.
Then, oh! whereunto shall I liken
The shadowy pain that I know?
To the shadows of green leaves falling
Softly on the grass below;

Or the fleeting clouds of the Spring-time?
While I know some lives are passed
Which seem like the desolate Winter,
Cold, hopeless and sad till the last.
'Tis only like moonlight's soft shadows,
This sadness o'erhanging me now—
Not like the black storms of the midnight,
Beneath which we helplessly bow.

What know I, dear heart, though I'm weary
Of the sorrows and pains of life?
Of its wrecked hopes and dire disappointments,
Its suffering, conflicts, and strife?
Oh! how close we clasp some slight shadow,
And dark does life's fair pathway seem;
And we say we are weary, so weary,
When, dear heart, we only but dream!

THE BROKEN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER III.

It was true, Jessie had received the proposal she so much dreaded, received it exactly as her mother had described the scene; but if other and deeper feelings prevailed with her, they were buried far out of sight by the delicate reticence of a nature which shrunk from any revelation of feelings which would, perhaps, never receive a generous response. Though the most single-hearted and frank creature in the world, Jessie would have died rather than confess feelings such as I fear occupied her heart even at this time.

"Well, aunt Mattie, I have obeyed you," she said, with a sorrowful look of the eyes, the moment we were alone together. "It breaks my heart, but I have listened to all he could say, poor fellow! and it is over. What a terrible, terrible thing it must be to love a person who does not care for you. Oh! aunt Mattie, aunt Mattie! it is," she hesitated, turned crimson, and added, "it must be like death, worse than death; for to crush one's pride is to deprive life of its dignity, and this thing I have done for him."

"And do you begin to regret it?" I said, sitting down and drawing her head to my shoulder.

"Regret it? The thought oppresses me; I am so sorry for him; my heart aches when I think of the look he gave me. 'Oh! why is it that love cannot always be mutual?'"

"That would destroy half its romance, I fear," said I, smiling in spite of my sympathy in her distress.

She gave a little nervous laugh and said, "She supposed so; but it was very hard to see a good man suffer disappointment and mortification such as she had just witnessed. Some ladies might glory in these things, but, for her part, she hoped never to have another offer in her life. It was hard to give pain, harder by far than to endure it. Poor John Bosworth, how wretched he must be!"

I strove to comfort her, for there was no occasion in all this. She really did suffer all

her broken speech implied, but she felt the humiliation she had given too keenly for argument.

"He bowed himself before me as if I were a queen; and to be rejected after all, it was very cruel!" she exclaimed, excitedly; "but what could I do? There was Mrs. Dennison—but no matter about her."

Jessie stopped suddenly, and a flame of crimson spread and glowed in her cheeks.

"You don't like Mrs. Dennison, aunt Mattie?" she said, after a moment's silence.

"No, I never did like her," was my prompt reply.

"She is a strange woman," said Jessie, thoughtfully; "so brilliant, so full of attractions, everybody is charmed with her at first sight. I was."

"And now?" I suggested.

She looked at me earnestly, then smiled a little bitterly, I thought, and said,

"Who can help like—admiring her?"

Something was wrong in that quarter, I was sure of it; two natures so opposite as that of our Jessie and Mrs. Dennison could not long harmonize under the same roof.

"Well," I said, smoothing the raven braids of Jessie's hair, "the worst is over now. Mr. Bosworth will think all the better of you for being truthful and honest; we shall have him for a friend still, never fear."

Jessie shook her head quite dejectedly.

"No, that can never be, these rides and invitations have been misunderstood. He really thought I was encouraging him, when you know, dear aunt Mattie, I hadn't the least idea of what it all meant. He talks of going to Europe at once; or—or——"

"Or what?" I inquired, with an inclination to smile, "drown himself by the old mill, perhaps?"

She glanced at me a little roguishly, and said with a half sigh, "Yes, aunt, I believe he almost threatened that."

"So much the better," I said, gravely enough, for she was on the alert for any signs of ridicule;

"the disappointment which takes that form is not killing."

"Don't!" she said, with a contraction of the forehead, which gave evidence of real pain, "the very remembrance of his face is a reproach to me; and there *they* sat so quietly in the shade of a tree enjoying the scenery. To them, I dare say, the world contained nothing else to think of. Mrs. Dennison even pointed at us with her whip, as if we made up the figures of a picture."

"Well, but she did not know," I suggested.

"Heaven forbid!"

We were interrupted then, and Jessie went to her mother, whose gentle sympathy was always at command, though the cause of grief might be unexplained. The presence of that woman was like a calm autumn day, it saddened while it made you better.

I could not divine why it was, but for some reason Mrs. Dennison appeared ill at ease after her ride that morning. Mr. Lee was about the house all day, but she rather avoided him, and disappeared altogether from the square balcony, where he was in the habit of reading when the shadows crept round to that side of the house. Late in the day I went out for a walk, and, mounting the hill back of the house, wandered along its upper ridge, where a thick growth of hemlocks and forest trees shut out a glorious landscape on either hand; for this hill formed a spur of the mountains which partially separated two broad valleys. That on the east I have already described: but the other, and broader space of country, could only be commanded from one or two prominent points on the ridge. A large rock fringed with ferns and mountain pinks marked one of these spots. A footpath led to it through the trees, and, as the rock crowned a declivity of several hundred feet, it ended there.

I sat down upon the rock weary from my long walk, and gazed dreamily upon the broad plain at my feet. It was in a state of beautiful cultivation; a large county town lay under the shelter of the near mountains, over which a cloud of smoke floated from the numerous iron foundries that were in full blast in the environs. The breaks and gossamer floating of this cloud interested me, not the less because its source was in the useful development of the resources of a great commonwealth. I loved to think that with every wreath of that graceful vapor came assurance of bread for the working man and profits to the capitalist: for to me such thoughts give dignity to the beautiful. I am not one of those who would object to having the waters of

Niagara lowered half an inch, if it would give the poor better and cheaper flour. Well, as I was saying, the hives of industry which lay in the hazy distance, made the landscape one of peculiar interest. The signs of rich cultivation that lay upon the undulating grounds, the range of blue mountains hidden therein, so far away that they seemed embankments of clouds, took a new aspect every time I saw them. Like the busy city, every beautiful object conveyed an under thought of prosperity; even the distant noise of some forges under the mountain sounded harmoniously in connection with the broad scene.

As I sat looking upon this glorious picture, reflecting that my beloved country could boast of thousands on thousands equally rich, both in beauty and thrift, a footstep in the grass disturbed me, and, turning my head, I saw Mrs. Dennison walking slowly along the footpath. She was in deep thought, and evidently did not observe me, for I was sitting on a slope of the rock and a mossy fragment rose up between us. She held a letter in her hand, which seemed to give her anything but pleasure, for as she read a cloud fell heavily on her forehead, and the beautiful brows contracted. She stopped in the middle of the footpath and seemed to read the letter over a second time. During all this time she was so near to me, that I could distinguish the heavy sigh with which she folded the paper.

After this, she stood a moment gazing upon the landscape at her feet. She seemed to feel the beauties this glorious point of view presented, and her face cleared up. That moment I spoke to her. She gave a little start, hid the letter away somewhere in the folds of her dress, and sat down upon the rock. That woman, I do think, never took a position which did not at once settle into lines of grace. Just then the scarlet folds of her shawl fell in rich contrast with the green mosses of the rock and cool foliage of the trees, and I could not help observing that, even for my sake, she condescended to be artistic.

"Ah, Miss Hyde, I am glad to find you here, these woods were getting lonesome," she said, pleasantly.

"But it is not lonesome here," I replied; "this moment I was thinking what a cheerful idea of life the whole scene yonder presented."

"Yes," she answered, looking toward the distant city; "after all, civilization has its fine points, even in a picture. I do not wonder you love this spot, if it were only from its contrasts. A moment back I was almost chilled by the lonely murmur of the pines and the dull sweep

of waters answering them; surely there is some river near, Miss Hyde."

"Yes, at the foot of this descent."

"Oh! true, I can see gleams of water through the gloom. How steep the hill is!"

"Yes, almost a precipice," I answered. "One would not like to attempt a descent."

"Indeed, I would rather like it. If one had a mania for suicide now, it would be like a romance. A single false step, and you could hardly hear the plunge or a cry for help, if the actor were coward enough to give it. The waters are very black and sullen down yonder."

I turned away from them with a shudder; this idea of death and crime which she had advanced chilled me. The waters did, indeed, look black as we saw them weltering on through the piny gloom.

"Do you know," she said, smiling blandly upon me, "I found a pretty bird's-nest under a tuft of fern leaves up yonder, with four lovely speckled eggs? My red shawl frightened the poor birds, and they made a terrible fluttering; so, in pity to the little creatures, I came away only half satisfied."

"Oh! you have found my nest!" I exclaimed, thanking her kindness from the depths of my heart. "My own little birds, they have built in that spot for three years; I dare say some of the birds hatched under those broken leaves are singing to us now. Nobody ever molests them here."

"Indeed I did them no harm; only took one little peep at the eggs and ran away; so don't look so terrified; the birds did not seem half so much frightened."

I smiled and dropped the subject. The truth is, I really am silly about the birds, and always keep their hiding-places secret, if I can, even from Jessie, who does not understand their dainty habits as I do.

Mrs. Dennison busied herself looking about on the landscape.

"Tell me," she said, "whereabouts is that delightful old mill which we stopped at this morning? I do assure you, Miss Hyde, it is the most picturesque bit that I ever saw out of a picture; this river must be the stream on which it stands."

"Yes," I answered; "but the mill is not visible from here."

"We had a delightful five minutes examining it," she resumed, "that is, my good host, Mr. Lawrence, and myself. As for our sweet Jessie and her cavalier-lover, must I say——"

"Jessie Lee has no lovers," I answered, coldly, for there was something in the side-

glance of her almond-shaped eyes that I did not like; a sinister questioning that aroused all original distrust that her simple manner had, for a time, laid to rest.

"Indeed! What, no lovers? and she, so beautiful, such a peculiar style! I thought young Bosworth was something more than a neighborly cavalier; a fine young fellow, Miss Hyde, and something of a catch, isn't he?"

"I don't know exactly what you mean by a good catch, madam," I replied, more and more repulsed.

"Oh! I see; not worldly enough for boarding-school vulgarisms; but I, who am naughty enough to remember them now and then, will explain that there is nothing very terrible in a 'good catch.' It only means a handsome, fashionable, and rich man, whom every marriageable young lady is dying for and only one can get."

"Then our young neighbor will not answer to the character, for he is neither fashionable nor more than comfortably rich; nor has he any number of young ladies dying for him."

"Only one, perhaps?"

The same sidelong glance, the same crafty undercurrent in her questioning.

"If you mean Jessie, Mrs. Dennison, I am very sure she has no such feelings as you suspect toward any one."

"Oh! I dare say not; one always likes to talk nonsense about such things, but it amounts to nothing. Of course, people are always expecting hosts of lovers when an heiress is in question, and Miss Lee has the reputation of immense expectations."

"Yes," I answered, artfully, I am afraid, "Jessie will be very rich, indeed. Along that valley she will own land enough for a small principality, if such things were recognized in this country, and many a smoke wreath that you see curling up from the city yonder, comes from the dwellings that will yet be hers."

Mrs. Dennison's eyes kindled. "Show me," she said, eagerly, and shading her eyes with one hand, "where does the land lie—this principality of which Jessie will be mistress?"

"Yonder to the left, around and far beyond that hill."

"The hill with so many grassy slopes, and crested with groves? That hill, and the lands around it, will it surely be Jessie Lee's inheritance?"

"Every foot of land, every smoke that curls from several blocks of houses in the centre of the city."

"And does Mr. Lee have all this income?"

"Every cent."

Her eyes sparkled. Fresh roses bloomed out on her cheeks. She threw out her arm, and waved it inward as if gathering the property in one sweeping embrace.

"Ah! what a world of enjoyment you or I could get out of all that if it were ours!" she said, with unaccountable exultation in her voice. "No wonder he lives like a prince."

I answered her with constraint. This enthusiasm disturbed me.

"I am not sure, madam, that either you or I would be happier for possessing so much care as this wealth would bring; for my part, that which I enjoy without responsibility, is enough."

Her beautiful mouth curled with a sneer, the first I ever saw on those lips.

"Ah! it requires taste and habits of power to prepare one for these things; some people are born with them. Some people are born for them, and others——"

"Well," I said, smiling with satisfaction that she had at last broken loose from her system of crafty adulation.

"And others," she said, adroitly, "are so gentle and unselfish, that they live in the happiness of their friends. It would be a pity to cumber such with all the anxieties of wealth; one would as soon think of weighing the angels down with gold."

I declare, the quickness of that woman frightened me. The sneer left her lips in a glow of smiles before it was formed. Her eyes were bent on my face innocent as a child's. She sat down by me, folding the scarlet shawl lightly around her.

"Now that we are talking of rich people," she said, with an air of the most natural confidence, "do tell me about this Mr. Lawrence. Is he very much in love with our Jessie or not?"

"I never heard or thought that he was in love with her, Mrs. Dennison."

"Nor she with him?"

The question stung me. It gave form to a painful thought that had been growing in my heart, and I felt myself blushing hotly under her glance.

"Mrs. Dennison, are such questions honorable?"

"Not if you cannot answer them without blushes. I beg pardon."

"Are they delicate?" I urged, angrily.

"Not if they touch her friends so keenly. Again I beg pardon."

"Mrs. Dennison," I said, conquering the anger that burned in me like a fire, "excuse

me if I seem rude, but if there is anything of excitement in my manner, it is because I am not used to canvassing the feelings of my friends even with those nearest and dearest to me."

"And me you consider a stranger," she said, deprecatingly.

"Almost," I replied, with blunt truth.

"And one whom you cannot like."

I bit my lips to keep back the words that pressed against them.

"At my age, Mrs. Dennison, new feelings spring up slowly in the heart."

She made another desperate attempt at my weak side.

"At your age? My dear Miss Hyde, am I to judge what it is by that smooth cheek, or by your words?"

"I am afraid it is best to be judged of by the slow growth of feelings such as we speak of," I replied, gravely.

She looked down sadly, and tears came trembling into her eyes. I really think she felt it. Her habits of fascination were such that she was doubtless wounded that they could fail even with so unimportant a person as I was.

"You are unkind, I would say unjust; only that feeling is seldom a matter of choice. But I, who was prepared to love you by dear Jessie's praises, who did like you so much at the first sight, it does seem a little cruel that you should meet all this with repulsion."

Her tears made me uncomfortable; one had dropped to her cheek, and hung on its roses like a dew-drop. A man, I think, would have yielded to her then and there, but a quiet old maid is not generally so impressible. But her grief touched me, and, feeling that there had been something of rudeness in my speech, I strove to soften it.

"Not repulsion, Mrs. Dennison, but we old maids are a little on the reserve always. Do not think me unkind because I do not care to talk much of those who trust and shelter me."

She laid her hands on mine and smiled sweetly through her tears.

"You are right. It was all rash childishness, not curiosity; how could it be when dear Jessie tells me everything with her own sweet lips?"

I longed to draw my hand from under hers, but conquered the impulse, and seemed to listen with patience at least.

"But we will drop our sweet Jessie," she said, "and talk of some one else; Mr. Lawrence, for instance. Are you sure that he is without property?"

"Indeed I cannot tell. He lives in another

state, and may be rich or poor, for aught we know of a certainty; all that I can say is, that he has never been represented as being wealthy to us."

"That is a pity," she said, thoughtfully, "a great pity; an heiress stands no chance with such men."

I started, feeling as if it were myself she was speaking of.

"And why, pray?" was my sharp response.

"Ah! these splendid men, proud and poor, how can you expect them to face the world as fortune-hunters? After all, wealth has its drawback. I often pity a girl with money, for the most sensitive and the most noble keep aloof. I can imagine a man like this Lawrence now wearying his heart out, or turning it to iron if it brought him to the feet of an heiress. Such men like to grant, not take."

"Isn't that a sort of proud selfishness?" I asked, struck by the force and truth of her worldly knowledge.

"Selfishness? Of course it is. What else do we find in the noblest nature? But you are looking serious, and I have watched that cloud of smoke till it wearies me."

She arose while speaking, and walked away, passing through the trees like some gorgeous bird whose home was beneath the branches.

I watched her with a strange feeling of excitement. What would her object prove in cross-questioning me as she did? Was it mere vulgar curiosity, or some deep-seated purpose? Why this anxiety about Jessie's expectations? In short, had the woman come to us bent on mischief of some kind, or was I a suspicious wretch determined to find evil in everything?

That evening Messrs. Lawrence and Bosworth came, according to some previous engagement. I was a little surprised at this, but after awhile saw that a generous and noble motive lay at the bottom of it all. Jessie had besought Bosworth to remain her friend; he had promised, and thus generously kept an engagement made before his proposal, and when it must have been a painful sacrifice. Nothing could be more delicate and lovely than Jessie's manner of receiving him. She neither colored nor looked down, but came toward him with a deprecating stoop of the whole person, while there was a depth of sadness in her eyes that more than begged pardon for the wound she had given. Bosworth was grave, but very gentle in his reception of this kindness. He moved toward a far end of the room, and they sat down together, talking earnestly to each other.

Mr. Lee was in the room and watched them

rather gravely, I thought; but Mrs. Dennison, who was chatting merrily with Lawrence, called him to her side, and after that he seemed to forget everything but her.

Being left to myself, I was crossing the room to go out, when Jessie beckoned me to the sofa, where she was sitting.

"Ah! Miss Hyde," she said, earnestly, "try and persuade Mr. Bosworth to give up his wild plan of going away."

"And have you really formed such an idea?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, striving to smile, "one cannot loiter forever in these pleasant country places. I have been a dreamer too long."

"But not yet," I pleaded, answering the appeal in Jessie's eyes; "you will not go in this unfriendly way."

"Unfriendly?" he repeated, glancing at Jessie. "No, I shall never do that; never feel unfriendly toward any of you, Miss Hyde."

"But we cannot spare you, and I am quite sure Mrs. Dennison will be heart-broken if——" I hesitated, conscious of the impropriety contained in these impulsive words.

"Oh! Mrs. Dennison will never be quite heart-broken at anything, I fancy," he replied, with a faint smile; "but if you really desire it, I will not break up the arrangements of our guests. A few weeks more or less need make little difference in a life time."

Jessie brightened at this, and looked so gratefully on her rejected lover, that he smiled, but very mournfully, as if reproaching her for being so kindly and yet so firm.

Early in the evening, Mrs. Lee's little maid, Lottie, came into the parlor, and, after casting her bright eyes in every corner of the room, went up to her master and whispered something. Mr. Lee arose and went out. I beckoned Lottie, and asked if her mistress was worse?

"No, Miss Hyde, I can't say that she is, or that she isn't; because she hasn't said a word about it. But she isn't asleep, and it seems lonesome up there, within hearing of all the fun, and not know what it is about. For how Mrs. Bab—how that lady's voice rings through the tower when she laughs."

"Yes," said I, "she has a clear, sweet voice."

Lottie gave an almost imperceptible toss of the head.

"Besides," she said, drawing me aside, and speaking in a low voice, "mistress can look right into the window where those people stand; I don't know as she did, but I can."

"Well, could you discover more than we, who are in the room, Lottie?"

The toss of her head was definite now, but she made no other reply, except to whisper, "Mrs. Babylon is coming this way, and I'm off."

"Stop," I said; "did Mrs. Lee send for—for any of us?"

"Send? No; but she expected, and being all alone evenings is what she isn't used to."

"I'll go up at once."

"There now, always flying off! It isn't you she wants."

"How do you know that, if she asked for no one in particular?"

"How do I know? Well, that's good! As if I didn't know the difference between her wanting you and him! When she wants you, it's all quiet and don't care much about it in her looks. When he ought to be there, and isn't, something comes into her eyes that makes your heart ache. I never saw it till lately; but that look is growing on her, and would more, if it wasn't for me."

"Why, how can you prevent it, Lottie?"

"Well, in a good many ways, Miss Hyde. One of 'em is by nice little lies that hurt nobody, but do her lots of good. I know just how he makes bouquets, and when they don't come at the right time, I run down and make up a bunch of flowers myself. I stole some pink and blue ribbons from his room to tie 'em with. Oh! it's worth while to see her eyes sparkle when I bring them in. Then I've studied his way of sending compliments and messages. Don't pretend to be a genius like you that write poetry."

"Lottie!"

"Oh! don't be frightened. I shan't bring you to disgrace about it. Made up my mind to that from the first. You needn't get mad and blush so; I ain't a genius, but I can make up stories in my head; and why not tell 'em to her? Why not, I say, when they please her? You should hear the elegant messages I bring from Mr. Lee, at least four times a day. When she gets a nice little dish for dinner, it gives her appetite to think he ordered it; but the cook knows."

"But, Lottie, this is wrong."

"Wrong! Well, I like that, Miss Hyde."

"It isn't the truth, Lottie."

"The truth! Who said it was? As if I didn't know it was lying, and glory in it!"

I could hardly keep my countenance. As for arguing a moral question with Lottie, the thought was too ridiculous. She had her own ideas, and kept to them without the slightest regard to those of other people.

While we had been talking, Lottie had gradu-

ally edged herself out of the room, and her last speech was delivered on the platform of the terrace. Mrs. Lee's window was up, and I saw her husband enter the room with what seemed to me a reluctant step. He sat down, and opened a book, as if to read aloud. This had been his usual custom, but the last few evenings had been spent in the drawing-room. I would have taken his place, but she rejected my offer with one of those deep sighs that excite so much pity when they come from an invalid.

"You talk against fibs, Miss Hyde; now what do you think of that? She never would a sent for him—died first, like a lamb starving in the cold. Hist! there comes Mrs. Babylon and her private beau."

True enough, Mrs. Dennison and Lawrence had passed through one of the drawing-room windows, and were slowly coming down the terrace platform, which, as I have said, ran around one end and the back of the house. It afforded a fine promenade, and they were enjoying the moonlight that fell upon it. My attention was occupied by them a moment, during which Lottie disappeared. The railing of this platform was lined with a rich shrubbery of hot-house plants, lemon trees, tall roses, and such creeping vines as bear most choice blossoms. These cast heavy shadows, and I fancy that the girl disappeared among them, listening, perhaps, being considered as one of the accomplishments which she devoted to the benefit of her mistress.

When I went back to the drawing-room, Jessie was at the piano, and Bosworth sat near, watching her sadly as she played. She did not attempt to sing, and he offered no request of the kind. Altogether it was a gloomy evening. Really I think this idea of turning love into friendship is an absurd way of settling things. Throwing ashes on hot embers only keeps the fire in more certain glow. Jessie was young, and had no idea of prudence in such matters. I did not quite understand the undercurrent of her nature; but, in my heart, thought it best that Bosworth should leave the neighborhood.

The next morning I saw Lottie coming out of Mrs. Dennison's room, looking demure as a house cat.

"I've taught 'em how to do another braid," she said, innocently. "If they tangle it, you know, I ain't to blame."

After our conversation on the ridge, Mrs. Dennison made the best of her advantages, and, after ingratiating herself into the room of our invalid, managed to pass a good deal of her time there. I think Mrs. Lee unconsciously

exercised a little selfishness in this; for it happened—so naturally that I never should have observed it but for Lottie—that Mr. Lee visited his wife more frequently when his guest was there than at any other time. Indeed, it was not many days before the invalid ceased almost entirely to see him alone.

After my attention was drawn to this by one of Lottie's curt sayings, I noticed another thing that troubled me more than Mrs. Dennison's visits. A mulatto girl was constantly following her mistress to the room, asking for orders, or reminding Mrs. Dennison of something that she had been desired to remember. She made one or two efforts to fix herself in Lottie's apartment, but that singular female rebuffed the first attempt, by standing square in the door and asking point blank if there was anything in that room which Cora wanted. The girl answered, "No," and went away rather crestfallen.

It is very difficult to repress the aggressions of a guest under your own roof, especially one who invariably disarms you with honied words and apologies for anything that threatened to offend. It was not for me to regulate the movements in Mr. Lee's house; and so adroitly were they managed, that no power could have reached them. To my surprise, Lottie, all of a sudden, not only seemed to lose her animosity to the widow, but hung about her with assiduity almost equal to that bestowed on her mistress. But one thing was remarkable: none of her bright sayings, or exhibitions of sharp, good sense were manifested in Mrs. Dennison's presence. With her she was dull and quiet; nay, almost stolid. I have heard her ask questions with the most innocent air which a child of three years old could have answered. It was surprising how anything so near a witch in her real nature could tame herself into that lump of stupidity. She was a great deal in Mrs. Dennison's room; and once I saw them seated together on the hillside, talking earnestly. Still, for several days, nothing happened worthy of remembrance. Mr. Lee and the widow rode out once or twice without Jessie, who, feeling a little hurt for her mother's sake, decided to remain at home and sit with the gentle invalid. I do not know that she observed it, but there certainly was very little entreaty used to induce her to join them. Indeed, upon the third morning nothing was said on the subject; Jessie was not even invited.

One day, just after Mr. Lee and his guest had ridden from the door, Mr. Lawrence called. He had seen them from the distance, he said, and came to inquire after Miss Lee's health.

The flood of crimson that rushed over Jessie's face, when I told her this, made my heart beat heavily. She arose and went down, avoiding my anxious glance as she passed me. The doors were all open, but I heard no voices in the drawing-room; they must have been talking very low, and what did that portend between two persons perfectly alone? So anxious had I become that it seemed to me as if some harm were intended our Jessie among these strange people. She had never seemed really happy since they came among us. Indeed, there had been little of comfort for any one.

What passed between Jessie and Lawrence I learned afterward. But only so far as a young girl can force herself to speak of things pertaining to her affections. One thing is certain: when she came up stairs, after his departure, a look of uncertain joy pervaded her face, and she breathed quickly. I asked no questions, and was not surprised that she said nothing; but from that day her manner became more elastic: and, from some words that escaped, I am confident that, up to this time, she had fancied Lawrence engaged to Mrs. Dennison; or, at the least, ready at any moment to assume that position. Indeed the widow had told her as much.

The next day Jessie was invited to join Mr. Lee and his guest in their ride; but she refused it coldly, nay, almost haughtily. Her father, for the first time in his life, seemed really angry with her. He said nothing, however, but rode forth with a flush on his brow. Again Mr. Lawrence called, or would have called, but that he saw Jessie wandering off toward the pine woods, and followed her. I saw them sitting a long time on a garden chair stationed on the skirts of the grove, but said nothing to any one, not even to herself when she came down the hill, alone, with a light in her eyes that I had never seen there before.

I think Lawrence must have made five or six of these morning visits before they were suspected by any one in the house. Cora was usually busy in her mistress' room all the forenoon, and Lottie usually took the occasion of Mrs. Dennison's absence to sit with loving watchfulness by our invalid, only too happy if a low word or patient smile rewarded her devotion. But it came out at last.

One day I went suddenly upon the terrace platform, and found Cora standing close by one of the drawing-room windows, with her shoulder against the framework. The blind swinging open concealed her from any person within; and the position she maintained, while sorting the shades from some skeins of worsted that she

held, was that of careless rest. She changed her position, and sauntered away on seeing me; but it was with a heavy, careless manner, as if she had been unwarrantably disturbed. I looked into the sitting-room in passing, and, as I had expected, Lawrence and Jessie were sitting on a sofa close to that window. Mrs. Dennison was in splendid spirits when she came back from her ride that day. There was something triumphant in her step which put you in mind of some handsome Amazon returning from battle. She leaned heavily on Mr. Lee, as he lifted her from the saddle; nay, I am certain that she rested against him half a moment longer than was necessary. Jessie was standing near me, but noticed none of these things. Noble girl, she was never on the look out for evil. Her own upright mind tinted everything with its own pure hues.

Mr. Lee stayed a long time, giving orders about the horses. When he came up the steps, I had an opportunity of observing him closely. He was pale, and looked strange. I cannot describe what I wish you to understand, but all the influences that had so long dwelt around that man seemed swept away. The very dignity of his tread was gone. What had occasioned this? I know now, and never doubted then, that the woman sweeping through our hall, at the moment, had produced this transformation; and yet no words had passed between them that his own daughter might not have heard without reproach.

Mrs. Dennison gave us a triumphant glance, as she passed the balcony where we were standing, and proclaimed that she had never enjoyed a ride so much. It was a heavenly day, and the landscape transcendent.

Jessie smiled softly, and turned a bright glance on my face, which said, more plainly than Mrs. Dennison's words, "I, too, have had a heavenly day, which will go with my dreams into many another day, making an Eden of them all."

In a few moments Mrs. Dennison came out of her chamber, still in her riding-habit. She was pale as death, her eyes gleamed, and her lips quivered. She dashed into the balcony, and laid her hand on Jessie's shoulder so rudely, that the young girl drew back with an impulse of surprise.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Dennison?"

Mrs. Dennison looked at her a moment, subdued the quivering of her lips with a great effort, and broke into a laugh so hoarse and constrained, that Jessie shrunk back.

"What is the matter?" she said, with a look

of the most profound innocence. "Why, nothing; only we have but just time to dress for dinner, and here you stand as if the whole world could wait."

I could see that her frame was trembling from head to foot. The color would not come back to her face. With all her powers she was but a woman, and a jealous woman at the best. From that moment I felt very sure that Cora had performed her mission promptly. Jessie could not understand it, but stood looking at her guest in blank amazement.

"You have ridden too far," she said, coldly, "and the fatigue has shaken your nerves, I fear. Shall I send for a glass of wine? for it will be sometime before dinner."

"Wine? no; but—but I will take a glass of water, if you please, Miss Hyde."

Jessie seemed anxious to get away, for she started before I could anticipate her to order the water, and I was left alone with Mrs. Dennison. Her self-command was giving way again. She sat down, and, covering her face with both hands, shook from head to foot; but she did not weep. Something too hard and fiery for tears possessed her.

"Yes," she said at last, "Miss Lee is right! These long rides do shake one's nerves terribly!"

Directly Jessie came back with a glass of water. With her usual delicacy, she would not entrust the duty to a servant, who might witness her friend's discomposure and comment upon it.

Mrs. Dennison held the water a moment, regarding Jessie with gleaming eyes, as if she longed to dash the contents in her face; but the insane fit went off. She drank off the water eagerly, and arose to leave the balcony.

"I am not usually nervous, but this ride has completely upset me."

With these words she left the balcony and went back to her room.

"She is very ill, I am sure, aunt Mattie," said Jessie, full of gentle sympathy; "pray go and see if nothing more can be done?"

I went to Mrs. Dennison's chamber and knocked; no one came or spoke. But the door had stood upon the latch, and the vibration of my hand unclosed it. Mrs. Dennison was standing in the middle of the room, white with rage, and with specks of foam on her lips. She was tearing open her habit with a violence that made the buttons start. The face with which she met my intrusion was that of a beautiful fiend. I closed the door and went back repulsed. But without giving me time to cross

the hall, she came to the door, opened it wide, and called me in with a laugh.

"Come back one moment," she said, "and tell me which of these two dresses is most becoming. That which I had intended for dinner, Cora has been altering, and is spoiled entirely. I confess, Miss Hyde, that my temper is not good enough to stand a pet-dress in ruins. The fact is, I have frightened poor Cora half to death."

Quick as lightning, while her mistress spoke, Cora laid some dresses on the bed, apologizing, in a low voice, for the mischief she had done. If I had possessed no clue to the scene, it would have deceived me completely; but I comprehended it too well, and absolutely felt myself growing faint with disgust.

"I am no judge in these matters," I said, without any pretence at cordiality; "nor would my opinion be of the least consequence if I were. Your dresses always prove becoming, Mrs. Dennison."

"The first compliment I ever received from you," she answered, impressively; "I shall remember it with gratitude."

I went quietly out of the room, tired of the scene. A little while after this, Lottie came to me with one of her keen smiles, and, opening her hands, which were folded palm to palm, gave me one glimpse of a little note, primrose-tinted, and sealed with a drop of green wax, in which an antique head was stamped.

"What is it? whom is it for?" I inquired, thinking that it must be intended for Jessie.

"You'll see to-night, or to-morrow morning," she answered. "Mrs. Babylon writes on handsome paper; I won't use white any more. I'll say this for her: when it comes to dress and pretty things, she can't be beat easy. Don't quite come up to Mrs. Lee: who can?—but putting her aside, I don't know Mrs. Babylon's match."

"And is that Mrs. Dennison's note?"

"Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies."

"But how came it in your possession?"

She eyed me a moment sideways, then broke forth as if some grand thought had just seized upon her.

"Now, I'll make a bargain with you, Miss Hyde. If you'll just persuade my mistress, or Miss Jessie, to buy me half a dozen sheets of that straw-colored paper, I'll tell you all about it."

"But what can you want of primrose paper, Lottie, you that never write letters?"

"No; but I may take to writing poetry; who knows?"

She said this with a twinkle of the eye that provoked me! How on earth had that creature got hold of my secret weakness?

"It isn't at all likely that you'll want paper for that purpose, Miss Lottie."

"Miss Lottie—Miss! Well now, I have always said that if there was a genuine lady and no nonsense in this house, it was you, ma'am. Even my mistress hasn't got up to that mark—Miss Lottie! Wouldn't that look beautiful on a yellow note like this? Miss Lottie——"

She plumed herself like a bird in the ecstasy of my random speech, and both her hands and her heart opened at once.

"Now I'll tell you all about it! There's no secret, and if there is, I didn't promise not to tell; that is, down in my heart. Cora came to me just now, and says she, 'Lottie, you know all the men about the premises, I suppose?'"

"Well, pretty much," says I.

"I thought so," she said. "Now here is a little note that my mistress wants to have sent right off. If you can coax one of the men to take a horse from the stable and just gallop over to Mr. Bosworth's with it, and bring an answer back, she'll give you that dress you took such a fancy to."

"Well," says I, "hand over the note; I'll get it done." She had been holding the note seal up all the time, and says she, 'Lottie'—not Miss Lottie, mind—but, 'Lottie, can you read writing?'"

"Can you?" says I.

"No," says she, "colored people seldom do."

"Well, then I don't."

"Well, this note is for a lady that is staying at Mr. Bosworth's; she's an old friend of Mrs. Dennison's, and we want to hear from her."

"All right," says I. "If you hadn't told this, it would be Greek and Latin to me."

"She handed over the note and told me to put it in my bosom for fear of its being seen. So I did; and came here, but not till I had seen Mr. Lawrence's name on the outside. Now, Miss Hyde, just tell me what to do."

"There is one thing you must not do, Lottie, and that is, tempt any of the men from their duty."

"But then that dress! Light green foulard, with bunches of roses—sweet roses!"

"Wait a moment, Lottie; we must not do anything without Mr. Lee's sanction; that will never do."

I went up to Mr. Lee, who was sitting in the window recess, apparently reading, and asked if he could spare a horse and man long enough to ride over to Mr. Bosworth's?

"Who wishes to send?" he inquired, indifferently.

"Mrs. Dennison," I answered, not unwillingly.

He held the paper a little tighter in his hand, repeating,

"Mrs. Dennison! What correspondent has she there?"

There was an effort at indifference in his voice, but it did not conceal that he was touched.

I did not feel at liberty to answer his question, and so said nothing.

After a moment's silence, he said,

"Certainly, Miss Hyde. Our guests always command here."

I went back to Lottie, and told her to carry Mr. Lee's orders to the stable, and, if she wished it, claim her reward. She seized my hand in an ecstasy of delight.

"Oh! Miss Hyde, I never will talk about poetry again, never, so long as I live; but I'll tell everybody that you don't know a thing about it, no more than I do; and I believe it."

With this outburst she went away. Directly after, I saw one of the grooms riding down the road. Two hours after, he came back, and gave

Lottie, who was waiting near the pine woods, with great appearance of secrecy, a note, with which she went at once to Mrs. Dennison, evidently resolved to keep up appearances, and leave her employers in the belief that the whole thing had been managed privately.

I had thrown the subject of the note quite off my thoughts, when the groom, who had been to Mr. Bosworth's, came to me in the garden with distressing news. Poor young Bosworth was ill—so ill, that he had not been out of his room for some days; and his mother desired very much that I should come over and see him. He had spoken of it several times, and, now that he was growing worse, she could refuse him nothing. It was asking a great deal, but would I come at the earliest time possible?

This was indeed sad news. I liked the young man. He was honorable, generous, and in all respects a person to fix one's affections upon—that is, such affections as a lady just dropping the garments of her youth may bestow on the man who looks upon her as a sort of relative.

Of course I would go to see Bosworth in his sickness. "God bless and help the young man," I whispered; "if she could only think of him as I do!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SEA-GULL'S SONG.

BY M. L. TRISTEDT.

LET birds, of a bright and glorious wing
Mid the shady groves and wild flowers sing,
But mine be the rock, where the breakers roar,
And the wild waves roll to the trembling shore;
For there, oh! there is the place for me,
To pour my song by the raging sea.

When the sun has set 'neath a cloud of snow,
And the billows dance by the gullant prow;
When his shining curls, as the sea-boy sleeps,
From his sun-burnt brow the light breeze sweeps:
Oh! there, oh! there is the place for me,
To sing my song by the raging sea.

O'er the drowning wretch, o'er the found'ring bark
When the black waves mount to a sky as dark,
I'd soar with a light and fearless wing,
And echo their vain shrieks back again;
For there, oh! there is the place for me,
To wait with the mariner out at sea.

Let birds of a bright and glossy plume
Build their tiny homes where the wild flowers bloom;
On the slippery crag I'd build my nest,
Where the white spray flies to my snowy breast,
And the wild waves rock my cradled young,
While I sing to the sea an answering song.

THE ANGELS AND THE FLOWERS.

BY MRS. SARAH S. SOCWELL.

WHEN our first parents dwelt in peace,
In Eden's blooming bowers,
No cruel thorns with poisonous sting
Were hidden 'mong the flowers.
But when, in sorrow, shame, and sin,
The pair were driven forth,

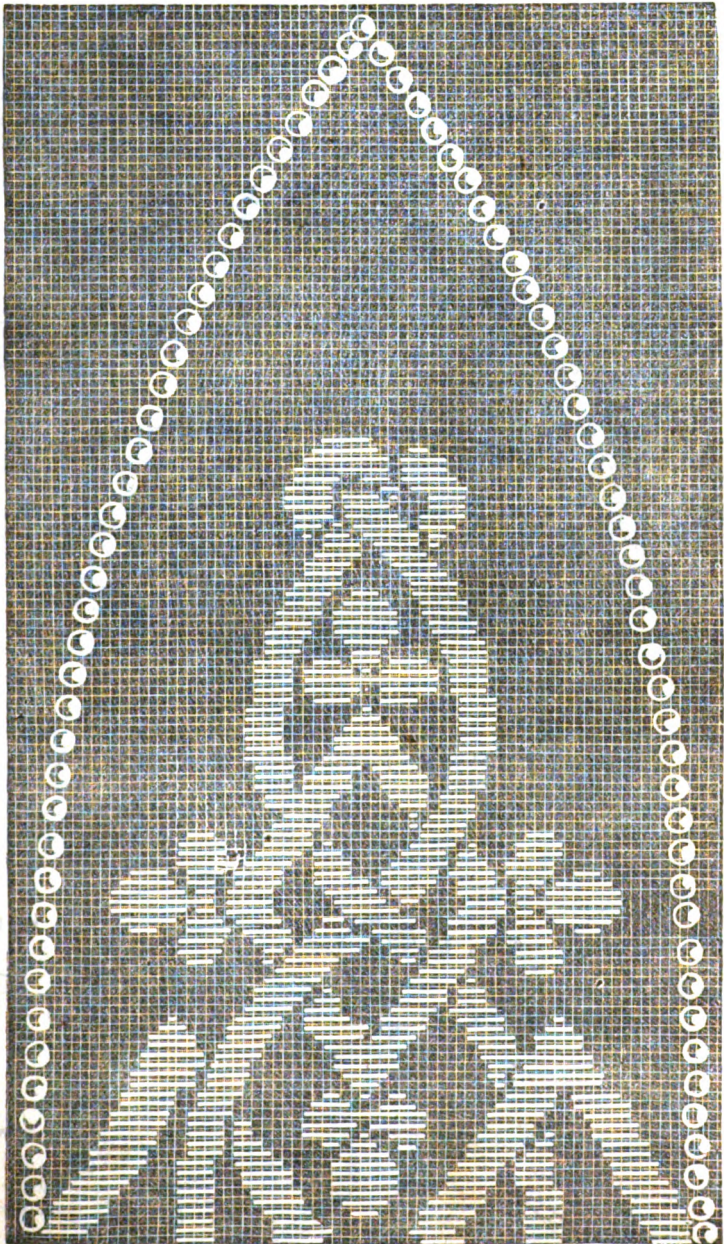
The Angel of the Curse sowed thorns
O'er all the stricken earth.

But, following him, an angel came,
With gentle, pitying eyes,
And crowned the thorns most gloriously
With flowers of Paradise.

KNITTING BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

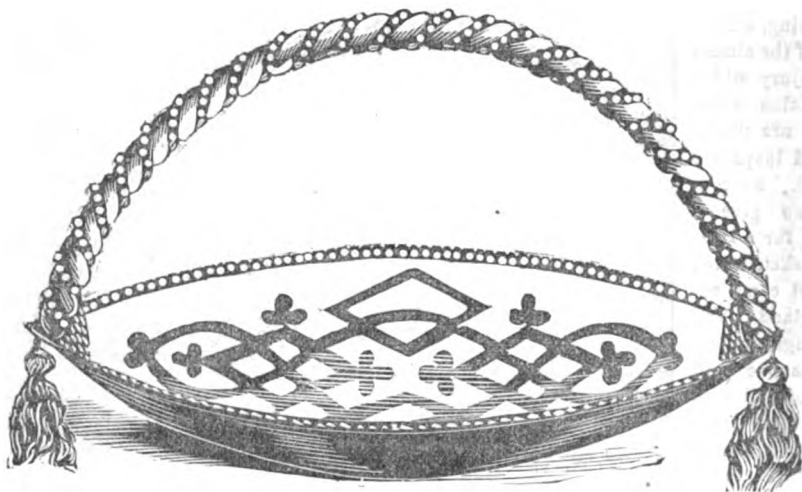
PERHAPS there are few kinds of work which require a basket expressly arranged for their own reception so much as knitting, on account of the almost fatal injury which it sustains when needles are drawn out and loops are dropped. Accordingly we give a pattern for a knitting basket, which has just come out in England. The large engraving represents one half, being of full size. By reversing it, the other half can be had. It is to be worked on fine canvas, as, if a coarse one should be unwarily taken, the basket will exceed in size the useful purpose for which it is intended. The outlines of the waving or serpentine lines of our design are in steel beads, filled up with clear white, those of the diamonds of gold filled with chalk-white. The ground of the central opening is in bright blue Berlin wool, as well as the small part within the loop at each end. The



ground within the diamonds is in maize-color. Both of these are much improved by being worked in floss silk. The ground on the exterior of the design is shaded crimsons, dark, medium, and light. It requires three pieces of this form (each twice the size of our large engraving, which is but half a piece) to make the basket; the two sides must be worked alike, but the third, which is the bottom of the basket, only requires to be worked in the stripes of the shaded ground. All three must be stitched on cardboard of the same shape and size, neatly lined with silk or German velvet, and sewn together on the outside, the stitches being con-

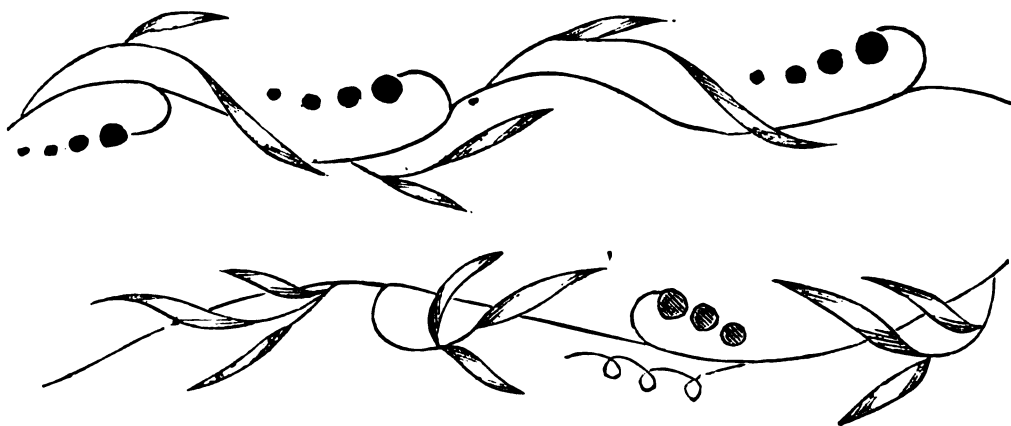
cealed by a row of beads. After this the handle must be attached, which may be of double wire, twisted round with a little cotton wool, and then with ribbon and beads. All this being done, a silk cord must be taken, the end fastened down close to the handle, and the cord wound round and round, each twist touching, but not over-wrapping the last, until about an inch and a half of the end of the basket is enclosed, this being an important point for the safety of the needles.

In addition to the full-size design for working, we also give, below, an engraving of the basket as made up.



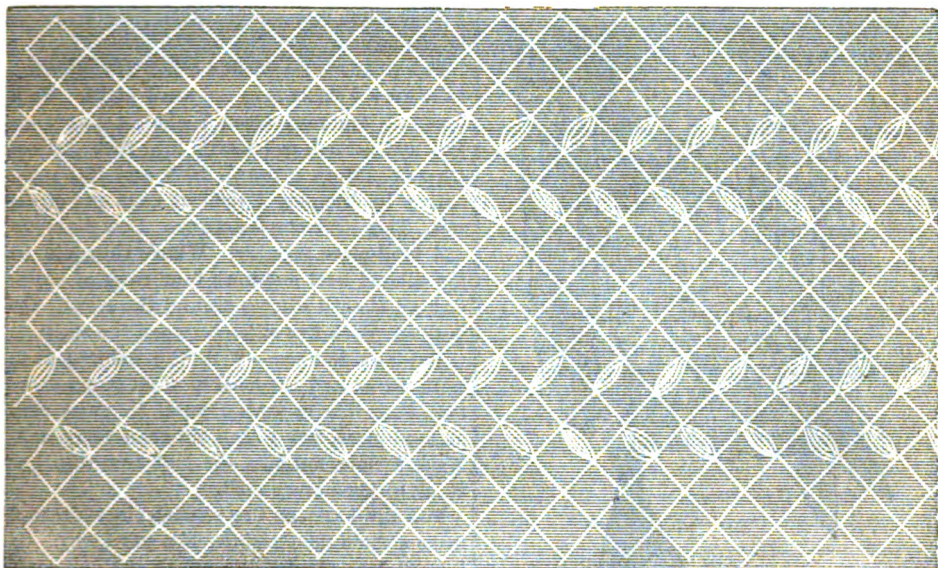
PATTERNS FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



NETTED CURTAIN.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



WINDOW-CURTAINS netted after the above pattern look very well over a color. They are very suitable also for a French bedstead lined with pink, and for a baby's *berceau* and its coverlet, also for the drapery of a toilet-table lined to match the other articles. Speaking of these various applications, we must beg our readers not to be alarmed at the amount of work which they appear to involve, since it is so extremely easy of execution, that great quantities can very soon be completed. The cotton should be coarse and the mesh rather under three-quarters of an inch wide. For a window-curtain of moderate length a hundred loops may be cast on and four rows netted. The fancy row is done by twisting the cotton three times round the fingers in the same manner as the single one in simple netting, and then putting the needle through them in the common way. The next row is done on a mesh half an inch wide, which forms what may be called the stalk of the pattern, but in this the treble loop made in the last row must be taken up as one. After this the former fancy row must be repeated, and then four plain rows, which form the whole of the pattern.

IMITATION STAINED GLASS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Some fine Swiss muslin, and the finest French glazed furniture chintz.

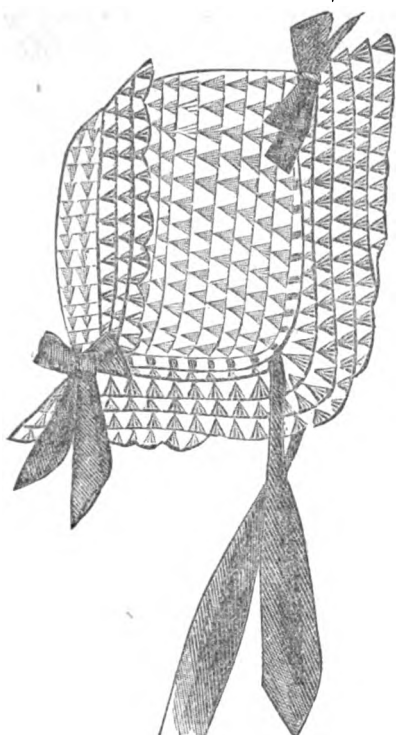
From the chintz cut out all the flowers, leaves, etc., very neatly; lay them aside. Prepare the window by having it thoroughly cleaned. Cut the muslin exactly the size of the panes of glass, and with some arrow-root starch, paste it upon

the inside of the glass. Be careful to smooth out all the creases. When dry, arrange the flowers, etc., in bouquets, or wreaths, as the fancy may suggest, pasting them upon the muslin.

By this simple process an excellent imitation of painted glass may be made.

INFANT'S HOOD IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.— $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. white split zephyr; $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. colored split zephyr; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of narrow ribbon.

FOR THE HEAD-PIECE.—With the white wool make a chain three-eighths of a yard in length. On it work 27 shells, 4 dc stitches to each shell,

1 chain stitch between the shells. Work 15 rows in this manner.

FOR THE CROWN.—Make a chain of 40 stitches, on it work 5 shells as in the head-piece. Work 4 rows. 5th row, widen 1 shell between the first and second, and fourth and fifth shells of 4th row. Work 9 rows. 10th and 11th rows, narrow by dropping 1 shell at each end of the row. This completes the crown. Sew the crown and head-piece together. Where they join, tie the colored wool and work four rows of shells, making 44 shell stitches around the crown. The last row, work 1 sc stitch between the shells.

FOR THE BORDER.—With the colored wool, work all around the hood in shell stitch as before, observing to work 1 shell in every shell of head-piece, and 1 shell between every shell. Work 6 rows, finishing the last row with 1 sc stitch between every shell.

FOR THE FRILL OR CAP.—With the white wool make a chain three-eighths of a yard long. On it work 1 row in dc stitch, 1 ch between every 2nd row, 1 dc, 1 ch, 1 dc, 1 ch into every stitch.

3rd Row.—Same as 2nd row.

4th Row.—Same as 3rd row.

This piece of work will be very full, and must be laid upon a table and fluted. Sew the frill in the face of the hood, at the point where the colored wool is joined.

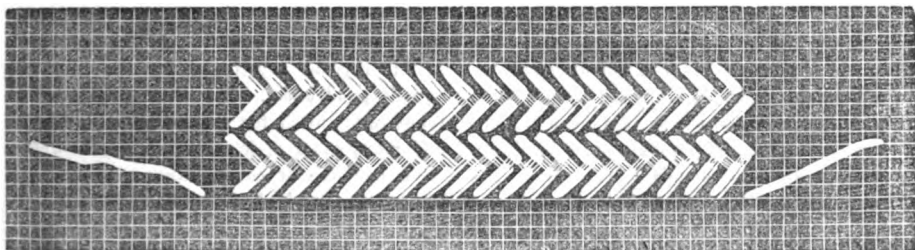
Run the ribbon just above the border all around the hood, tying in a bow on top and at the back. Strings of the ribbon, and the hood is complete. If preferred, the hood may have a quilted lining of silk.

SWISS STRIPED CUSHION.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

MANY ladies have by them more or less of remainders of Berlin wool, for which they would be pleased to find a pretty and useful application. These have accumulated from former finished labors, and must rest as neglected stores, unless some desirable appropriation can be suggested. It is for this express purpose that we are now introducing the Swiss Striped

Cushion, which can be executed with great ease and quickness, and yet has a pleasing and even rich effect. The mode of working the stitch is as follows: Bring out the needle from the back toward the left-hand, count six threads upward, and insert the needle four threads toward the right, bringing it out in a line with the first stitch; then return to the line of the first stitch,

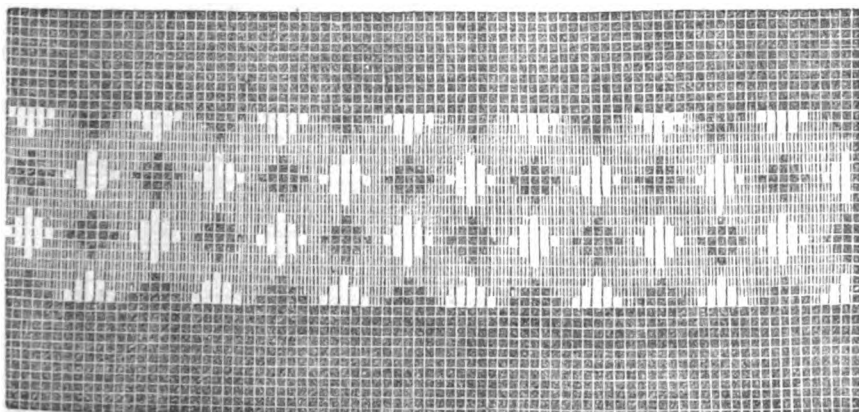


SWISS STRIPED CUSHION.

insert the needle four threads from it on the right hand side, and bring it out two threads above the first stitch, but in the same line. There will now be a long cross of the wools, with the wool brought out at the left side ready for repetition. This forms the whole of the stitch, being repeated to the end of the row, the pretty effect being obtained by the over-wrappings of the wool, which as the line progresses assumes the form of a plait. Between each stripe there is a row of stitching in either white or black wool, which both conceals the threads of the canvas, and much improves the appearance of the work. The colors of the stripes should be a little studied, so that their successions may be harmonious. As this Swiss stripe is so easy of execution, and produces most agreeable results, ladies who wish to undertake

work that will not give them any trouble of thought, cannot do better than commence it, even if they purchase the wools expressly for the purpose, and in this case stripes of three colors look remarkably well, separated by stitched rows either of black or white. If, however, one of these three stripes should be black, with two other colors, then the stitched rows should be either white or gold-color. Although we have spoken first of the cushion, yet the Swiss stripe is equally applicable for various other articles. Mats of all sorts, the fender-stool, and slippers, being among the number. For the last, the precaution should be used of working one stripe down the center of the slipper, and then repeating the colors of the stripes on each side, so that each half of the slipper may correspond.

SIMPLE DESIGN IN BERLIN WOOL-WORK, FOR MATS, SLIPPERS, CUSHIONS, ETC.



SIMPLE patterns in Berlin wool-work, producing lively and pleasing effects, are amongst those supplies for the Work-Table which every lady finds most useful for various purposes, enabling her with perfect ease to make many

pretty articles, which, if great arrangement were necessary, would never be undertaken. The little design which we have now given is one of these, being perfectly easy of execution, and especially pretty when completed. Wools

of three different colors are all that are required, worked in the following manner: The lines which form the sides of the diamonds are in a brilliant green, inclining to a blue; when they appear to cross, the small square becomes a very dark green, approaching to a black, the ground or under diamonds being white. Another pretty arrangement of colors is to take a ruby for the sides of the diamonds, a black for the crossings, and a white for the ground; or a blue may be substituted for the ruby with equally good effect. This little design will be found well-suited for cushions, mats, slippers, and many other articles, and it may be worked on either fine or coarse canvas, according to the article for which it may be required.

SPECTACLE-CASE.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

THIS little article is to be worked on fine silk canvas with floss silks in tent-stitch. This will prevent the necessity of filling in the ground, and it also leaves the design more distinct when it is worked.

The center cross is in three colors, the little star in the middle is four white stitches with one gray in the center.

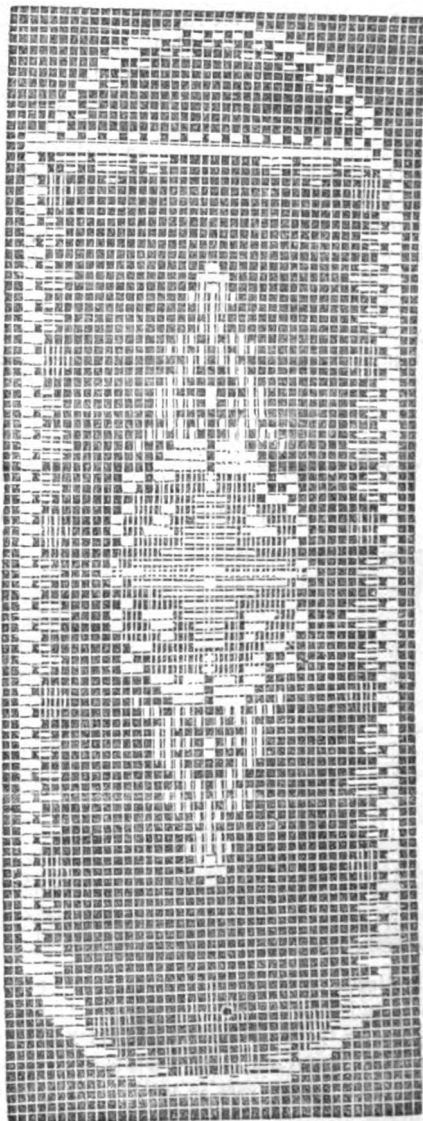
Round it there are eight stitches in rich dark crimson; the four straight lines in the middle of the cross are in lighter crimson; round these four lines the cross is enlarged by two rows of bright blue stitches, in two shades.

The six little stars around are in two shades of crimson. The remainder of the scroll pattern round the cross is in grays, shaded with black, the lightest parts being worked in white.

The little pattern which is carried round the edge is in alternate blue and scarlet, with the rows nearest the edge in black.

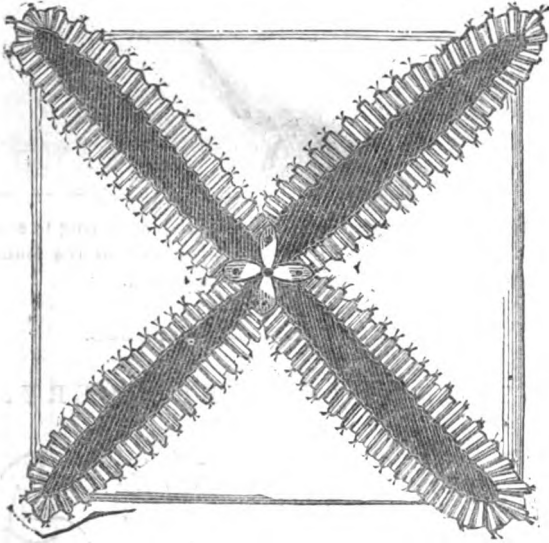
This will be found, when worked, a pretty effective arrangement of colors. When the two sides are completed, they must be lined with crimson silk, and joined together afterward.

The stitches are to be hid with a row of small beads, either white, steel, or gold. The case is closed at the bottom and left open at the top.



HANDKERCHIEF-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.— $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard sky-blue satin; $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard white satin; 5 yards of white satin ribbon, inch wide; $\frac{3}{8}$ of a yard of white Florence silk; some white paper muslin and cotton wadding; 1 string of seed pearl beads; some perfume.

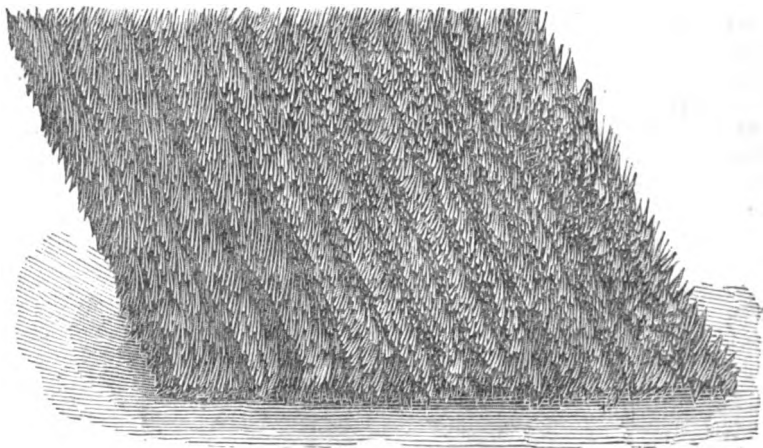
Make a square of the blue satin; line it with the paper muslin. Cut the Florence silk the same size, on it lay one thickness of wadding, place the perfume between the cotton. Put these together, the wadding next to the paper muslin, and embroider with the small pearl beads, sewing them on in diamonds about a half inch apart. Cut the white satin to correspond with the blue, place it over the white silk inner lining; sew the edges neatly together. Quill the ribbon in box plaits, and sew it upon the extreme edge on the white or outer side. Fold the square that the four points may meet in the centre. Fasten with two loops of cord over four buttons, one button on each point. Let the buttons and cord be of blue silk to match the inside of case.

HOME-MADE HEARTH-RUG: CHENE PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This rug may be made of new or old pieces of carpet.

Cut the carpet in pieces one-eighth of a yard square. Unravel these squares both ways, placing the bits of yarn evenly aside. For the foundation of the rug, use either a piece of old carpet, or tow cloth, the size required, on this the bits of yarn are to be sewed in the following manner: Take up enough of the yarn to make the thickness of a finger; sew in the center with

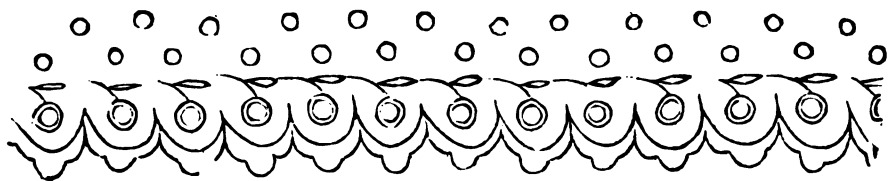


strong patent thread; double this bunch of yarn : rug covered, observing to sew the tufts close to as you would to make a tassel, sew it upon the each other, so that the foundation may be entirely concealed. Continue until you have the entire

PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.



IN SILK EMBROIDERY.



FOR BOTTOM OF CHILD'S DRAWERS.



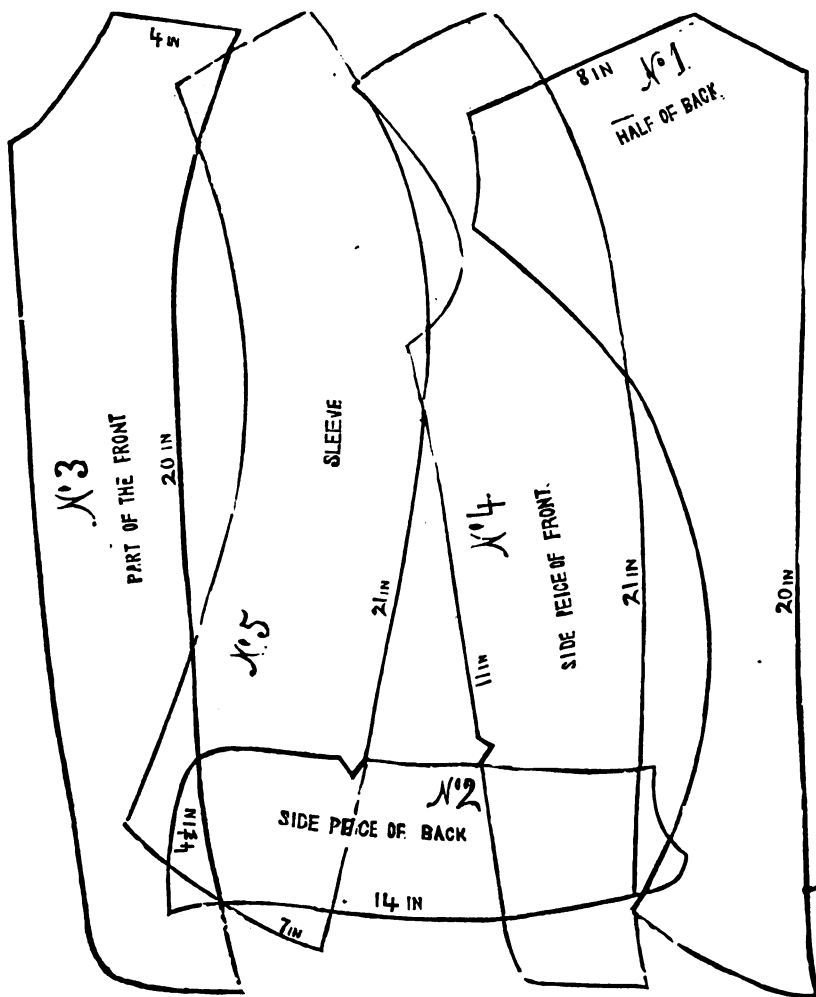
FOR CIEEMISE BAND.

NEW STYLE ZOUAVE JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

W^e this month give a diagram of a *Zouave* jacket, differing from any we have before given. At the back the figure is well defined; the front is not closed except at the throat, but the *contour* of the figure is given by the seam of the front which goes from the shoulder to the bottom. The pattern consists of five pieces, viz:

the back, having seam down the middle, the side-piece of back, the two pieces forming the front, and the sleeve: the small notch in the side-piece, and the side of front at the seam under the arm, indicate how far this seam is to be stitched, it being open below the waist, and the corners rounded to correspond with



those of the front. The sleeve is shaped at the elbow; a loose sleeve may be substituted if preferred. This jacket is to be made in velvet or cashmere; if in velvet, whether black, dark green, or violet, the seams should all be covered by a thick gold cord, and either embroidered round with gold thread, or braided with a narrow gold cord. Either a silk waistcoat or chemisette of full muslin may be worn with it.

- No. 1. HALF THE BACK.
- No. 2. SIDE-PIECE OF THE BACK.
- No. 3. PART OF FRONT.
- No. 4. SIDE-PIECE OF FRONT.
- No. 5. SLEEVE.

THE GREAT POLKA.

COMPOSED BY NITA.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of two systems. The first system begins with a piano introduction marked 'Piano' and a treble clef. The melody is written in 2/4 time and features several triplet markings. The second system continues the melody with various musical notations, including triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings such as '8va' and 'loco'. The score is written in a style typical of early 20th-century sheet music.

848

849

850

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

SHORT CHAPTER ON HUSBANDS.—One of our oldest contributors, Mrs. Pidsley, sends us an article on a subject we have often thought of chatting about to our readers: and what she says is so well said, that we will let her speak for us. "Much," she writes, "has been said and written (and very justly) of '*married flirts*,' but in my journeyings through life, it has sometimes occurred to me, that if husbands were less indifferent to the claims of their wives on their courtesy and kindness, that we should hear less frequently of such proceedings. Many men think that if they provide well for their households, if their wives are well dressed and liberally provided with pin money, according to their means, that they have done all that is required of them, that they fully deserve the approbation of the world: in short, they are model husbands! But a wife's heart craves more than this. She longs for the kind word, the loving glance, those nameless attentions, so necessary to her happiness, and which tell her that she is still the first object in her husband's affection. I would not have a man tied to his wife's apron strings, no sensible woman would ask it, neither would I have him totally neglect her either at home or abroad. Surely as his wife she is deserving of his respect and consideration—and yet, some men never seem to acknowledge the presence of their wives in society. To others they are politely attentive and courteous, but the wife can take care of herself.

"Before marriage, she could claim his undivided attention; now, except as a necessary domestic appendage, he too often appears almost to ignore her claims, or existence. His arrangements are made without any reference to her wishes—her counsel and advice are rejected with contempt. The evenings formerly devoted to her are now generally spent at the clubs. And what are but too often the results? A desolate hearth, a blighted name. Love forms a part of a woman's very existence—without it life is to her but one long, dreary blank. As a bride, she goes forth to her new home with a heart filled with hope's fairy visions—for awhile all is bright and joyous, time glides sweetly and rapidly on, and she deems herself supremely blest—but alas! a change comes over the spirit of her dream. The husband is the lover no longer—he has grown cold and careless. He has many resources, she but few; and she is left in silence to weep over his indifference—or she goes forth (as is sometimes the case) with a smile on her lip, and a radiant light in her eye, to seek in the gay world the attentions which are denied her at home. Look well then, ye husbands, to your own shortcomings, and ask yourselves if to them may not, in almost all cases, be attributed the seeming heartlessness and levity of your wives? Be assured that many a wife would gladly barter her most valuable jewels and costly apparel for a few kind words from the husband of her youth. Make her the sharer of your joys and sorrows; for who has a greater claim on your confidence, or who will so truly help you to bear the burdens of life?"

HOODS AND HEAD-DRESSES.—Among our illustrations, this month, are new styles of hoods and also of head-dresses. The side and back of each are represented. The *capuchin*, or hood, is, at present, in high favor among the ladies of Paris, who adopt it as a safeguard against the danger of catching cold when attending evening parties, the opera, theatres, etc. It is sufficiently soft and light to be worn over the most ornamental coiffure, without the risk of displacing a curl, or crushing the most fragile flower. The

simple form of the hood is so clearly portrayed in our illustrations, that detailed description is unnecessary. It will be seen at a glance that it is well contrived for protecting, not only the head, but also the throat, shoulders, and chest, by means of the cape which descends in a point, before and behind. Though this hood may be made of any materials which taste or fancy may dictate, yet we may mention that the model from which our drawing is copied is of a plain character, composed of black cashmere, lined with pink silk. The lining is wadded and quilted, and a broad piece is turned up over the front of the hood and round the edge of the cape. The latter is fastened in front by two rows of black satin ribbon, and corresponding bows are fixed at the back of the cape. The *head-dress* is for a young lady to wear at a ball. While having the appearance of being loose and unconfined, it possesses all the firmness required to bear, without disarrangement, the continuous motion of dancing. The back hair is plaited and confined by a hair-pin at the nape of the neck, and the front hair is divided longitudinally from the center of the forehead to the crown of the head. Each division is then separated into four bands, or tresses, which are disposed at each side of the head in the style called by French hair-dressers the *Coiffure à la tresse bouffante*. The effect of the puffs is produced by tufts of frizzed hair, fixed closely to the head by *broches frizette*. The ends of all the tresses of the front hair are concealed under the plait at the nape of the neck, and the ends of the back hair are formed into three chignons. The flowers employed in ornamenting this coiffure are ox-eye daisies, with long pendent blades of grass.

OUR FEBRUARY NUMBER.—On every hand, we hear praises of our February number. Our letters are full of them, and the newspapers are not less eulogistic. Says the *Scion of Temperance*, published at West Union, Ohio:—"We have just received Peterson's Magazine, for February, and we must confess that it is one of exquisite taste and beauty; far surpassing anything in the Magazine line we have yet seen. It is surprising to us that everybody don't take Peterson; its low price of subscription is within the reach of every one." And the North Carolina Whig says:—"Peterson, the inimitable and unapproachable, is again on hand, as fresh and vivacious as ever. If any of our readers desire to know how Peterson is appreciated, let them ask the first pretty girl they meet, and they will be satisfied that it is the book. Long may it wave! Three dollars and twenty-five cents will pay for Peterson and the Whig one year. Who'll be the first to subscribe? Don't all speak at once."

A PRETTY MEMENTO.—The following is a plan to convert the feathers of a favorite bird into a drawing-room memento: Cut the shape of the screen in perforated cardboard, and bind it round with either ribbon or paper of a color to match the feathers. Lay round the edge as many rows of feathers as you may have, fastening each down with a stitch of silk, selecting each row to match in color, and making each row overwrap the last, so as to hide the quill part of the feather. Then work lines of gold or steel beads from the handle to the rows of feathers, close at the bottom, but diverging at the top, and from this part as many rows of small white beads, in a slanting direction, as will fill up the vacancies. The gold or steel beads are intended to represent the quill of a feather, and the slanting beads the spreading part. These should be about an inch apart at the top of the stems, the intervals being filled with the slanting beads.

NO AUTHORIZED AGENTS.—We call attention again to the notice on the cover, that we have no agents for whose contracts we are responsible. Lately, a girl pretending to be deaf and dumb, has been representing herself as an agent and getting subscriptions, and another person, signing himself, R. Spaulding, has actually gone the length to have false receipts printed, which he fills up. On the cover of every number, for years, we have printed our caution, so that if those, who were solicited to subscribe, would examine the specimen shown them, they would find proof that the pretended traveling agent was an impostor. Never subscribe, except to somebody you know something about, or to the publisher, in which latter case remit by letter.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.—This is another beautiful embellishment. We think, without boastfulness, we may claim to excel all of our contemporaries in the character of our mezzotint and line engravings. Where have appeared, in three successive months, such illustrations as "Cobwebs," "Caught in the Snow," "The Bird-Nesters," and "Christ Blessing Little Children?"

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Dictionary of the English Language. By Joseph E. Worcester, LL. D. 1 vol., 4 to. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brewer.—This is an attempt to furnish the American public with a dictionary in all respects first-rate. Hitherto we have had dictionaries good in one or two particulars only. Walker was an authority for pronunciation, so far as there can be such an authority. Webster had a certain value in etymologies, but was objectionable on account of his spelling. Richardson was invaluable for his quotations from standard writers illustrating the exact meaning of words in successive generations. Johnson had merits even for our nineteenth century. But no one of these lexicographers was entirely satisfactory. Each had faults, and serious faults.

The present dictionary combines more merits than any of its predecessors, has fewer objectionable features, and contains, we believe, a larger number of words. We recommend it for its spelling especially. No man, in our opinion, has a right to run counter to the general practice in this respect. Webster, when he undertook to change the orthography of the English language, annoyed every person having a library of standard authors. Even to this day, notwithstanding that Websterian spelling has been adopted by various American publishers, the best editions of the best works continue to follow a different orthographical standard. Nor will it do to say that Webster has common sense in his favor. Such an argument proves too much, for if followed out it establishes the superior fitness of the phonetic method. Yet nobody practically desires the phonetic method, because that would compel the reprinting of every standard book in the language.

In his pronunciation, also, Worcester is superior to Webster. He is not, indeed, infallible in this respect; but he is better than most others: and this is saying a great deal. To be honest, there is no real standard of pronunciation. In England even educated people pronounce differently in different counties, and in the United States, there is one standard in New England, and quite another in the Middle States. Who shall decide whether the word *either* is to be pronounced *either*, as in Philadelphia, or *eyther*, as in New England? Worcester himself leaves the answer in doubt. But Worcester gives the broad sound to a in *balm*, making it like the *a* in *farther*. In general, we may say, Worcester follows the Boston pronunciation, where a broader accent is used than in Philadelphia. This is natural in a New England dictionary; and until the Middle States produce a dictionary, cannot, perhaps, be

complained of: certainly it ought not to be. "*Vae victis*," as the old Romans said: a people who will not write books must expect to go to the wall. Of all spoken tongues, ours, incontestably, is the most difficult for a foreigner to learn to pronounce. Why, for example, should *weight* not rhyme with *height*, when both are spelt alike, with the exception of the first letter? Or why should *may* be pronounced like *neigh*? Or again: who is to say that the drawl of the higher classes in England is to be rejected, while their pronunciation in certain other respects is to be considered a standard? Why should a Bostonian say *shall* not, pronouncing the *a* like *ah*, yet say, directly after, *shawn*, for the colloquial contraction *shu'n't*? A school girl laughs at an old woman who says *heerd*, instead of *heard*, yet the former is the old pronunciation, and in Shakespeare's time was that of the court. Until we can find out some infallible rule, or agree on some standard, the custom of one cultivated locality is as good authority as that of another; and no such rule can be deduced from the language, nor is any such standard acknowledged. What is well-bred pronunciation in Boston, is not always the pronunciation in good society in England. In the House of Lords, they say "*my lud*" for "*my lord*;" we have ourselves heard English noblemen pronounce so; but anywhere in America a man would be considered vulgar who used that pronunciation. On the whole, however, Worcester is the best standard for pronunciation that we have, and must supersede even Walker.

Another merit of this dictionary is the elucidation, by means of engravings, of words not generally known. Thus we have a picture of a mutule, a rectangular block found in Doric temples; a picture of a finial, as used in Gothic architecture; a picture of a sheldrake, a species of duck; a picture of a chevron, one of the ordinaries in heraldry, etc., etc. The definitions, in Worcester, are not, however, always exact. Take chevron as an example. Worcester says its meaning, in heraldry, is "a representation of two rafters of a house meeting at the top." In point of fact, this is an attempt to explain the origin of the ordinary, and is a false one, for the best authorities consider that the chevron was adopted from the bow of a war saddle. Worcester should have said that a chevron, in heraldry, was a part of the escutcheon, describing what part. So, in defining what an ordinary, in heraldry, is, Worcester confounds it with a charge. Webster, however, makes the same blunder, referring to Brande for authority, the whole being a capital illustration of "the blind leading the blind." But the work, as we have already said, is, on the whole, the best in the language, and should have a place in every school, in every library, and even in every family. T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the Philadelphia agents for the book.

Life in the Old World; or, Two Years in Switzerland and Italy. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The enterprising firm of T. B. Peterson & Brothers deserves great credit for having brought out this work, which has been printed from a duplicate manuscript of the translator, simultaneously with the publication of the London edition. The book is one that will be read by tens of thousands. It is, in every respect, superior to the "*Life in the New World*," which was so universally popular. Miss Bremer not only describes, with singular freshness, scenes that have often been described before, but also gives her own feelings, as they were affected, day by day, by "the storied past." More than this, having met with various romantic adventures, during her sojourn in Italy, she has introduced them, with great skill, into her narrative. Those, who have traveled abroad, will find these volumes of service to refresh their memories and reawaken delightful associations; while to those others, who have

never yet taken a trip to Europe, we can recommend the work as one eminently calculated to bring up vividly before them the Old World, in all its antiquity and picturesque-ness. The publishers have printed the two volumes in a very handsome style. "Life in the Old World" may be regarded, in many respects, as the book of the season. Women, at least, will generally think it so.

Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, minister of Inveresk. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The Rev. Dr. Carlyle, though a comparatively humble minister of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland, had excellent opportunities to observe the men and manners of his day; for his office brought him daily into the closest intimacy with the people at large, while his suavity, talent, moderation, and distinguished appearance made him a favorite with the gentry and aristocracy. Born in 1722, and surviving till 1805, he lived through the rebellion of '45, the American war of Independence, and the first years of the French Revolution; and with many men, prominent in these various events, he was personally familiar. Hence this autobiography is full of reminiscences, not only of himself, but of others also. Being the work of his later years, when memory was still vivid, but when the passions and prejudices of youth had abated, it is free from all exaggeration, misrepresentation, and injustice. Dr. Carlyle saw Lord Lovat dancing a reel, after a debauch, at a tavern, two years before the old rascal suffered at Tower Hill; was one of the crowd that went to look at Charles Edward, at Holyrood; was present at the battle of Prestonpans; and was intimate with Blair, Robertson, Hume, Ferguson, John Home, Wilkes, Charles Townshend, and, in fact, with most of the Scottish celebrities of his time, and with many of the London ones. The reminiscences are told in a plain, unaffected style, not altogether free from Scotticisms, but without any taint of personal vanity. A portrait of the author accompanies the volume, but though it gives the idea of a handsome face, it scarcely realizes Sir Walter Scott's well-known remark, that Dr. Carlyle looked like a Jupiter Tonans.

Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character. By E. B. Ramsay, M. A., LL. D., F. R. S. E. Dean of Edinburgh. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a very agreeable book. It is a collection of anecdotes illustrating Scottish humor, and is divided into chapters, each chapter discussing a particular theme. These chapters are entitled respectively, "On religious feelings and religious observances," "On old Scottish conviviality," "On the old Scottish domestic servant," "On humor proceeding from Scottish language, including Scottish proverbs," and "On Scottish stories of wit and humor." The volume is as full of laughter as any in the language. Dean Ramsay has derived the anecdotes from his own memory, or from that of friends and contemporaries, and, as few of the anecdotes were ever in print before, he has performed a service of singular merit. The book is printed in the usual handsome style of Ticknor & Fields.

Personal History of Lord Bacon. From Unpublished Papers. By William Hepworth Dixon. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is an attempt to rescue the character of Bacon from the odium which has so long surrounded it. Mr. Dixon, by diligent search, has brought to light much new testimony, chiefly letters to Bacon by contemporaries, and has arranged this evidence, with other already existing, so as to form a more charitable view of the great chancellor's conduct. It is impossible, after reading this volume, not to feel that Mr. Dixon is partially right, and that Bacon's criminality has been greatly overrated. The work is written with much skill, and in parts is exceedingly picturesque. We regard it as the most valuable addition which has been made, for years, to the literature of biography. The volume is reprinted in very handsome style.

Erin Harrington; or, He Would Be A Gentleman. By George Meredith. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A reprint of a late English fiction. The story opens well, but gets intolerably dull before the close. George Meredith must not be confounded with Owen Meredith, author of "Lucille," who is a son of Sir E. B. Lytton, the novelist.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

The Value of Vinegar in Economical Cookery may be tested by the use of the following recipe:—Take some meat from the coarsest joints of the ox, such as the leg, shin, or sticking-piece, cut it in slices of two or three ounces each, dip each piece in good vinegar, and then pack the whole in a stewpan, with onions, turnips, or other vegetables, cut small, without water; cover it closely, and let it stand by the side of the fire for six or eight hours; it will then be found to be thoroughly done, and to have yielded abundance of gravy, being at the same time remarkably tender. The only precaution necessary is, that the heat should never be suffered to approach the boiling point. Or the meat, vegetables, and flavoring materials may be placed in an earthenware jar, which can be closely tied down, and then placed in a large saucepan of water, or very slow oven. This mode of cooking is applicable to any kind of meat, and will be found exceedingly economical, giving little trouble, and furnishing a very nutritious, digestible, and delicious food. The acid of the vinegar is entirely dissipated during the process.

To Make Queen's Cakes.—Take a pound of sugar and beat and sift it, a pound of well-dried flour, a pound of butter, eight eggs, and half a pound of currants, washed and picked; grate a nutmeg, and the same quantity of mace and cinnamon; work your butter to a cream, and put in your sugar: beat the whites of your eggs nearly half an hour, and mix them with your sugar and butter; then beat the yolks nearly half an hour, and put them to your butter. Beat the whole well together, and when it is ready for the oven, put in your flour, spices, and currants. Sift a little sugar over them, and bake them in tins not more than thirty minutes. Or—Take half a pound of fresh butter, beat it to a cream; half a pound of eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately; half a pound of brown sugar; half a pound of flour; and one pound of currants, well washed. Mix all, and bake in well buttered small tin-pans, in a hot oven. Some citron is a great improvement—about two ounces. This is a tried recipe.

Boiled Fowl with Oysters.—Ingredients: One young fowl, three dozen oysters, the yolks of two eggs, quarter pint of cream. *Mode.*—Truss a young fowl as for boiling; fill the inside with oysters which have been bearded and washed in their own liquor; secure the ends of the fowl, put it into a jar, and plunge the jar into a saucepan of boiling water. Keep it boiling for one hour and a half, or rather longer, then with the gravy that has flowed from the oysters and fowl, of which there will be a good quantity, stir in the cream and yolks of the eggs, add a few oysters scalded in their liquor; let the sauce get quite hot, but do not allow it to boil; pour some of it over the fowl, and send the remainder to table in a tureen. A blade of pounded mace added to the sauce, with the cream and eggs, will be found an improvement. *Time.*—One hour and a half. Sufficient for three or four persons.

Apple Jelly.—Peel any kind of sharp apples, cut them in slices, and wash them in several waters. Then boil them in a covered pot with a good deal of water until it is much reduced and becomes glutinous. Strain it through a thin cloth, measure it, and add an equal quantity of clarified sugar. Boil the whole up and skim it. Boil it again until it quits the spoon clear by dropping from it.

To Preserve Milk.—Provide bottles, which must be perfectly clean, sweet, and dry; draw the milk from the cow into the bottles, and, as they are filled, immediately cork them well up, and fasten the corks with pack-thread or wire. Then spread a little straw in the bottom of a boiler, on which place bottles with straw between them, until the boiler contains a sufficient quantity. Fill it up with cold water; heat the water, and as soon as it begins to boil, draw the fire, and let the whole gradually cool. When quite cold, take out the bottles, and pack them in sawdust, in hampers, and stow them in the coolest part of the house. Milk preserved in this manner, and allowed to remain even eighteen months in the bottles, will be as sweet as when first milked from the cow.

Ice for Icing.—*How to Prepare.*—Break almost to powder a few pounds of ice, and throw in among it a large handful and a half of salt; you must prepare in the coolest part of the house; the ice and salt being in a bucket, put your cream into the ice-pot and cover it, immerse it in the ice, and draw that round the pot so that it may cover every part, in a few minutes put a spatula or spoon in and stir it well, remove the parts that ice round the edges to the center; if the ice-cream or water be in a form shut the bottom close, and move the whole in the ice, as you cannot use a spoon to that without danger of waste; there should be holes in the bucket to let the ice off as it thaws.

To Roast a Goose.—In choosing a goose, the best test of its being young will be that the bill and feet are yellow, and with few hairs on them, and if fresh, the feet should be pliable. Preference should be given to a stubble-geese, in place of a green one. After the plugs of the feathers have been pulled out, and the bird carefully singed, and well washed and dried, put in a seasoning made of onion, sage, and pepper and salt, and after fastening at the neck and rump, put it in the first instance at a distance from the fire, to roast, and by degrees nearer. Baste well, and when the breast is rising, serve to table. Good beef gravy and apple-sauce should be served with it to table.

Cauliflowers, to Boil.—Trim them neatly, let them soak at least an hour in cold water, put them into boiling water, in which a handful of salt has been thrown, let it boil, occasionally skimming the water. If the cauliflower is small, it will only take fifteen minutes; if large, twenty minutes may be allowed; do not let them remain after they are done, but take them up and serve immediately. If the cauliflowers are to be preserved white, they ought to be boiled in milk and water, or a little flour should be put into the water in which they are boiled, and melted butter should be sent to table with them.

To Make Curacao.—Boil a quart of water in a very clean stewpan; add to it, bit by bit, a pound of dark brown sugar-candy. When the whole is dissolved, boil up the syrup, then pour it into a deep dish to cool. Into a quart of spirits of wine put one hundred and twenty drops of oil of bitter orange; when this latter is dissolved, mix it with the syrup before mentioned, but not until it is cool; then filter and bottle the liquor, and put it by for use.

Cabbage Jelly.—A tasty little dish, and by some persons esteemed more wholesome than cabbage simply boiled. Boil cabbage in the usual way, and squeeze in a colander till perfectly dry. Then chop small; add a little butter, pepper, and salt. Press the whole very closely into an earthenware mould, and bake one hour, either in a side oven or in front of the fire; when done, turn it out.

Cabbage, Red.—They are mostly stewed to eat with ham, bacon, or smoked sausages, though sometimes without any meat; they are very strong eating, and should be first scalded, then stewed with butter, pepper, salt, and cloves, and vinegar added to it just before serving; they are considered wholesome in veal broth for consumption, but are most proper for pickling.

To Make Noyeau equal to Martinique.—Blanch and slice very thin three ounces of suet, and the same of bitter almonds, put them into two quarts of whiskey. In four days after, dissolve forty ounces of lump sugar in one quart of water, add that and the thin cut rind of a lemon to the whiskey and almonds. Shake it every day for three weeks, then strain it through muslin, and filter it through whited-brown paper. Of course the longer it keeps, the stronger and better it becomes.

Pig's Feet Jelly.—Boil the feet, ears, and hocks in a little water until the bones will come out. Add a small quantity of salt, pepper, mace, and cloves whilst boiling. When the bones and gristle are all taken out, put it into a mould and press it.

Fancy Cakes.—Little fancy cakes eat much "shorter," if put while hot into a heated jar, instead of being allowed to cool according to the usual custom.

To Pickle a Ham.—Two ounces of saltpetre, half a pound of sugar, one pound of salt. To be rubbed every day. Let it lie a month.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

An Infallible Cure for Chilblains on the Hands.—Wash them in warm water, dry them well, then rub them with fine salt. This may be done frequently, to prevent their breaking. On the feet: Soak them well in water as warm as you can bear, rub them well with a not very fine towel, and then with salt; this should be done every night, and sleep in woolen socks. Should the chilblains be broken, the feet should still be put in warm water, and after well drying them, apply pure sweet oil till healed. Or—To half a pint of turpentine, add half a pound of hog's-lard; dissolve it before the fire and stir well; then remove, and let it cool. Rub the parts affected nightly. The skin will not be the least reddened by the use of this recipe.

To Wash China Crape Scarfs.—If the fabric be good, these articles of dress can be washed as frequently as may be required, and no diminution of their beauty will be discoverable, even when the various shades of green have been employed among other colors in the patterns. In cleaning them, make a strong lather of boiling water; suffer it to cool; when cold, or nearly so, wash the scarf quickly and thoroughly; dip it immediately in cold, hard water, in which a little salt has been thrown (to preserve the colors); rinse, squeeze, and hang it out to dry in the open air; pin it at its extreme edge to the line, so that it may not in any part be folded together; the more rapidly it dries the clearer it will be.

"Fiddler Dick."—A brilliant polish for shoes, and one which will preserve the leather soft, may be made as follows:—Take half a pound of molasses, one ounce of lamp-black, a spoonful of yeast, an ounce of sugar-candy, an ounce of sweet oil, an ounce of gum dragon, an ounce of melted isinglass, and a quarter of a pint of ox gall. Mix all well together in a pint and a half of rain water and half a pint of vinegar. Warm the mixture slightly before using, and apply with a sponge. Polish with a soft brush.

To Make Skeleton Leaves.—Collect full grown, perfect leaves; ivy, beech, rose, lime, etc., are the best, and put them in a jar with rain water; let them remain there three months, changing the water every month. If the soft green part is not then soft enough to be removed by gently patting with a cloth, let the leaves remain another month; rinse well in hard water and bleach with chloride of lime.

The following method of washing muslin and cotton prevents the colors from running:—Make a strong lather of soap and water, wash the muslins in it. Put a handful of ground alum in the water you rinse them in.

How to Clean Globes.—Wash well with flannel, soap, and warm soft water; then rinse thoroughly in cold.

To Preserve Apples.—The best way of keeping apples through the winter is to place them on shelves singly, but laid on thoroughly dry fern leaves; if these cannot be obtained, good straw may be substituted. Much depends upon the time they are gathered, as they should not be too ripe. There should never be a fire near them. Another important point is to keep them in the dark.

To Give Shirt-Collars a Glass-like Look.—To one tablespoonful of starch put one of cold water; beat very smooth, and add another tablespoonful of water. Then pour on boiling water until it becomes the consistency required. Add a little melted white gum (about the size of a pea before melted), and a few shreds of white wax. This will give the articles a clear, glassy appearance.

Cure for a Cough.—Two ounces of linseed, two ounces of liquorice-root, half an ounce of sugar-candy, half an ounce of gum-Arabic, the peel and juice of a lemon. Boil in a quart of water very gently till reduced to a pint; strain it, and add two table-spoonfuls of rum. Half a tea-cupful when the cough is troublesome, and before going to bed.

India-Rubber.—This may be dissolved in some of the essential oils, as oil of turpentine, and also in the fat oils, as that of olives and almonds. It may be dissolved by boiling in spirits of turpentine, and putting in small pieces until dissolved; but the solution does not dry perfectly.

To Clean a Gold Chain.—Dip a soft brush in water, rub a little soap on it, and brush the chain for a minute or two. Then wash it clean, wipe it with a soft cloth, and place it near the fire to dry; when quite dry, it may be rubbed lightly with a brush, dipped in rouge plate-powder.

A Recipe for Cleaning White Doe Gloves.—Rub them all over with clean pipeclay mixed with water, until the gloves look dirty all over. Then place them on your glove-tree until perfectly dry, when you must beat all the pipeclay out, which you will find no slight employment.

To Clean Sponge.—Procure one pennyworth of salts of lemon, put it into about two pints of hot water, and then steep the sponge in it. After it is clean, rinse it in a little clean water. The above quantity will clean a large sponge, or three or four small pieces.

How to Stiffen and Press Straw Hats.—Lay the hat on a clean cloth, and wash it over with gum-water, then cover it with a cloth and iron it with a moderately hot iron; then hang it to the fire until quite dry.

To Clean Kid Boots and Shoes.—A mixture of oil and ink is a good thing to clean kid boots with; the first softens, and the last blackens them.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

REST OF CHILDREN.—Infants cannot sleep too long; and it is a favorable symptom when they enjoy a calm and long continued rest, of which they should by no means be deprived, as this is the greatest support granted to them by nature. A child lives, comparatively, much faster than an adult; its blood flows more rapidly, every stimulus operates more powerfully, and not only its constituent parts, but its vital resources also, are more speedily consumed. Sleep promotes a more calm and uniform circulation of the blood; it facilitates the assimilation of the nutriment received, and contributes toward a more copious and regular deposition of alimentary matter, while the horizontal posture is the most favorable to the growth and bodily development of the child. Sleep ought to be in proportion to the age of the infant. After the age of six months, the periods of sleep, as well as all other animal functions, may in some degree be regulated; yet, even then, a child should be suffered to sleep the whole night, and several hours both in the morning and afternoon. Mothers and nurses should endeavor to accustom infants, from the time of their birth,

to sleep in the night preferably to the day, and for this purpose they ought to remove all external impressions which may disturb their rest, such as noise, light, etc., but especially not to obey every call for taking them up, and giving food at improper times. After the second year of their age, they will not instinctively require to sleep in the forenoon, though after dinner it may be continued to the third and fourth year of life, if the child shows a particular inclination to repose; because, till that age, the full half of its time may safely be allotted to sleep. From that period, however, it ought to be shortened for the space of one hour with every succeeding year; so that a child of seven years old may sleep about eight, and not exceeding nine hours: this proportion may be continued to the age of adolescence, and even manhood. To awaken children from their sleep with a noise, or in an impetuous manner, is extremely injudicious and hurtful: nor is it proper to carry them from a dark room immediately into a glaring light, or against a dazzling wall; for the sudden impression of light debilitates the organs of vision, and lays the foundation of weak eyes from early infancy. A bed-room, or nursery, ought to be spacious and lofty, dry, airy, and not inhabited through the day. No servants, if possible, should be suffered to sleep in the same room, and no linen or washed clothes should ever be hung there to dry, as they contaminate the air in which so considerable a portion of infantine life must be spent. The consequences attending a vitiated atmosphere in such rooms are obvious, and often fatal. Feather beds should be banished from nurseries, as they are an unnatural and debilitating contrivance. The windows should never be opened at night, but left open the whole day, in fine, clear weather. Lastly, the bedstead must not be placed too low on the floor: nor is it proper to let children sleep on a couch which is made without any elevation from the ground; because the most mephitic and pernicious stratum of air in an apartment is that within one or two feet from the floor, while the most wholesome, or atmospheric air, is in the middle of the room, and the inflammable gas ascends to the top.

PARLOR PASTIMES.

THE ELEMENTS.—This game creates much laughter—not from its comicality, but because of the frequent and ridiculous mistakes committed by those who are engaged in it. Before describing the game, we must premise that the only "elements" acknowledged in this game are earth, water, and air—fire being omitted, because there are no creatures known to exist in it, the salamanders we sometimes read of in old books being fabulous creatures. When all are prepared, the beginner of the proceedings takes a handkerchief, and, looking at some one as if he were about to throw it at him, suddenly darts it at another person, crying, "Air" (or whatever element he chooses); "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten!" The other, if he be ready-witted, will answer, before the numbers are over, "Sparrow," or the name of some other bird; but frequently, when thus taken by surprise, he will either remain in a state of stupid perplexity, or give the name of a four-footed beast as an inhabitant of the air! If he makes a mistake, he pays a forfeit, but, at any rate, throws the handkerchief, in his turn, and soon meets with plenty of companions in misfortune, whose forfeits are forming into a pile on the table.

FARMERS AND MECHANICS.—This is a game of trades, which have to be discovered, and everything is indicated by signs. Thus when the one who left the room re-enters, if the trade chosen is that of a farmer, the others will all be employed in the different occupations of a farmer: one will be reaping in a fine crop of nothing with papa's stick, with another, perhaps, gleaning after him; one taking hold

of the legs of a dining-room chair, will form it into a serviceable plough; in one corner a boy will be engaged in thrashing with his sister's parasol, and in another the sister will be busily engaged in making butter in an invisible churn. If they are mechanics, they may mend their shoes in concert, or saw at the chairs with a stick, hammer nails into the pianoforte, plane the rosewood table, or do anything else, so that they all agree in acting some employment which may form a good indication of their trade. When he who was out guesses it, another takes his place, and another trade is of course chosen.

TOILET, ETC.

Macassar Oil.—It is said to be compounded of the following ingredients:—To three quarts of common oil, add half a pint of spirits of wine, three ounces of cinnamon powder, and two ounces of bergamot; heat the whole in a large pipkin. On removing from the fire, add three or four small pieces of alkanet root, and keep the vessel closely covered for several hours. When cool, it may be filtered through a flannel lined with filtering paper. Whether oils are used or not, the hair ought, night and morning, to be carefully and elaborately brushed. This is one of the best preservatives of its beauty.

Two Recipes for the Removal of Freckles.—1. Take one drachm of muriatic acid, half a pint of rain water, half a teaspoonful of spirits of lavender. Mix and apply two or three times a day to the freckles with a bit of linen or camel-hair pencil. 2. The favorite cosmetic for removing freckles in Paris is one ounce of alum, one ounce of lemon-juice mixed with one pint of rose-water. 3. For whitening and softening the hands, nothing is better than fine oatmeal, either made into a thin gruel, or a little thrown into the water when washing.

A Receipt for Scurf in the Head that will not injure the Color of the Hair.—The following is a most efficacious, safe, and agreeable receipt. I have tried it, and found it answer exceedingly well. Into a pint of water drop a lump of quicklime, the size of a walnut; let it stand all night; then pour the water off, clear of sediment, or deposit, add a quarter of a pint of the best vinegar, and wash the head, thoroughly wetting the roots of the hair.

Biting the Nails.—This is a habit that should be immediately corrected in children, as, if persisted in for any length of time, it permanently deforms the nails. Dipping the finger-ends in some bitter tincture will generally prevent children from putting them to the mouth; but if this fails, as it sometimes will, each finger-end ought to be encased in a stall until the propensity is eradicated.

An Excellent Hair Oil.—Boil together half a pint of port wine, one pint and a half of sweet oil, and half a pound of green southernwood. Strain the mixture through a linen rag several times, adding, at the last operation, two ounces of bear's grease. If fresh southernwood is added each time it passes through the linen, the composition will be improved.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. 1.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF LIGHT GREEN SILK.—The skirt is made with three flounces, above each of which is a puffing of silk, the upper puffing being the widest. The body is made in the surplice style, and open with coat lappels. A fine mull chemisette is worn under the body. Pagoda sleeves trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Bonnet of white crape covered with black lace; face trimming of black lace and poppies.

FIG. 2.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF DOVE-COLORED SILK, brocaded with small crimson flowers. The skirt is trimmed with two

fluted ruffles bound with crimson velvet; above the upper ruffle is a broad band of bias crimson velvet, above which again is a very narrow fluted ruffle standing up. A broad sash of the same material as the dress is bound with crimson velvet. The skirt is very much gored, and put on almost plain at the waist. Pagoda sleeves, very short on the inside of the arm, and trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Bonnet of black straw, trimmed with black and lemon-colored ribbon, and a straw band.

FIG. 3.—THE HILDEGORD.—This new style of dress is made of slate-colored silk. The body and skirt is cut in one, like the Polonaise or Imperatrice; but instead of the skirt opening in front like the last named dresses, it opens slantwise from the waist down to nearly the bottom of the skirt, where it again turns toward the front. The body closes up to the throat, and has a lappel on one side only. The sleeves are full, with a Jockey at the top and a cuff at the bottom. The dress is trimmed with a band of velvet, and a puffing of silk at the edge, of the color of the dress.

FIG. 4.—THE HIGHLAND.—This charming dress, suitable for the country, is of plain delaine. In the engraving the skirt is fastened up with "pages;" but can also be made to fasten up on the inside by placing a few buttons around the skirt, and looping them up with tape strings depending from the waist. With this dress a Balmoral skirt is indispensable. Some ladies make the petticoat of plain gray flannel, and ornament it with rows of red cloth or flannel. A loose jacket is worn over a linen chemisette in place of a tight body. The jacket is ornamented with braid and buttons, and opens at the throat. Empress hat and plume.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses are still made high, the bodies plain, the waists round with *ceintures* either plain or pointed. Sleeves are either very large, or shaped to the elbow, with full epaulettes and pointed cuffs; decidedly the large sleeve is still preferred.

SKIRTS are worn long, very wide at the bottom and gored toward the top: figured and *pompadour* silks are without ornament; plain silks are still made with flounces.

Where **TRIMMINGS** are used, the skirt of the dress should be much more decorated than the body, quite reversing the order of things from a few years ago. Plain, deep flounces have almost disappeared, although narrow ones may still be seen put on in festoons or straight, headed by small puffings. It is difficult to lay down any fixed rule for the trimming of dresses, as the height, figure, and style of the person who is to wear them should be studied, and the taste and ingenuity of the dress-maker exercised to give as much effect, and to make the dress as becoming as possible.

VELVET is a favorite trimming for dresses. A dress composed of gray silk has been very prettily trimmed with three bands of violet velvet disposed alternately with two flounces of silk scalloped at the edge. The bands of velvet are of graduated width, the broadest being placed quite on the edge of the dress. A band of medium width is placed between the two flounces, and the narrowest band surmounts the whole trimming. The corsage, high and plain, has revers and a ceinture trimmed with rows of violet velvet; the sleeves are, at the upper part, formed of two full puffs, beneath which is a deep, loose cuff or fall of silk, open on the outer part of the arm, and edged round with violet velvet. Under-sleeves of white lace open at the ends, and a blonde cap trimmed with flowers, are to be worn with the dress just mentioned.

Another dress is of gray and black poplin, put on the body with very large plaits behind, and almost plain in the front. The body tight, and buttoned up the front with large, round, plain black velvet buttons, and a row of the same placed up the front of the skirt. The sleeves large, and finished off with a turned-back cuff; this cuff scalloped, and the scallops bound with black velvet, and each one fastened down to the sleeve by a large, black velvet button;

a row of velvet and buttons are placed on the outside bend of the sleeve. A rep dress of any color made in this way would be exceedingly pretty.

The bride's dress worn at a recent fashionable wedding elicited general admiration. It was at once rich and simple. The material was white imperial satin. The skirt was made with a train, and trimmed with five fluted flounces, each about two inches broad, and the whole trimming ascending only to the height of a quarter of a yard from the edge of the dress. The corsage was fastened with buttons. The sleeves were shaped to the elbow, and had revers trimmed with a small fluted ruche of white satin. The under-sleeves were small puffs of tulle illusion, trimmed with a ruche of tulle, and a similar ruche passed round the upper edge of the corsage. No ornament of jewelry was worn with the dress; and instead of a bouquet de corsage, a single spray of orange-blossoms was placed on one side near the shoulder. A spray of orange-blossom was also placed above the bandeaux of hair in front; and the back hair, which was fixed by a large tortoise-shell comb, was dressed in plaits, descending low at the nape of the neck. The bridal veil was composed of tulle.

Nets still continue to be worn trimmed with ruffled ribbon, bows, or tassels, and are made in gold, lacet, and chenille, although the latter have become almost too general to be considered very *recherche*. For the theatre or a dinner party, a pretty little head-dress may be made of a bandeau of cerise or Magenta velvet about the thickness of the little finger. Rosettes of white blonde, and roses without leaves, placed alternately, should form the coronet, and the rosettes and roses should increase in size and number toward the back of the head-dress.

A very simple head-dress can be arranged with a coronet of ruffled black lace and a large bow of the same material placed just in the front. This head-dress can be finished off on one side by a bouquet of carnations, and on the other by a bow of ribbon the same color as the flowers.

LITTLE CAPS, whether for *neglige* or more dressy wear, are all made round, in muslin, lace, and guipure, and are trimmed with bunches of flowers, and simple ends of ribbon.

MORNING COLLARS AND SLEEVES are still worn with crossed ends, and fastened by a large gold or fancy button. Those made in lace or embroidered muslin are mounted on colored ribbon, and are worn, sometimes, with small embroidered cravates, which, at present, are not quite excluded. Lace pelerines, both high and low, are very much in favor, and are made of a mixture of black and white lace or blonde, and trimmed with velvet and narrow gold braid. One for a low body can be composed of a broad crossway piece of black velvet, cut in a point both back and front. This velvet should be headed by some plain white blonde, about two inches wide, and should be gathered in to the shape of the neck. The top and bottom of the blonde finished off by ruchings of narrow lace, and a row of narrow gold braid run on in the middle of each ruche; the bottom of the velvet trimmed with a row of broad, white Maltese lace, and headed by a black ruche. This elegant berthe could be worn with any colored silk dress.

Large and ample garments, and richness of material, are the characteristics of the present fashions, which in their detail have rather an Oriental appearance. Gold, mixed with other trimmings, is used for nearly everything—for head-dresses, for Zouave and Greek jackets, which are more in favor than ever, for large evening cloaks or burnous, for cravates, waistbands, and it extends even to the boots.

STEEL PETTICOATS are still universally worn, and are made in various ways—some with cords arranged in points, which are kept at regular distances by the steel, to which each point is fastened, top and bottom; others with the steel fastened in to a colored material, by means of a runner on the wrong side. Magenta is the favorite shade for colored

petticoats this winter, either in plain cloth, or rep, or corded rep. A pretty one can be made of plain Magenta cloth, bound at the bottom with black velvet, and trimmed on the skirt with two rows of the same, about two inches wide, which has an exceedingly pretty effect. Stockings made in the same color are also universally worn, either plain or striped with black. Black silk or satin petticoats, quilted with colored silk, are also very general; for instance, the quiltings of a black one run with bright scarlet or yellow silk, or with any gay color that might be preferred.

GOLD COMBS are very fashionable as ornaments for the hair in evening costume. Some of the newest have tops either plain or set with pearls; others are ornamented with Byzantine and Greek design in burnished gold on a dead ground. Several of these combs have pendent beads and chains, and we have seen some with large rings through which the ringlets of hair may be passed. Combs have also been made in coral, diamonds, and pearls, with pende-loques and strings of beads attached.

BONNETS.—The new shape for bonnets is generally considered becoming, when the front is not raised up too much in the center above the forehead. The inside of the bonnet is entirely filled with trimming.

For the benefit of some of our readers we give definitions (as nearly as possible in print) of some of the new colors. The *havana*, now so fashionable in Paris, is the cigar color, or nearly cinnamon brown. By the term *pensee* is meant a rich, deep violet, or puce color. *Ponceau* is a hue of red, similar to the red poppy flower.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY OF THREE OR FOUR YEARS OF AGE.—The coat is made of brown plaid poplin. The trimming is of brown velvet, with buttons of a darker shade of brown. Linen collar and sleeves, and short white pants.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The frock is of blue plaid silk. The loose sack is of light gray cloth, edged with a quilting of cloth. A small, square berthe cape has a fringe to it. The sleeves have a turned-up cuff. Bonnet of white silk, trimmed with poppy-colored ribbon.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR QUITE A LITTLE BOY.—The frock is of fawn-colored poplin. It is cut square in front, where it has a plain piece of poplin set in and braided. Lappels pass over the shoulders and cross at the back as well as at the front, where they are finished with a bow and long ends. Very short sleeves, beneath which are long sleeves of cambric. Cambric under body.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The skirt and jacket are of very light summer cloth. The skirt is in large, bol-low plaits, and consequently falls close to the figure. The jacket is loose and is made with lappels to fall back; it has an under vest of the same material, which buttons up close to the neck. White linen trousers, quite short.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In-door dresses for little girls are made with low corsages open in front, with bretelles. Within the corsage a chemisette of white muslin, and the open front of the corsage confined by bands of velvet or silk, edged with narrow lace. Sleeves formed of puffings of white muslin, separated by bands of velvet or silk, in accordance with the material of the dress. On the head may be worn a net made of very narrow velvet of any color. For little boys, dresses of cashmere trimmed with bands of velvet, are very fashionable. Blouses of black velvet trimmed with fur are likewise much worn by little boys for out-door costume. With these blouses are worn Russian toques or caps, turned up with fur, and with a buckle in front. For very young boys round caps of black velvet, ornamented with feathers, are very suitable for the present cold weather.





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LES MODES PARISIENNES

APRIL.

1861

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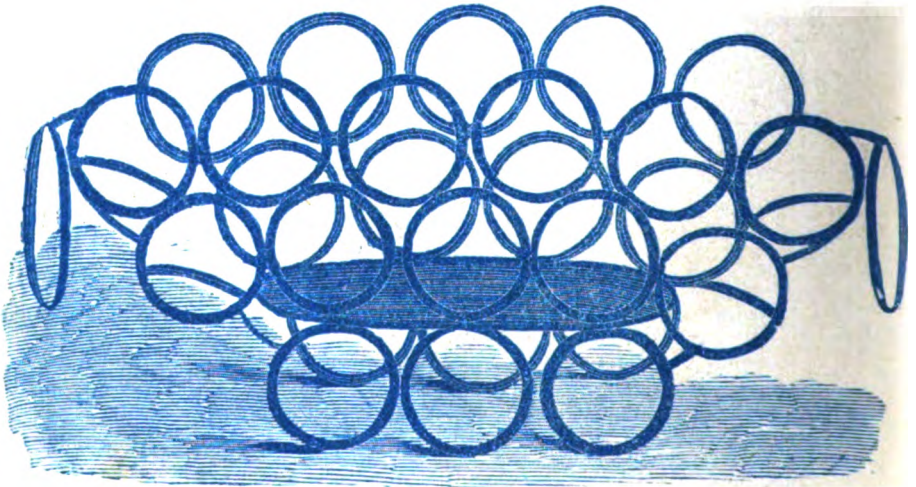
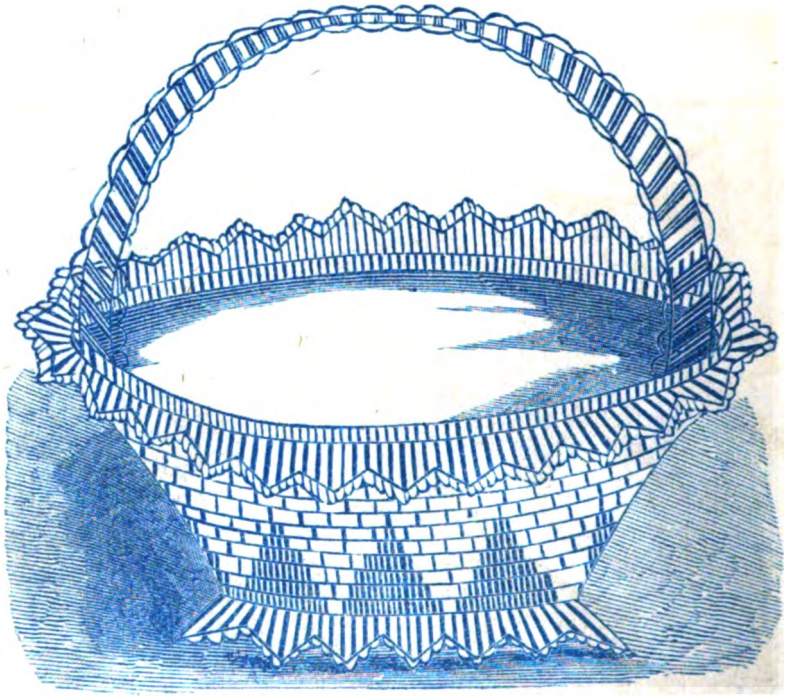
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LES MODES PARISIENNES

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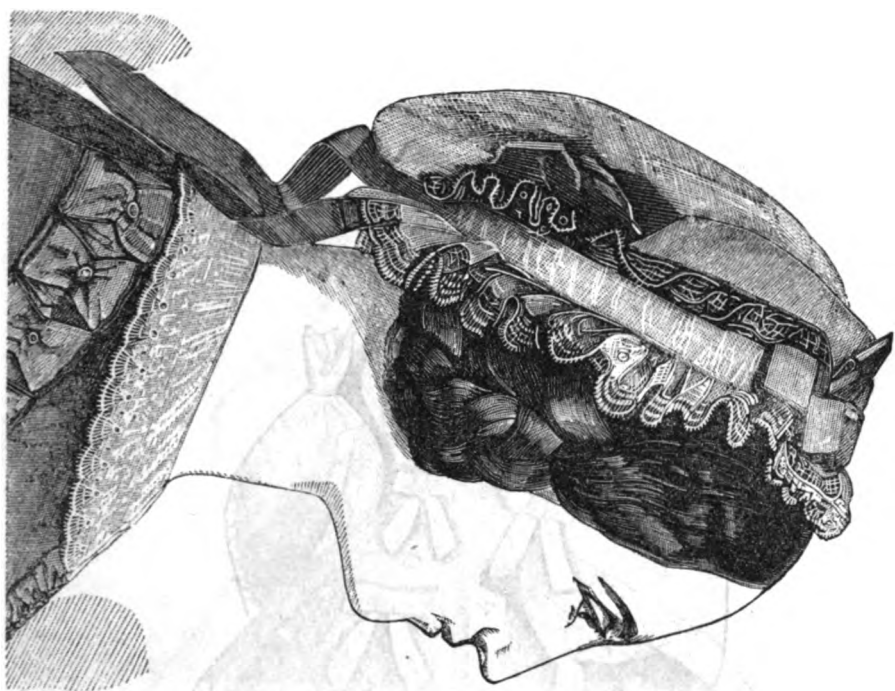




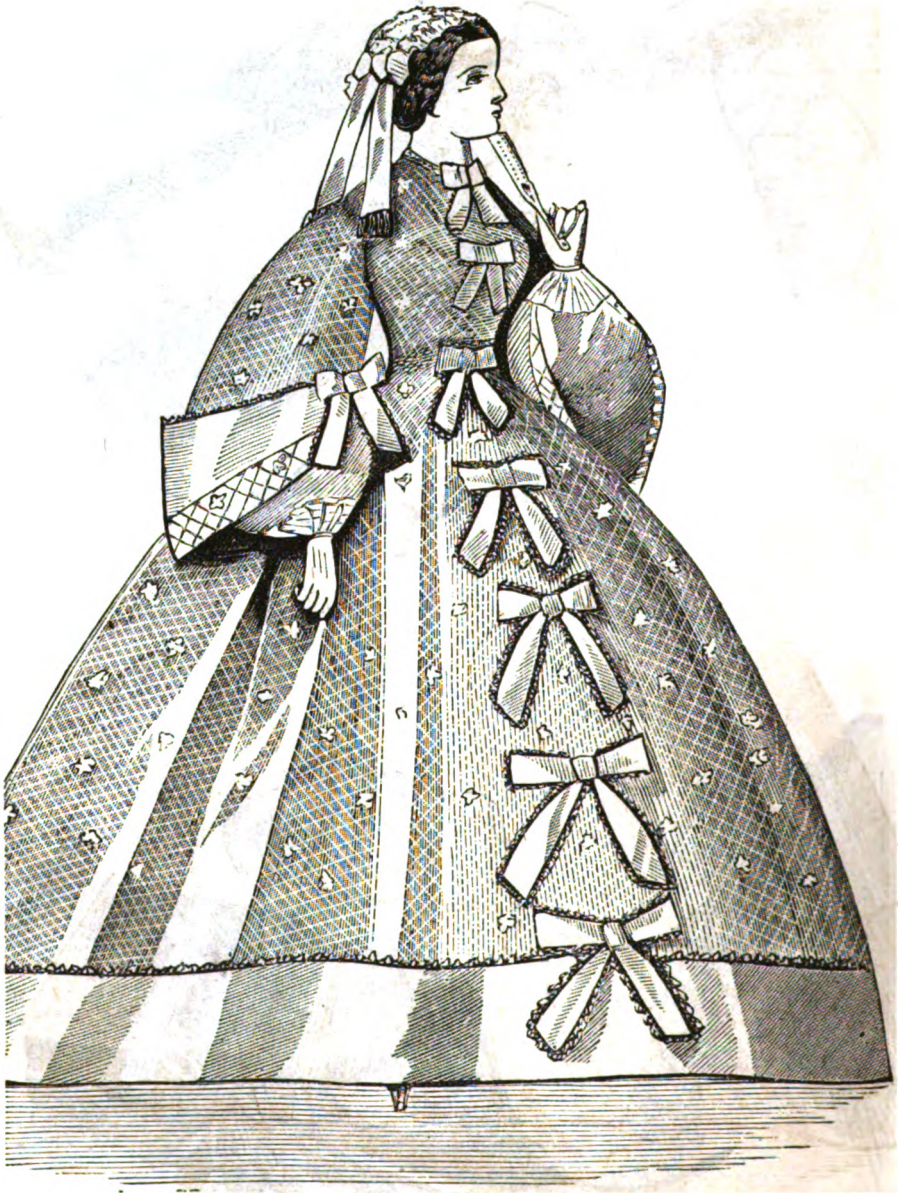
BASKETS IN CROCHET.



THE FRIEND: FROM A PICTURE BY LANDAUER



NEW STYLES OF CAPS.



THE PRINCESS ALICE.



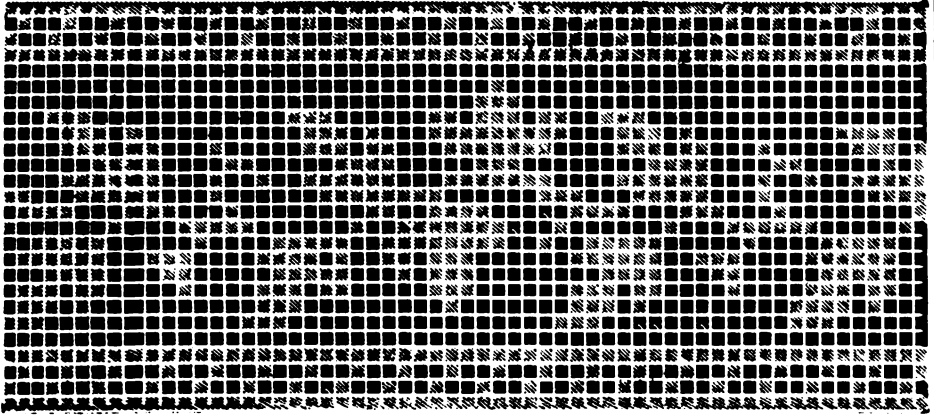
THE QUEEN CAROLINE.

Washite

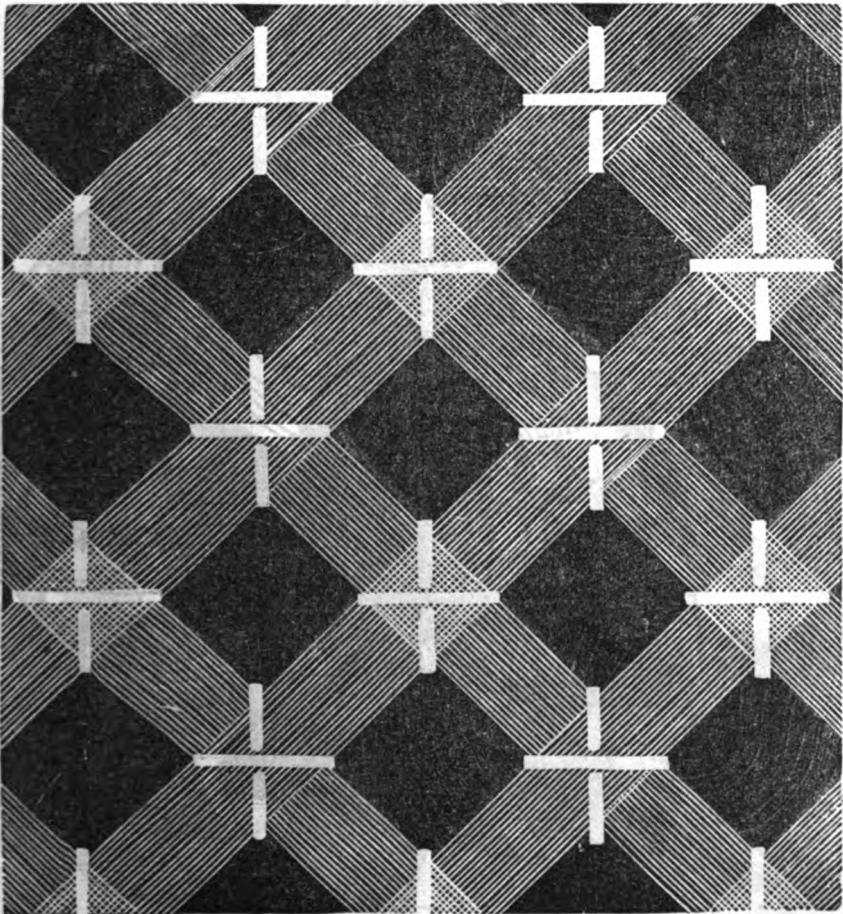
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OTTOMAN AND COVER.

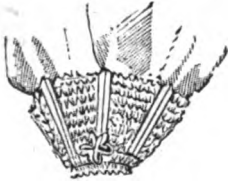




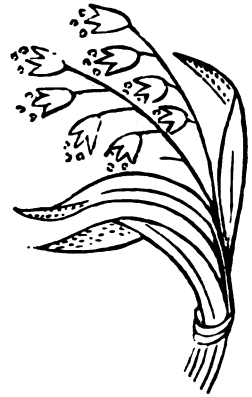
TO BE DARNED ON NETTING IN SQUARE CROCHET



VELVET TRELLIS WORK CUSHION.



COLLAR AND CUFF.



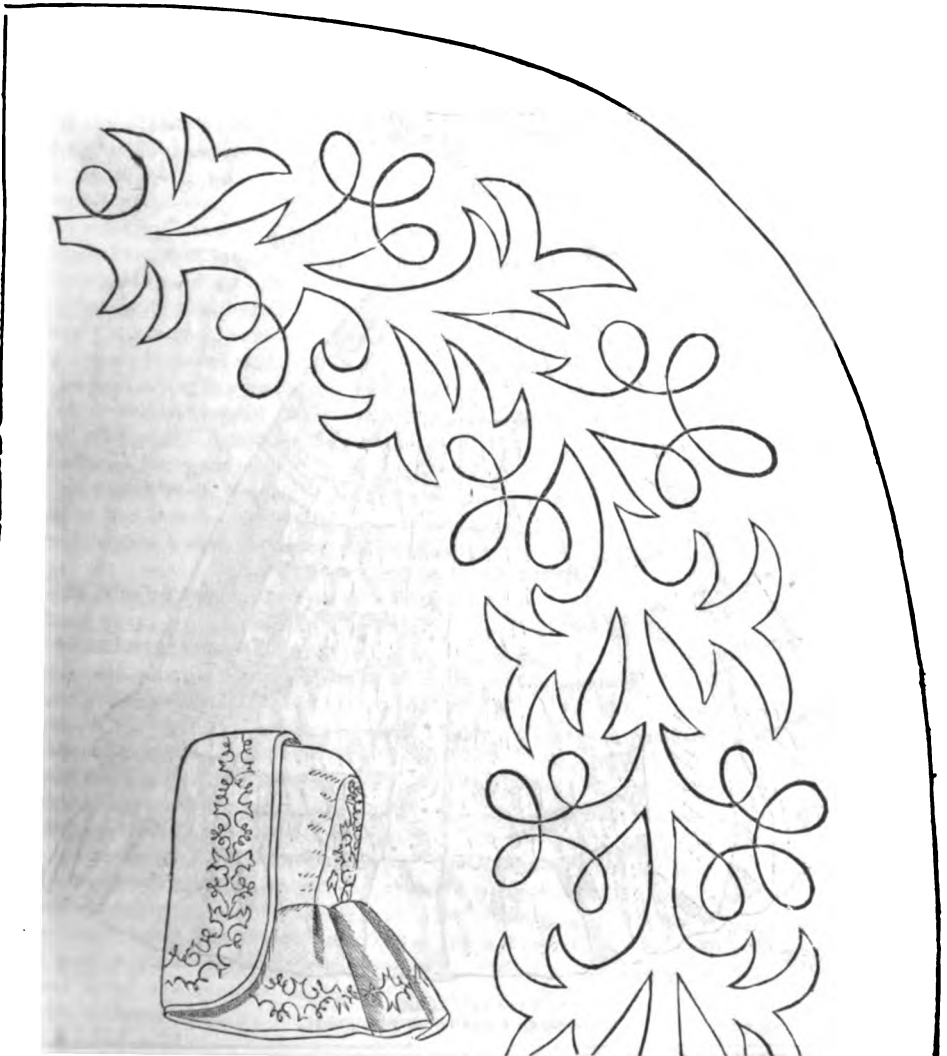
EMBROIDERY IN SILK.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

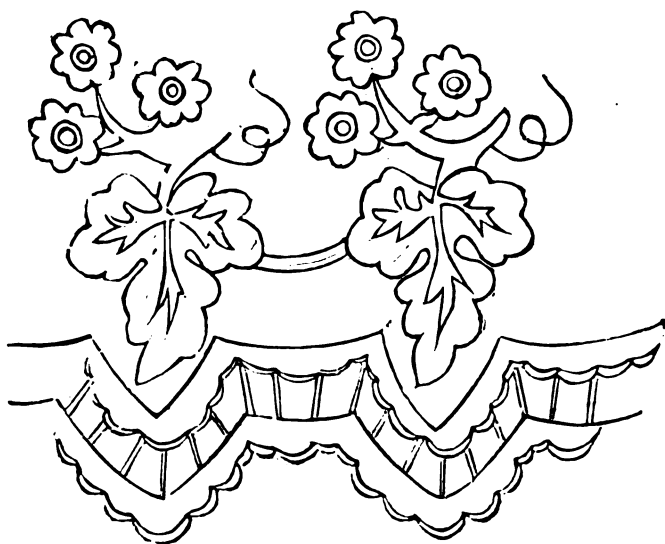


HALF THE CROWN OF INFANT'S HOOD.



INFANT'S HOOD.

HALF THE FRONT OF INFANT'S HOOD.



SKIRT EMBROIDERY.



INFANT'S ROBE.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIX.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1861.

No. 4.

THE LION IN LOVE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

THERE had been perfect silence in the apartment for full five minutes, although it contained two inmates, and one of them was a woman—indeed, there were *three* occupants if we include the dog, whose face was sobered to an expression of intense interest, as he watched the progress of the stately general in his attempts to thread the embroidery-needle just handed him by the mischievous witch who sat demurely enjoying his perplexity.

"Very strange!" muttered the veteran, with an additional twist of his brows.

The young lady did not think it "strange" at all, but she wisely kept her own counsel.

"There!" exclaimed the general, impatiently, "it was almost threaded *that* time!"

His companion's eyes were dancing now; but, marvelous to relate, she still said nothing.

"I had it in, once," continued the gentleman, "but it slipped right out again."

The handkerchief in the young lady's hand went up to her mouth, as she adroitly turned into a cough what had serious thoughts of being a laugh.

For five minutes longer, the hero of a thousand (imaginary) battles made vain endeavors to bring into loving contact the refractory steel and silk—very much as people often labor to make two children kiss each other in public; and then, declaring that there was something wrong about the needle, he drew from his bosom a resplendent eye-glass, and examined the troublesome implement from all points of view. The young lady on the sofa was outwardly composed, but there was danger of an inward explosion.

"Miss Maggie," said the veteran, at length, "are you aware that this needle has no eye?"

"No eye?" was the demure answer, as though such a piece of intelligence were the very last thing she expected to hear, "you must have broken it then."

"I never heard of such a thing as breaking steel with *silk*," said the gentleman, in a very dignified manner.

"And I never heard of such a thing," retorted the lady, "as threading a needle without any eye—you said that 'you had the silk in once, but that it slipped out.'"

"Miss Margaret," said the general, slowly, as he raised himself from the cramped position in which he had sat while devoting all his energies to the impossible threading of that tormenting needle, "allow me to bid you a very good morning."

"I have not the slightest objection," replied the young beauty, in the most indifferent manner; and the next moment, Gen. Lionel Derne, with his military chapeau, sash, epaulets, etc., had vanished from the apartment.

The young lady's sole wish on the occasion was that he had "gone for good," as the children say; and then, lying back on the sofa, where the colossal proportions of her ancient admirer had so lately rested, she indulged in a hearty laugh. This young woman's style of laughing was decidedly unique; as somebody once said of somebody else, "she laughed from beginning to end;" and the general, who had returned as far as the door to look for his glove, (which was in his pocket,) expecting (accidentally) to discover the damsel in tears, found his feelings so lacerated by such ill-timed merriment, that he marched wrathfully off in the direction of his own domicile.

A few hours later, Margaret Raymond is walking on the piazza with a young and handsome gentleman, whose dark eyes beam lovingly into her own. But Margaret does not see this, of course—she is busy with the stars.

"Did you ever see so beautiful a star?" she asked, gazing up into the heavens with a St. Cecilia expression of countenance.

"I have seen one *more* beautiful," replied her companion, whose astronomy went no higher than Margaret's face.

"You remember the scene in 'Pickwick,'" said the unimpressible damsel, "where Mary, the housemaid, asks the fat boy 'if Miss Emily isn't a nice young lady,' and the fat boy eloquently replies that '*he* knows a nicerer?'"

"I have never read the scene in question," replied the gentleman, a little stiffly, "I am not an admirer of Dickens."

"I am very sorry for you," said Margaret, commiseratingly, "you lose a great deal by your want of taste."

The next moment she was humming:

"You have wounded the heart that loves you,"

and her companion felt exasperated. But this feeling could never last long in Margaret's presence, and presently the two were on the best of terms again; so much so that Reginald Derne finally ventured to ask his tormentor what time, and place, and words she considered most suitable to a declaration of love. His own answer would have been: time—the present moment; place—a moonlit piazza; words—but they must speak for themselves.

Margaret, however, with innocent unconsciousness, sagely observed, "That depends altogether upon circumstances. The only declaration that I can now recall which seemed to me at all to the point, is those three memorable words that were addressed to Peggotty, '*Barkis is willin'*.'"

"Good evening, Miss Raymond," was the indignant response; and Reginald Derne's tall figure strode rapidly down the moonlit walk.

"Margaret," said a harsh, female voice, as the young lady approached the entrance-door in the course of her solitary promenade, "this conduct of yours is perfectly disgraceful!"

"In what respect, aunt Agatha?" interrogated the culprit. "What have I done?"

"*Done!*" repeated the outraged spinster, "haven't you been walking alone on the piazza with a young man, and in the evening, too?"

"Of course I have," replied her niece; "what's the harm?"

"*Harm!*" repeated Miss Agatha, who always considered it impressive to take up her opponent's last word as a sort of text and preach a sermon on it, "I'll *show* you the harm. Do you know that if you go on in this way, people will report you to be engaged?"

"Well," said Margaret, composedly, "it isn't wicked to be engaged, is it?"

"*Wicked to be engaged!*" repeated Miss Agatha again, "Margaret Raymond, have you

taken leave of your senses? 'Wicked to be engaged' to a young man without a cent! If it had been the general who was walking with you, it would have been a very different thing."

"It would indeed!" replied Margaret, rather bitterly, "but the general's money could not prevent him from catching the rheumatism in the night air!" and with this consoling reflection, the young lady, who had a marvelous faculty of quarreling with both of her lovers, and exposing herself to her aunt's reproaches at the same time, shot up stairs to her own room and looked herself in for the night.

But some one exclaims, "Who *are* all these people, and what does anybody know about them?" Where "all these people" lived is of no manner of consequence; it is sufficient to state that the scene of action was a considerable distance from anything that could possibly be dignified by the name of city.

Lionsdale, "the seat," as he insisted upon having it called, of Gen. Lionel Derne, was a beautiful place with handsome grounds tastefully laid out, and a grand-looking house that had evidently not been built yesterday. The general had been a very handsome man in his youth, and succeeded in captivating a gentle heiress, who died a few years after their marriage, leaving her husband the care of a beautiful, mischievous boy. Gen. Derne was a kind enough father in the main, and very proud of his son; but Reginald was sent away to schools and colleges until it seemed rather strange than otherwise to have him at home.

The general thought more of his title, although it only gave him the command of militia, and he had never seen a genuine battle, than of any other possession; and not a little time and consideration had been given to the cultivation of a military air. With his brow drawn into a frown, his massive proportions, and glittering regimentals, he was an object of awe to the small fry of the neighborhood, who had frequently been diverted from meditated attacks on the general's fruit by a glimpse of the general, himself, pacing the grounds like a sentinel on duty. He had, at last, almost succeeded in persuading himself that he was really a hero, who had slaughtered his enemies by the score; and he talked grandly of "taking the field," and "settling differences at the point of the bayonet." The wags of the neighborhood nicknamed the general, "Lion," partly in satire, and partly because of his deep, bass voice, which caricatured the growl of that animal.

In the meanwhile, "little Reginald" had grown into big Reginald; and as he had chosen

the profession of law, in which from his eloquence he bade fair to shine, he had finally been sent, for a course of study and initiatory practice, to an old friend of his father's, who illuminated a country village with one of the finest minds that ever adorned a city bar.

In this country village there was, of course, a young ladies' seminary; and in the procession of green-veiled damsels that passed "the office," in their daily walk, there was one who caused Reginald's heart to flutter more quickly than usual, as he cast eager glances toward the provoking veil that *sometimes* got blown aside for an accommodating glimpse of the flushed cheek and bright eyes beneath. But Maggie Raymond was a rigid young disciplinarian—~~she~~ she did not believe in giving people all that they wanted—and having speedily discovered that the handsome student always watched and manœuvred to see her as she passed, she frequently tormented herself for the pleasure of disappointing him.

It was a long time before she condescended to notice him in any way; and even after being formally introduced to him at a party given by the judge whose pupil he was, she became quite oblivious of his name, although she ~~had~~ known it perfectly long ago, and called him "Mr. Berne," and "Mr. Sterne," and every letter of the alphabet but D. The young gentleman was considerably annoyed; but Miss Maggie comforted herself with the idea that it was "for his good," and pursued the uneven tenor of her way with great satisfaction.

In a very short time, Reginald found himself hopelessly in love with as mischievous a witch as ever breathed; and the young lady made good use of the few opportunities afforded her under the *espionage* of a stern preceptress to increase this feeling to the utmost. "She never told *her* love"—but "concealment" did not "prey" at all—"on her damask cheek," which remained as round as ever, and her appetite for bread and butter and chocolate *cremes* was undiminished. She had an exasperating way of turning aside sentimental speeches, and nipping in the bud every approach to a declaration, until Reginald found it impossible to conjecture whether she cared for him or not.

Margaret Raymond was an orphan, with scarcely a relative in the world but a maiden aunt, Miss Agatha Herndike, who took charge of her niece, and kept her at boarding-school until she had reached the very last of her teens. Fortunately for Maggie, she was not dependent upon her aunt, and although nothing of an heiress, was sufficiently provided for to satisfy

her reasonable wants. For some years past, Miss Herndike had known no other home than a city boarding-house; as her means were somewhat straitened, she considered this the most sensible way of living for a maiden lady in her circumstances.

But Miss Agatha met Gen. Derne—heard him talk of Lionsdale—and became suddenly impressed with the beauty of country life, and the evils of taking her pretty young niece to a boarding-house. There was a vacant cottage at a little distance from Lionsdale, which, without being at all pretentious, looked just like a place where people of refinement might live; and Miss Herndike, with the inward admission that it would do very well for a *temporary* thing, took possession of it at once.

It was one of Gen. Derne's peculiarities never to lose an opportunity of making an acquaintance; and every successive one that he made was impressed with the idea that he or she was an object of especial regard. The general had no intention of being deceitful in this—it was only "a way that he had;" and when Miss Agatha Herndike received his first visit as a neighbor, she congratulated herself on being a stylish-looking woman of forty, and thought what fine things she could do for Maggie as mistress of Lionsdale. The general was at least fifty, and in this respect they were certainly well matched. He must feel the want of a lady to manage his establishment; and perhaps the near presence of one would put it into his head that she might be nearer.

Miss Herndike did not keep an equipage of any kind; and when, on the first Sunday after her arrival, Gen. Derne's coal-black horses were reined up at her door, and the general, himself, all deference and attention, requested her to "honor his pew with her presence," Miss Agatha was in quite a flutter of pleasant excitement.

The pew was square and grand-looking, and the spinster rustled into it with as much importance as though she were actually taking possession. The general looked very fierce, and uttered his responses so loud that he quite drowned the rector's voice.

Miss Agatha sat in a sort of elysian dream during the service; and when she again entered her neighbor's handsome carriage, she felt quite tenderly toward him. "Mrs. Gen. Derne" had a very important sound; and certainly a sensible woman of her age was just the person for a man of the general's.

So Miss Herndike smiled graciously whenever she encountered her neighbor, and asked him so many questions about Lionsdale, and the

battles which he had never fought, that it was very evident she took a great interest in his affairs. But the general remained quite impracticable—being of the opinion that, since “none but the brave deserve the fair,” none but the *fair* deserve the *brave*; and he did not feel at all disposed to surrender to Miss Agatha Herndike.

Thus matters stood for three or four months without approaching a crisis; and Miss Agatha awoke from her dream of happiness to the mortifying truth that she had counted her chickens before they were hatched. Had she been in love with Gen. Derne, she would have wept hot, scalding tears of bitter humiliation—such as only a woman who has given her heart without being asked for it *can* weep; and perhaps she would have had a serious fit of illness, and recovered to find the world a blank and devote herself to the service of heaven.

But Miss Agatha *didn't* love the general—she was past romance; and her affections had been given to Lionsdale and the appurtenances thereof, to which the master was merely an appendage that it was necessary to tolerate; so, she didn't weep any tears at all, but sat down and considered.

Her conclusions were that the next best thing to having desirable possessions oneself is for one's relatives to have them; and she determined not to let Gen. Derne, or Lionsdale rather, go out of the family. Not that it had ever been in it exactly, but she meant that it *should* be; and “her dear niece, Margaret Raymond,” thus affectionately named in her will, suddenly came into her mind. The child was certainly pretty—she remembered how, during her vacation visits to the boarding-house, she had turned the heads of those abominable medical students: and she determined to try the power of youthful beauty upon the military lion, who had been proof against her own mature charms. If she could not be mistress of Lionsdale, she might be aunt to its master; and she awoke to the fact that Maggie was nineteen, and old enough to leave school.

Miss Raymond received an unusually affectionate letter from her relative, in which “the dear little cottage” was eloquently described, and the delights of rural life dwelt upon at large. The young lady wondered a little what had come over her aunt, and ungratefully resolved not to waste her sweetness upon the desert air by burying herself in the country. Miss Agatha's communication respecting the purchase of the cottage was anything but pleasing; she would much have preferred the excite-

ment of the city boarding-house. Forty and nineteen, however, see many things very differently. Miss Herndike made no mention of the general—she thought it wiser to leave him for an after consideration.

Reginald Derne had gone to Lionsdale on a visit just before the receipt of this letter; and Miss Maggie had skillfully warded off the declaration of love that was trembling on his lips. What was the use of having a lover, if one could not torment him? Beside, she felt curious to see how long matters could be carried on in this way. So, Reginald went off hopefully, consoling himself with the idea of a speedy return; while his mischievous lady-love consoled *herself* with the idea of his surprise at her appearance in a place where he so little expected to see her.

Reginald had always spoken of his father in the most admiring terms—being fully impressed with the conviction of the general's importance; and among the earliest recollections of his boyhood were the flashing sword and epaulets, that seemed as much a part of his father as the head that was carried with such a martial air. Maggie was considerably in awe of this military lion, and wondered if he would approve of *her*. Still, she had no objection to a little glory, and rather liked to be afraid of people; in her inmost heart she was terribly afraid of Reginald, but she concealed it admirably.

Miss Raymond arrived at the cottage on Saturday night; the next Sunday was a memorable one for all parties.

As Reginald sat beside his father in the square pew, thinking of the little church many miles off where he used to go to look at Maggie, he happened to raise his eyes, when they encountered a face that caused him to start with a spasmodic motion, as though intending to rush at once to the spot that had suddenly become enchanted.

His father gazed at him in stern surprise, as though uttering the words: “Sit down, sir!” which had so often caused him to shiver when he was of tender years; and putting a strong constraint upon himself, he became outwardly calm—although his thoughts were anywhere but where they should have been.

How exceedingly placid Miss Raymond looked! No one would have supposed that she was in an entirely new scene, and she was apparently quite unconscious of the pair of eyes so perseveringly bent upon her. By a little manœuvring, she managed to get out of church without giving Reginald an opportunity of speaking to her; for she felt afraid of the stern-looking veteran,

and afraid of aunt Agatha, and shrank from bringing matters to a crisis. Reginald was very much puzzled, and went home in rather an unenviable frame of mind.

"What an exceedingly pretty little girl!" observed the general, patronizingly; "that must be Miss Herndike's niece from boarding-school that I have heard her talk so much about."

"Did you ever see any one half so lovely?" exclaimed Reginald, rapturously.

His father turned around on him suddenly. "What do you mean, sir?" was the stern reply. "Have you been falling in love, this morning, in church?"

"No, sir," was the dutiful answer, "that was done long ago," and Reginald poured forth such an excited account of Miss Raymond's every word and action since he first beheld her, that the general was completely astounded.

"I don't approve of this at all," said he, at length; "I should have been consulted first—and there is your cousin, Ethelinda Trellerton, for whom you have been destined from your cradle."

Reginald had a well-grounded horror of the fair Ethelinda; and the scars of several deep scratches on his face were proofs of her youthful affection, when she threw a struggling kitten at him which he was vainly endeavoring to rescue from her clutches.

Gen. Derne was somewhat comforted by the assurance that no declaration had yet been made, and that matters were so far in a very undecided state; and he resolved to make an early visit at the cottage, and examine this possible daughter-in-law elect very critically.

"My dear," said Miss Agatha, in her sweetest manner, "do you know that there is a very nice beau here for you? Didn't you see him at church, to-day?"

"What is his name?" asked Maggie, evasively.

"Derne," was the reply, "one of the best names in the country."

Maggie felt angry at her heart for beating so, and delightedly surprised that aunt Agatha's choice should happen to coincide with hers.

"Is he tall?" she inquired, with considerable animation, "with dark hair and eyes?"

"Tall and dignified-looking," rejoined Miss Agatha, wisely leaving the hair and eyes out of the question, "and perfectly magnificent in his regimentals."

"Regimentals!" repeated Maggie, in a bewildered tone.

"Yes," said her aunt, with the air of one who has something exceedingly pleasant to communicate, "for it is no less a person than Gen.

Derne, the great man of the county, and master of Lionsdale, whom I expect to see at your feet before many weeks have elapsed."

"Oh! aunt Agatha!" gasped Maggie, in distress, "that old thing!"

"*'Old thing!'*" repeated Miss Agatha, stiffly, "a man of fifty is in the very prime of life, and of rather more consequence than the boy beside him, who is, I suppose, the fortunate individual that has captivated your fancy."

"He does not seem at all like a boy to me," replied Maggie, warmly, "he is five years older than I am."

"In the name of goodness," exclaimed Miss Agatha, in utter amazement, "where did you obtain all this information? Where, I should like to know, have you ever seen Gen. Derne's son before?"

Maggie had committed herself hopelessly by her unguarded remark; so she was obliged to tell where she had met Reginald, but she gave as little information as possible on the subject.

This was the breaking out of hostilities between aunt and niece; not that any third person would have supposed it, for it was not an open, manly style of warfare, and Miss Agatha would call Maggie "her love," and Maggie would defer submissively to "aunt Agatha;" but when Reginald Derne made his appearance at the cottage, Miss Herndike was as immovable from the parlor as though she had become embedded there, like one of those queer fossil remains—and when Gen. Derne's substantial shadow darkened the threshold, Miss Agatha's shadow was sure to darken some other threshold—so conscientious was she about being in the way.

The general made his appearance very soon after that Sunday conversation; and when he obtained a close view of the vision of girlish beauty that seemed to light up the little, old-fashioned parlor, and felt the influence of the indescribably sweet smile, which seems to be the peculiar gift of wickedly mischievous people, he no longer wondered at Reginald's enthusiasm.

Maggie was exceedingly meek, that afternoon; scarcely venturing to lift her dark lashes, and behaving altogether, as the old ladies say, "very prettily." "Yes, sir," and "no, sir," appeared to be the extent of her vocabulary; and this modest deference was very agreeable to the general's turn of mind—although he was not quite sure that he cared about her being so very respectful. Miss Agatha was "in clover," and Maggie was not aware before of the extent of her aunt's affection for her.

After that visit, scarcely a day passed without meeting with Gen. Derne in some way or other;

and his manner on these occasions was anything but fatherly. He had completely lost his heart almost at first sight; and although he felt a little uneasy when he thought of Reginald, he comforted himself with the reflection that no decisive words had been spoken, and that it was by no means an established fact that Margaret Raymond was in love with his son. His own chance was, perhaps, as good as Reginald's; and he called to mind the romantic story of Gustavus Vasa and Margaret Ericson, who preferred the gray-haired hero to his handsome son—happily forgetting the difference between the great warrior-king and a militia general.

Reginald became moody and out of sorts; jealous of his father—too proud to speak frankly and unreservedly to Maggie—and attributing to every word and look of hers more meaning than she had any idea of giving them.

Which state of things brought that young person to the following conclusions: as Gen. Derne was a conceited old fellow, who had not sufficient magnanimity to keep him from trying to supplant his own son, he was perfectly fair game for a little innocent flirtation, and she intended to read *him* a lesson before she got through with him; as aunt Agatha could coolly dispose of her young niece to further her own ambitious views, without at all considering her niece's inclinations in the matter, it was perfectly right to deceive *her*; and as Reginald, who certainly had no *right* to be jealous of her in *any* case, absurdly chose to be so without the slightest cause, it was not in feminine nature to resist so glorious an opportunity of *giving* him a cause. Miss Maggie was quite as severe to the faults of others as people of her age are apt to be, and took up the office of avenger as coolly as though she had been an immaculate piece of humanity, herself.

Things progressed finely; the two lovers were continually treated very much like men who are nearly hung, and then cut down to be revived before the pleasing process is recommenced. A pair of slippers, which Maggie had begun to embroider some years ago for no one in particular, were a favorite instrument of torture. The general watched the progress of the work with an almost certainty, at times, that they were intended for *him*—and, at others, with a dark misgiving that Reginald, or some other youthful rival, might step into quiet possession of them; while Reginald became terribly wrought up at the idea that Maggie should be working slippers for any one but *him*. When direct questions were asked, Miss Maggie replied, with becoming confusion, that they were

intended for some one whom she valued very highly; and with this tantalizing answer the interrogator was obliged to be content.

And this brings the story back to the picture, and the threading of that eyeless needle.

The general had, that morning, condescended to implore that the slippers should be promised to him—to be delivered up as soon as they were finished; and Maggie, not knowing how to escape from his entreaties, and perceiving that he was continually edging closer and closer to the corner of the sofa where she sat at her embroidery, suddenly discovered a needle with a broken eye, and gravely informed the unsuspecting veteran, that, if he would oblige her by threading that needle, the slippers should be his.

"I wish that you had given me a more difficult task," replied the general, gallantly; "threading a needle seems such trifling pay for a pair of slippers worked by *such* hands!"

Maggie's powers of control were severely tasked by this innocent speech; and the general received the needle and silk with the air of a man who is undertaking a task so easy that it is scarcely worth doing.

Then ensued the scene which has already been described; and the veteran's self-love was more wounded, that morning, than it had ever been in the whole course of his recollection. Still, he did not despair; and he had no idea of withdrawing himself altogether from such dangerous fascinations. It was not at all likely that Miss Maggie *meant* anything by that school-girl prank; and perhaps she would not have taken the liberty with any one to whom she was quite indifferent. He would be more careful in future, and not expose himself to a like mortification; and visions of a youthful mistress of Lionsdale were often dancing through his brain when he should have been asleep.

Reginald tried to persuade himself that Margaret Raymond was perfectly heartless, and not worth pursuing, but the counsel for the other side was the strongest; and, in spite of her exasperating *penchant* for Dickens, his feelings toward her rapidly glided into the old channel again.

Maggie felt no sort of uneasiness respecting either of her lovers; and slept that night just as serenely as though these little misunderstandings had never occurred.

Not many days elapsed before affairs were the same as ever; and the general returned to the charge with renewed vigor. Maggie was quite overwhelmed with his magnificence, and his long stories respecting the numerous honors that had been conferred upon him. It was

something, to be sure, to have the English troops in Canada turn out and give him a military salute, when the imposing name of "Gen. Lionel Derne, of Lionsdale," had reached them through the medium of the traveler's book at the Clifton House—little did the innocent "regulars" dream of the false glare and glitter of a general of *militia*—and Maggie was suitably impressed when the veteran recounted this his greatest triumph. There *was* something irresistible in epaulets; and if Reginald had only been something distinguished she should like him a great deal better.

So, the general talked, and Maggie listened day after day, until her slumbers became very much disturbed with dreams of military heroes and martial music. It must be a splendid thing, she thought, to be the wife of a man whom you were intensely proud of, and whom every one delighted to honor; and if some *real* hero had happened along just then, even with the general's weight of years on his shoulders, Reginald's prospects might have been darker than ever.

Some remarks uttered by the ambitious damsel in his presence, gave Reginald an idea of the state of her feelings, and drove him almost to despair. What could he do? There seemed to be no possible way for him to distinguish himself; law was a very tedious road to glory, if the glory ever came at all; and so far, he had every reason to suppose that he did not belong to the fortunate few who have "greatness thrust upon them." The discontented lover did a great deal of solitary walking in the quiet grounds of Lionsdale, and planned all sorts of impracticable schemes of distinction, among which the most reasonable was a journey to California, or Van Dieman's Land.

"My love," said Miss Agatha, coming suddenly into the room where Maggie sat contemplating the aspect of affairs in some perplexity, "here is a delightful invitation from Gen. Derne."

Miss Agatha was fairly radiant with pleasure; but Maggie curled her pretty lip rather contemptuously.

"We are to spend two or three days at Lionsdale," continued Miss Herndike; "invited, English fashion, 'from Wednesday till Saturday'—and on Thursday there is to be a regular country gathering of all the best families around—tableaux, I believe, and something a little out of the common way."

"It appears to me rather ridiculous," observed her niece, "to spend two or three days at a house that is within fifteen minutes' walk

of us—and a little peculiar, it strikes me, for two ladies to become the guests of a middle-aged widower and his grown-up son."

"That is because you know nothing about the matter," replied Miss Agatha, angrily; "it is quite customary to do these things 'abroad', and it shows that the general has seen other places beside Lionsdale. If he chooses to entertain us, it is our business to be entertained—and it is my intention to accept his hospitality."

Maggie felt perfectly indifferent; she knew that "aunt Agatha" would be a sufficient duenna for her anywhere, and she had no objection to a more intimate acquaintance with the interior arrangements of Lionsdale—so it was settled that they were to go.

The general was delighted—Lionsdale had never been so honored before; and even Reginald, "the knight of the gloomy brow," as Maggie had laughingly named him, was quite radiant at their arrival.

When the ladies retired to their rooms, he wondered if Maggie would appreciate his lilies, white water-lilies, to gather which he had taken quite a troublesome journey, because she had once expressed "a passion" for them. He had arranged them tenderly in a snowy vase of antique workmanship, and placed them on a table in the room that he supposed would be occupied by his divinity. Alas! at that very moment Miss Agatha was inhaling their fragrance, and saying, "how thoughtful it was of the general!" for Reginald had unfortunately strayed into the apartment that had been appropriated to the elderly maiden.

The general had decided to give a ball—he was coming out in his old age; and "there was a sound of revelry by night" for the first time in Lionsdale. It was very much what such performances in the country usually are: a great many things went wrong, but people were disposed to be pleased, and extracted a great deal of amusement out of nothing.

It might have been supposed that aunt and niece had intended to appear in the opposite characters of "Night and Morning;" for while Miss Herndike rustled about in heavy, black silk and rich, black lace, Maggie looked like a summer mist in her dress of soft, white lace, crowned with her wealth of golden-tinged hair, and unadorned with any jewels save those which sparkled beneath her darkly-fringed eyelids. A single water-lily rested amid the folds of lace that covered her bosom; and Reginald thought of "Undine," and of all the other poetical associations that are apt to float through the brain of a dreamy youth.

The general, of course, figured extensively in the tableaux, and delighted in brandishing his sword, and playing all the villains and heroes; but it was observed that he never appeared satisfied unless Maggie was associated with him. Miss Agatha sailed around with complacent approval of what was going on, and captured Reginald, "to keep him out of mischief," whenever it was possible to catch him at an unwary moment—much to the disgust of that ungrateful young gentleman, who spoke of her, disrespectfully, as "the old lady," and wished her—some distance off.

The evening was finally over—the guests departed—the lights extinguished, when suddenly the fearful cry of "Fire!" broke upon the stillness.

The left wing of the mansion, in which were the apartments occupied by Miss Herndike and her niece, was in flames; and by their light was speedily made visible a group of half-dressed figures, whose actions partook of the insanity usually manifested by weak minds in times of danger. Conspicuous amid this group was the general, hastily wrapped in a dressing-gown, while on his head was perched the military chapeau, in which it was averred that he slept.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Miss Agatha, whose charms were not at all improved by a flannel wrapper and curl-papers, "will no one rescue Maggie?"

"Maggie!" And at the name a figure that had just appeared upon the scene vanished amid the flames.

The dreamless sleep of girlhood is difficult to break; and the slumberer had a very faint idea of what was going on, until she was hastily transferred to another pair of arms, as a burning rafter fell upon the strong right arm that had snatched her from death.

Reginald Derne sank down insensible, and woke to find himself a hero. His arm had been seriously injured, and Maggie was crying over it as if her heart would break. Novelists

would have selected a more appropriate time for such a performance, but Reginald managed to ask a question amid these unpropitious surroundings—and Maggie, instead of making any reply, stooped and kissed the wounded arm. This seemed to satisfy him, however.

As Maggie caught a glimpse of the bewildered general, in his very *outré* costume, she smiled, in spite of herself; and then a remorseful feeling toward Reginald came over her at the thought of his great love.

The flames, thanks to the exertions of the neighbors, were confined to the left wing of the building, the remaining part being quite uninjured; and a poor, half-crazy vagabond, who was discovered in one of the outhouses, confessed to have done the deed, "to see how it would burn." At Reginald's intercession, however, it was concluded not to punish him.

The general, in spite of his vanity, had a good heart. In the sick-room he now spent most of his time. There was a lighter figure that haunted the same apartment; and one day, the general, who had been meditating the sacrifice for some time, suddenly invited Maggie to take up her residence permanently at Lionsdale. As the invitation was worded differently from what it would have been a few weeks before, she concluded to accept it; and when Miss Agatha learned that Lionsdale had been formally made over to the hero of the fire, she gave a gracious consent to what was inevitable.

Reginald had managed to distinguish himself without going very far out of the way to do it; and in after years Lionsdale became quite a Mecca to hundreds who traveled there to see one of the purest and most eloquent statesmen that America ever produced.

We would be indifferent chroniclers if we did not add that the general lived to see a granddaughter, who, at eighteen, was as beautiful and mischievous as Maggie had been at the same age; and to her, only the other day, he laughingly told this story of the LION IN LOVE.

SONG—DREAMS OF THEE.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

SWEET one! I love to muse on thee
At this calm, gentle hour,
When winds go singing pleasant tunes,
And kiss each drooping flower;
And bright above the holy stars
Are dancing in their glee—
Then, soft as angel-whispers, come
Heart-cherished dreams of thee.

Oh! may thy dreams be pure and bright,
And sweet thy gentle sleep,
While angels round thy breathing form
Their holy vigils keep;
And soft as dew upon the flowers
May dream-land waft to thee
Some tender tale of future hours—
Some treasure'd thought of me.

AFTER THE FIRE.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

On one of the principal streets of a great city, where the sun shone on broad sidewalks and stately houses, stood a large mansion, whose marble front and elaborate architecture told to the passers by of the great wealth of its owner. The inside of the dwelling corresponded in every particular to its external beauty. The finest paintings, the most gorgeous carpets, statues, and flowers, made a scene of magnificence which fully carried out the promise made by a highly cultivated garden, with fountains and statues, which surrounded the building.

On the marble steps of the house stood two gentlemen engaged in earnest conversation: one, evidently the master of the house, was telling his companion of some trouble which even his wealth, large as it was, could not remedy.

What was it? An eyesore which might well make any heart ache that had not grown callous, hardened to the sight of suffering.

A small, narrow street bounded one wall of the large, flowering garden. Dilapidated houses, whose cheerless condition told of utter neglect; drunken men; squalid, hungry-looking women; and, most melancholy of all, starving, half-clothed children, were the sight which greeted the eye of him who looked down the narrow street. Sounds, fearful to the kind heart of the owner of the marble-fronted house, greeted his ear, morning, noon, and night. Curses, oaths, cries of suffering infancy, women's screams, snatches of drunken chorusses, childish voices using the language fearful even on the lips of depraved manhood; all these sounds mingled to throw on the air the burden of misery and wrecked lives.

With a heavy sigh, passing his hand over his forehead, as if thought there were too heavy to be borne longer in silence, the gentleman spoke,

"I would give half, nay, more, all my wealth could I but wipe this plague spot from the city."

"It does spoil your garden view," said his friend, looking critically on the wretched scene.

"It is not that," was the sad reply; "but it is sin so deep that I am powerless to raise up any of these wretches to even the wish for something higher. I have tried to buy the street, in order to erect rows of tenement houses fit for human beings to inhabit."

"And can you not do so?"

"No! It belongs to an estate which is the prize of a tedious law suit, and nothing can be sold until the entangled meshes made by years of litigation are untwisted. There is no hope of any better tenants, for as the houses fall, day after day, toward more complete ruin, the inmates sink lower in the social scale. I can do nothing, though every day's life makes the sight of such vice and misery more painful to me."

Midnight hung its heavy pall over the great city. Suddenly, through the thick darkness, tongues of lurid flame shot heavenward. Heavy columns of smoke rolled above the sheets of flame; and then, hissing and boiling, the streams of water from the fire-engines fell upon the blazing houses. Hoarse cries of fire! fire! the tolling of loud bells, shouts, and sometimes screams, made a hubbub of noises round the marble-fronted house and the narrow court.

From the miserable candle placed too near the straw bed by drunken hands, the sparks had kindled to flames; the bed, the room, the floor, then the roof; the next one; on, on, the devouring flames had spread, till, large flakes rising upward, fell upon the roof of the stately house near the court, and poverty and wealth, vice and virtue, luxury and squalid misery, were united by the flaming, roaring bond of union.

Upward, still upward, scorning the puny powers of the firemen, the splendid, lurid blaze arose; then gradually fell slowly, and with flashes of the old power, like the struggles of an expiring giant, till the faint morning light showed only heaps of blackened ruins in the place of the house of wealth, and the dens of misery.

The owner of the large house bore his own loss manfully; but his breast heaved and his lips quivered as his neighbors crawled off to seek new homes; some only half-sobered by the fire; some limping from injury sustained by falling beams; some even then stopping to steal from the burning mansion the goods tossed recklessly from the windows.

* * * * *

Years have passed. Again the beautiful mansion raises its stately front, and not a trace

remains of the terrible scene of the fire. The owner once more stands upon the steps of his house gazing upon the scene before him, but no cloud darkens his brow, no apparent annoyance disturbs his smiling serenity. Pointing to a row of neat houses, which occupy the site of the former wretched street, he says to his friend,

"There, my friend, is the result of the dreadful fire. I was enabled, by great exertions, to obtain possession of this property, and have erected these buildings expressly for persons of limited means. As far as was possible, I have fitted them up with the modern conveniences; they are strongly and neatly finished: and let at low rents. I have a decent, well-behaved set of tenants: and I know every child in the street. Our working community need such houses as these: and they have plenty of light and water here, the blessings many landlords deny to their tenants. Some have wondered that I choose to have such a street, and such tenants so near my own house; but their surprise would cease if they could know how much I enjoy the privilege of being their landlord and friend. Most truly do I thank God for the blessings which come 'After the Fire.'"

* * * * *

In a beautiful chamber, where costly and exquisite decorations told of the wealth of the owner and the taste of the occupant, a lady stood before a long looking-glass dressing.

She was a beautiful woman in the full maturity of her charms. Soft, dark eyes, shaded by long, thick lashes, were set beneath a low, white forehead. Broad braids of black hair rested on cheeks brilliant with the bloom of health; jewels flashed on the snowy neck and arms; and the heavy folds of her velvet dress fell round a tall, graceful figure, queenly in its erect carriage.

"I shall be late after all," she said to her attendant, "and I would not miss that first waltz for anything. Hurry and fasten on those bracelets."

"Florence," said a fine, manly voice from the adjoining room, "are you still determined to go to this ball to-night?"

"Oh! yes, love, I must go. You know I promised, and I am engaged for every dance. I cannot disappoint Madam L—— now."

"But, Floy, you could not foresee the accident which has lamed me so severely, and surely that is sufficient excuse for your non-attendance. My shoulder is very painful, and I do not think Carrie is right well; she is fretful and feverish. Darling, give up this ball, and stay with us this evening. It cannot cost you much to relinquish

one ball for my sake. Poor little Carrie pleads piteously for 'mamma!'"

"Now, love, don't be foolish. I will return in a few hours, and we can chat over my conquests."

"But I hate to have you go alone!"

"Jealous? Now, dear, I am ready, and Madam L—— is at the door. Adieu! I will tell you all the gossip when I return, and you will forget the lame shoulder in amusement. Show Carrie her new doll if she frets. Don't look solemn. Kiss me! Adieu!"

The light tone and warm embrace did not dispel the cloud on the husband's brow. Dearly as he loved the lovely woman who called him husband, he could not blind himself to her faults. The love of excitement and gaiety dimmed and obscured the deeper traits of her character, making a frothy, trifling manner turn aside serious matters.

On this particular evening the husband, suffering bodily pain from a fall on the ice, which had lamed his shoulder, and mental anxiety from business troubles seen in the distance, felt the desertion most keenly.

Midnight saw the wife the centre of a gay crowd, the ball-room belle, the flattered, courted beauty in a scene of revelry.

It saw the husband, his brow contracted and lip set with pain, and his trembling voice soothing the moanings of his infant daughter, as she called in vain for her mother's care.

* * * * *

Two years, two short years rolled away, bringing changes over many homes. In a small, plainly furnished house, in the suburbs of the city, dwelt a tall, pale-faced woman, whose deep mourning garments seemed to render more painfully ugly a face deeply scored with small-pox marks, where the dim, bleared eyes, scanty hair, and pallid complexion told how severe the illness had been which wrecked what *had* been glorious beauty. Day after day she was to be seen going from house to house, generally ministering to the poor around her. She was usually alone; but sometimes a companion, whose dress and liberal donations spoke of her wealth, accompanied her in her rounds.

"And so, Floy," said the richly dressed lady to her pale, sable-garbed companion, "you are really happy, notwithstanding this terrible change? I can scarcely understand it."

"Yes, May, I am happy in doing all that I can to retrieve the great errors of my past life. I cast aside, with a reckless hand, my husband's love, my darling child's affections, and thought I was compensated by being the idol of society,

courted, flattered, and followed for my wealth and beauty. When my husband's failure was followed by his taking the small-pox, and my dear Carrie sickened and died, I awakened from my delirious dream of folly. His last illness was the turning point of my life, and cheerfully I bore the terrible sickness I drew from my attendance upon him. Once well of the loathsome disease, light came to me from the deep darkness. Why was I snatched from death, restored to health? To try to redeem my lost time, and give to God's service the heart the world had so warped and disfigured. The suffering was needful, and I bow to my cross. I am not unhappy, save when the vain wish to live again in the past, and grasp the treasures I slighted, crosses me. But God's will be done; it was only 'After the Fire' that I heard 'the still small voice.'

MY CASTLE.

BY SARAH P. ALDEN.

I DWELL in a castle alone, alone,
A castle of beautiful mould;
But my fairy home is no gilded dome
Of perishing silver and gold;
For silver and gold are of earthly mould,
And they will not last forever—
No fading light gilds my castle bright,
By the banks of the sparkling river.

My castle is builded afar, afar,
In the land where the muses dwell,
Where thornless flowers make bright the bowers
In the wood and shaded dell;
For even there, in my castle fair,
O'er the streamlets and the meadows:
It were too bright, if o'er its light
Fell not some softening shadows.

My castle is builded among the stars,
Far away in the ether blue,
And with silver light they come at night
Like watchers holy and true;

And I'm not alone, for the music-tone
Of Æolian lyres is ringing,
And I listen long to the sound of song,
And I know 'tis the Muses' singing.

Oh! my beautiful castle far away,
My dwelling in fairy bowers—
Where the laughing fay, the livelong day,
Twines garlands of thornless flowers;
Where my own bright star keeps watch from far,
With its radiance never ending,
And angels bright, with wings of light,
Are over me ever bending.

My beautiful castle afar, afar,
My castle I've builded in air:
'Tis of airy mould, and 'twill never grow old,
But will ever be bright and fair;
The flowers will not fade, and the sun and shade
Will be as to-day forever,
And the Muses' song will be ringing long
In my castle by the river.

LOST PEARLS.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"I HAVE lost my pearls!" sighed a ball-room belle,
As she turned from the festive hall;
"The beautiful pearls that became me well—
Did any one see them fall?
The paltry bloom of this rose, behold!
Still sleeps in my hair's dark shade—
Ah! why were the gems in their splendor lost,
While the flower was left to fade!"

"I have lost my pearls!" cried a mother young,
As she stooped o'er the grassy bed,
Where the waxen bells of the lily sprang
From the dust of her infant dead;
"The hue of life in these lips, behold!
Of life in these features worn—
Ah! why were the babes in their beauty lost,
While the mother was left to mourn?"

"I have lost my pearls!" sighed a sinner wan,
As he lay on his couch of pain;
"The daylight fades, and the night comes on,
And my life has been in vain;
The hell that my heart has grown may know
No peace from Heaven, I wis—
Ah! why were the jewels of virtue sold
For a gain so small as this!"

"Lost pearls! lost pearls!" 'Tis the helpless cry
Of the world of human hearts,
When the sinners fall, when the darlings die,
When the belle from her jewels parts;
Still ever the same unconscious wail
To the listening Heaven whirled—
At night—at noon—at early dawn:
"Lost pearls!—oh! God!—lost pearls!"

THE GIRL GUARDIAN.

BY GRACE GARDNER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

THEY trod softly and on tiptoe over the spacious room, as if tiny, but unaccustomed feet like theirs, might crush the light and love out of the flowers and insects, which peered up at them so strangely, lovingly, and life-like from the darker groundwork of the velvet at their feet.

Clasping each other's hands, they stood still a moment—these two little children—striving with dazzled eyes to make out something amid the brightness and splendor, then, moving onward, they at last stopped timidly before a crimson velvet couch, on which reclined a young girl in the attitude of sleep.

The little ones gazed into each other's eyes inquiringly; then the elder, a manly boy of some nine years, threw his arm supportingly round the cherub of a girl, and thus remained patiently and motionless before the sleeper.

Presently a pair of dark eyes unclosed and rested upon them wonderingly. The young girl did not speak or move for a moment, while they stood with drooping heads, then she stretched out her hand and said smilingly,

"Are you *real*, you little things? or are you only dream-angels?"

The boy's lip quivered.

"We ain't any angels—sister and I. Papa's going to be an angel." He stopped abruptly, for a word more would have brought a sob, and though his childish heart was weeping great, bitter tears, his boyish pride would keep them all there.

Silently he drew forth a letter and gave her.

The young girl noted the address. A shadow passed over her clear brow. It was that of her father who had been dead almost two years.

Before opening the letter, she gave the children into the charge of the good, motherly housekeeper, waited to see that they were provided with every comfort.

Dark-eyed, dark-browed, olive-fair, Olive Archer! The expression of whose clear dark face did not delude one into expecting pearls and diamonds to fall from the sweet, resolute mouth, to realize instead only snakes and scorpions! No unfortunate possession of auburn ringlets, pearly skin, snow-flakes of fingers,

and other brilliant brilliancies, the perquisites of blonde beauty, had conspired with vanity to crush every sense plant that budded in her heart, therefore they had grown and blossomed, till now, almost every time she stretched forth her hand, it gathered and scattered its rare leaves and flowers.

Fortunate, sensible, sweet-tempered, Olive Archer!

Therefore she did not throw down the letter she was reading with a yawn, or a giggle, or any such exclamation as "How odd!" "How supremely ridiculous!" and fly out of the room to laugh over the contents with some young friend, and the next moment forget it entirely in the contemplation of silks and laces!

On the contrary, after she had finished the perusal, she quietly rested her head on her hand and mused thus:

"This letter is to my father, and in case of his demise, to me, who am evidently mistaken for my half-sister Olive, who died many years before I was born.

"Ralph Wellenden! I remember his name well as that of the friend of my father in his boyhood—the companion of his youthful studies and sports. And he is dying. It seems to me there is a great deal of sorrow and trouble in this world which looks so bright! Their great, dark shadow, lurking behind this brightness, covers us all. Ah! part of it has already fallen upon me, and the motherless children of this poor man must bear theirs soon.

"He writes that although he has not seen my father, and scarcely heard of him for more than a score of years, he knew that the generous heart he bore in boyhood, could never have so changed that he would allow the friendless and penniless children of his early friend to be utterly uncared for in the great, dreary world. His small annuity would expire at his death, and friends and fortune were too apt to cease together. But, oh! if the noble heart he remembered so well had ceased to beat! Then he could only appeal in the name of that friend to his daughter and heiress, to be the protector and guardian of his helpless children, and leave the issue with God and her.

"Ah! if I were but my sister Olive! but stay! Why need I wish so? Cannot I be their guardian? I suppose I should only be nominally so, as I am not of age myself. If my own good guardian will consent: I—but let me think seriously of the responsibility.

"In the first place, will these three proposed wards submit to my authority?

"Mr. Wellenden writes that the oldest, Lionel, is now twenty, and in his senior year at the University of Cambridge, where he has kept him by the closest economy; and it is his most cherished wish that, after he graduates, he should enter upon the study of the law, for which profession he deems him admirably fitted; but that it has been with the greatest difficulty, and only by the strongest exercise of parental authority, that Lionel has remained at the University so long, knowing that his doing so imposed such painful economy on his family; urging vehemently that it was his duty to be making his way in the world by his own strong arm, and aid in the maintenance of his family, rather than to be, as he was, a heavy expense to them. Mr. Wellenden adds, that if his solemn commands and dying injunctions can avail, his son will not dare to disregard his wishes in this respect, should his old friend accept the guardianship.

"I do not like Lionel any the less," mused the young girl, "for his spirit of independence; but it proves beyond a doubt, that, added with his three years' seniorship, he will not stand in much awe of Olive Archer.

"These lovely children, Philip of nine, and Amy of six years, will be the real care. I must try to be the same as a mother to them—study their dispositions and tastes, and direct their education; see their faults and correct them if may be; be gentle and kind with them always. Then I must condescend to lesser matters. I shall have to decide any quantity of ludicrous and vexatious questions—whether Philip has eaten plum-pudding enough, and if mince-pie and sweetmeats agree with Amy's stomach; whether Philip can be excused from his lessons, and if Amy has sat up long enough; whether that boy is a proper playmate for the one, or that girl for the other; be teased about dolls, tops, tea-sets, dogs, ponies, and, in due time, settle the important question when jackets and short dresses shall be discarded, and a thousand other things I can have no conception of now—it is so long since I was a child!" and the girl of seventeen sighed at the recollection of her mature years.

She continued, "I shall love them very dearly,

I know, but I must not expect them to be faultless. Should they grow up weak and unprincipled, the fault might—probably would be—owing to my wrong training! Ah! I scarcely dare assume this great responsibility. And yet—if I do not, they will be thrown helpless upon a cold world. Surely the chances are that even I, young and inexperienced as I am, would prove a safer guardian than the world. I am certain my dear father would wish it. My decision is made. If Mr. Leyden will consent, and he *must* consent, I will assume this charge, and the good God guide me aright."

When Mr. Leyden, the old family solicitor and guardian of Olive, was asked to give his consent, he opened his eyes incredulously, and at last opened his lips.

"Guardian! you! What baby next will try to be Goliath?"

"Guardy, I have this wish very much at heart."

"Stuff! Nonsense! take your dolls and play; those are wards, spoil as many of those as you please."

"Oh, guardy! I would make a better guardian than you. If I had a poor little ward who wanted to do a little good in the world—the first she ever tried to do—I'd let her do it. If she wanted to take a dozen little orphan children under her protection, she should take them."

"Humph! *protection*, indeed; why, child, you are only a ward yourself. It would, in short, amount to this: that I should have four wards instead of one, and heaven knows that one is more than I can manage with her odd whims and caprices. If they were only like other girls—for finery and that sort of thing—I could get along well enough."

"Not at all, guardy," Olive interposed, eagerly, "you are to have nothing whatever to do with the children, except give them what money they want, and me in private a little advice—when I ask it. It would weaken my authority, you know, should they hear you scold me, as you know you sometimes do, eh! guardy!" and she smiled up in his face.

"It *would* be a pity to do that, for your authority would be weak enough at the best, I have no manner of doubt," he replied, drily; "but, of course, Olive, you are not serious in proposing this mad scheme."

"But I *am* serious, guardian."

"Nonsense! The fact is just here. This unfortunate whim has caught your fancy. Girls are always having fancies. You imagine it would be an extremely romantic thing to take

charge of these children because they happen to be tolerably pretty. You don't consider the responsibility. It is my duty to prevent you doing a very foolish thing, and what you would be sure to repent of before a month. It would be the end of all peace and comfort. Besides, you will please to understand that this freak of yours will cost something."

"Cost something!" Oh, guardy! I never thought you cared so much about money as to mind the spending of a little."

"Not so very little, as perhaps you imagine, Miss Olive," he returned.

"And haven't I a great deal more than enough? You told me, a few days ago, that I did not spend the twentieth part of my income, extravagant as I am, and it ought to be spent for somebody. What good does it do accumulating on my hands in this way?"

"You are a foolish little thing! It is evident you know nothing of money or the world. Your money is not mine. I, having the guardianship of you and it, am responsible for its proper use. Besides, Olive, consider if you should marry. No man would be willing to take such incumbrances."

She replied very gravely,

"I am only seventeen, guardy, and haven't begun to think of husbands yet, but whenever I wish to marry, should my betrothed husband"—she colored slightly at the words—"object to these incumbrances, that would be a sufficient reason for me to object to him, because it would prove him possessed of neither nobility nor generosity of soul."

"Mr. Leyden," she said, suddenly changing to a more serious tone, "I see that you think this merely a romantic whim, but it is not. It seemed an impossible undertaking to me at first. The heart takes up many ideas, which, being weighed by a worldly judgment, and sifted by self-interest, are often formed too heavy for the one, and are suffered to escape through the meshes of the other. The father of these children was the early friend of my father. He wishes to entrust them to me. I have wealth enough and to spare. I think my father would wish it. I wish it. I shall not make a very wise guardian, it is true, but I will do the best I can. Give me your consent."

"I am not so sure that your father would wish you to take such a burden upon your young shoulders—just at this time, too, when you are about to enter society, and ought to be free to enjoy yourself without a care. Why don't their own relations take care of them?"

"They have no near relatives, guardy dear.

Mr. Wellenden was the only son of a younger son of a noble family, and his marriage having displeased his family, all intercourse ceased between them from the time of his marriage."

"Doubtless they will relent. Listen to me, Olive. Relinquish this Quixotic scheme. I cannot consent to it. I really thought you had more sense than to entertain an idea so absurd—you, a girl of seventeen, to burden yourself with these children, and the support of their proud, sensitive brother, much older than yourself. Sheer madness! Think how the world would wonder at and ridicule the whim. Remember, too, that if you once undertake the responsibility, you cannot easily rid yourself of it. It is not a thing of weeks and months, but of years. You will give it up, I know—you are too sensible to entertain so absurd an idea long." He said it a little anxiously, considering his expressed faith in her good sense.

Olive Archer's ruby lip expressed supreme contempt for the opinion of the world, but she only replied in words to a part of his argument.

"Be sure, Mr. Leyden, that when once undertaken, I shall have no wish to rid myself of the responsibility. They will be my love and care through life," she said, earnestly; and the look and tone carried conviction. Perhaps the knowledge of this was the secret of Mr. Leyden's reluctance.

She added, "Think, good Mr. Leyden, what would become of these poor children if I should not take them?"

"Just what becomes of thousands of others. What are they to you?"

Olive looked seriously at Mr. Leyden a moment, then said in a low voice,

"I am not a very good—not a very religious girl, as you know, my guardian, but it seems to me that Providence has placed this opportunity in my way to prove if there is any good in my heart. Ought I to expect a blessing upon my life if I neglect what seems to me an imperative duty?"

"Better prove it in some lesser duty first—in obeying your guardian, for instance," replied Mr. Leyden, drily; although not unmoved by the conscientiousness by which she was evidently actuated.

It was a long time, however, before he could see the matter in a more favorable light.

His care and anxiety was for Olive, who was as a daughter to his heart, in spite of his sometimes brusque words and manner. He realized too well the care he imagined she was ignorantly incurring. It was a reluctant consent he gave at last, if consent it could be called.

Olive's letter was despatched. In a few days more came tidings of Mr. Wellenden's decease, and in due time the following letter:

"MADAM—I am obliged to receive your bounty—the bounty of a stranger—by a promise exacted by a dying father. If I live I will repay every obligation we shall be under to you, and which I had rather die in the most wretched poverty than be compelled to receive.

"You may think I ought to cherish the most humble and unbounded gratitude, for what the world will call the most disinterested and extraordinary benevolence. Let the world thank you then, as it will. I cannot, for if my father had not received your promise of guardianship, he had not thus fattered my will and my resources, and obliged me to eat the bread of dependence which is bitter, bitter indeed.

"Be kind, madam, to my little sister and brother. They will be able, perhaps, to repay kindness with affection. It will not be for long, for as soon as I am able I shall reclaim them.

Yours, etc.,

LIONEL WELLENDEEN."

"The impudent jackanapes!" exclaimed Mr. Leyden, in high indignation, as he finished the short, haughty letter. "So this is the first installment of your reward for performing an imaginary duty. I wish you joy of this promising ward of yours. Take my advice, and have nothing further to do with the ungrateful puppy!"

Olive only smiled. She felt a sort of sympathy for the young man whose haughty nature chafed at being compelled to receive such important favors, and which he would have felt more at home to have possessed the power of conferring rather than receiving, and she excused the cold discourtesy of the letter.

Two things cease not—separate not: Time and change. The former measures out the minutes, hours, days, months, and years; and the latter seals them with his unmistakable signet. And thus five years had passed with Olive and her wards.

The former was but slightly changed. She was as girlish in aspect, as gay, and frank, and cheerful; her heart as warm and generous, her impulses as noble and as readily acted upon.

High-bred, naturally graceful, and possessed of innate tact, two or three seasons in London, under the chaperonage of her god-mother, the Dutchess of G——, had given an added ease and dignity to her manners.

She was still Olive Archer, and still residing at Chainey Hall, although rumor told of in-

numerable eligible offers, some made to one of the richest heiresses in England, but not a few to the charming, sensible maiden, considered a prize in herself.

In spite of the advice and entreaties of the good dutchess, who protested against, and wondered at her fastidiousness and wholesale rejections, and to whom she listened courteously, and thanked kindly, but did just what she had intended to do—rejected all with decision, but with a courtesy and kindness, that, in many instances, converted the rejected suitor into a firm and enduring friend.

In one instance she had signally failed. Sir Robert Truesdale, her nearest neighbor at the hall, a handsome, fascinating man of a somewhat *blase* character, and broken fortune, although twice refused, still persisted in the resolution of yet winning the hand and fortune of the young heiress.

To do him justice, it was not her fortune alone which had thus determined him. That it was which had first attracted him, together with her beauty and grace; but as he learned to know her, she unconsciously awoke in his bosom the first real passion his life had known, but it partook of his selfish and worldly nature.

To such a nature as his, the sacrifice of his own happiness to that of the object of his passion was as impossible as for the ice-clad mountains of Greenland to yield from their bosom the sweet and balmy flowers of a southern clime.

The friendship subsisting between Olive and his sisters, rendered the hall accessible to him at all times. He had of late, however, treated her with a cold yet deferential courtesy, and Olive believed he had forgotten his passion and the past.

Olive had been faithful to the charge she had assumed. She had listened unmoved and indifferent to the wonder, dissuasions, covert ridicule, and well-bred sneers of her dear five hundred friends when they had first learned her intention.

She had too much self-reliance and native independence of character to care what they thought of a plan she had once determined upon. Possibly, also, she might have been unconsciously conscious that a great heiress might be allowed a will of her own; but her gentleness and courteousness sometimes singularly deceived people as to the real firmness of her character, till they were undeceived by the result as to the little impression their strongest arguments had really made.

Many people, when their resolutions are

opposed, argued against, or sneered at, excitedly condescend to defend, out-argue, and maintain them. It is almost invariably a sign of weakness. Not so Olive. What many people would have considered unjustifiable interference and impertinence, she charitably set down to the score of friendship or interest, and, therefore, possessed a right to a candid hearing. She only opposed the calm breast-work of her resolution. It was before them ready for any arguments they might bring to bear against it.

Her indifference, united with her courteous manners, secured real admiration and respect. When they found she was not to be moved from her purpose, they unanimously lauded to the skies, as Lionel Wellenden had predicted, "her noble generosity, and disinterested benevolence." But the young girl was equally indifferent to their praise or blame.

The children, Philip and Amy, had grown and improved in these years.

They had thus far been instructed by a governess; but Philip was now fourteen, and it was under consideration whether to send him to Eton, or engage the new curate, Mr. Stacy, a gentleman of thorough classical attainments, to receive him as a pupil.

Mr. Leyden advocated the sending him to Eton; Olive was in favor of the latter plan. The boy himself wished to remain at the hall, but Mr. Leyden, with his old persistency, argued that it would be an advantage to him to mix with other boys of the same age. In the end he prevailed, for Olive had the boy's best good at heart; but she consented with reluctance, for the generous, high-spirited boy was dear to her as a brother, and it was hard to part with him.

The moment of parting came. Philip had braced himself to meet it with all the fortitude becoming a youth of his mature age. His lips quivered, his breath came quick, and his eyes were full of unshed tears as he embraced his sister; but he struggled manfully with his emotion, for stern, unsympathizing Mr. Leyden was waiting impatiently. He held out his trembling hand to Olive, and his lips parted in the vain effort to say "Good-by," but he commanded himself yet. But when Olive placed her little hand caressingly on his dark curls, and, in her low, sweet voice, uttered a few comprehensive words of warning and advice, and then kissed his forehead, it was too much: pride, dignity, Mr. Leyden—all were forgotten. He threw his arms around her, and sobbed aloud.

Mr. Leyden called out, impatiently, and the boy tore himself away, half ashamed of the

emotion he was still struggling against, promising to write very, very often.

Philip Wellenden was a boy of strong feelings and of rare maturity of character, and during the weary miles of travel his thoughts reverted to his first going out into the world, and dwelt fondly upon the beautiful and beloved spot where he had been received so warmly, nurtured so carefully, trained so wisely. A feeling of love, gratitude, and admiration for his "mamma Olive," as he sometimes playfully called her, was the strongest sentiment his young heart knew. It was far deeper, more intense than his affection for his sister, dearly as he loved her, or for his brother, whom he felt he hardly knew.

Amy was fulfilling the promise of her earlier childhood. Lovely, artless, and affectionate, she had grown deep into her young guardian's heart. Petted as but few are, even of those blessed with parents, sisters, and brothers, she did not become selfish or exacting. She was one of those rare characters difficult to be spoiled. She would not make a brilliant woman, but one gentle, refined, companionable.

If the most unqualified love and admiration from her two younger *protégés* had been necessary to repay Olive for her generous protection, she had been more than compensated. It would have been an impossibility to have convinced Amy that Olive could do or say anything wrong: indeed, to have attempted it would have provoked an outburst of feeling, the nearest approach to anger of which her gentle nature was capable. Happy, trusting child!

Mr. Leyden, jealous that the children would presume upon Olive's indulgence and affection, and become arrogant and ungrateful, always keenly alive to her interest and happiness, watched them suspiciously and closely to detect the first symptoms.

Olive had strictly forbidden the old servants, who were aware of the circumstances, ever to mention the fact that her wards had not a legal claim to her protection, and, although a lenient mistress, her few orders were never disregarded.

Disposed, as Mr. Leyden was, to be critical and dissatisfied with whatever course she pursued with the children, and with their conduct, yet he marveled within himself at the intuitive wisdom and judgment she evinced, and at the singularly strong hold she seemed to gain at once upon their affection and obedience.

Amy, docile and obedient, seldom caused her young guardian any anxiety; but difficulties between her passionate, high-spirited brother,

and his governess, or the servants, were frequent.

If complaints of his conduct were brought to Olive when Mr. Leyden was present, as occasionally happened, he was sometimes provoked to interfere, much to the young girl's regret and annoyance. His sharp, severe reprimands were received by the boy angrily and defiantly, the blue veins in his forehead swelling almost to bursting. But a word from Olive, never loud, never imperative, would quell him at once.

Irritated as Mr. Leyden often was with the boy, he was nevertheless forced to acknowledge that never did he fail in the respect due to his girl guardian.

And what had these years done for Lionel Wellenden?

Poor, but ambitious, and possessed of the most indomitable will and perseverance, as well as of rare talents, he had struggled on in his profession. From the moment he left the university, he had rejected almost rudely any pecuniary assistance Olive, through Mr. Leyden, urged upon him.

And his pride—the condensed pride of all his ancient and honorable race—certainly needed the iron will to sustain it through all the anxieties, deprivations, mortifications, and discouragements he met with in the course he had marked out for himself; but through them all he persevered, never despairing of the ultimate end, never flagging in his energy to attain it.

Step by step he conquered. From the miserable London attic, in the dark, narrow London street; the small pittance earned, after a day's hard study of the law, by writing far into the night, by the light of a farthing candle, reports for the newspapers, which was his sole subsistence; through crowds of eager, hopeful aspirants for fame pushed on by influential friends, slowly and toilsomely he made his way, till now he partially emerged from his obscurity. Fortune—in the shape of a few firm friends he had made at college, who had an exalted opinion of his talents, and who possessed influential connections—began to smile upon him.

He was now in comfortable rooms, in the Temple, and was looked upon by his legal brethren as a rising young man, sure of attaining to eminence in his profession.

Now came remittances to the children; small at first, but gradually increasing. In vain Olive, through her guardian, urged that there was no necessity for this—that they were her charge. "Temporarily," he replied, "they

were; but as soon as it was in his power he should remove them to a house of his own."

This determination seemed so indefinite and so distant it gave no uneasiness to Olive; but Mr. Leyden never received a letter from the young man, but that he was well-nigh exasperated beyond endurance at what he termed his insolent independence, his base ingratitude, and his cool assumption of superiority. Without having seen each other, there was an instinctive antagonism between the two gentlemen.

At midnight, Lionel Wellenden sat at his table in his office, several important briefs lying before him, and with a self-congratulatory smile upon his haughty lip.

"Another year like the past," he murmured, "and my struggles with poverty are over—my fortune made. It needs but a few more such important cases as the one just won to establish my reputation permanently. This case involving a title, and a vast amount of property, placed in my hands last week by Sir Guy Staples, will come on at the next assize. I have carefully examined the documents, and am confident it will terminate in favor of my client. By-the-way, it seems it is to the influence of Miss Archer that I am indebted for this client, as well as for the last two. She commands much influence. I must write a note of thanks to the old lady.

"Perhaps it was rather rude not to have called while she was in London the last two winters, after the invitations she overwhelmed me with. How could she think me such an idiot as to accept them? Did she think me so weak, so lost to manhood, as to enter through sufferance the halls of England's proudest and noblest, where by birth I am entitled to a rightful place? To be patronized, pointed out, and sneered at as an old woman's protegee! By heavens, *no!* How dared she expect it? She learned her mistake at last, and was probably offended that the poor dependant dared to have a soul and will of his own, for, though the children wrote me that Olive—she allows them to be very familiar with one of her age—was in London last season, she annoyed me with no more attentions.

"Rather unbrotherly that I have never ran down to the children all these years, but I cannot, I *will* not, till I discharge the vast debt to Miss Archer that weighs me down like an incubus! Every servant, every person at the hall knows that I, a man, have been, and the children are dependant on the bounty of a person upon whom they have not the slightest claim. Oh, heavens! it is bitter, *bitter!*" and in ire and

shame he paced the room with hasty steps. Then controlling himself,

"Patience! patience! proud heart! there is light in the future—we shall be benefactors some day who are recipients now. In another year, or two at most, I can call myself a free man, and take my brother and sister to a home of my own. I shall, of course, marry then to give my sister a woman's care and influence. Lord Evansdale offers me his sister, the Hon. Miss Richmond, in marriage. She is beautiful, stately, and intellectual, and would form Amy's mind and manners. A poor devil of a lawyer is no great *parti* it must be owned, but Lord Evansdale is pleased to say that he is certain she will not refuse the hand of a friend of his, a lawyer, for whom he thinks she secretly entertains a penchant—but it is extremely doubtful—Evansdale's friendship for me is very apt to run away with his judgment. He insists that, at least, I will come down to them and play the agreeable. My family is some centuries older than his, therefore I make no false show of humility to his offer, but I have neither time nor taste for sentiment at the present. When I am able to marry, if she is still disengaged, I will think of it. It does not much matter whom one marries. Love and all that sort of thing is, and ever will be, out of my way. A home for the children will be my chief object. Ah! here is a letter I must have overlooked! the regular semi-monthly letter from Amy. What a dear, precise little thing she is! The result of her maidenly training, I presume. She makes it a matter of conscience to write just so often. I really would be willing to excuse occasional neglect in this particular. I am happy to receive them and to learn of their welfare, but the little thing exacts an answer to every letter and every question, so that it is really sometimes quite a bore—turning from grave, dry law documents to answer a child's letter—a girl too is something of a change, and far more difficult for one who has grown old and hard in his struggles for a place, a name, and a hearing in the world. But let me read the poor child's letter.

"DEAR BROTHER—You are so very kind every Christmas to send us such beautiful presents, that I find myself quite expecting one and wishing what it shall be.

"Dear, kind brother, you must not think I have wanted you to send me any, only you have got me in the naughty habit of looking for them by making so many, and they are always just what we most want. It makes us laugh though,

you send such funny ones to Olive—just as if she were ever and ever so old! The gray silk she never had made up till a little while ago, and the great cap! Oh! I shall scream with laughter every time I think how comical she looked in it! Such a nice joke! The prayer-book you sent her, made of such nice, great letters, you can read them half way across the church, without looking on, she uses altogether.

"Now, dear Lionel, will you forgive me, and not think me a very presuming little girl indeed, if I whisper to you that I have a very decided choice in my presents this year? So have Olive and Philip, and we all want them alike. Isn't it funny that a lady and a great boy, and a little girl should want just the same present? and we shall be very, *very* disappointed if we don't get it.

"Now, dear brother, I am going to tell you what this wonderful thing is that we all want, and you won't refuse your little sister, will you? Give us your *own dear self* for all the Christmas Holidays, and longer too, if you can.

"I have wanted to see you so much since you sent brother and me your picture three years ago. You look so handsome and kind, though a little bit proud, but perhaps you can't help that.

"Philip is home for the holidays, and if you will only come too, it will make us all very happy.

"Dear brother Lionel, I shall watch at the window for you till you come; and if I do not see you, I shall cry myself to sleep, for I have not seen you five long years. But I am sure you will not disappoint your little sister *AMY*."

The young man bit his lip and looked exceedingly annoyed. "What *could* have put such an unlucky idea into the child's head? I would rather go into purgatory twenty times over. But it is out of the question. I am sorry for the child, but I cannot go."

He began looking over some documents even at that late hour, but it was evidently with the intention of driving away all thoughts of the disagreeable subject of the letter.

He pored over them sometime, but evidently neither to his satisfaction nor enlightenment. His lips were compressed and his brow corrugated. At last he started up and threw the papers down impatiently.

"It is of no use. My conscience has certainly a tender vein in it to-night. That little sister's watching, disappointed face haunts me. I must have committed some unpardonable sin and am to do penance. I am to mortify myself with a vengeance by listening to that pleading letter and take myself off to —shire to-morrow

morning. I had rather she had asked me to hang myself."

He looked as if he had, and so he looked the next morning when he set out. His countenance, gloomy and irate, did not promise much pleasure to the little sister expecting him so impatiently.

Owing to some unexpected delay, it was late in the evening when Lionel arrived at Chaincy Hall. They had ceased to look for him.

Amy watched, as she had promised, at the window till blinded with tears; then with a sad heart went to her little room adjoining Olive's, and soon forgot her keen disappointment in sleep. Philip, after waiting an hour longer, ostensibly reading, but really listening for the sound of carriage wheels, followed her example, leaving Olive alone with her guest, Madame Lamonte, who, though only a year older than herself, and far more gay and inconsiderate, in consequence of having had a husband, who had only lived six months after their marriage, was entitled to act as chaperone.

Eugenie Lamonte was a bright, sparkling brunette, with regular features, a pair of the sauciest eyes, a musical, piquant voice, a lithe,

graceful, little figure—altogether a most dangerous person to a susceptible heart.

Olive and herself had been pupils at the same fashionable boarding-school, and room-mates for three years. Although extremely dissimilar, constant association had endeared them to each other.

Born of an English mother, who had died in her infancy, Eugenie, on leaving school, accompanied her French father to Paris, where she became acquainted with a young French colonel, and whom, after a short and romantic acquaintance, and a weak approbation from her father, she married. Their union, though short, was happy.

For three months after Col. Lamonte's death, the young widow was inconsolable, and remained in the profoundest retirement; then with one of those sudden changes peculiar to persons of her temperament, without minding the usual probationary and decorous steps with which proper people get back into the world, she, without a day's warning of her intention, plunged immediately into the gayest dissipation of that gay capital.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

WAITING FOR HER LOVER.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

EVERY eve when I'm returning
From the labors of the day,
As I pass a lonely cottage
That is falling to decay,
I behold a patient woman
Through the little window-pane,
Looking with an air expectant
Down the narrow, grassy lane.

White as snow her scanty tresses,
Wrinkles on her thoughtful brow,
And her cheeks are furrowed deeply
With the lines that Time can plow.
Seventy Winters, long and dreary,
From their heavy clouds have shed
Flakes of never-changing whiteness
On the patient woman's head.

Fifty years ago her lover
Stood beside her in the lane,
Saying as they parted, "Hannah,
Sunday night I'll come again.
Let me see you at the window
As I hasten up the lane—
God be with you, dear. Remember
Sunday night I'll come again."

But before that precious evening,
Sweeter to that maiden's mind
Than a bed of early violets
Kissed by gentle April wind,
Came to bless her with its presence,
Longingly for which she sighed,
He, the most beloved lover
That e'er blest a maiden—died.

Well-a-day for loving Hannah!
When they told her he was dead,
Her devoted mind forever
From its shattered mansion fled.
Gentle as an April sunbeam,
Patient as a mother's love,
Hopeful as the earnest Christian
Who hath moored his hopes above—

She through all these fifty Winters
Hath believed herself again
Loved and loving as of old-time
When they parted in the lane.
Every day to her is Sunday,
And behind the window-pane
Every eve she sits and watches
For her lover down the lane.

FOUR CHAPTERS IN A YOUNG LIFE.

BY MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

I.—NIGHT.

"I suppose you have no definite plans arranged for the future as yet, Anna?"

"Nothing."

"It could hardly be expected that you would so soon. It was all so sudden. You will not remain *here* though, I should think?"

"Probably *not*, Mrs. Lacy—though I have scarcely given the subject a thought—where we are to go—or what will become of us. I only know that we are orphans—penniless, and I had almost said, *friendless*."

"Oh! don't say '*friendless*,' my dear—I am sure there are plenty of your old friends that will come forward to assist you in this time of trial," and Mrs. Lacy adjusted her beautiful bracelets, and put up her lace handkerchief to her eyes—anything to turn away from that pale face looking so white and proud.

There was no answer to this, only a slight movement; and the hands, just now lying so listlessly down on her lap, folded themselves across in the sleeves of her black dress.

"I have been thinking, Anna, that with your education and musical talents, you could do nothing better than getting a good situation as governess—but then the children would be an objection to that. You know, no one wants a governess in the house with three little children to look after, it would take too much time."

"Certainly."

"If you could only get good *places* for the children, Anna"—Mrs. Lacy was coming to the point now—"good *places*, you know, where they would be well treated, I should like you myself. I am determined to keep the girls at home this year and see if they will not do better, they are no farther advanced now than this time twelve months ago. I have always paid a good salary, and shall, of course, expect to pay you the same, although you are so inexperienced; I shall not mind that particularly, however.

"I think, too, I know two ladies that would be glad to take Kitty and Mamie off your hands, and you might bring little Joe with you for a few weeks, until we can dispose of him satisfactorily. You know I am willing to sacrifice considerable for your sake, Anna. I always was a good friend to your poor mother, and am

anxious to do anything in my power for her children."

Here Mrs. Lacy melted away into her handkerchief, and sank back in her chair as though overpowered with the memory of her friendship for the dead mother.

The hands folded in the black sleeves were fairly trembling—but still Anna Dean sat, white and composedly, watching her weeping visitor, and spoke never a word.

At last, Mrs. Lacy came out of her linen cambric—with two or three little sobs—and asked in a low, trembling voice, "Well, child, what do you think of it?"

"I *think*, madam, that those children will never go out from *my* care, unless they go out as my poor mother went yesterday. As long as I have hands to work for them—no, not for all the money that you could give me, Mrs. Lacy—would I put one of those little motherless ones out into the world alone. If *we* starve—we starve *together*."

"That *sounds* very well, Anna—quite romantic—but *doing* is decidedly another thing." There were no traces of tears in Mrs. Lacy's eyes now. "It is absurd nonsense for a girl of seventeen to talk of keeping a home and supporting three children—it is *perfect* nonsense, child, and you will find it so."

"I shall make the effort, at any rate. If I fail—" the white lips could go no farther—there came a wavering in the voice that tried to speak so resolutely—and Anna Dean would have died sooner than shed a tear then.

"Oh! well, there is no harm in experimenting, certainly," and Mrs. Lacy gathered her furs around her and walked toward the door—"only let me tell you, Anna, you must forget some of your high notions, or you never will get on. You can't expect that any one will twice make an offer of assistance after a repulse such as I have met. If you are in *want*, Anna Dean, you can come to me." She bowed loftily, sweeping through the door that Anna held open for her; and that night at supper, pronounced the daughter of her "dear friend" the most "impertinent chit" that ever walked, unaided, along the broad way toward poverty.

"Why—you should have seen her—she glared

at me like a wild animal when I proposed her giving those children away. She is just like her mother; I never shall forget going there, the day after their failure, only two weeks before Mr. Dean died. She was just as queenly as ever, and talked as composedly about their poverty, as though it was the pleasantest thing in the Universe to be as poor as a church mouse. I hope I shall see that proud Anna humbled, yet."

"Why should you care for her, mamma? I am sure I never should give her another thought. It is too bad, though, that you could not get her for the children; but perhaps it's just as well, she would have expected to come into the parlor like one of the family; and, I may as well own up to it, with her accomplishments and that beautiful face of hers, I should stand but a poor chance of being seen," and Helen Lacy shrugged her white shoulders and laughed merrily.

Anna Dean sat that night in her lonely home, long after her little sisters had gone to sleep, holding the baby Joe and laying plans for the future.

Child as she was, how dark that future looked. Not one ray of light shone through the darkness that closed in around her. She, whose early childhood had passed in luxury, sitting now, fatherless, motherless, penniless, thinking over the last words that her dying mother had uttered, "Anna, be faithful to—your charge."

II.—A RAY OF LIGHT.

NIGHT in a new home—night in a weary heart, feeling that a great step had been taken, and—how would it end? Anna Dean looked around the small room, there were but few traces of old time things, only her piano, a few pictures and books that she could not sell—these were all.

Through the open door into the next room, white-pine benches and desks were visible, they had been put there that day, and to-morrow—to-morrow Anna Dean would commence her school.

"Do you dread it, Anna? you look so very white and sad," and the little head rested on her sister's shoulder.

"No, I can't say that I dread it: only I wish the beginning was made. It seems so hard to commence a new thing, Mamie, that's all."

"Yes, I know; but they are so very kind to us here. Only think, Anna, thirteen scholars promised: four to take music, and we are perfect strangers to them as yet. Oh! I know we shall succeed."

"Heaven grant that we may, little sister—we have need of success, haven't we?"

A few days after, one of the great ladies of the place said to another.

"And you patronize the new school? Well, I don't see but I shall have to come around at last. Rosa is actually teasing my life out to go. Bell and Nora Burleigh both go, and they put Rosa up to think there is nothing like it."

"I am sure you will be satisfied, provided you send her, Mrs. Raymond; Miss Dean is a worthy girl and an excellent teacher, in my opinion."

"Yes, I suppose so; but who is she? they are strangers here, and I don't exactly approve of patronizing one that I know nothing about. I hear that they have no relatives, and I imagine they must be miserably poor, or the child wouldn't take in sewing, beside sitting up half the night to do it, I've heard. I suppose it would be only an act of charity to send to her."

"Well, I don't know about that—I am sure you will be pleased with the school. Judge Varnee told me yesterday that Maud's governess is obliged to go away on account of her health, and he intends sending her to Miss Dean; and I am sure where Maud Varnee can go Rose Raymond can't be injured."

"Maud Varnee going! Well done, but that comes of her having no mother to look after her, the judge knows nothing of the fitness of things; Maud Varnee at a little select school indeed! Well, I guess I'll let Rosa try it, and if I'm not satisfied I can take her away."

So it came to pass that Anna Dean had two new scholars; and Judge Varnee's carriage driving up to her door every day, was the best kind of an advertisement, for when the last day of the term came around, the little school numbered twenty-seven.

Thus came a ray of light stealing in through the darkness in that young life. Hope was strong in her heart now, for her first effort had been blest: and blear-eyed poverty might no longer sit by the hearth-stone in their humble little home.

III.—DAWNING.

"BUT I consider it a sacrifice, Miss Dean. You should not do it, wearing yourself out in this manner, your duties are altogether too great, child: don't you see it?"

"Perhaps I do, Judge Varnee, but as they are duties, I ought not to hesitate in the performance of them."

"You ought, most certainly, since it is killing you to do so. Listen to me. Miss Dean—Anna—ever since the day that I brought my little daughter under your roof I have watched

you with interest. First, because I saw in you, child almost as you were, the germ of a noble woman—a proud, self-reliant, independent woman, standing alone on the very threshold of life, resolving to do or die. You were a lesson to me, Anna Dean—*me*, a man of the world, rich and influential, bowing down by the way-side of life, because a great sorrow had overtaken me, seeing nothing in this world worth living for, and sometimes wishing that I might die. It was a lesson, Anna, that I bless you for teaching me, that *my* trouble was not the only one in the world; it was hard, but nothing to yours, you so young, so unprotected, with three little children looking to you for their daily bread, and you, resolutely standing to do battle with your fate, where many a man's heart would have failed them."

"And I have *conquered*, Judge Varnee." Anna Dean said it proudly, with eyes flashing and lips compressed. How softly the mellow radiance of the harvest moon fell around her, over the dark, smooth hair parted back from her white forehead, over the hands clasped together on her lap—"I have *conquered*!"

"You have made *another* conquest, Anna Dean. Can you guess what it is?"

The voice was very low that said this—so low that even an eager listener on the little pine benches just within could never have heard it—yet it was like a thunderbolt crossing through and paralyzing every sense in Anna Dean's whole body.

"Don't grow so white and frightened, Anna. Is it such a dreadful thing that I should tell you this? I am not an old man, Anna, but I have had one sorrow, and that has made my life seem long. It was you that brought me back to a sense of duties unfulfilled, to the knowledge that a great responsibility still rested upon me. My little motherless child cared for only by strangers, while I buried myself in my selfish sorrow."

"Oh! Judge Varnee!"

"Anna, don't speak in that way, poor child, I am not reading your death-warrant! Is it because I ask you to make my life beautiful that you tremble like this?"

"No—but——"

"But *what*, Anna? Is it because I would take a poor, little weary child to my bosom, and shelter her from the rude storms that she has buffeted so long alone? I should think you would creep gladly into such a haven of rest, Anna, you whose whole life has been so loveless. Will you come?"

"I am not alone in life, Judge Varnee, that I

should consult just my own happiness, there are others to be thought of first, and until they are settled in life, I must go my own way—*alone*."

"Oh! Anna—Anna Dean, don't say that. Are not your cares mine? I have enough, Anna, for us all. Nothing shall be spared that can make those children all that you could wish—only give me the right to do it, Anna, that is all I ask."

"Don't ask it! My mother's dying words were: 'Anna, be faithful to your charge,' and, God helping me, Judge Varnee, *I shall do it*!"

"What madness—what sacrilege, Anna, wasting the best years of your life thus, when with me it is so easy to do all for you. Will you let me, Anna?"

Was it hard for those white lips to answer, that they should move and give no sound? Was it the wild throbbing of the heart that choked all utterance, and made Anna Dean, sitting there in the moonlight, look more like a ghost than a living, breathing woman?

Oh! the poor heart beat wildly, longing to fly into the offered rest, but the proud spirit said it "Nay," even though it breaks in the ordeal, *be ye faithful*.

"Anna—will you *never* love me?"

"Yes, Judge Varnee, *I do love you* better than all the world beside; but I never will *marry* you, Judge Varnee, as long as my sisters and brother are dependent upon me for support. *This is my answer. Good-night.*"

It was a timid little touch she gave him, yet the memory of it thrilled through Judge Varnee's hand all that long night, and the softly whispered "Good-night" made music in his dreams.

Anna Dean—no wonder she sits dreamily in her starlighted chamber, long after the moon has gone down—dreaming vague dreams of happiness—thinking in her glad heart: "After the night comes the dawning."

IV.—DAY.

It is five years since Anna Dean's whispered "Good-night" to Judge Varnee, in the moonlight, by the little school-room door. Since then he has been in Europe, and she has walked the "even tenor of her way," true to her promise of long ago.

Two months since Judge Varnee walked once more into Anna Dean's school-room. It was late—the room looked dark and cheerless—not moonlighted, as it did so long ago; but through the gathering darkness he could see that it was not deserted: at a window looking out into the garden, still and thoughtful, sat Anna Dean.

"Anna, it is I."

"Judge Varnee?"

"Yes, Anna. I have come for you. Can you go? Don't say 'No,' Anna; there is no reason why you should not be mine—*mine*, after all these wretched years."

"Yes, now, Judge Varnee, I am yours."

It was the closing term of Madame Leoni's academic year. Maud Varnee, Kate, and Mamie Dean were tearing frantically around a small room, packing things of every conceivable size and shape into trunks and boxes.

"Oh! Maud! Anna wrote that they would be there only in time for the boat; what if we should be left, and she go without us?"

"But she won't, Kitty," answered the more practical Maud. "Do you suppose she would come way here to go home with us, and then go and leave us behind?"

"Oh! dear—I don't know; do lock this trunk, *somebody*—I can't do it, if it was to save my life. Oh! if we are late!"

Half an hour after there was a frantic meeting between the sisters, and Maud Varnee whispered, "Papa wrote me all about it, Anna—*darling*."

"And Maud, and Mamie, and I shall be bridesmaids. Oh! Anna! you *treasure*! I could squeeze you to death!" And Kitty Dean made a practical demonstration of carrying her threat into execution.

"Oh! Kitty, my dear, excuse me; is *that* what you've learned at Madame Leoni's?" And Anna unclasped her sister's arms from her neck.

"No, nothing half as agreeable as that, Anna. But how handsome you've grown, darling; do you know Joe just told me that he overheard

some gentleman down in the parlor call you a 'perfect queen.'"

"Hush! Kitty dear; take these books up to the girls—I will come presently."

Anna Dean gently pushed her sister out of her room, and closed the door after her.

It was a quiet wedding—on a bright spring morning—*very* quiet; for Anna Dean willed it so, and even her three radiant bridesmaids could not talk her out of it.

"And no one will see you, you perverse Anna."

"Yes, I shall see her, Mamie!" And Judge Varnee bowed over the little hand laid so confidently in his. "*I shall see her!*"

Last summer, Helen Lacy, still unmarried, wrote home to her mother, from Newport, "Who do you think is the 'bright, particular star' this season but Mrs. Judge Varnee, and Mrs. Judge Varnee was Anna Dean. I'm very much afraid you'll never see her '*humbled*,' mamma dear, as you wished. There are three young ladies—great *belles*—in her *suite*. I don't know who they are; do you suppose two of them can be Kate and Mamie?"

Home.—Anna Dean—Mrs. Judge Varnee—sits alone in her *boudoir*, to-night, watching the glowing coals in the grate, while she dreams an old-time dream.

Voices come up from the parlors below, happy voices, blending with music: Kate is there, with her young husband, Maud, now Mrs. Everett, and Joe and Mamie. They are happy—and why should not Anna Dean dream happy dreams, folding her hands contentedly, while the sunshine on her pathway proclaims it perfect day?

MARGUERITE.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

MARGUERITE! the bells are ringing
Joyous chimes, this Summer day,
Marriage music breathes around thee,
Costly gems have decked thy way;
But no roses shed their perfume,
No love light is in thine eye:
Thou art, as some high-born captive,
Proudly going forth to die—
While the marriage bells are ringing,
Proudly going forth to die.

Wrap thyself in scorn and silence,
Cast all earthly love away;
It were well the starry portals
Of thy heart had closed alway,
Never yet to yield responsive

To love's messenger divine,
As in by-gone days it answered
Back the earnest tones of mine—
When, fair Marguerite, high-born Marguerite,
'Twas no sin to call thee mine.

Marguerite! the bells are ringing
Marriage chimes for thee, to-day,
In thy closed heart's haunted chambers
Thou hast put my love away;
But the wrong, the sin, and sorrow
Ever-more will dwell with thee,
And the marriage bells are tolling
Funeral knells for thee and me—
Solemn knells for joys departed,
Never-more on earth to be.

JOHN SMITH.

BY VIOLET WOODS.

A YOUNG girl stood before a mirror, twining her golden ringlets around her fingers, singing,

"'Tis best to be off with the old love,
Before one is on with the new."

Suddenly she stopped, and turning to her companion, a young lady about her own age, asked, "Don't you think so, Lou?"

Her friend, who was seated upon the bedside, arranging some flowers upon the bosom of an evening dress, answered, "Yes, in some instances. There! how do you think this will do?" she continued, holding up the beautiful robe to view. "Indeed I shall envy you your loveliness to-night. But what were we speaking of? Oh! yes, I remember now. It is right in some cases to discard an old lover before accepting another; but here we are allowed as many as we please, and the greater number of suitors we gain, the more fortunate we consider ourselves."

"Boston is very different from Glenwood in regard to *that*," was returned, "for at home I was taught to believe that the capture of one true heart was a sufficient conquest for a lifetime."

"And, acting upon the lesson then instilled, you have never flirted?"

"Never," was answered, emphatically; but a vivid blush mantled Blanche Lesterfield's cheek as she continued, "Lou, you have long been my confidante, but still there is one secret with which I have not entrusted you. Will you overlook my past delinquency, and receive the confidence now?"

"Certainly, Blanche. But come, let's sit by the window, for the moon is just rising, and as I expect a romantic disclosure, we should have the appropriate surroundings."

The two young girls sat down, and the moonbeams poured in, and enveloped them in a veil of softest lustre. Blanche leaned her head upon the shoulder of her friend, and remarked,

"Now, Lou, if you are expecting the least particle of romance you will be disappointed, for my confession is but a plain, practical, 'ow'er true tale.'"

"Well, whatever it is, let's have it," urged Lou Warrender, "for, do you not see that I am all impatience?"

"But first," continued Blanche, "let me show you this bracelet. You have often observed the beauty and ingenuity of the device, and have several times asked where an ornament so original and so peculiar was obtained. Answers to these questions were always evaded, but now, as the old gentlemen say, I am going to make a 'clean breast' of it. Here," she added, touching a secret spring, and exposing to view the exceedingly handsome features of a young man, "is the countenance of the only person I ever have, or ever can love."

Lou gave a start of surprise as her eyes rested upon the miniature, and both having descanted upon its beauty, Blanche resumed:

"Now, dear Lou, I will give you the details. It was during the vacation before you entered Madame R——'s school, and almost three years ago, that I visited a maternal aunt residing in the country, about an hundred miles distant from my own home. I objected to going, for I knew that she lived entirely alone, and I could not refrain from anticipating an unpleasant visit. But being named for her, and being also the heiress to all her effects, I concluded that I ought to gratify her urgent request, and consequently I accepted her invitation. When I arrived she was not alone, as I had supposed, for she was so fortunate as to have secured a boarder—an artist from a distant city, who had gone into that sequestered spot, thinking to transfer a portion of its loveliness to canvas. Of course we became acquainted, and I am forced to say that there was not much sketching done. We walked and rode, and the result of the constant intercourse was, that we fell desperately in love. Before he left my aunt's, he asked for my miniature, with which I presented him, but how to retain his, after having accepted it, was a dilemma. I knew that my mother would not sanction its possession, and I was farther aware that if there was a tangible evidence of courtship or marriage, Madame R—— would certainly discover it when I returned to school. Of these facts I informed my lover, and failing, while in my presence, to devise some method by which to elude the most vigilant, he was obliged to depart for his home. When there he procured the services

of a jeweler, who manufactured this article. Through a letter, which accompanied it, I discovered the secret clasp. We did not correspond, that being an impossibility upon my part, and I have never heard from him since. He promised, however, when bidding me adieu, that he would be with me again in three years from that day, if not sooner. It is already April, and that was in July. We shall see if he is punctual. Now, Lou, I have given you these details for two reasons: one is, to prove that my confidence in you is boundless; another, that I have neither the intention nor desire to captivate this Mr. Arabesque, who, it seems, is irresistible. So you need not attempt the furtherance of your present designs, for I assure you that, with one exception, I am impenetrable to the fascinations of the whole sex. Before I form another attachment, I shall have to obliterate every trace of the one which now exists; and that would be as utterly impossible for me to accomplish, as for mortal power to quench the light of the moon whose radiance now envelopes us."

Blanche heaved a gentle sigh as she concluded, and Lou remarked,

"I suppose it is best to be constant; but, to use the words of Byron:

'If I rightly remember, I've loved a good number,
And there's pleasure, at least, in a change.'

Since, however, you have been so kind as to divulge this much of your secret, I shall demand the whole. The gentleman's name, if you please."

"You, who have such a decided preference for high-sounding titles," returned Blanche, "will be somewhat surprised that the one of my lover is so unassuming. Nevertheless, I shall be proud to wear it if he will only ask. His name is John Smith."

"John Smith!" echoed Lou; and her wild, interrupted bursts of laughter almost deafened her less volatile companion. "Mrs. John Smith!" she continued: "euphonious cognomen! I advise you, by all means, to change your name as speedily as possible. Miss Blanche Lesterfield sounds quite common-place in comparison. I think as we are such good friends, I had better follow suit, and captivate some Mr. Thomas Jones. Well, I'll discard Frank Sutherland, and go out on an exploring expedition—that is if you will promise me success. But," meeting the deprecating glance of Blanche's eyes, "I was only jesting. For 'what's in a name?' Nothing indeed; but still I cannot admire your taste. Then, too, I have no fear but what Mr.

Arabesque can supplant him, and, moreover, I intend that he shall."

"I defy both you and him," was the laughing rejoinder; "but, Lou, you have excited my curiosity about this 'observed of all observers,' and I find myself growing interested, as well as 'inquisitive. Tell me first who he is, and why he is so lionized?'"

"He is the youngest child of Col. Arabesque, who is a gentleman of the old school, remarkably formal and aristocratic; belonging to one of the oldest families, and possessed of almost boundless wealth. Morgan is strikingly handsome; splendidly educated, and has derived many advantages from a tour of two years' length in Europe, from which he has just returned. Frank told me last night that Morgan is gloriously favored with hirsute attractions, and that even an old friend would scarcely recognize him."

"Then you have not seen him since his arrival?" inquired Blanche.

"No; he has made no visits yet, I believe, but I expected a call before this, as our families have always been upon the most intimate terms. He will be at the party to-night, I am sure, and you can judge for yourself of his innumerable attractions."

"If he has excluded himself from all society since his return, why do you think he will be present this evening?"

"Because the entertainment will be at the house of his sister, Mrs. Claiborne. But I declare, Blanche," continued Lou, "we shall be too late if we do not hasten."

Lou Warrender was the only child of a prominent lawyer of Boston. She was not strictly beautiful to a passing observer, but hers was a face which one must study, as we would a book, to discover its fascinations. Her hair was of that peculiar shade of brown which seems to have caught stray sunbeams, and to have held them imprisoned; her eyes were dark, and possessed that witching imagination which ever betrays a loving, impassioned nature. Her education embraced all of the lighter nothings which generally constitute the accomplishments of fashionable ladies, but extended far beyond. Finding in her father a willing and competent guide, she had, under his tuition, commenced a course of reading, which gave strength to her mind, and afforded a fund of valuable and available information. She was in her twentieth year; a brilliant belle, and under an engagement of marriage to Frank Sutherland, an intelligent gentleman, every way worthy the prize he had won.

Blanche Lesterfield was the eldest of three children, and resided near the village of L——, in Pennsylvania, upon an estate called Glenwood, which was owned by her father. She was nineteen years of age; truly beautiful in every sense of the word, and never appeared to better advantage than when she and her friend Lou were in company together. The contrast between them was so striking as to cause both to be the subject of closest observation. Her manner was an index to her appearance: fair hair, snowy complexion, and eyes, blue and dreamy, yet showing that spirit and animation slumbered in their depths. Possessing native abilities of superior order, and an education which had developed them, she was an agreeable, intellectual companion, and one which Lou Warrender fully appreciated. Congenial in mental qualifications, in purity of soul, and warmth of heart, it is no wonder that they had formed one of those enduring friendships, which "were not born to die."

In a few moments the girls were arrayed, and awaiting the appearance of their escorts.

Both were attired in white, but there the similarity ended. Lou's dress was of satin, elegantly embroidered in flowers of silver; upon her neck and arms rubies of the deepest dye glowed like burning coals, while upon her bosom and in her dark hair crimson flowers were placed. Her transparent complexion was heightened by the color of her ornaments, and her eyes flashed and sparkled like ever-moving diamonds.

Blanche's robe was of the finest lace—thin and delicate as the gossamer web. She wore a coronet of pearls, and a tracery of the same jewels wreathed her neck and one arm, for upon the other *his* gift was placed. *His* gift which awakened so many glorious memories, and enkindled so many bright hopes for the future.

Having entered the reception-room at Mrs. Claiborne's, they addressed a few words to their hostess, and moved into another apartment. A magnificent-looking gentleman was standing near the entrance, gazing abstractedly upon the lovely scene before him. Seemingly without volition of his own, his glance rested, for a moment, upon the group of which Lou and Blanche were the center; then an expression of intense pleasure beamed upon his countenance.

"Blanche," exclaimed Lou, in a whisper, "there is Mr. Arabesque near the folding-door. Look quick, before he turns."

She obeyed, and met the steadfast gaze of a pair of piercing, black eyes; but her face and

neck were suffused with crimson, as she turned to Lou with the remark:

"Lou, don't you think there is a resemblance between his eyes and—and——"

"John Smith's?" interrupted Lou.

"Yes; don't you think so?"

"Can't say that I do," was returned, with a smile, and a slight shrug of the graceful shoulders. "There never was a Smith with such eyes as this gentleman possesses."

"Oh, pshaw!" murmured Blanche, somewhat disconcerted; "you are too incorrigible, Lou."

A while later, as Frank Sutherland passed through the room, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, turning, he beheld Morgan Arabesque.

"Frank," exclaimed the latter, "who is that little fairy who came in company with Miss Warrender and yourself?"

"Miss Lesterfield," was the reply.

"Lesterfield? What is her christian name?"

"Blanche. But let me introduce you, Morgan. You see for yourself how very lovely she is, but I assure you that her mental attractions are far superior to those of her person."

They became acquainted, and almost every evening found them seated together in Mr. Warrender's drawing-room. Thus passed a month, and in one week more the lovely guest was to return home. One evening they were at a party together: Blanche was exceedingly low-spirited, while Morgan used every effort to arouse her. As a last resort he appealed to Lou, who approached between the dances, to inquire the cause of their indifference.

"Miss Warrender," exclaimed Morgan, "I have been vainly endeavoring for an hour to interest your friend. Can you not devise some plan by which I shall succeed?"

"Do you remember the story of the forty thieves?" she inquired.

He and Blanche raised their eyes, both wondering what possible relation that could bear to the question asked.

"Yes," he answered, "those 'forty thieves' were the terror of my childhood."

"Of mine also," Lou responded. "But you are aware that they owned a cave, in which were secreted jewels of every description, and gold in unmeasurable quantities. They could, however, effect no entrance into that treasury but by the use of certain words. Now, Blanche has a mind and heart overflowing with priceless gems; but in order to gain admission into either, a similar 'open Sesamo' must be employed, which is——"

"What?" inquired Morgan, with eager expectation.

"John Smith," Lou replied, and she was off in an instant.

Blanche bowed her head to hide her blushing cheeks; for a moment Morgan's eyes rested upon her face, but the next they were withdrawn.

"John Smith!" he murmured; "John Smith!" he repeated, as if unconscious that he was using the words. Suddenly, however, his countenance brightened, and he added,

"Miss Lesterfield, if what Miss Warrender says is really true, perhaps I *can* entertain you."

Blanche looked up. Morgan continued:

"I once had a very intimate friend, who bore the same name as the gentleman to whom Miss Warrender referred. Probably it is the one with whom you are acquainted."

"Possibly it is," returned Blanche, vainly endeavoring to appear indifferent. "But has he black hair; eyes of midnight darkness; and is he very, *very* handsome?"

"To your first two questions I reply in the affirmative; but to the last, modesty forbids a similar one, as he and I are said to resemble each other."

"Oh! I noticed it the first time I saw you, but Lou denied its existence. But was your friend an artist?"

"I think he was," Morgan responded; "at least he went into the country, a few years ago, to gratify his desire for sketching. I believe, however, that he became so enamored of a young lady he there met, that his previous determination was abandoned, and that of wooing and winning usurped its place."

"So he fell in love?" she exclaimed hastily. "Did you learn with whom?"

"The lady bore the same surname as yourself; but I am certain that she was called Mary."

"My own name," she responded. "I was called after an aunt, and she, disliking new-fashioned names, as she termed them, always addressed me as Mary, and Mr. Smith knew me by no other appellation. My parents preferred Blanche to the other, and at home and here Mary is unused. But where is your friend?"

"For some years your friend has been traveling; he returned in the same vessel in which I did. But Sutherland is coming for you," he continued, "and I shall claim you after the dance, when we will resume this conversation."

She arose, and her bracelet, unobserved, fell upon the floor. Morgan discovered it, and,

picking it up, he hastened into another apartment. Beneath the full blaze of the chandelier he unfastened the secret clasp, and his face lightened with pleasure as he recognized the features it concealed.

"John Smith," he murmured, "how blessed you were then! how supremely blessed you are now!"

He returned to the parlor, where Blanche was impatiently awaiting him, and, drawing her arm through his own, they passed out upon the verandah together. Approaching one of the marble columns, they paused. The silvery radiance of the moon laid its gentle touch upon his brow, and lightened his dark, transparent complexion; his head rested against the snowy column, and his tall, graceful figure was brought into splendid relief by the contrast. He clasped the missing ornament around the slender wrist, and, still retaining the tiny hand, he pressed it gently, and exclaimed,

"Blanche!"

She raised her crimson face, and met the glance in which love unmistakable was betrayed, but her lips were sealed, and no response issued from them.

"Blanche," he repeated, "you perceive that I am acquainted with your secret, but even that knowledge cannot prevent the utterance of the words which my heart *will* dictate. I see that you are surprised," he added, observing the expression of anguish that passed over her countenance, "but, indeed, I *am* jealous of this John Smith, who, it seems, has won your every thought and emotion. Can I not supplant him, Blanche?"

"That query is unnecessary, Mr. Arabesque," she answered, proudly, moving from him as she spoke.

"But, Blanche——"

"Miss Lesterfield, if you please," she interrupted.

"Miss Lesterfield," he resumed, his face coloring as he uttered the name. "You knew this Mr. Smith to be an artist, and entirely dependant upon his own exertions. His family connections are unknown to you. Do you not think it policy to forget him?"

"Mr. Arabesque," she responded, her lips curling with scorn, "although your questions are impertinent, I shall reply to them. First, a man who is dependant upon his relatives to ennoble him, is but a mere cipher; but one, like Mr. Smith, who is an honor to himself, wins the admiration of all. He may be poor, for aught I know, but I, for one, have never worshiped at a golden shrine. He may not possess the boast

of heraldry and the pomp of power,' but what is far better, his every action is characteristic of the noblest nature, and his heart and mind are capable of all that is great and good in man. Having said *this* much, you will, doubtless, infer, that instead of considering it politic to forget him, I should think myself exalted beyond comparison to become his wife. You may think me unmaidenly bold for expressing myself so unreservedly, but I am sure that you are only attempting to discover the strength of my attachment for your friend."

"You can judge for yourself of my motive when I have concluded," said he, in a low voice. "You may imagine that I am endeavoring to fathom your heart for the sake of another, but you were never more mistaken. Blanche, I do love you, and never, until I met with you, had my spirit acknowledged an influence like that which you have exerted. I do not wish to draw comparisons, but you know *my* father's family; you know that I have wealth, and, moreover, you have seen the home which I would fain have you share. Give me your answer."

"I perceive that you are not acquainted with me, Mr. Arabesque," she exclaimed, with indignation, "or you would not presume to address me thus. Do you imagine, for an instant, that gold can win a heart which love has wooed?"

"Have you then thought of me in no light whatever?"

She hesitated, but he urged her to proceed.

"Candor compels me," she said, after a moment, "to say that I have never been sufficiently interested in you to form an opinion, save that you are agreeable and intelligent. One image so entirely fills my heart, that every other is banished from its precincts. I have been pleased with the attention you have shown me, and while I admit that I have been irresistibly attracted toward you, I also acknowledge that the memory of the past has been sufficiently powerful to draw me from the present. But let us return to the drawing-room, Mr. Arabesque; I fear that we shall be missed."

"And must this conversation never be resumed?"

"Never," she answered, with emphasis. "It is painful in the extreme to me, and possibly is to you. We would be happier had we never met."

"I do not think I would, Blanche; and I shall ever be grateful to you for having inspired this attachment."

"Why do you look so sad, Blanche?" exclaimed Lou, the next morning. "Has Mr. Arabesque supplanted John Smith, and do you dread making the announcement?"

"I am not in a mood for jesting," returned Blanche, her face lengthening with every word she spoke; "but I cannot refrain from grieving over an affair that occurred last night. Morgan Arabesque has offered himself, and has been——"

"Rejected?" cried Lou, in dismay.

"Yes, rejected," repeated Blanche.

"And all on account of that John Smith? Is it possible that you would refuse an Arabesque for a poor, unknown artist. Are you really in earnest?"

"I am, Lou; but, indeed, I wish you would not speak of Mr. Smith as you do. A feeling of kindness, at least, toward him, is due the affection you feel for me. He is *my* lover, and I hope you will allow that knowledge to restrain that 'unruly member,' which you persist in using so provokingly."

"Well, I suppose I oughtn't to say anything derogatory, for, of course, you are no more able to resist *his* fascinations than the timid bird is those of the cat. One thing more I must say: John Smith *shall* be supplanted, and you, as Mrs. Morgan Arabesque, shall be *my* neighbor and the leader of the ton."

"Time proves all things," Blanche responded, "and I'll wager my bracelet that Mrs. Frank Sutherland will yet be proud of an invitation to Mrs. John Smith's."

Morgan did not visit Blanche again until the evening before her departure, and then she was so surrounded by company, that it was quite late before he could speak a few words in private.

"Blanche," he whispered, "come with me into the library; I must see you alone."

Instinctively she shrank from another interview, and he, observing her reluctance, added,

"It is of my friend, John Smith, I wish to speak. I shall not farther urge my own suit."

She blushed from having misconstrued his intention, and rising, they moved into the adjoining apartment. He drew a letter from his bosom, and, having presented it, crossed the room and examined one of the marble statues it contained. With trembling hands she broke the seal of the missive, and read the few lines, which were these:

"MY DARLING BLANCHE—By the feelings which animated my own bosom, I knew that you were true to the allegiance you vowed to me three years ago. This belief has been recently substantiated, for, unknown to you, I was a witness to the scene which transpired, and a listener to every word you uttered to Morgan Arabesque,

this night one week ago. His wealth has failed to gain him an entrance into that heart, which I, poor and unnoticed, have won. He is the bearer of this and of my miniature. You loved me when I presented the bracelet, which I have since seen you wear, and let not a sight of my countenance, changed by years, cause your devotion to waver now. Two months hence I shall claim the hand you long since promised; do not hesitate, for if to consult your every wish, to love you as deeply as the heart of man is capable of loving, and to strive earnestly for your enjoyment, can make you happy, then will you be so in its fullest sense. Answer me to-night; for I anxiously await my fate.

JOHN SMITH."

Morgan came to her side and remarked,

"Miss Lesterfield, now that you have read his letter, will you see his miniature?"

He placed it in her hand, but she could scarcely hold it, she was so much excited. He took it from her, and, crossing the room, stood beneath the chandelier, and motioned her to his side. She again received it; opened the jeweled case, and saw the features it contained. She raised her head; darted an expressive glance into Morgan's face, and her eyes were filled with tears. His arm encircled her; her head rested upon his bosom, while he said roguishly,

"My wish is fulfilled; I have supplanted John Smith."

"But why did you deceive me, Morgan?"

"I did not intend to deceive you, Blanche, but becoming weary of the hypocrisy of fashionable life, I went into the country, not thinking that in its retirement I should meet with one so lovely as yourself. I assumed another name merely because my father had acquaintances in almost every section, and I did not wish to be the recipient of the attention which would naturally be paid to me from being his son. Then when I met you here in Boston, and knew that you did not recognize me, I determined to fathom your heart. But, Blanche, will you grant the request which, as John Smith, I made of you? Will you become my wife at the time I have chosen?"

Her uplifted glance was her only reply, but that was sufficient.

All of the guests had departed when Morgan took his leave. Blanche hastened up stairs, found that Lou had retired and was apparently asleep.

"Lou!" she exclaimed, gently shaking her; "are you asleep? I have something to tell you. Will you listen?"

"Why—cor-tain-ly," she answered, with a

yawn. "I'm not very sleepy, so I suppose I'll have to listen."

"Well, John Smith——"

Lou's eyes closed languidly, and her breathing assured Blanche that she was again asleep.

"Lou!" she cried, "why do you not listen? What is the matter with you?"

"Why, I feel as though I had been taking a narcotic. Oh! I remember now. You were speaking of John Smith, and that always has the effect of opium. But I can remain awake, if you'll hasten."

"Well, sit up, and let me tell you all about it. It seems almost like a dream."

"It cannot possibly be more strange than the dream I had, awhile ago," said Lou, now thoroughly aroused. "I dreamed that John Smith and Morgan Arabesque were one and the same, and that when you discovered it, you were so strong in your determination to become Mrs. Smith, that Morgan was obliged to have his name changed by the legislature, before you would marry him."

"Why, Lou! did you really dream that?" she asked, her eyes distending with surprise.

"Certainly, child. But how much of my dream is realized?"

"Not very much, I assure you. However, Morgan and John Smith *are* really the same: but I am not more proud of the name he *now* bears, than I was of the one he assumed three years ago."

"You are right in entertaining such sentiments, my dear Blanche; for it is not the name, but the virtues, which ennoble the man. If you remember the jests in which I have indulged, you will think me inconsistent; but my first glimpse of the features you thought to be John Smith's, convinced me that the name was assumed, for I recognized Morgan immediately. My earnest asseverations that he should be supplanted, were uttered with a knowledge of this fact. But when are you to be married?"

"In two months, if we can gain papa's consent, which I do not doubt. So, Lou, the programme will be reversed, and you will wait upon me, instead of I upon you. Our arrangements are not yet definite; but, of course, we will return to the city, and will attend your wedding, provided you honor the quondam Mr. Smith and lady with an invitation."

"Poor John Smith!" sighed Lou, as she turned upon her pillow.

"Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade. Where pencil and palette unhonored are laid: Blue, yellow, and green were the pictures he drew, But ne'er to the model was one of them true!"

she added, as the lids closed over her eyes.

A low, musical laugh escaped Blanche's lips, as Lou uttered her impromptu parody; but all else was soon forgotten in her thoughts of Morgan.

The weeks sped away until two months were counted, and the moon rose bright and beautiful upon the evening of Blanche Lesterfield's bridal. During the day Glenwood had been all excitement, and Lou, like a restless bird, had been flitting from one apartment into another, seeing that nothing was left undone which wealth and taste could accomplish. But now all the arrangements were complete, and Blanche stood attired in her bridal robes. A dress of exquisite lace fell in fleecy folds around the slender form; pearls gleamed upon the snowy neck and

rounded arms, and amidst the golden ringlets which shaded so sweetly the beaming countenance. As she turned from the mirror, Morgan entered, radiant with happiness, and Lou, clasping Blanche's hand, approached him, saying,

"Allow me to introduce Mrs. John Smith."

"Mrs. Arabesque, if you please," he returned, with a smile.

An hour later, and Morgan Arabesque and Blanche Lesterfield were united for life.

A month after, Lou, too, was married.

The two friends continue to live in the closest intimacy. Often, however, Lou reproaches Blanche for having allowed her old lover to be supplanted, and even to this day persists in addressing her as MRS. JOHN SMITH.

UNDER THE APPLE-TREES.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

UNDER the cold, bare apple-trees,
That stiffen in the Winter rain,
I wonder, in such days as these,
How they can ever bloom again.

Where, in these boughs so dark and dull,
So shaken by the tempest's strife—
Where sleeps the wondrous principle,
The mystery that we call life?

How would our hearts with awe stand still,
Should it leap forth with sudden spring,
And, in one hour, these bare twigs all
With heaps of rosy blossoming!

How lifeless seems the frozen sod,
Which the cold rain incessant wets!
What, if, to-night, the breath of God
Should cover it with violets!

Yet none the less that now it sleeps,
The vital principle, next Spring,
Will crown with violets all the steeps,
And flush the trees with blossoming.

Thus there are times, oh! pitying God!
When, shivering in care's bitter breeze,
Life seems as barren as the sod—
And naked as the apple-trees!

Day after day of frost and rime,
Long, long and wearily we wait;
Yet none the less, in God's own time,
His goodness He will vindicate.

No less for Winter, Spring will bloom;
No less, that long He tarrieth,
Brightness shall be evoked from gloom,
Beauty from dust, and life from death!

LOVE'S FLEETING DREAM IS O'ER.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

ALAS! alas! my fleeting dream
Of hope and love is o'er,
And never can the hand of time
Its visions bright restore!
But though all links are sunder'd now,
That bound my soul to thine,
Yet shall my broken heart e'er be
Thy memory's mournful shrine.

My sorrow, pain, and anguish seeks
No unfrequented spot;
For every scene a desert is
Where thou, loved one, art not.
And if sweet Nature smiles in glee,
And all is bright and fair:
I commune with my stricken heart,
And feel thou art not there.

I bow no more at beauty's shrine,
For me all charms are vain;
The heart that truly, fondly loves,
Can never love again.
The witching smile, the form of grace
I pass unheeded by;
For in the quiet of the tomb—
With thee—my hopes do lie.

Life now, to me, hath not one joy,
Since thou hast ceased to be;
The grave hath closed between our loves;
And what remains for me,
But in my heart to cherish fast
The memories of past years,
And give to thee, beside thy grave,
The offering of my tears?

DR. BOLTWOOD'S OFFER.

BY CAROLINE S. WHITMARSH.

CHAPTER I.

"GOOD-MORNING, father!"

Old Mr. Luyster kept on reading his newspaper, and made no reply.

"I said, 'Good-morning.'"

"Well, you haven't been out of town, I suppose, since yesterday?"

"Indeed I have," laughed Lettie, never at loss for a good-natured evasion, "I have traveled into the land of sleep and dreams."

"Sleep and dreams!" contemptuously.

So Lettie wandered into the adjoining parlor, divided from this by folding-doors, and paused before a large engraving of Raphael's "Transfiguration." Raphael might have painted her, as she stood with hands folded in awe, and face aglow with pleasure; a creature made of flame and flowers, full of gentleness and purity, full of spirit and courage.

Heavy hands fell at length on Lettie's shoulders, and an unexpected salute brought the color to her cheeks. "A penny for your thoughts, Let."

"Is it you, cousin Sam? Good-morning!"

"That is not telling your thought."

"Beg your pardon—it is; I 'thought' you were civil;" but her smiling eyes softened the while as she added, "Does no one in this house say good-morning?"

"Ne'er an one. It isn't our way. Cannot we take for granted that we have each other's good wishes?"

"Oh! but it's a pleasure to begin the day with a smile and a civil word: do not you think so?"

"Too much humbug of that kind, Let. We must show our friendship by deeds not words;" and Dr. Boltwood looked at the engraving with quiet satisfaction. "What were you thinking of so intently when I came in?"

"The divineness of this picture. I had altogether forgotten that it was only a bit of paper, and dreamed I was looking through a 'window in the wall' which opened out toward heaven."

Sam laughed derisively, but with pleasure in his face; the engraving was his, and had been framed and hung in secret anticipation of Lettie's return. He did not, however, confess to the kindness. It was not his way.

"Oh, Sam!" and she did not know that she

laid her little hand on the arm of the rough, young giant beside her, "isn't it wonderful that a few lines and curves like these can fill us with such unspeakable delight?—can give such satisfaction and suggestion, and put a new heart in us, and lift up all our being as if with immortal wings? This is so unlike the pictures in uncle William's parlor, with their heavy gilded frames, and their nice fitting into the panels; they are only stylish furniture."

"And this?"

"You know very well," and, turning her face toward him, Lettie saw how Sam was watching her with his deep eyes. "It is beauty, teaching, inspiration, courage, faith, everything super-human and divine!"

"Then you are glad to be home?"

"Ye—es."

"Cordial, upon my word!"

"Perhaps I am a little homesick, but it will pass. Don't laugh: and I may own that at uncle's they are very polite, and very gracious and tender to each other, and to me; I miss already, here, those gentle amenities of every day life."

"You are weak, Lettie."

"Am I, sir doctor? and yet I left uncle's home and came hither voluntarily, and against their wishes, as you know."

"You couldn't have expected to find court etiquette in this house."

"No, cousin, but I knew you led earnest, useful lives. I was heartily tired of being a fine lady, and preferred coming home to help lighten the cares of my nearer kindred."

"And teach them etiquette, I suppose?"

"Teach them to let the light shine which is in their good hearts: I would gladly do this. How can I?"

"Don't ask me. I have no faith in making broad one's phylacteries."

"You would have, could you guess how the want of these phylacteries of kindness strikes a stranger."

"For instance?"

"When I reached Boston, yesterday, at dark, and stepped out into the great chill, smoky station, I felt it was almost rudeness that no one had come to meet me."

"You are weak, Lettie; or do you need

valerian? Pray, did not the cabman find Tremont street easily enough?"

"Yes; but that wasn't finding me a cordial welcome after I had been absent sixteen months."

"And then how you must have been disgusted to find no Wilton carpets, oil paintings, damask sofas, and nicknacks generally—poor little Lettie!"

"You provoke me to own that I was disappointed; you remember uncle's house, now look about this room!"

"I thought you disliked finery."

"Hush! father will hear! I like good taste and an air of comfort. See those six vases on the mantle-shelf, three even pairs; then that old colored engraving of Jacob and his Children, it never looked so yellow before; and that dolorous Art-Union picture of Signing the Death-Warrant; and that closed window-blind, all cobwebby in the corner; and these plants, that look as if they had frozen once a week, all winter long."

"The arbutalon doesn't."

"You know among all flowers, I dislike arbutalons worst. Look at it, so tall the head bends against the ceiling; a spindling maple-tree hung with bits of beefsteak."

Sam laughed. "Give your mother that description: the arbutalon is her pride and joy."

"So much the worse for me since I must hide my disgust. Now keep my counsel, Sam, for I've only confessed because you are not one of the family, and are not responsible for these things I mean to change."

"There it is, fashionable hypocrisy and politeness! But come, Let, breakfast is ready."

CHAPTER II.

WITH an unnecessary rattling of chairs and dishes, as it seemed to Lettie, the family seated themselves at table. It was a bountiful repast, but the table-cloth was not smooth; the dishes were set awry; the silver needed polishing. Each one helped himself with little regard to his neighbor: and she missed the attentive waiter at her uncle's table.

There were Ben, Ned, and Freddy, eating as for a wager; there was Sallie, the younger, who pouted because she had no appetite, and Mary, the elder sister, and heiress, who sat next cousin Sam, and upon whom cousin Sam smiled, with a design, the family thought. There was papa, a little petulant that his meat had cooled while he carved for the rest; and Mrs. Luyster, pale and anxious, pouring coffee, hushing disputes, and apologizing.

"Won't you hand me the salt?" said Ben, the eldest boy—the first word he had deigned to address to his sister.

"Certainly, Benny; and will you hand me the bread, please?"

"No bread please here!" And Benny went on eating.

"Well, brother, please hand me the bread, then."

"I'm no more your well brother than Ned is." And still Ben went on eating.

"Benjamin! aren't you ashamed? Pass your sister the bread."

This command from the mother sent the bread plate toward Lettie's side of the table, with a shove that upset pepper-box and salt, and well-nigh upset Lettie's equanimity. "Better a dinner of herbs," she thought, in bitterness of spirit; "I forgot they were such young heathens; but I can bear it, and, perhaps, tame them."

Wholly unconscious of what was occurring, or too accustomed to such scenes for giving them a thought, the young doctor looked, by chance, toward his cousin.

"Why, Lettie, you are eating no breakfast. What's the matter?—homesick?" His words were daggers; and, reader, though you be formed of less gentle stuff, do not call Lettie weak. "Is there anything this way that you'd like?"

"Yes, thank you; the buckwheat cakes."

"There are no *cakes* here, there's only one." The family spell was upon him; but he lifted the plate, and Lettie responded, smiling,

"I meant the two halves of this one."

"Have some water?" asked a voice at Lettie's elbow.

"Thank you."

The three boys dropped their knives and laughed outright.

"It's Kate."

"I know it. Why should not Kate be thanked as well as my brother Ben?"

"I don't want your thanks."

"Ben! hold your tongue!" from papa.

"Really, Lettie, the boys do not usually behave in this manner," said Mrs. Luyster; but it was not many moments ere she was moved to apologize again.

And so the breakfast began and proceeded.

And this was *home*.

CHAPTER III.

LETTIE LUYSTER was not a girl to sit down and pine over the inevitable, nor submit to others' "ways," when she knew they were wrong.

Breakfast over, she assumed her mother's usual task of washing the cups, and, bribing Freddy to go to the apothecary's for some silver-soap, scoured and polished till the spoons and forks shone resplendently.

"What are you doing, Letitia?" her father asked, as he bustled through the room. "What's that? Some kind of poisonous acid in it, I'll be bound! And have not you sense enough to know it must wear out silver to scrub it often?"

"I wonder if it wears out one's temper, or only toughens it, to live with angels so disguised as you?" was Lettie's wicked thought as she rubbed on.

Then the parlor blind was dusted and opened, not soon to close again; and four of the six vases were taken away from the mantle, and, to Lettie's wonder, her mother said,

"I have not forgotten how you dislike arbutals; this shall be moved to-morrow to the upper hall."

"Let us have it moved now!" And Lettie flew to the kitchen for Kate. "And take all the others, Kate, while you are about it." So the withered herbs went.

"Oh! but Jacob and his Children!" That belonged to Mary, the heiress, and had hung here for time immemorial. A bright thought struck Lettie. Repairing to a room which the sisters occupied together, she drew from behind her trunk a large portfolio.

"What in the world is that?" asked sister Mary.

"A collection of engravings which uncle gave me. We will look them over, some time. There is one of Peter the Great, that is ever so much like cousin Sam."

"Let us look them over now." And as Lettie unfastened the strap, Mary glanced in her face a little nervously. Why should she notice resemblances to cousin Sam?

"It is his living image. It might have been drawn for him!" the heiress exclaimed, in delight.

"You are welcome to the engraving, if you care for it enough to buy a frame."

Ah! wicked Lettie! to work upon her weakness!

"They cost so much, sister. You remember I paid seven dollars for the frame to Jacob and his Children."

"Let us unframe that for awhile, and place Peter in its stead."

"Unframe Jacob! Why, only last week aunt Merry's dog barked at that picture, it was so like life."

Lettie did not blame the dog, but said meekly, as she replaced the engraving,

"I only supposed you'd like a variety; and then it would please Sam."

"I wonder if he would recognize the likeness?" So Mary yielded, and Jacob never hung upon the Luyster's walls again; and, to the heiress' delight, aunt Merry's dog barked at Peter, the next time he came, just as violently as he had at the patriarch.

CHAPTER IV.

"Ah! cousin Sam!" said Lettie, as at noon the young physician bustled hurriedly through the hall, and threw open the parlor door.

"You here, Lettie? Is dinner ready?"

"I don't know, I am sure."

"Mary would know."

"Then I should think you would ask her."

"What's the matter? You are very cross—homesick still?"

"No, Sam; only a little tired."

"Tired! You should have driven twenty miles, stopped at a dozen or two of houses, puzzled out means to soothe a full score of whimsical women."

"And one cross one!"

"I shall take her in hand next. What is the dear pet tired with?"

"Why, Dr. Boltwood, is the word *dear* in your vocabulary?"

Lettie was thoroughly amused.

"For purposes of ridicule!" But that deep look came for a second in his eyes.

"Please your majesty, I have been reforming these parlors from barbarism into semi-civilization. Raphael deserved better surroundings."

Those last words checked the sneer which rose to his lips. Ah! cousin Sam, with your great mace of argument and dogmatism, beware of Lettie's sharp-edged scimitar of tact!

"It is lighter here. Where are the mantle vases gone?"

"I put four in the other parlor. I do not like to see all the ornaments of the house crowded into one room, and the rest bare; as if it were merely for display and not enjoyment."

"You are right, Lettie!" in a tone as if he kept the seal of the books of right and wrong.

She followed up her advantage quickly.

"What beautiful shapes those antique vases have! I am charmed with them. Where were they purchased, I wonder?"

"At the Crystal Palace, in New York. I

admire them, though Mary differs. She says they are too much like red flower-pots."

"Only in the texture, and finer at that. But are they yours, cousin Sam?—then I am so glad!"

The doctor was taken by surprise, confused, and yet aroused to opposition. Had this little, penniless cousin flown to the conclusion that she could appropriate him—Dr. Boltwood—with twenty thousand dollars left by his grandmother, and, and—

"Because you are good-natured, and will let me try an experiment with them."

"Yes, I don't care." How tumbled down his castle in the air!

"I will sketch them all over with antique devices, with eagle-headed gods, and wreaths of lotus, and fill the spaces with ivory-black. You'll think your vases have stood in the palaces of Pharaoh, and will thank me on your knees. But, since you are so kind, I will go and hurry Kate about the dinner."

Somehow the room appeared colder to Dr. Boltwood as Lettie vanished. He drew near the hearth, where a bountiful wood fire blazed. Who kindled it, he wondered. There had been no wood fires since Lettie went hence, a year and a half ago. He looked about the expensively, but stiffly furnished room. Each object seemed to have lost a little of its weight, and gained a curve or two, and a home-like glow. He wished the heiress were more like this little Lettie.

"There, I have caught you, old gentleman!" said a voice. "I've watched, while you sat entranced, and I could see in your eyes, mouth, forehead, in your very whiskers, that you were charmed with all my improvements."

"Charmed! But how she desires to please me!" thought Dr. Boltwood.

"Confess now. Doesn't the room look better?"

"Did I deny it?"

"As fully as you could without speaking an untruth."

"The room looks very well, you little goose; yes, looks better, a great deal better, than ever before. But don't expect me to lavish compliments, Lettie; for it is not my way."

"Thanks for your gracious concession; and there is the dinner-bell. Let us go."

"Go first."

"I'd rather not. You put your arm about me, yesterday, as I went 'first;' and I don't like men's arms around my waist, thank you!"

The most puzzling "case" on your list, today—isn't she, Dr. Boltwood?

CHAPTER V.

LETTIE's labors had their compensation. Partial if not full success, and faint if not cordial sympathy, cheered her heart every day. Papa liked to read his papers before the bright wood fire, and cousin Sam to sit there when he hurried home, tired and cold, at night. Mrs. Luyster, every morning, rejoiced in the shining silver, and sister Mary in the more decorous deportment of the boys, among whom Lettie had become a favorite. Now and then a "Thank you," or "Good-morning," might be heard in the house, but spoken as if with shame, and addressed only to herself.

But there were better compensations than these mere surface changes of her own working. There were the large and constantly replenished library, the earnest plans for benevolence or improvement, the visits of sensible men and women, the table strewn daily with papers and magazines, the newest and the best, and now that Lettie had come, with prints, photographs, and natural curiosities. All these she had missed and bewailed amid the satin and rose-wood splendors of her uncle's mansion.

And still, still Lettie was a rose among nettles; and of all who should discern the fact, Dr. Boltwood was the man, and half-resolved to rescue her.

Yet it had so long been understood that the estates, which Mary and himself had inherited from their grandmother, should remain undivided, wouldn't it answer as well to wed the heiress, and invite Lettie to their home?

And yet again, had not Lettie a will of her own, and charms of her own? She might marry some one else—the little mischief! he half-believed himself in love with her!

So Lettie came and dusted the mantle-shelf, and then took the New York Tribune and an easy-chair.

"How many times have you dusted that shelf to-day, Let?"

"Six or eight," quietly.

"Why don't you fret at your father and me for stirring the brands so often? You're a good-natured little thing!"

"Am I? We ought to be good-natured: that's no great virtue. Have you read this speech of —? Why, how you are looking at me!"

"I've a great mind——"

Lettie saw a blow was to be parried.

"It is a good mind, maybe; but do you think it so very 'great?'"

"Then I have a good mind to ask you to come and dust the mantle-shelves in my home and be patient with me, charm me 'out of barbarism

into semi-civilization,' and make everything about us glow and shine with your sorcery, cousin Let, and——"

"Oh! do stop to take breath!" she exclaimed, with impatient pity. "You are not in earnest," and, looking in his eyes, "I would not be, cousin Sam."

"Why not? But I will, and I am. I don't care for Mary's twenty thousand dollars."

"Care a little for her heart, for her long-cherished expectations."

"Long-cherished nonsense! You cannot buy love—I do not love her—and I love you dearly. Now what should be the result?"

"That I am heartily sorry. I am not of Mary's opinion, and disapprove of the marriage of cousins."

"Oh! if that's all!"

"It isn't."

"Well?"

"I don't love you."

"Why do you not love me?" and he stood before her, "Peter the Great," in his strength and beauty.

"Because I'd rather have you for my cousin—because I never thought of loving you—because you are rough as a burr-thistle and cannot learn 'my way.'"

"You will teach me your way."

"Teach a hawk to coo like a dove?"

"Yes, you can do even that; and you will be my wife, Lettie Luyster."

As Dr. Boltwood left the room, Lettie stirred the brands mechanically—dusted the mantle; and then sank back in her easy-chair, covered her face, and cried.

CHAPTER VI.

As weeks passed on, Lettie's prospects became more troubled. Her best ally was now a harassing foe. Mary was jealous and unhappy. The fire had gone out on the parlor hearth.

Most annoying of all was Sam's pertinacity. That a woman so gentle could be firm—that a woman so poor could resist his fortune, and a woman so forlorn his love, was past belief. He argued till she was angry—he besieged her with favors and gifts till she wounded him by refusals—he prophesied and threatened till, against all reason, Lettie was alarmed.

In this condition of events, she was one day reading. Dr. Boltwood seated himself beside her; Lettie moved sufficiently to make room for the big Newfoundland dog on the sofa between them.

"Get away, Shag," said Sam, impatiently.

"Ah, let him stay! Shag is a good friend of mine."

"Stay, Shag—I envy you!"

"You needn't, cousin. I love you a thousand times better than all the dogs that ever barked; only there are varieties in love; and if you were the last man on earth——"

"Nonsense! I beg your pardon, Lettie, but I believe you are enamored of Mr. Cuyler."

"Yes—I am."

"You are not. He is old, odd, cross, and has seven children."

"And an establishment, and will die soon, and——"

"I do not think we should jest on serious subjects."

"No; nor provoke our cousins to such sin. Do, Sam, be your sober, sensible self once more. I used to enjoy you and be proud of you, and delight in thinking of you as my brother. There's the door-bell!"

"Why do you start so nervously?"

"I don't know. There is something mysterious about door-bells: there's a string in our hearts that vibrates to them at times."

Sam would have contradicted her and sneered, had not certain strings of his own heart vibrated at Lettie's ringing at the door.

"I am sure it is a guest I shall be glad to see."

"And I as sure you are wrong. Dr. Perry agreed to call for me at this hour, to consult regarding——"

A stranger was ushered into the room, and the quick color came to Lettie's cheeks. Away flew Shag; and Dr. Boltwood rubbed his eyes, to be sure it was Lettie clasped in the stranger's arms.

"Affectionate, upon my word!" he ejaculated.

"Forgive us, cousin Sam; and let me introduce you to Mr. Hartley, my uncle's ward, and——"

"And?" repeated Sam, anxiously, as he bowed to the stranger.

"And one who anticipates the honor of being your cousin. Will you shake hands and congratulate me, Dr. Boltwood?"

"From my soul! But, Lettie, you should have told me;" and Peter the Great left the room.

And I do not know what they said thereafter, nor why Shag was left on the door-mat; nor why, when Lettie invited the stranger to the tea-table, the boys thought her cheeks so red; nor why, for all Sam stayed away so long that night, the stranger and Lettie were still by the parlor fire when he returned.

He was passing up stairs, when a voice arrested him: "We have waited purposely to keep up a fire for you, cousin Sam; and we wish to consult you regarding our plans. I have been telling Mr. Hartley how much I depend upon your judgment."

"Very probably!" But he suffered Lettie to lead him back to the parlor by that small hand, which he fancied could lead him through life; and from whose gentle sway he would, in six months, have broken loose. For after twenty-five, a man's nature does not often begin to refine; if rude at twenty, he is at forty boorish; at sixty, tyrannical; and at eighty, life by his side will be no heaven.

And yet there is always a certain sweetness along with strength, the sweet nut inside of the chestnut-burr. When Lettie asked Dr. Boltwood's forgiveness for having deceived him, he confessed he had no right to her secrets; and that his had been all the treachery in forsaking her sister.

"And now let me make acquaintance with this new cousin. Had you been more confiding, Lettie, I might have entertained you with certain good deeds of his."

"Dear, generous soul! What were they?"

"See how she wheedles one, Mr. Hartley. She has tamed me as they do a young lion. But were not you the ward who saved my uncle from failure, the panic year, by placing your fortune at his disposal?"

"Let us forget by-gones," said Hartley, laughing. "Your uncle had been more than a father to me."

"And were not you the young lawyer who won that famous railroad case, a year ago?"

"Just before I went abroad? I suppose so. It was a piece of very good luck."

"Lettie, you are a fortunate girl; but there is not a man on this round earth worthy of her, Mr. Hartley!"

"Don't I know it?"

"Let us be married on the same day, I to Mary, and——"

"Oh! by all means," said Lettie.

"Only do not wait too long!" said Mr. Hartley.

"So this explains her refusal of my offer!" mused Dr. Boltwood, as Lettie accompanied her lover to the door.

THE SNOW.

BY SARAH E. JUDSON.

O'er the woodland and the town
Fast the snow is settling down;
O'er the graves, beneath the hill,
It is floating white and still.

There is one who's sleeping there,
She was young and very fair;
But they laid her long ago
In that grave beneath the snow.

Mourn we for her, that she lies
With folded hands and fast closed eyes—
Oh! a mournful watch we keep,
When the darkness groweth deep,

Settling in the valley lone,
Round that cold grave, and that white stone,
There, through all the Summer hours,
Bloomed and faded sweet, wild flowers.

The Autumn leaves fell o'er that grave
In many a gold and crimson wave.
Now lightly drift, oh! spotless snow!
O'er the quiet dust below.

Gently throw thy mantle cold
O'er the damp and heavy mould,
Till the young Spring violets wake,
And leaves in the Summer breezes shake.

HOPELESS.

BY MIRIAM CLYDE.

I FEEL that all the flowers of life
Have faded in my grasp—
And now but dead and dying stalks
My weary fingers clasp.

I raise them to my quivering lips,
I press them to my heart—
But oh! no freshness there I find,
No dewy perfumes start

From out their dreary, blackened depths,
And so I loose my hold,
And let them moulder into dust—
Their little story told.

While I go on to tread a path
By fruits and flowers unblest,
With ceaseless, aching sense of pain
That will not let me rest.

BOB THORNE'S TUTOR.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

MABEL THORNE sat crying in her room; moaning and sobbing so piteously, that had any person been there to see, he must have had a very stony heart indeed, if he could have refused to essay every means of consolation possible to offer.

But she was all alone in her sorrow, unless the mocking-bird in the balcony could have been counted a companion—a very unsympathizing one he proved at all events. The creature had been Mabel's pet for months, she had fed him with her own pretty fingers, been bitten by him without a murmur, done everything in her power to make him happy; and now, in her distress, the ungrateful little monster only piped up more vigorously than usual, and, into the bargain, amused himself by mimicking each prolonged sob in the most ludicrous manner.

Mabel really felt that his ingratitude was too much to bear, in addition to the troubles upon her, and she rose with a good deal of irritation and banished him into a dark room, the bird giving a final crow like an immense Shanghai rooster as the door closed upon him, probably by way of showing her that he was not conquered, even if he was reduced to silence.

Mabel went back to have her cry out in solitude. She was a long time about it; every effort she made to compose herself was followed by a severer burst of passionate tears; and, at last, there was nothing for it but to lie down on the bed and sob herself to sleep as fast as possible.

Now I am not laughing at the girl, she was really suffering greatly, and yet I cannot help smiling as I recall her afflictions.

Mabel Thorne was in love—what a horrible expression! but it is too late in the month to hunt about for words—she was very young, she had just been separated from the man to whom she had given her girlish affections and fancies, and it seemed to her now that the only thing left for her was to die.

At that phrase, or the state of feeling which it describes, we all begin to draw down the corners of our mouths; and yet it is a painful sight to watch any young person bowed under the tempest of a first sorrow, and sincerely believing that its suffering and darkness must be eternal.

We who have lived past several such tempests—not that we are old, either of us, dear reader, heaven forbid! but then we have lived long enough to learn that the clouds will break away at last, the sun come out again, and in time the whole world go on just as well as it did before.

It is a miserable truth, but it is one nevertheless, that hearts are more like bakers' pies than anything in the world, gutta-percha sort of affairs, and capable of supporting as many crosses as a cranberry tart.

But this is all very wrong. I really had no intention of saying disagreeable things: and I promise now to confine myself wholly to Mabel Thorne, and the recital of her troubles and after destiny.

Mabel had a younger brother preparing for college; and about six months before the opening of this narrative, he had been taken from under the care of his old teachers, and brought home to be finished up by a tutor.

Mr. Thorne, the father, had found an immense deal of difficulty in providing himself with a bear leader for his cub. Half a dozen of the creatures had been tried in turn, and so unsatisfactory had their residence in the house proved, that Mabel, in common with the rest of the family, had decided that the whole race were an abomination in the sight of man, and of angels too, unless they are much more forbearing than could reasonably be expected even of seraphic natures.

There really seemed nothing for it but to send Master Bob ignominiously back to school, where he was certain to get into more scrapes, and commit more sins than could be settled or atoned for in a score of years. At the last moment, however, fate interposed, preserved scapegrace Bob from ferules and birches, and put matters to rights for a time, at least. Fate, in this case, assumed the shape of a fussy old friend of Mr. Thorne, who wrote him that he had found a tutor eligible in all respects, who would be sent on the very next day.

"What is his name, father?" asked Bob.

"Walter Lathrop," replied the paternal, referring to the letter.

Mabel heard and smiled approvingly—such a

sweet name—the last tutor had been named Jenkins and squinted dreadfully; the one previous had worn blue spectacles; another took snuff; a fourth snuffled, and so on through a catalogue of horrors frightful to the eyes of Mabel as the apparitions of Banquo's crowned progeny were to Macbeth.

"I hope he don't squint," she sighed, piteously.

"So do I," said Bob; "I hate a fellow that does that; spectacles are worse though, for then you can't tell when the old muff has got his eyes on you."

That sentiment was instantly frowned down by the elders; even Mabel was condemned to silence while Mr. Thorne and his better half discussed the merits of the new tutor.

"I see but one difficulty," Mrs. Thorne said, "he is very young; only twenty-five."

Mabel nearly sprang out of her chair with delight. The others had all been rusty old bachelors, who dodged behind a Greek lexicon every time she approached; but a man of twenty-five—oh, delicious!

"I am inclined to think that will prove no objection," returned Mr. Thorne; while Mabel listened eagerly, pretending all the while to be greatly interested in her embroidery. "The young gentleman will have more influence from that very fact—Robert will find him a companion."

Bob put out his lips, and forthwith began devising all sorts of modes of torture for the unfortunate creature, looking as innocent as a spring chicken nevertheless.

The discussion went on; so did the day, and both ended at last. The next morning, a carriage drove up to the house, and Walter Lathrop made his appearance, having arrived by the early train.

Mabel did not meet him until dinner time; but she had watched him for a full hour from her chamber window, while he walked about the lawn with Bob, and, judging from the boy's merriment, rapidly ingratiating himself into the good graces of his new pupil.

Mabel began by thinking him very unlike anything she had ever imagined in the way of a tutor. Before dinner time arrived, she had gone on to a thousand fancies not at all necessary to describe.

He was tall and slender, really handsome, and there was a certain carelessness about his dress, so well carried off by his youth and good looks, that it had quite a picturesque effect; in time it would probably settle into downright slovenliness; but Mabel did not think of that.

She conversed with him a little during the evening. He sang a tolerable tenor, played the guitar; and Mabel went to bed very indignant with the three pitiless sisters who had condemned a man like that to the profession he was obliged to follow.

Walter Lathrop succeeded admirably in making himself a favorite in the house. Before many weeks one would sooner have taken him for an intimate friend of the family, than a person engaged to perform a special duty.

Mrs. Thorne liked him because he was a believer in homœopathy, and listened with sympathy to her little ailments, at which the others always laughed. He knew an immense deal about Hahnemann, understood the mystery of the small globules, and agreed with her likewise in her peculiar theories upon a variety of subjects.

Mr. Thorne was satisfied with him, because Bob seemed doing well in his studies; and besides, Walter played a capital game of chess—the womenkind had been too stupid to learn. So the young tutor, as I said, ended before long by becoming a general favorite.

There appeared no objection to his practicing with Mabel. Mrs. Thorne liked to hear them sing together; the father considered her a mere child still, and nobody dreamed that anything of consequence could come out of so innocent a matter, unless it might be improvement in Mabel's voice.

Two middle-aged heads ought to have been wiser, for what can be more dangerous than long hours over a piano-forte, the songs with their suggestive titles, and all the little intimacies that must unavoidably spring up? But the thought never occurred either to the father or mother, and the consequence was—you know what, girls—just the prettiest little romance two young people ever encountered.

Walter Lathrop was a man of sufficient talent and good acquirements. There was not so much at the bottom as one might have expected from the showy exterior; his attainments were rather brilliant than solid. He was undoubtedly indolent, not accustomed to deep thought upon any subject, and, from that very fact, as likely to be led into indiscretions and wrong doing as a man of worse principles, but more systematic habits.

I do not suppose he thought he was doing anything wrong in falling in love with Mabel Thorne; I do him the justice to believe that he did not put her sixty thousand dollars and his poverty into the consideration. The truth was, he had a weakness for falling in love—a very

contemptible one undoubtedly, yet exceedingly pleasant let wise people say what they please.

Mabel had no failing of the sort. She had been educated at home under the care of an admirable woman, who had seen fit to die something less than a year before, at the very time when Mabel most needed her wisdom and example; for Mrs. Thorne was so occupied with her ailments and her hatred of allopathy, that she had little thought to spend upon her daughter, especially as she openly laughed at Hahnemann and despised sugar pills. Owing to the fact that she was innocent of boarding-school friends and sensation novels, Mabel was not so well informed as she might have been upon a variety of subjects, and she yielded herself to a pleasant dream without reflecting upon it either way.

The time came when sighs and whispers grew more eloquent, when life changed wholly to the young girl: and here I am not jesting. She was an impulsive, imaginative person, and created in her mind an ideal which she clothed in the shape of Walter Lathrop, and worshiped believing it to be him. It was romance with her, but not folly; she really loved, but although she was ignorant of it, not so much the man himself as the being she believed him to be.

However, putting metaphysics out of the question, she was more in earnest than was at all consistent with prudence or happiness; and no persuasions could have induced her to believe that, in ten years from that time, her whole mind would be so changed that a union with Walter Lathrop would have made the misery of her life.

I have no intention of dwelling upon that season. In spite of me I should turn it into ridicule; and as every man and woman can picture the records of that time from his or her experience, if he or she would tell the truth, I shall pass it over in silence.

Walter Lathrop had been six months in the house before the parents dreamed that their daughter was in the slightest degree interested in him. Of course the servants knew it—they know everything always—but they held their peace.

The disclosure was unexpected and unpleasant—it happened in this wise:

One bright autumn afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne went to walk in the garden; they were very good friends that day; he had forgotten his business, and she homœopathy.

They strayed along the walks quite in a lover-like fashion, discoursing of their children—they were pleased with Bob's advancement, and delighted because Mabel grew so pretty.

"A darling little puss," said Mr. Thorne.

"So different from most girls of her age," said Mrs. Thorne.

"Yes, indeed," said he; "no nonsense there."

"No nonsense there," repeated she.

As the words left the lady's lips, the couple reached a spot where they commanded a view of a rustic arbor, a little off from one of the principal paths, and they both stood cataleptic, turned to statues by the sight that met their gaze.

Upon a bench sat Mabel; at her feet knelt the handsome tutor, clasping her hand in his, and pouring out a flood of passion that would have drowned all bulwarks of prudence, which any young girl could have heaped up to stem the tide.

A stifled shriek from Mrs. Thorne—a muttered oath from the father, in spite of his church standing—a cry from Mabel—utter consternation on the part of the young man.

The scene which followed was not pleasant, but it was such an one as will occasionally take place even in well-regulated households.

Before the sun set, Lathrop had left the house in disgrace; Bob had tired himself out with fits of passion, varying from the pathetic to the outrageous; Mr. and Mrs. Thorne sat in their private room, disconsolate and crest-fallen, and Mabel, as I described several pages back, had cried herself to sleep in her chamber.

She was awakened by the doleful groans and shrieks of her bird, and rising, quite shocked at her own cruelty, set him out on the balcony, again to enjoy the sunset and make a more heartless disturbance than before.

Nobody came near her; there she sat until the bell rang for dinner, and when a servant knocked to know if she would go down—her father had sent—she turned away more broken-hearted than ever, and indignant that he could think she would taste food after an ordeal such as she had passed through.

A sleepless night and a dull morning after found her still more miserable. Her mother came up and tried consolation; Mr. Thorne ordered her down to the library, and essayed commands with no better effect than his wife's persuasions.

Lathrop had gone; where, Mabel did not know. She was quite certain that no letters from him would be allowed to reach her, that every movement would be watched, and she could do nothing but give way to her wretchedness, and increase it, as people always do suffering, by thinking of nothing else from morning till night.

Several weeks passed, and Mabel's health had suffered so much, that her parents were glad to compromise matters, and, at least, restore their own affection and kindness.

The house was dreary enough; Mabel went about like a restless ghost; she put back her curls and only wore the most melancholy sort of braids; she had managed to get a troublesome cough from much sitting at open windows and incessant watching of the moon.

Mr. Thorne grew alarmed at her state. He really believed the girl would fret herself into consumption—something must be done, that was certain—he was quite ready to offer every sort of consolation, except the one which would have been effectual.

But Mabel was indifferent to every project, resigned to anything that might be proposed; she sighed at the idea of amusement, and shuddered at the gayety of a winter in town.

"We will go South, if you like," Mr. Thorne said, "and spend a season at New Orleans."

"Whatever you please," replied Mabel, meekly.

"Would you rather go than stay here?"

"Just as you think best," she answered, with the same angelic submission and sweetness.

Mr. Thorne was irritated beyond all endurance; but it was no time for reproaches or lectures—the girl must be humored and coaxed back to her senses. Mrs. Thorne was not a very judicious assistant in an affair like that; she fretted a great deal, bothered Mabel with sugar pills and small pellets, but I am not aware that the doses helped her either in mind or body.

At last it was decided that Mr. Thorne and Mabel should go South for the winter; Mrs. Thorne had a fancy that the climate was bad for the health, and concluded to remain at home. It was just as well, for her little peculiarities irritated the girl in the morbid state into which she had fallen.

During the journey, and after their arrival at New Orleans, Mr. Thorne did his best to amuse and rouse her, but his efforts succeeded very slowly. They had a large circle of friends in the gay city, and Mabel went out a great deal; she believed herself a martyr to her father's wishes, but it often happened that she enjoyed a ball in spite of herself, though she always did an extra amount of repining the next day by way of penance for the sin of forgetting her troubles for an instant.

She thought and dreamed of Lathrop incessantly; it seemed to her that she would willingly have given life itself to see him once

more. She fancied his distress—he would do something desperate—commit suicide, perhaps! She never picked up a newspaper without a shudder, expecting to find the young man's name down in the catalogue of deaths by miserable accident or self-destruction. The terrible tidings never met her eye, however; his name did not reach her in any way. If Mr. Thorne knew anything of his whereabouts, the information was carefully concealed from Mabel.

The winter passed on. Carnival was almost over, and people were crowding as much amusement as possible into the remaining days of enjoyment, before resigning themselves to the sack-cloth and ashes of a penitential Lent.

Mabel was sitting in her chamber, one morning, weary with the fatigues of a ball, and altogether as disconsolate as one of Miss Landon's heroines. The door opened unexpectedly, and Mr. Thorne entered the room, with a very singular expression upon his face—anxiety and sympathy were apparent, but under all was a certain subdued satisfaction which would break out in spite of his self-control.

Mabel looked up languidly, and replied to his inquiries after her health, rather wondering at his unusual solicitude. They conversed a little, but Mr. Thorne was so preoccupied that it struck her at last, and she turned toward him with a nervous sort of animation.

"Have you letters from home?" she asked.

"No; I expect to hear from your mother to-morrow," he replied. "I have news from the North, however."

His tone was so singular that she began to tremble with a vague anxiety; she had grown so irritable that the least thing excited and disturbed her.

"What do you mean, father?" she inquired, hastily.

Mr. Thorne went up to her and put his arm caressingly about her waist, while she looked into his face, so pale and trembling, that he pitied her.

"I have heard something that you ought to know," he said, slowly; "you will bear it best from me; but, Mabel, dear, be a sensible girl, and—"

She started from him and stood staring at him, appalled by the horrible fear which had lain at her heart for weeks, and now grew almost into a certainty.

"Mabel!" he exclaimed, alarmed at her appearance, and moving toward her.

She put out her hand to keep him back, and cried out in a hollow voice,

"I know what it is—Walter Lathrop is dead!

Are you satisfied now? He is dead—let me die too!”

She was in distress too terrible to think of romance or tragedy, but her manner and her fancies so vexed her father, that he forgot all his sympathy, and answered bluntly,

“Don’t be a fool, child! I’ll risk that young scape-grace’s dying for twenty girls.”

“He is ill, suffering——”

“Dence a bit! My dear, he is married.”

He was sorry for his cruelty the moment the words had left his lips. Mabel’s face grew whiter, her hands shut convulsively, and she fell onto the sofa, neither fainting nor in tears, but trembling so violently that she could not support herself.

Mr. Thorne was thoroughly frightened, and as fussy as any man who finds himself in a predicament where he does not know what must be done next.

“I don’t believe it,” were Mabel’s first words. “You have tortured me enough—the proofs, the proofs!”

Unfortunately for Mabel they were such as were indisputable; there was nothing left but to call up her pride and bear it as well as she could.

She left her father abruptly and went away to her bed-room. Probably all that she had before suffered appeared slight, indeed, compared to the anguish of that hour. She had sense enough to keep it to herself; but Mabel Thorne was not a goose—she still made excuses for Lathrop in her own mind, yet she would have despised herself had she permitted her thoughts to dwell upon his memory as she had before done.

Mr. Thorne, little skilled in the mysteries of female nature, was astonished to meet her in the evening quiet and becomingly dressed—really making a strong effort to conceal her pain; he had expected a course of nervous fever, at the very least.

Neither that nor sickness of any sort followed. They finished their visit, and when spring came returned home. Mabel was greatly altered, there was no denying that; the playful light-heartedness of girlhood was gone, but the ordeal had done her good in many other respects.

She did her best to appear cheerful and happy; she could not endure the idea now of being pitied, and not the slightest allusion to Walter Lathrop ever passed her lips.

Mr. Thorne began to feel a good deal of respect for the girl, and, according to my view of the case, she deserved it. Everybody knows

that what is called a first love is, nine times in ten, a sentiment that could not bring us lasting happiness; nevertheless it is a hard thing for any young creature to relinquish such a dream: very much that is beautiful and bright goes with it—life can never give back the feelings that were wrested from the heart during that season; but, after all, it does people good, makes them tougher and stronger, and, like the measles or the whooping-cough, it had better come early in life than wait till mature age and so be dangerous.

The summer passed—it was a dreary one to Mabel—and the following winter found them settled in New York. Mabel might have been quite a belle, only she cared little about it; although, to please her father, she went out a great deal.

One of the most frequent visitors at the house was a Mr. Bradley, a sensible, wealthy man, who had possibly seen his thirty-fifth birthday, but had, by no means, settled in absolute old bachelordom on that account.

He loved Mabel sincerely, and toward spring he asked her father’s permission to address her—greatly to Mr. Thorne’s satisfaction. The avowal was unexpected to Mabel, but she could not put it aside, as she had done many similar declarations. Mr. Bradley had won her respect and esteem, but she did not love him; it seemed impossible that any such sentiment could ever find a place in her heart.

She told him her whole story very frankly, and he listened with a great deal of patience, offering her his sincere sympathy and advice. They conversed freely for a long time, and Mabel felt a sense of relief in the confidence she gave, such as had not before visited her for months.

“And yet,” Mr. Bradley said, at last, “I cannot give up my best hopes in this way, Mabel; you have not answered my question. Will you marry me?”

Mabel looked at him in astonishment.

“You cannot wish it,” she said, “after all I have told you.”

“I do, more than ever; I really did not know it was in human nature to be so sensible.”

Mabel smiled, but shook her head.

“I will be your friend,” she answered; “I dare not promise anything more.”

But Mr. Bradley was by no means satisfied. He tried argument and persuasion, and Mabel’s scruples were a good deal shaken.

“I do not love you,” she said, frankly.

“But you like me—a little?”

“I like you very much; I respect you, I could

submit to your advice and counsel, but a woman should marry with deeper feelings."

"I am not sure of that, Mabel; friendship, confidence, and esteem make a very good foundation upon which to build a married life."

Then he talked to her again, and she listened. It was all very different from the language Walter Lathrop had employed; totally unlike anything she had ever read in novels; widely opposed to all her former fancies and theories; but it sounded very sensible and pleasant notwithstanding.

"May I ask you one question more?" he inquired; "and will you promise not to think me impertinent or cruel?"

"I am not afraid to promise."

"Do you still care for that man?" he whispered.

The color shot into Mabel's face, but she nerved herself and answered slowly,

"I hardly know how to answer; I believe I do not care for him; yet the feeling I gave—the—I don't know how to say what I mean, Mr. Bradley."

"I think I understand. You cannot forget the dream, although you have ceased to connect it with its former object."

"I trust so," Mabel said. "I should despise myself were it otherwise; but, feeling as I do, I should not dare to marry another—I believe all capability of loving has left me—I am frightened sometimes to find how cold and hard-hearted I am growing."

He smiled. Very possibly he understood and had experienced a similar state of feeling. At all events, he did not appear at all alarmed at Mabel's description of her icy quiet and statuesque repose, for he renewed his offer with unshaken composure.

Mabel did not accept him, she had no idea that she ever should do so; but Mr. Bradley did not despair, and they remained as good friends as ever.

Everybody knows that perseverance will work miracles; so no one will be astonished to hear that before the summer was over, Mabel had promised to become Mr. Bradley's wife.

They were married in the latter part of September, and sailed immediately for Europe.

The next year passed more pleasantly than Mabel could have ventured to hope. Mr. Bradley was so kind and gentle that she was daily drawn more closely toward him. He was a man of extreme refinement of character, delicate sensibilities, and perfectly capable of going through with the task which he had taken upon himself. He was an extremely agreeable

traveling companion, possessed as much enthusiasm as Mabel herself, gratified her fancies, taught her to love art with an understanding and reverence she had never known before.

They wandered over Europe for two years, and then returned to America to make for themselves a home, and find such happiness as it might please destiny to bestow upon them.

Mabel was astonished to find how much life had altered. She was no longer either discontented or miserable; she gave to her husband every feeling which she had promised; put aside all thought of Walter Lathrop: but, in spite of herself, there were times when the recollection of that girlish dream would come back and bring something like a shadow of her former pain.

Mr. Bradley conversed with her unrestrainedly concerning all those things, and never appeared either irritated or troubled at her dwelling upon the past.

In truth, Mabel was much more completely cured than she herself dreamed, although it is quite probable that Mr. Bradley was more clear-sighted and saw deeper into the real state of the case.

Mabel had been married three years, and unlike most women who have had as many years' experience in matrimony, she was much happier than when she became a wife.

They were going one night to dine with a sister of Mr. Bradley, and Mabel was dressing for the occasion, when her husband entered and asked to speak with her.

She sent away her maid, and continued the finishing touches of her toilet while she listened.

"What makes you hesitate so?" she asked. "You have no bad news, I hope?"

"No, no," he replied, cheerfully, with a peculiar laughing twinkle in his eyes; "but——"

"Well?"

"Who do you think we shall meet at Julia's?"

There was something in his voice which startled Mabel. She turned toward him—a name she seldom spoke died on her lips.

"Yes," Mr. Bradley replied, composedly as ever, seeming in no wise disturbed by her manner; "we are to dine with Walter Lathrop and his wife."

One of Mabel's old nervous tremors took possession of her; but, after a time, Mr. Bradley succeeded in calming her.

"I cannot go," she said; "I really cannot! Oh! I am ashamed of myself, Louis; but I can't go."

He insisted, however, and almost irritated her by the laughing way in which he treated her distress.

"How does it happen they are to be there?" she asked.

"Very simply. Mr. Lathrop's wife has lost her fortune, and he is forced to take up his old profession again. My sister knew the lady years since, and on her account is trying to obtain him a situation."

"Poor Walter!" sighed Mabel, involuntarily.

Mr. Bradley turned away his head to hide a smile—such an insensible husband!

"Have you seen him?" she questioned.

"Yes; I met him yesterday."

He smiled again; fortunately Mabel did not perceive it, or she might have been seriously offended. Could it be that he was laughing at that young Adonis of her imagination? Had he no fear of him?

He induced Mabel to go at last, and she started with a sinking heart. The guests were all collected when the pair entered the drawing-rooms. Mrs. Parsons received them with her usual affectionate warmth; and after Mabel had greeted such persons as she knew, she took her seat, not daring to raise her eyes lest she should encounter the gaze of Walter Lathrop.

She remembered him as he looked when they parted—his graceful form—that expressive face—those dark eyes so eloquent with feeling! Oh! for a moment Mabel was wretched enough—she had deceived herself so long, but she could never fall back into that cold quiet. She must tell her husband all—probably he would no longer bear with her—they should part—well, she could die!

She had reached that point of misery, when she heard her husband's voice at her elbow,

"Mrs. Bradley," he said, calm as a lake with the sun on it, "let me present Mr. Lathrop to you."

Mabel was near screaming, but she forced herself to sit still, to look up. There stood her husband, smiling and pleasant; by his side was an ill-dressed, long haired individual, very puffy and wheezy, as if troubled with incipient dropsy and asthma, shabby as to his lower limbs, very dilapidated as to his whole person from the untidy manner in which he had flung himself into his clothes.

It could not be—Mabel would not believe it! But he spoke, called her by name, croaked something about a former acquaintance, while Mabel sat in speechless consternation. Could less than five years have wrought a change like that, and transformed Adonis into such a Caliban?

She glanced about—the only strange lady

present was a tall, lank creature on the sofa, with a troubled, anxious look, and so ill-dressed that it was quite evident she could be no other than the mate of the man before her.

Away flew Mabel's dream; dead at her feet fell the last glow of romance, and she sat there ready to sink into the floor with shame and mortification.

The dinner and evening passed very confusedly to her. She sat near Lathrop, and saw him eat in a greasy, unctuous manner, which fully accounted for his puffy appearance.

Mabel went home in a state of self-abasement unparalleled in her experience. To think she could have woven a dream about an object like that, crowned him with a halo, set him up as an idol, and have worshiped him with the blindness of a Hindoo devotee. That she should ever have acknowledged it to her husband. What must he think of her? What would he say?

She need not have troubled herself about that, for three days elapsed before he even alluded to the subject; then he said abruptly as they sat together,

"Mabel, I want to ask you an odd question. May I?"

She bowed her head.

"Do you love me now?"

She looked up. There he stood, smiling at her with such true, earnest affection, that she fairly burst into tears, and threw herself into his arms to have her cry out in peace.

The ghost of girlish romance was laid at rest forever; and Mabel's answer to his question was whispered as blushing as if she had not been married three years.

"That is an end of it," Mr. Bradley said, after they had talked awhile; "it is very hard, but old love affairs have a habit of turning into nightmares! I moaned over a girl once for more years than I care to tell, and, when I met her, she snuffed and held a dirty child in each hand."

Mabel laughed heartily, and so the matter ended. Caliban, christened Adonis, obtained his situation; while Mrs. Caliban mended his old shirts, and fretted and fretted as much as she saw fit.

Mabel Bradley went on through life, growing every year more attached to the man to whom she had given esteem, which had transformed itself into a love much stronger and safer to trust than the first ebullition of youthful sentiment and passion.

THE BROKEN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 256.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Bosworths lived behind the spur of the mountain which shut out a portion of the valley from our house by its crown of forest trees. I had taken little exercise in the open air, of late; for Mrs. Dennison monopolized the horse I had been in the habit of riding, with my usual seat in the carriage. Perhaps I felt a little hurt at this, and would not ask for favors that had until now been mine without solicitation. In my love of out-door exercise I am half an English woman. So, mentioning to Mrs. Lee and Jessie that I was going out for a long walk across the fields, I started for Mrs. Bosworth's house.

It was a splendid afternoon. The sunshine, warm and golden, without being oppressive, was broken by the transparent clouds that drifted like currents and waves of gauze athwart the sky. The meadows were full of daisies, buttercups, and crimson clover, through which the blue-flies, birds, and humble-bees fluttered and hummed their drowsy music. In the pastures clouds of grasshoppers sprang up, with a whirl, from the clusters of white everlasting that sprinkled the slopes like a snow-storm; and little birds bent down the stately mullein-stalks with their weight, and sang cheerily after me from the crooks of the fences. How I loved these little creatures with their bright eyes and graceful ways! How quietly they opened my heart to those sweet impulses that make one grateful and child-like! My step grew buoyant, and I felt a cool, fresh color mounting to my cheeks. The walk had done me good. I had been too much in the house, indulging in strange fancies that were calculated to make no one happy, which were, perhaps, unjust. How could I have sunk into this state of mind? Was I jealous of Mrs. Dennison? Yes, possibly! But not as another would have understood the feeling. It was rather hard to hear the whole household singing her praises from morning till night; and Jessie, my own Jessie, seemed so bound up in the woman. Well, after all, these things seemed much more important in the house, where I felt like an involuntary prisoner,

than they appeared to me now, with the open fields breathing fragrance around me, and the blue skies speaking beautifully of the just God who reigned above them.

I really think the birds in that neighborhood had learned to love me a little: they gave such quaint little looks, and burst into such volumes of song among the hazel bushes, as I passed. Before I knew it, fragments of melodies were on my own lips. I gathered handful after handful of the meadow flowers, grouping the choicest into bouquets, and scattering the rest along my path. Thus you might have tracked my progress by tufts of grass, and golden lilies, as the little boy in fairy history was traced by the pebble-stones he dropped.

Mrs. Bosworth's house was one of the oldest and finest of those ponderous Dutch mansions that are scattered over Pennsylvania. There were rich lands to back that old-fashioned building, and any amount of invested property, independent of the lands. After all, young Bosworth was no contemptible match for our Jessie, even in a worldly point of view. If his residence lacked something of the elegance and modern appointments for which ours was remarkable, it had an aspect of age and affluence quite as imposing. Indeed, in some respects it possessed advantages which our house could not boast. Majestic trees that struck their roots in a virgin soil, and shrubbery that had grown almost into trees. One great, white lilac bush lifted itself above the second story windows, and old-fashioned white roses clambered half over the stone front. Then there was a huge honey-suckle that spread itself like a banner over one corner, garlanding the eaves, and dropping down, in rich festoons, from the roof itself. But all this was nothing compared to that magnificent elm-tree, which overhung a wing of the building with its tent-like branches, through which the wind was eternally whispering, and the sunshine was broken into faint flashes, before it reached the roof. I had never been so much impressed with the dignity of old times, as when I approached this dwelling.

It possessed all the respectability of an old family mansion, without any attempt at modern improvements. The very flowers on the premises were old-fashioned; great snow-ball bushes and rows of fruit trees predominating. In the square, old-fashioned garden that lay upon the road, I saw clusters of smallage, and thickets of delicate fennel. On each side the broad threshold-stone stood green boxes running over with live-forever and house-leeks, while all around the lower edges of the stone that exquisite velvet moss, which we oftenest find on old houses, was creeping. I lifted the heavy brass knocker very cautiously, for it was ponderous enough to have reverberated through the house. Even the light blow I gave frightened me. No wonder people felt constrained to muffle knockers like that in the good old times, when sickness came to the family. A quiet, old colored woman came to the door. She knew me at once, though it was the first time I had entered the house.

"Come in, Miss Hyde," she said, welcoming me with a genial look. "Mrs. Bosworth said, if you called she would come right straight down and see you, so walk in."

She opened the door of a sitting-room on the right of the hall. It was old-fashioned like the exterior of the building. Windows sunk deep into the wall, ponderous chairs, and a capacious, high-backed sofa with crimson cushions, and embroidered footstools standing before it. The carpet had been very rich in its time, and harmonized well with the rest of the apartment.

I seated myself on the sofa, and waited with some anxiety. Surely, my young friend must be very ill to have abandoned this room for his own! What a comfortable look the place had! How delightfully all the tints were toned down! There stood a queer, old work-table, with any amount of curiously-twisted legs, and on it an antique Bible, mounted and clasped with silver. Such books are only to be found now in the curiosity shops of the country. Under this table, and somehow lodged among its complication of legs, was the old lady's work-basket, in which I detected a silver-mounted case for knitting-needles, some balls of worsted, and an embroidered needle-book. We ladies are always noticing these little feminine details; they aid us greatly in that quick knowledge of character, which men are apt to set down as intuition.

While I was thinking over these speculations, a step in the hall, and the rich, heavy rustle of those old silks that our grandmothers were so proud of, disturbed me. The door opened, and

an old lady, very old indeed, came into the room.

I stood up involuntarily, for the person of this old lady was so imposing, that it exacted a degree of homage which I had never felt before. I can imagine a figure like that, wandering through the vast picture galleries of some old English castle, and there I should have given her a title at first sight. As it was, her person struck me with amazement. Not that it was out of keeping with the premises, but because this lady was altogether a grander and older person than I had expected to see in that house.

She received my salutation with a slow courtesy, very slight and dignified in its movement, and, advancing to a huge, crimson easy-chair that stood near the work-table, sat down.

"My daughter is in her son's room," she said, in a soft and measured voice, glancing at me with her placid eyes. "He is very ill, and we are frightened about him."

"Is not this very sudden?" I inquired.

"Yes, very; we don't know what to make of it. He, so healthy and so cheerful, something has gone wrong with him, Miss Hyde."

She looked at me earnestly, as if expecting that I would explain something conveyed in these words.

I felt myself blushing. It was not for me to speak of Jessie's affairs to any one, certainly not in a case like this.

The old lady dropped her eyes, and, taking her knitting-case from the basket, laid it in her lap, evidently disposed to give me time. At length she spoke again.

"My grandson has enjoyed himself so much since we came to the country, especially since his friend, Mr. Lawrence, arrived; and now to have him struck down all at once—it is disheartening!"

"Is he so very ill?" I inquired.

"He has been restless and excited, more or less, for a week or more; but during the last three days has seemed seriously ill. Now he is entirely out of his head; my daughter sat up with him all last night; the doctor was here this morning. He pronounces it a brain fever."

I was really disturbed. She saw it and went on.

"He asked for you three or four times during the night; and—for another person whom we could not venture to ask here."

"I am glad you sent for me," I replied, anxious to waive all explanation. "At home they consider me a tolerable nurse."

She looked at me seriously a moment, and then said, in a gentle, impressive way,

"Miss Hyde, be kind to an old woman who has nothing but the good of her child at heart, and tell me if Miss Lee has—has repulsed my grandson?"

"No, not that, madam; but, but——"

"She has rejected him, I see it by your face; I suspected it from his wanderings," she said, sorrowfully.

I was silent, the mournful accents of her voice touched my heart.

"You have no hope to give the old woman?" she said. "Yet to her it seems impossible for any one not to love Bosworth."

"I am sure there is no man living for whom Miss Lee has more respect," I answered.

She smiled a little sadly.

"Respect! That is a cold word to the young heart, Miss Hyde."

That moment the door opened and Bosworth's mother came in. She was altogether unlike the stately old lady with whom I was conversing. Her small figure, keen black eyes, and restless manner, spoke of an entirely different organism, which was natural enough, as she was only connected with the stately dame by marriage with her only son, a union that had been consecrated by an early widowhood. It was easy to see that the elder lady was mistress of that house, and that the daughter-in-law held her in profound reverence. Poor lady! she was in great distress, and came up to me at once.

"You are kind, very kind," she exclaimed; "he has asked for you so often. Oh! Miss Hyde, it is terrible to see him in this state with no way of helping."

"It is indeed," I answered, pitying her from my heart.

"Will you go up now? He asked for you and some one else only a few minutes ago," she said, walking up and down the room in nervous restlessness. "It was an out-of-the-way thing to send for you, almost a stranger, but I am sure you will excuse it. Oh! Miss Hyde, we love him so. We two lonely women, and to lose him!"

Here the poor mother burst into a passion of tears; while the old lady sat down by her work-table and looked on with a sorrowful countenance. A noise from up stairs arrested the younger Mrs. Bosworth in her walk.

"He is calling," she said. "Oh! Miss Hyde, he cannot bear me out of his sight! Just as it was years ago, when he would plead with me to sit by his bed, after our mother there insisted on the lamp being put out."

The old lady shook her head and smiled sadly.

"You were spoiling the boy, Hester, making a little coward of him; but he soon ceased to be afraid of the dark—a brave young man, Miss Hyde, and a comfort to his mother; God spare him to us!"

Hester Bosworth began to cry afresh at these encomiums; and, going up to her mother-in-law's chair, bent her head upon the back, sobbing aloud.

The old lady reached up her soft, little hand, and patted the poor mother on the cheek as if she had been a child.

"Don't fret so, Hester. Our boy is young, and his constitution will not give way easily. A little sleep, if we could only induce a few hours' sleep!"

"I have made a hop pillow for him and done everything," sobbed the mother; "but there he lies, looking, looking, looking, now at the wall, now at the ceiling, and muttering to himself."

"I know—I know," said the grandmother, hastily lifting her hand, as if the description wounded her. "Will nothing give him a little sleep?"

I remembered how often Mrs. Lee, in her nervous paroxysms, had been soothed to rest by the gentle force of my own will. Indeed I sometimes fancy that some peculiar gift has been granted to me, by which physical suffering grows less in my presence.

"Shall I go up with you, Mrs. Bosworth?" I said, inspired with hope by this new idea. "He may recognize me as an old friend."

"Oh! yes, yes!" she exclaimed, leading the way. "Mother, will you come?"

We mounted the staircase, a broad, old-fashioned flight of steps, surmounted with heavy balustrades of black walnut. There was a thick carpet running up them; but, lightly as we trod, the keen ear of the invalid detected a strange presence, and I heard his voice, muffled and rough with fever, calling out, "Yes, yes, I knew, I knew, I knew that she would come!" and then he broke into the chorus of some opera song.

There was a cool, artificial twilight in the chamber when we entered it; but through the bars of the outer blinds a gleam of sunshine shot across the room, and broke against the wall opposite the great, high-posted bed on which young Bosworth was lying. The chamber was large, and but for the closed blinds would have been cheerful. As it was, a great easy-chair, draped with white dimity, loomed up like a snow-drift near the bed; which being clothed in like spotless fashion, gave a ghastly

appearance to everything around. Young Bosworth lay upon the bed with his arms feebly uplifted, and his great, wild eyes wandering almost fiercely after the sunbeam which came and went like a golden arrow, as the branches of an elm tree near the window changed their position.

I went up to the bed and touched the young man's wrist. The pulse that leaped against my fingers was like the blows of a tiny hammer; his eyes turned on my face, and he clutched my hand, laughing pleasantly,

"How cool your hand is!" he said, in a child-like murmur. "You have been among the clover blossoms, their breath is all around me."

"Yes," I said, dropping into his own monotone without an effort, "I came through the meadows and brought some of the flowers with me. See how fresh and sweet they are."

He took the flowers eagerly, grasping them with both hands.

"Did she send them?" he whispered, mysteriously. "Did she?"

I smiled, but would not answer. The delusion seemed pleasant, and it would be cruelty to disturb it. He held the blossoms caressingly in his hand; a smile wandered over his lips, and he whispered over soft fragments of some melody that I remembered as one of Jessie's favorites. But directly the flowers dropped from his grasp, and he began to search after the sunbeam again, clutching at it feverishly, and looking in his hands with vague wonder when he found them empty.

I do not think the young man recognized me at all, but my presence certainly aroused new associations.

He looked wistfully into my face with that vacant stare of delirium which is so painful, and then his eyes wandered beyond, as if in search of some object they could not find.

"Jessie," he murmured, "Jessie Lee, are you there? Won't you speak to me once more, Jessie?"

The expression of his countenance changed so entirely—a look of such tender, earnest entreaty settled about his handsome, sensitive mouth—that I felt the tears come into my eyes. When I looked up, I saw the stately old grandmother gazing directly toward me; while little Mrs. Bosworth, in her very efforts to be at the same time perfectly quiet and extremely useful, fluttered in a feeble way that would have annoyed me beyond endurance had I been the sick person.

But the young man appeared susceptible neither to outer sights or sounds, saw nothing

and heard nothing but the fanciful shapes and mocking whispers of his fever visions.

"Put these flowers in your hair, Jessie," he said, somewhat brokenly, but in a perfectly distinct tone; "they are wild flowers such as you love."

He put out his hands, moving them to and fro over the counterpane, to gather up the blossoms he had scattered there; but his fingers moved so uncertainly, that even when he succeeded in collecting a few, they would drop from his grasp. I saw he began to grow impatient, and I knew that the least thing would excite his fever and thereby increase the delirium, so I put the flowers softly into his palm. He smiled in a satisfied way.

"Here they are," he said; "take them, Jessie; see what a pretty wreath they make."

Then the smile changed to a look of pain. He let the flowers fall with a low moan.

"She has a wreath on now!" he exclaimed. "Jessie Lee, who gave you that? White flowers! Bridal flowers!"

He started up in the bed with such violence, that his mother hurried forward with a cry of dismay, and, getting into mischief, as people in a flurry are sure to do, she upset a bottle of cologne and a goblet, but fortunately the old lady caught them before they reached the floor.

"Oh, my!" hissed little Mrs. Bosworth, in a nervous whisper, "what have I done? Oh! dear, dear!"

"Sit down, my dear," said her mother-in-law, with a good deal of sternness; "you only disturb him."

"But he looks so wild. Hadn't I better send for the doctor?"

"No, no. He will be here before long. Leave my grandson to Miss Hyde; she will quiet him."

The old lady looked at me with such confidence in my powers, and the mother in so helpless, despairing a manner, mixed with a little maternal jealousy at seeing me in the place that was hers by right, that I felt quite nervous. However, I was not foolish enough to give way to any weakness or nonsense when composure was required, so I drew closer to the bed, and laid my hand on Bosworth's arm. He was muttering wildly still, and I could catch the words,

"Are they bridal flowers, Jessie Lee?"

"She has taken off the wreath," I whispered.

"No, no; it is there on her forehead. Who gave it to her?"

"She has thrown it aside," I continued; "she would not wear it a moment after she knew it pained you. It is gone now."

He looked earnestly at the place where he thought Jessie stood, and fell back on his pillows with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Kind Jessie," he said, "kind Jessie!"

But that quiet only lasted for a few moments. He grew more restless than before; and I saw old Mrs. Bosworth looking at me still, as if she had fully made up her mind that I could compose him, and nothing less than that desirable effect would satisfy. Really, with those old world eyes fastened upon me, I could not avoid exerting all my powers, although in my heart I fairly wished the fidgety little mother safe in her own room.

I sat down by the bed, I talked to him in a low voice—a great deal of nonsense, I dare say, but I was not thinking how it might sound, only anxious to soothe him; and while I talked I smoothed his hair and passed my hand slowly across his forehead, after a fashion which I had acquired in my attendance upon Mrs. Lee during her numerous illnesses.

I cannot pretend to account for it. I know I am a commonplace sort of person, usually disregarded except by those who know me well, but from my earliest girlhood I always had a faculty for taking care of sick people.

My art did not fail that time; Bosworth's voice grew lower and lower; his hands crossed themselves upon the counterpane; his eyes closed, and very soon his measured breathing proved that he was sleeping quietly. When I looked up, that stately old dutchess of a grandmother was regarding me with such a blessing in her eyes, that I felt the dew steal into mine; while the younger lady, subdued out of her fidgetiness, appeared quite out and silenced.

Nobody stirred or spoke. There we sat and watched the sick man as he slept—that quiet sleep which the physician had pronounced so necessary for him, and which his art had failed to procure. It is not often that I feel thoroughly satisfied with Martha Hyde, but I confess that just then I did; not that it proceeded from a sense of self-importance, or anything of the sort, but it is so seldom that a quiet old maid like me has an opportunity of doing good to anybody, that, when the occasion does arrive, it is more pleasant than I can at all describe.

Bosworth must have slept nearly an hour; the instant he opened his eyes I saw that the fever had abated for the present. He smiled faintly at his mother and the old lady; then his glance fell upon me. Through the wasted pallor of his face there appeared a glow of thankfulness and pleasure, which was beautiful to behold.

"Is that you, Miss Hyde?" he asked.

"Yes," I said; "I have been sitting with you for some time. You have had a nice sleep; to-morrow you will be better."

"Thank you; I hope so."

Little Mrs. Bosworth began to flutter; but the old lady put her down with a strong hand, and the weak female subsided into her chair, meek as a hen pigeon that has been unexpectedly pecked by her mate.

I saw, by the way Bosworth looked at them, that he wished to speak with me alone; the old dutchess saw it too, and said, with the decision which was evidently habitual to her,

"My daughter, if Miss Hyde will sit with our boy a little longer, we will go into the garden for a breath of air."

Bosworth called them to him, kissed his mother's cheek, and the grandmother's hand, and the old lady went out in her stately way, while the small woman followed in her wake like a little boat tacked on to a man of war.

"Miss Hyde," said the young man, the moment the door closed, "you came alone?"

"Yes," I replied; "I hurried off without telling any one where I was going."

"You are very kind," he repeated. "They are all well, I hope, at the house?"

"Very well; they will be sorry to hear that you are sick."

"Miss Hyde!" he exclaimed, hurriedly—so weak from sickness that he forgot all the reticence and self-command which characterized him in health; "Miss Hyde, do you think she would come to see me?"

I knew whom he meant—there was no necessity for mentioning any name.

"Would she come, do you believe?" he asked again.

"I am certain that she would," I replied. "You are an old friend to all of us; why should she not?"

"Yes, an old friend," he answered, sadly; "I know, I know! I won't pain her, she shall not be troubled—promise to bring her, Miss Hyde."

"I can promise unhesitatingly," I said; "I have no doubt Mr. Lee will bring her himself, to-morrow."

"To-morrow—oh! how much I thank you!" And he smiled like a tired child. "Will you call my mother now?" he continued; "she will feel troubled if she thinks I neglect her."

I went out into the hall, where the two ladies stood, and beckoned them into the room. We all remained about the bed for a few moments, talking cheerfully; then I bade Bosworth

good-by, answered the entreaty in his eyes with a smile, and went down stairs.

The grandmother followed me, and, when we reached the outer door, took my hand between both of hers.

"You are a good woman!" she said. "We are strangers to each other, Miss Hyde; but an old woman's blessing cannot hurt you, and I give it to you."

I was so much affected that it was all I could do to keep from crying like a child; but I did not give way, and, mutually anxious to restrain our feelings, we parted with a certain degree of haste, which an unobservant looker-on might have construed into indifference. But I think that grand old woman understood me even from that short interview, and I know that, for my own part, I went forth from her presence solemnized and calmed as one leaves a church.

CHAPTER V.

I WALKED slowly homeward, reflecting upon the events of the morning, and waiting, oh! how fervently! that Jessie Lee might learn to know young Bosworth as I did, and be able to shed a ray of light into the darkness where he had fallen.

I left the path through the fields, and took my way into the woods, as I knew a short cut that would lead me more quickly into our grounds.

I had passed half through the grove, perhaps, when, on reaching a little ascent, I saw, through a break in the trees, two persons standing at a considerable distance from the path. Their backs were toward me, but I recognized them instantly as Mrs. Dennison and Mr. Lawrence.

I understood at once the meaning of the note which she had sent to him—it was to ask for that interview.

Every day my dislike of that woman increased; each effort that I made to conquer the feeling only seemed to make it grow more rapidly, and this last plot that I had unintentionally discovered, filled me with something very like abhorrence. Of course, I was not so silly as to conjure anything really wrong out of the request she had made; but I was certain that something more than a trivial coquetry was hidden under it. Instinctively I began to tremble for Jessie; by what series of ideas I managed to connect her with that meeting, I cannot say, but I did so; and after that first glance I went on, burning with indignation against that artful woman, who seemed to have brought numberless shadows into the sunshine

which, before her coming, had pervaded our pleasant home.

Once, as I hastened on through the dark woods, I looked back at the pair—they were conversing earnestly. In Lawrence's manner there was a degree of impetuosity and impatience; while from Mrs. Dennison's attitude and gestures I felt certain that she was pleading with him to change some purpose that he had formed.

Just as I passed out of the woods into the grounds, I saw that ubiquitous Lottie steal out from among the trees, and run like a lapwing toward the house.

It was not difficult to imagine what new mischief she had been at—spying and listening to Mrs. Dennison. Lottie did not count it a sin, and I knew very well that she had been coolly out into the wood to overhear her conversation with Lawrence.

Some noise that I made attracted her attention; she dropped down on her knees—like a rabbit trying to hide itself in the grass—and began hunting for four-leaved clovers where clover had never grown since the memory of man.

"What are you doing, Lottie?" I asked, walking toward her.

She looked round with a fine show of innocence, although her eyes twinkled suspiciously. "Oh! it's you, Miss Hyde," she said, in no wise confused, and rising from her knees with great deliberation and majesty.

"Yes, it is I. And what brings you here?" I inquired.

"There's several things I might have been doing," she answered, walking on by my side: "picking flowers, or saying my prayers, or——"

"Well—what else?"

"Oh! anything you please; poetry people ought to be able to guess."

"Lottie! Lottie!"

"There—I won't say a word more! I'm dumb as Miss Jessie's canary in moulting time."

"Then, perhaps, you will hunt about for voice enough to tell me where you have been?"

"Of course, Miss Hyde; I never have any secrets—that's just what I was saying to Cora, this morning."

"Never mind Cora."

"But I do; she's worth minding, and so's her mistress. Mrs. Babylon and I are alike in one thing—we are both fond of fresh air."

"Indeed! You seem well acquainted with the lady's tastes."

"Well, I may say I am; and you needn't take the trouble to contradict! Acquainted with

them? Well, if I ain't, I flatter myself there's nobody in our house that is."

I did not answer; the girl's conversation was too quaint and amusing ever to sound impertinent, still I did not wish to encourage her by any sign of approval.

"Miss Hyde," she asked, "did you see any strange birds in the woods?"

"None, Lottie."

"Buy a pair of spectacles, Miss Hyde; don't put it off a day longer! I tell you, out yonder there's two birds well worth watching—the queerest part is, that it's the female that sings—ain't she a red fellar?"

"I saw Mrs. Dennison and Mr. Lawrence, if you mean them," I replied.

"Hush! don't mention names! You mean Babylon and her prey! Oh, my! that Babylon! Well, I declare, sometimes I'm ready to give up beat; for that woman goes ahead of anything I ever came across."

Lottie paused, took a long breath, flung up her arms, and performed a variety of singular and dizzy evolutions, by way of expressing her astonishment; then she went on,

"What do you think she's at now?"

I shook my head.

"It's as good a thing as you can do," said Lottie, approvingly; "but you might shake it till doomsday before you'd get Mrs. Babylon's manoeuvres through it, I can tell you that, Miss Hyde."

I wanted to reprove the girl; I knew I ought; I felt mean, dishonest; yet I was so anxious about Jessie that I could not prevent myself listening to any revelations the little imp might see fit to make.

"She's put a hornet into Lawrence's hair this time, and no mistake," said Lottie; "and Lord! don't it sting and make him jump?"

"What do you mean, you ridiculous child?"

"Mean, Miss Hyde? A whole bucketfull—a seaful! Why, Babylon's been telling Lawrence that young Mr. Bosworth and our Miss Jessie were engaged."

"Impossible, Lottie! She could not assert so unblushing a falsehood!"

"Oh! couldn't she?" cried Lottie, giving vent to a crow to express her enjoyment. "As for blushing, don't she know the rub of mullein leaves? But she did tell him so. She said she was sure that they had been engaged, and that he, Lawrence, had innocently made trouble between them by flirting with Miss Lee—now, what is flirting, Miss Hyde?"

"The abominable woman!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"Oh! no," said Lottie, "she's only Babylon! But I tell you what, that Lawrence isn't a swoop; he's a nicer fellow than I took him for. What do you think he did?"

"I can't imagine."

"He just turned on Babylon, like a hawk on a June-bug. 'I cannot believe this,' says he; 'but I will go to Bosworth this very day and explain.'"

"Then Babylon began to flutter; she didn't want that to happen, you know."

"'He's sick,' says she; 'not expected to live.'"

"'The more reason why I should explain,' says he."

"Then she twisted and fluttered and coaxed, and finally got him to promise not to say a word to anybody, to be regulated by her advice, and so on—she would be his friend—oh! how sincere a friend!—and then she took his hand, squeezed out a tear or so, and before long she had him in her clutch. Oh! it was as good as one of Miss Jessie's play-books."

I had not interrupted Lottie; when she paused I was speechless still.

"What do you think now?" she demanded, triumphantly.

"I do not know," I answered, so troubled and despondent that I longed to cry.

"We'll fix her yet," said Lottie; "don't you fret, Miss Hyde. I'll pay Babylon off before she's many weeks older, or you may call my head a puff ball."

"You silly child," I returned, smiling in spite of myself, "what can you do?"

"Come, I like that!" snapped Lottie. "Why, what sort of a state would you all be in if it wasn't for me—tell me that? I've got my dear mistress, and Miss Jessie, and you, and everybody on my hands; but I'll bring you out square, I will, Miss Hyde."

"I wish you would leave things as they are, Lottie, and attend to your own affairs."

"These are my affairs, Miss Hyde, now don't say they ain't! I'm not a bad girl, I love them that have been kind to me, and I'd sooner have my hand burned off than not try to help them when I see they need it."

"Be careful that you get into no mischief."

"I'll take care of myself! Only wait, Miss Hyde. Keep tranquil and cool, Lottie's around."

She gave another jump, a louder crow, and lighted on her feet, in no way discomposed by her impromptu leap.

By that time we had come in sight of the house. Lottie looked back.

"I see Babylon's red shawl," said she; "off's the word. Good-bye, Miss Hyde."

She darted away before I could speak, and I walked on toward the house, in no mood to encounter the woman at that moment. I saw Jessie and Mr. Lee standing upon the terrace; he turned and went into the house after a few seconds. I paused a moment, collected myself as well as I was able, and walked toward the spot where Jessie stood, determined to tell her at once of my visit to Mr. Bosworth, and urge her to comply with the request which he had made before I left him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THERE IS NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

There is no Night in Heaven,
Even comes never there;
The skies are always cloudless,
Fragrant the morning air.
Ambrosial breezes, wandering
'Mid flowers of radiant hue,
Sweep from their starry bosoms
The soft, empyrean dew.

There is no Night in heaven!
Angels, with wings of light,
Fan back the gloomy shadows,
Dispel the dreary night;
And morning, in its glory,
Shines ever brightly there—
There is no room for sorrow,
Vain regret, or weary care.

There is no Night in Heaven!
Day, fadeless, glad, and bright,
Spreads her fair robes forever
Around the realm of light;

The sun clouds not his splendor
Behind enshadowing hills,
For God, with light celestial,
The land of Aiden fills.

There is no Night in Heaven!
Unfading, silvery beams
Fall gently on the streamlets
In spirit-soothing gleams;
And rich harp music, swelling
From angel choirs divine,
Wraps the glad soul in transport,
With grandeur so sublime.

There is no Night in Heaven!
No clouds of mantling gloom,
The shades of sin and darkness
Can never, never come!
His Word, the great JEHOVAH'S,
The Truth, the Life, the Way,
Will guide us safely onward
To Heaven's undying day!

LET ME SLEEP.

BY SARAH P. ALDEN.

"Let me sleep!" says joyous childhood,
Tired with frolic and with play—
Tired with rambling through the wild wood
All the long and golden day.
Spring from thee is going fast,
Life's bright morning soon is past,
And thy childhood soon will seem
Like the memory of a dream.

"Let me sleep!" say youth and maiden,
Wearied now with song and mirth.
Come sweet slumber, vision-laden,
With the gath'ring shades to earth.
Short the voyage down life's stream,
Let us shut our eyes and dream;
Youth is but a Summer day,
Soon must pass these dreams away.

"Let me sleep!" says manhood, weary,
Careworn with a busy strife;
For the way is dark and dreary,
I shall wake with newer life.

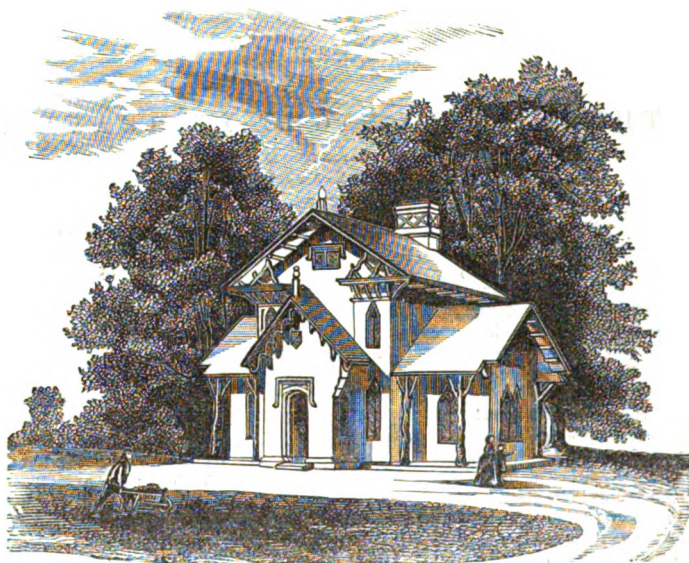
Close my eyes, and press my brow,
Give me rest and slumber now;
Autumn flies in clouds away,
Soon will fade life's noonday ray.

"Let me sleep!" the daylight waneth!
Says the worn-out aged one;
Little now of life remaineth,
I may wake beyond the sun.
Many Winters, o'er me sped,
Leave their frosts upon my head;
Winter's flight to me will bring
Heaven's bright, eternal Spring.

We shall slumber—all shall slumber—
We shall lay us down to rest
With the untold, countless number,
Sleeping on their mother's breast;
For there cometh sleep to all,
Cometh coffin, shroud, and pall;
Death shall close the weary eyes—
They shall open beyond the skies!

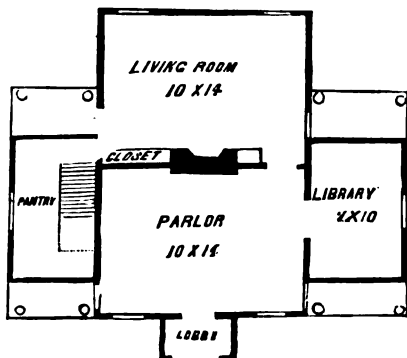
COTTAGE IN THE RURAL GOTHIC STYLE.

BY R. A. WILLIAMS.

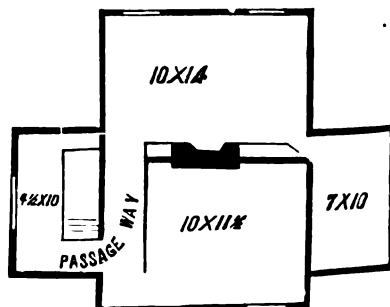


It is our purpose to present to our readers, occasionally, original designs for suburban residences and cottages, prepared by eminent architects, expressly for "Peterson." The cottages will be so designed that they may be constructed at a price, placing an ornamental and convenient homestead within the power of any one designing to build. In a country like ours, where the means of building are so general among the people, it is surprising that there is no more attempt made at ornament, both in the dwelling and grounds of the middle classes. The plans we shall give, monthly, will be intended to improve taste in this matter.

We here present our readers with a perspective view of a small cottage in the rural Gothic style, from a design by R. A. Williams, Esq. Its general effect is pleasing, and it will furnish accommodations for a small family—the sizes of the rooms are given. The second story would contain three bed-rooms with stairs and store room. Built of wood and plainly finished inside, it would cost about \$7.50. If unplanned boards, it should be yellow-washed, which, with white window-frames, etc., and the rustic pillars of cedar or other wood, would give a very picturesque appearance. The plans below make the interior arrangement sufficiently plain.



FIRST FLOOR.



SECOND STORY.

POLONAISE TRAVELING-DRESS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, a pattern of a beautiful Polonaise Traveling-Dress, accompanied by diagrams by which it may be cut out. The diagrams of the fronts and backs are not given the full length; but we give all that is necessary; and they may be extended according to the size of the wearer. Of course the gores also are to be extended.

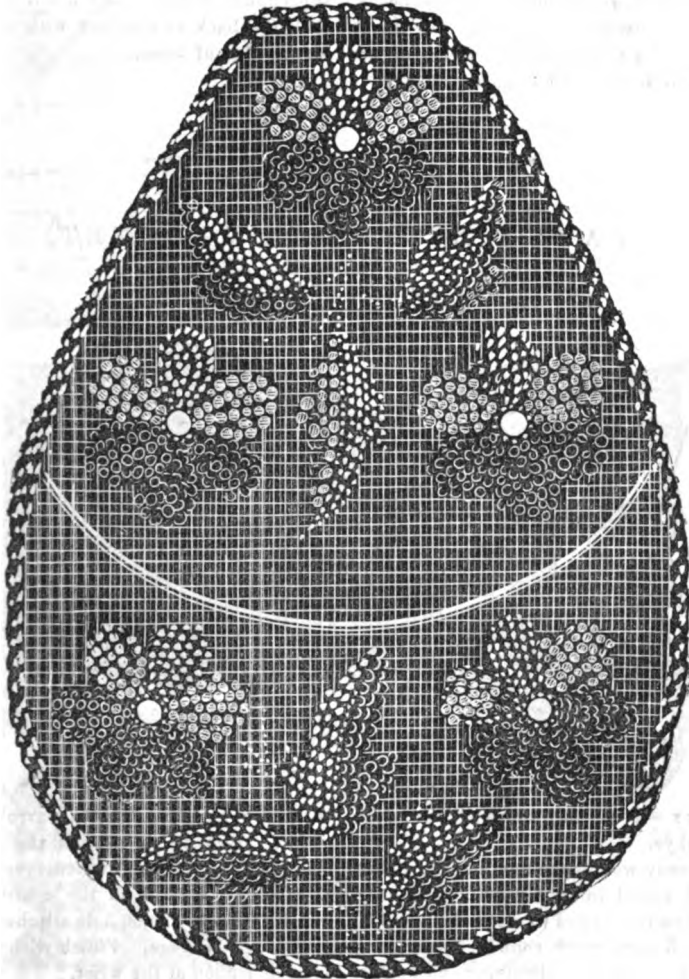
- No. 1. FRONT, *a*.
- No. 2. FRONT, *b*.
- No. 3. BACK, *a*.
- No. 4. BACK, *b*.
- No. 5. SLEEVE.
- No. 6. CUFF.

To make the front, join A A, and B B. For under the arm, join C C and D D; and join E E and F F on the skirt. Make one large box plait of the fullness, coming under the arm. Join H H and I I to make the side-body, of the back, as far as the waist. Join K K and L L on the skirt, plaiting in the fullness. Make a seam from P to M on the sleeve. Join the cuff at M M and O O.

This makes a very stylish traveling-dress. We give it thus, in advance of the season, in order that our fair friends may have time to make their traveling-dresses before summer comes in.

WATCH-POCKET.

BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS.—Cotton, No. 20. Quarter of a yard of Penelope canvas, that which has 12 double threads to the inch; 6 skeins of magenta-colored Berlin wool, and one skein of black; half an oz. each of opaque white, crystal, and chalk-beads, sufficiently large to cover the threads of canvas; a bunch of No. 10 steel beads, and five good-sized pearl beads, to fill in the center of each flower. Use ink, in which put a little loaf sugar and a camel's hair brush, and a piece of tissue paper.

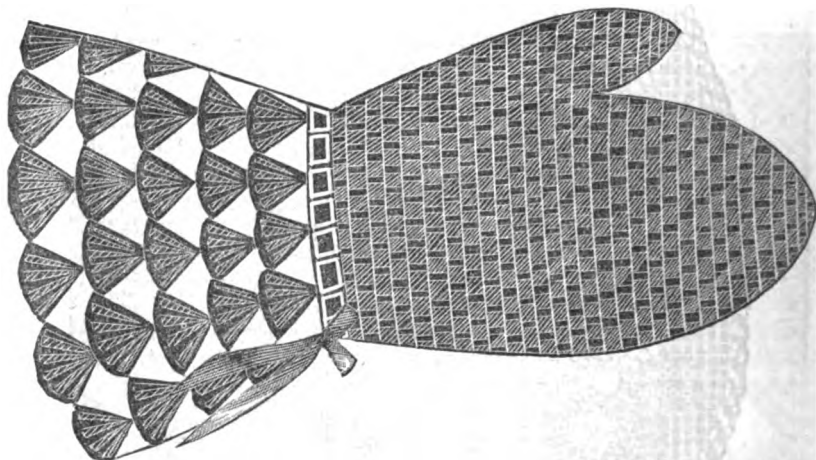
First, place the tissue paper over the engraving, and with brush and ink trace off the entire outline, but only the upper or pointed part of the design; then on another part of the paper trace off the pocket part of outline and design; this pocket part must be cut a trifle larger in the canvas than the outline taken off in paper, and another ink tracing made outside. This will allow of the pocket hanging fuller than the back, for the reception of the watch. Now work the outline in black wool, then fill in all but the

design with magenta-colored wool. The stems and veins of leaves are all of steel beads. There are six divisions, or leaves, of flower; one leaf must have all chalk beads; the two leaves on each side of it be opaque white; the two next of crystal, and the lowest, opposite to the chalk. The crystal beads must be threaded with black cotton. By this arrangement of the beads, shade of tint is given to the flower. The leaves on stem must be sewed on each stitch of the corners, the vein of steel beads, the upper part

of the leaf in chalk, the lower of crystal beads; the edge has four or five chalk beads, crossed slantways over. Previously to putting the beads on edge, or sewing on the pearls, slightly tack with tin tacks the work on to a board, the right side downward; then with gum water brush it well over; when dry remove it, cut off the superfluous canvas, tack down the edge, line both the back and pocket with silk, then sew on the edge of beads.

BABY'S MITTEN IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

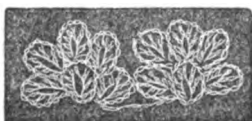


MATERIALS.— $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gray single zephyr; $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. crimson zephyr.

With the gray wool make a ch of 40 stitches, join. Work round in so 4 rows; work backward and forward 8 rows to make the place for the thumb; 5 rows work round; 3 rows narrowing every other stitch, bringing the work to a point. Take up the stitches for the thumb,

work 8 rows plain, 2 rows narrowing off to a point. Work in dc around the hand 1 row; 2nd, 3rd, and 4th rows widen every 10th stitch; 6 rows plain. Tie on the colored wool, and work 4 rows of shells, 5 dc stitches to the shell, 1 ch stitch between. Finish with cord and tassels, or ribbon at the wrist.

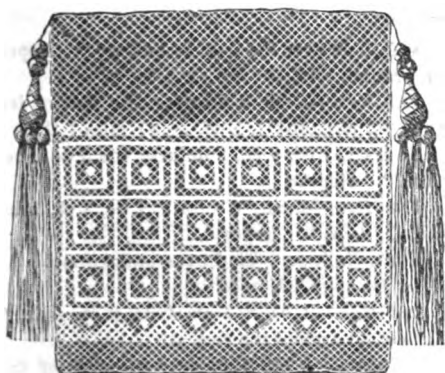
CLOVER-LEAF: IN TATTING.



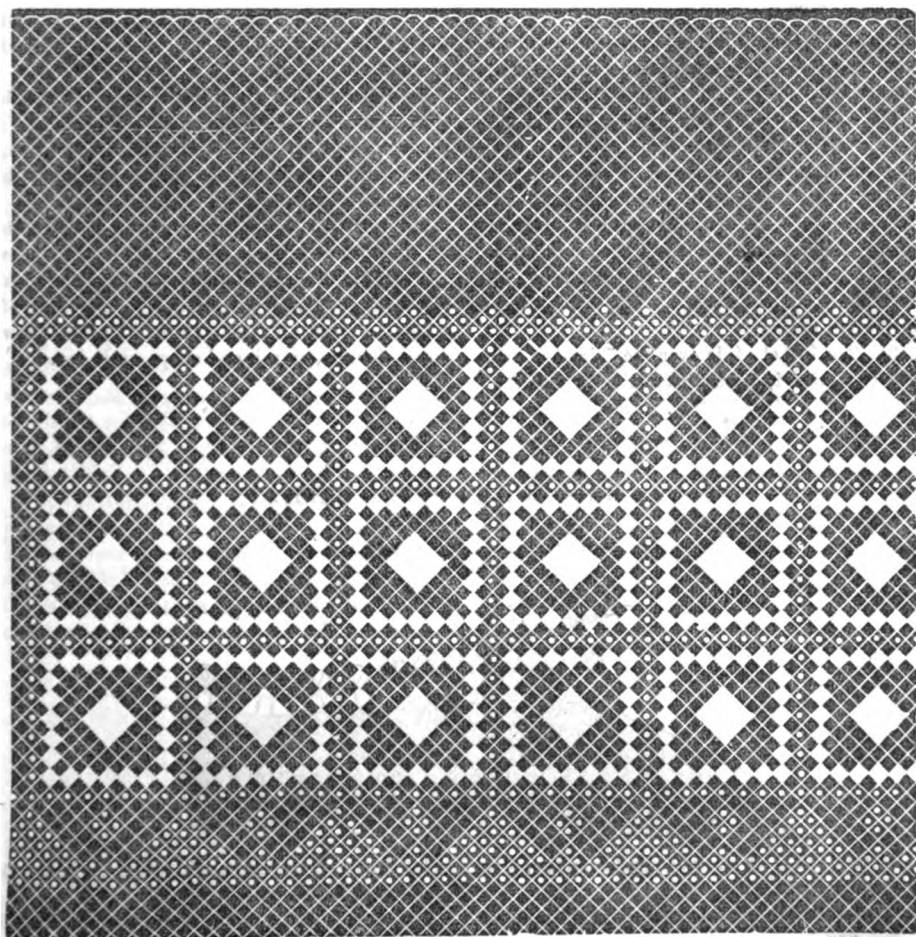
MAKE four pearl stitches and loop, until you have five loops; draw up; then make five scallops, and join each one in the loops made at first. A subscriber sends this pattern, which will be new to many.

LADY'S NETTED WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a very beautiful affair, which can be easily and economically made. The foundation of the bag is netted, in diamond netting, with black purse-twist. All of the solid squares, seen in the full-sized pattern below, are to be darned in with white floss silk; and the dotted squares in yellow floss silk. Both sides of the bag are to be made after this pattern. When the netting is finished, cut a piece of thin cardboard of the size of netting, and cover, on both sides, with crimson silk. Next stretch the netting over this. Finish the bag with tassels of the color of the lining, with a little gold thread intermixed. For strings use crimson and gold cord.



FANCY BASKET IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For the engraving, see front of the number, where the basket is printed in colors.

MATERIALS.—1 spool white crochet cotton, No. 14; 1 spool pink crochet cotton, No. 14; finest steel hoops.

With the white cotton make a ch of 8. Join, into that work 18 dc stitches, join.

1st Row.—Work all round in sc.

2nd, 3rd and 4th Rows.—Work in dc, widening enough to keep the work flat.

5th Row.—Work in sc, making the stitches in the upper edge of the chain made by the last row.

6th Row.—Turn the work from right to left, working backward in dc, making the stitches in the under edge of the chain made by 4th row. This row forms the foundation for the sides of the basket.

7th Row.—3 ch, 8 dc, * 2 ch, 9 dc, 2 ch, 9 dc, *. Repeat all around the row, joining the last stitch to the first stitch, which was made by the 3 ch stitches at the beginning of the row.

8th Row.—3 ch, 6 dc over the 9 dc of last row, * 2 ch, 1 dc. stitch into the center of the two ch stitches made in 7th row, 2 ch, 7 dc over the 9 dc as before, *. Repeat, joining as in the 7th row.

9th Row.—3 ch, 4 dc over the 7 dc of 7th row, * 2 ch; miss 1, 1 dc, 2 ch; miss 1, 1 dc, 2 ch;

miss 1, 5 dc over the 7 dc as before, *. Repeat all around, join.

10th Row.—3 ch, 2 dc over the 5 dc of last row, * 2 ch; miss 1, 1 dc, 2 ch; miss 1, 1 dc, 2 ch; miss 1, 1 dc, 2 ch, 3 dc over the 5 dc as before, *. Repeat.

11th Row.—3 ch, *, miss 1, 1 dc, 2 ch, 1 dc; miss 1, 2 ch, *. Repeat.

FOR THE EDGE.—Tie in the pink cotton.

1st Row.—Work in sc.

2nd Row.—4 dc, * 2 ch, 4 dc, 2 ch, 4 dc, *. Repeat all around the row.

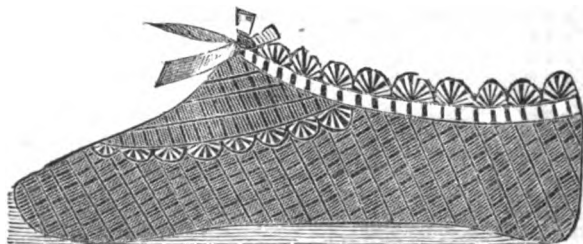
3rd Row.—3 ch, 2 dc over the 4 dc of 2nd row, * 3 ch, 1 dc in the loop made by the 2 ch stitches of the 2nd row; 3 ch, 2 dc over the next 4 dc, *. Repeat. This completes the sides of the basket.

THE BASE.—Tie the pink cotton to the 5th row, 4 dc, with 3 ch between all round the row; then 1 row of sc. Finish off with 1 row of ch, taking up 1 stitch at the points, making 3 ch between every point.

HANDLE.—With the white cotton make a ch of 70 stitches. On it work 3 dc, * 1 ch; miss 1, 3 dc, *. Repeat to the end. Join the pink cotton, 5 ch, 1 sc between the 3 dc stitches of white. Repeat all round 2 rows of pink. Sew on the handle, starch and shape until dry.

CROCHET SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. blue single zephyr; $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Chinchilla.

With the blue wool make a ch of 11 stitches.

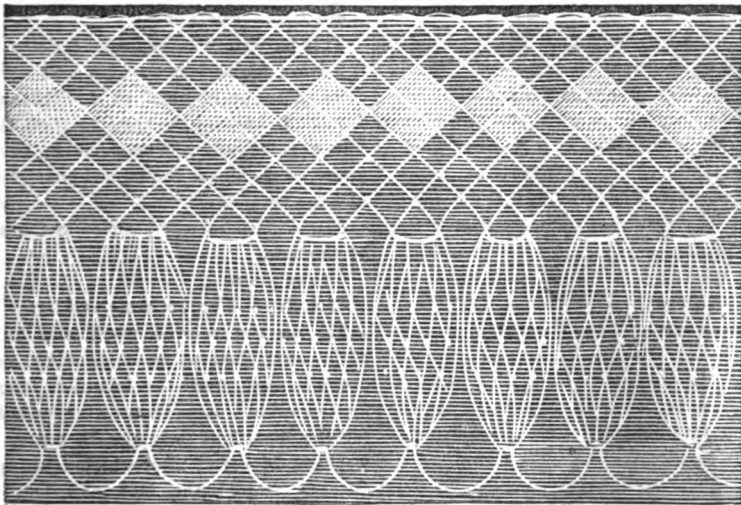
1st Row.—Work in sc, widening 3 stitches in the 6th, or middle stitch.

2nd Row.—Work in the same way, making 3

stitches in the middle stitch of 1st row; but observe to work always into the under loop of ch stitch made by the previous row, otherwise the work will not be ridged. Repeat the blue 4 rows, Chinchilla 4 rows, and in this manner alternate the colors, until you have 30 rows of work, or 15 rows of ridge work. This is for the toe of the slipper; 12 stitches for the sides; work 12 rows plain. Sew the side to the toe, and edge all round with 1 row of shells worked with blue. Turn over the point on the top of the slipper. Sew the slipper to a cork-sole, and run an elastic in the top of slipper.

NETTED BED FRINGE.

BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS.—Cotton, No. 6, and cotton for darning the pattern. Two meshes, one round, which should measure in the string which should be placed round it half an inch; and one flat mesh, a full half inch in width; a long netting needle.

FOUNDATION.—Net on a string four diamonds, and continue netting for as long as may be required these four diamonds; then gather one edge of this length of netting into a string; on the other edge net two rows of netting to form one diamond.

BORDER, WITH WIDE MESH.—Net 7 stitches into a loop, 1 stitch into next loop, and continue. 2nd and 3rd rows with round mesh; two rows, or one diamond.

4th row, wide mesh—one row.

Outside row, wide mesh—one row, taking the seven loops into one.

In the center of foundation draw a row of diamonds, and along the edge work with needle and some cotton a single stitch in each diamond, turning back at the end of length of netting, the reverse way.

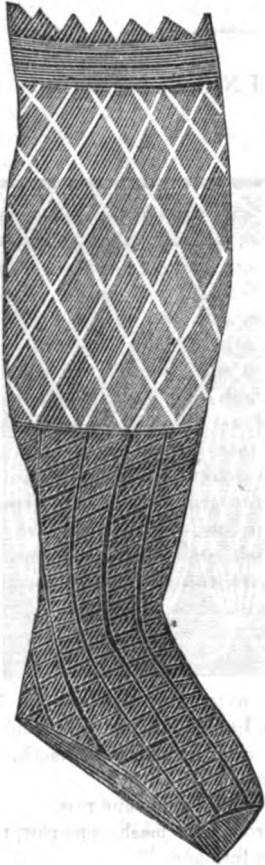
AN INFANT'S HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give an engraving of an infant's hood, to be made of white merino, and braided with narrow silk braid. We give, also, half the crown and part of the front, full size, to show the pattern for the braid. The cape is to be braided to match the rest. The hood should have a quilted silk lining, to make it soft to the head.

KNITTED LEGGIN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—1 oz. colored single zephyr; 1 oz. white single zephyr; small bone needles.

With the white wool cast on 51 stitches.

Knit 2 rows plain.

3rd Row.—Knit 2 stitches plain, * throw the thread forward, knit 1, slip and bind, knit 1, *. Repeat to the end of the row.

4th Row.—Purl.

This pattern to be repeated 6 times.

2 rows plain, 1 row widen and narrow. 50 rows plain, or in block of 4 stitches plain and 4 purled, knitting 4 rows to form the block. The next row of blocks, reverse; knitting the plain stitches over the purled ones of last row, and the reverse.

51st Row.—Narrow 1 stitch at the beginning of the row.

6 rows plain.

58th Row.—Narrow same as 51st.

Tie on the colored wool, and knit either plain or ribbed as in a stocking, narrowing every 6 rows, until the leggin is long enough for the ankle. Knit 18 rows for the ankle; then for the foot, knit only the 12 center stitches, working 24 rows; after which take up all the stitches around the foot, and knit 10 rows plain. Bind off. Finish with a strap of leather under the foot, and cord and tassels at the top of the leggin.

CROCHETED BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For the engraving, see front of the number, where the basket is printed in colors.

MATERIALS.—8 doz. smallest size curtain rings; 2 spools colored crochet cotton, No. 14; fine steel hook.

Cover the rings, by working in sc, with the cotton (or zephyr may be substituted in its place); then arrange them, beginning at the center of the base of basket; place one ring in

the center, and six around it; sew fast at the points where the rings touch, keeping them perfectly flat; twelve for the second row. This completes the base.

For the sides, two rows of rings, arranging them to stand upright; sewing as before. Little direction can be given for the sides, as the shape depends upon the inclination given to the two rows of rings forming the sides. One row, laid

flat, for the edge, and one row at the base, as seen in the design. Cover two larger rings for the handles; either sew them on, or tie with a piece of narrow ribbon, same color.

This basket may be made with two colors, if preferred: blue and brown, or pink and white; making the sides of one color entirely, and edging with the other at the top and base.

PURSE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—1 skein white purse twist; 1 skein emerald green; bunch gold beads, No. 6; fine steel crochet hook; gilt clasp.

With the green silk make a ch of 8 stitches,

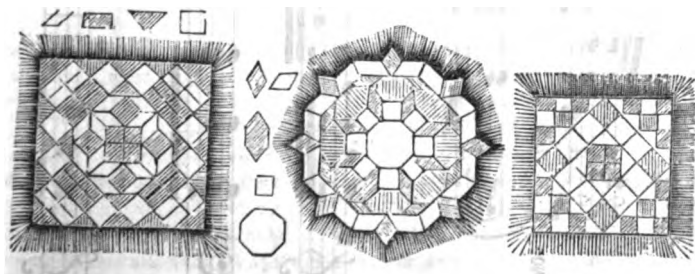
join. Work 4 or 6 rows in sc, widening enough to keep the work flat; join the white silk (having previously threaded the beads upon it); work 4 stitches in sc, putting a bead at every stitch, * 4 stitches without beads, 4 stitches with beads, *; repeat all round the row; work 4 rows in this manner, widening on the blocks where there are no beads; 4 rows of green, still widening only enough to keep the work flat; 4 rows of white, with beads, as before; finish with 8 rows green. The number of rows to be worked depends upon the size of the hook, also upon the manner of working. Some persons working much closer than others, several rows more or less will not affect the design of the purse. This completes one side of the purse. The other work in the same way. Join the two sides about half way, leaving space enough for the clasp; finish with a fringe of beads, as seen in the design.

INSERTION: IN TATTING.



MAKE a scallop; turn it over; make one pearl stitch, join it, proceed as before. A very simple pattern, yet a very pretty one, as the engraving shows. This insertion has been furnished by a subscriber.

COMBINATION DESIGN IN PATCHWORK.



ROCKETS COMETES.

COMPOSED BY W. H. RULISON,

ARRANGED BY SEP. WINNER.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. It begins with a *mf* dynamic marking and contains several measures of music, including a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The word "PIANO." is written below the first measure of the lower staff. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

The second system continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff features a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking. The music continues with various rhythmic patterns and rests. The lower staff maintains the accompaniment. The system ends with a repeat sign.

The third system of musical notation also consists of two staves. The upper staff has a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking. The piece concludes with several measures of music on both staves. The system ends with a repeat sign.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' and a slur. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The word *dolce* is written above the upper staff towards the end of the system.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with various note values and rests. The lower staff provides a dense harmonic texture with many beamed notes. The instruction *f Ped.* is written above the lower staff, with two asterisks (*) placed above it. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation also consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic development. The lower staff features a prominent, sustained chordal texture. The dynamic marking *mf* is written above the lower staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

STOCKINGS.—There are some articles of dress with which Fashion is always meddling; it positively cannot let them alone. As soon as it has decided on one particular form and color as best adapted to them, it changes its mind, touches and retouches, till the original inventor of the aforesaid articles would be puzzled to recognize his own idea. But there are other portions of our ordinary apparel that Fashion, for the most part, leaves alone, only giving a hint and making a suggestion once in a way; and till lately stockings might be considered as belonging to this neglected class. Every winter merino and lambs-wool wore in vogue, and the pretty silk and delicate lace-work stockings came in as regularly as the returning snowfalls, and reigned all through the warm months of summer.

Now, however, it appears that Fashion, having had some spare time upon its hands, has resolved to do a little business with this particular article of modern costume, and the result of its deliberations was made public some time ago, by the sudden apparition of parti-colored and diversified stockings, the tints of which were so bright and so glaringly contrasted, that at first sight one supposed that the wearers must be going to take part in some fancy ball, and that a very great majority of them had selected the dress of a cardinal. With such slight variations as their imaginations might suggest. Red and black, red and white, mauve and gray, dance before one's astonished eyes in all the shop windows, and beneath all those ample flouncings that sweep so gracefully along the pavement; positively one's attention is directed to the rainbow-spanned ankles (rainbows have no black in them, to be sure, but never mind that, the figure of speech does all the same), and one takes note of their neat proportions in a way that one would not be so sure to do, were they less gaily bedizened.

Do we like colored stockings? Well, they are odd, they are a change, and rather pretty too, in themselves, especially when the wearers have an eye for harmony, and adapt the rest of their costume to these brilliant tints; not when mauve skirts flutter over magenta-colored stockings—a phenomenon that occasionally reveals itself to attentive eyes.

ABOUT BORROWERS.—A Georgia subscriber begs us to say a word about borrowers. She writes:—"Tell them they ought to be ashamed of themselves; that they are defrauding the editor; that the subscriber pays for the Magazine for her own benefit and not for theirs. I hardly get the leaves cut, before in comes Sylva, out of breath, saying, 'Missus says, send her your Peterson, she wants to read The Broken Life; she'll return it.' How can I refuse? So I hand it to her with as good grace as possible, and that is the last I see of it for weeks. At last, 'Missus' sends it home, half worn out by constant thumbing. Now I am sick and tired of borrowers. If they would wait until I had read the Magazine, and would take good care of it, I would not care so much. Is there no remedy? If a Magazine is worth borrowing, it is worth subscribing for; therefore tell our borrowing friends to quit borrowing and subscribe at once."

As the Turks say, "Hear and obey."

DRAWING-ROOM BALLS.—At the request of one of our subscribers, we give the following instructions for making these safe and pretty balls. Cut two circular pieces of cardboard the size of the top of a tumbler; out of the center

of each must be cut a small round, the size of a penny-piece. Lay them together and work round them over and over, with as many different colored worsteds as you may choose, the brighter the colors the better the effect, selecting those which contrast well together. The worsteds may be joined with a tight knot, whenever required, without injury to the ball. This working round and round must be continued until the round in the center is quite filled in, and will hold no more. Then carefully cut the worsted through all round exactly at the edge of the two pieces of cardboard; introduce a strong twine between the two, and tie it very firmly and securely in a strong knot, tear away the two pieces of cardboard, and there will appear a very elegant drawing-room plaything for a child.

FRENCH HEM FOR FRILLS, ETC.—A very pretty effect is sometimes produced by the most simple means. A little stitch in needlework is now much used in Paris for the edges of different articles, which is ornamental and very quickly done. If for frills for caps, morning-dresses, etc., or where a great length would have to be hemmed, a considerable amount of time and work is saved by this simple plan, which consists of folding down a narrow hem and working over it a row of stitches in ingrain scarlet cotton, similar to whipping, only the stitches should not be quite so close together, returning from the end back again, so that the stitches are in the contrary direction, and form a continuation of crossed stitches of perfect regularity. The Parisian ladies apply this stitch to many purposes, and we have seen it have a very good effect for the edges of pocket-handkerchiefs, as well as those of the small linen collars and cuffs which are so much worn in morning costume, and also for a variety of other articles.

"ITS PRICELESS WORTH."—The New Lisbon (Wis.) Republican says:—"We have been talking for years in praise of 'Peterson's Magazine,' and yet we have but just begun to tell of its priceless worth. Those who are acquainted with this work will not gainsay us, when we declare to the stranger of Peterson—and oh! how long wilt thou be a stranger!—that there is not a three dollar magazine published in the United States, that contains an equal number of fashion plates, silk, wool, and muslin embroideries. And there is no other magazine that can surpass 'Peterson's' in his mezzotints and other engravings."

CONSUMPTION.—It is in early childhood that the fatal disease, consumption, can most be encouraged or discouraged by a mother. Sufficient clothing, guarding against colds and chills, plenty of wholesome sleep on a wool mattress (not on an enervating bed of down), plenty of ablutions, sometimes sponging the chest with vinegar and water, plenty of often-repeated, but never fatiguing exercise, plenty of simply nutritious food—these sweetened and enlivened with an enlightened household cheerfulness form the best prescription that we can offer.

MORALITY AND RELIGION.—The Phoenix (R. I.) Journal says:—"The stories of 'Peterson' are acknowledged to be the best published in any magazine in the country. In them vice is never arrayed in the garb of virtue, but the principles of morality and religion are always inculcated. The pictorial embellishments of this number stand unrivalled. To all of our friends who are desirous of procuring a popular Magazine for a small sum, we would unhesitatingly recommend Peterson's."

NEW MUSIC.—Winner's Dime Book of Violin or Flute Tunes, Nos. 7, 8, and 9, are just issued. These numbers contain the latest and most fashionable airs of the day, arranged in a plain and easy manner, among which will be found two sets of plain Cotillions, the celebrated dance, "Sleeping Maggie;" the beautiful melody of the "Ring my Mother Wore;" also Opera and Ballad airs of a good selection. Published by Sep. Winner, 716 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia. Price ten cents each number. Copies sent by mail (postage paid) upon receipt of the price in stamps or cash. Address the publisher.

TO TRANSFER A PATTERN TO VELVET.—Lay the velvet on a board, fastening it down with a few small tacks round its edges. Make a tracing of the design upon thin cartridge paper, and prick it through on every line with a needle. Lay the paper in its exact position on the velvet, keeping it in its place by means of weights at the corners. Scatter over this some white lead in fine powder, then lift the paper away, and an outline will appear in white dots. Mix a little of the white lead with gum water, and take a fine camel-hair pencil and go over every dot, to save them from erasure.

EXERCISE.—Exercise should not be continued after the effort has become at all painful. Our muscles, like the rest of our bodies, are made susceptible of pain for the beneficent purpose that we may know that they are in danger, and may thus be excited to do everything in our power to remove them from it. It is a mistaken notion that exercise of all kinds and under all circumstances is beneficial. Unless it is adapted to the condition of the muscles, it will prove the agent of death—not the giver of health.

HOW TO EAT AN EGG.—As we believe there are few who know how to eat an egg properly, we shall give the secret. By the usual mode of introducing the salt it will not mix or incorporate with the egg; the result is, you either get a quantity of salt without egg, or egg without salt. Put in a drop or two of water, tea, coffee, or other liquid you may have on the table at the time, then add the salt, and stir. The result is far more agreeable; the drop of liquid is not tasted.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Elsie Venner: A Romance of Destiny. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The peculiarity of this book, we think, is its suggestiveness. It has, indeed, other merits, and great ones. Its English is of the purest. It is full of quiet humor. Its heroine, Elsie Venner, is that rare thing in fiction, an original conception. But its suggestiveness is, after all, its highest charm. Full of thought itself, at least full of thought for a romance, it is even more remarkable for its magnetism in making others think. In this respect it is like one of the best books of its kind that England has lately produced; we mean "The Recreations of A Country Parson," which, we are glad to hear, has reached a second edition already in the United States. But we suppose that this suggestiveness, much as we prize it, will be the last quality for which ordinary novel readers will buy the book. The strange character of Elsie Venner, half womanly, half make-like, will be the attraction with the public at large. Dr. Holmes, in his preface, says that a grave scientific doctrine underlies this delineation, and that, though the conception of the heroine was purely imaginary, he has, since the story has been in progress, received proof of the existence of such a character. The broad fun of Col. Sprowle's ball, and of the widow Rowen's tea-party, will be enjoyed, by a different set of readers, quite as much as Elsie Venner. The work is printed in excellent style.

History of the United Netherlands, from the death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort, with a full view of the English-Dutch struggle against Spain, and of the origin and destruction of the Spanish Armada. By John Lothrop Motley, D. C. L. 2 vols., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a continuation of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," whose appearance, a few years ago, revealed to the world that a new historian, worthy to take rank with Macaulay, Fronde, Baucroft, and Prescott, had risen up in our midst. Nor is the present work inferior, in any respect, to its predecessor. On the contrary, it exhibits a greater maturity of power than the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," and though the proportions of the story are not as well preserved as in that work, it approaches, on the whole, more nearly to a masterpiece. It is difficult, in reading Motley, not to compare him with Prescott, whose history of Philip the Second, a principal actor in those events, was cut off, alas! by death. We think Motley a more exhaustive student than Prescott, having found him, in details where Prescott erred, invariably correct. He is not inferior in pictorial power, to say the least, to Prescott. But, on the other hand, Motley has not the broad charity of the author of "Ferdinand and Isabella." There is as much difference between these two great historians, in this particular, as there was between Shakspeare and Dante. It will require two additional volumes to finish the work.

Flowers of Hope and Memory. A Collection of Poems. By Cornelia J. M. Jordan. 1 vol., 12 mo. Richmond, Va: A. Morris.—A collection of poems, on various subjects, by a lady of the South. The dedication is very beautiful:—"To the Fireside and the Grave, the Living and the Dead of a Broken Home-Circle." The poems are of various degrees of merit, but are generally tender, graceful and musical. We have marked one for quotation in our next number. The volume is exquisitely got up, the paper being of that creamy tint which book fanciers adore, and the type clear and elegant. A portrait of the author embellishes the volume.

A Message from the Sea and the Uncommercial Traveler. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We have here the last work of the author of "The Pickwick Papers." It is a collection of tales, written as only "Boz" can write, and woven together into two larger tales, as only "Boz" can weave. Of the two, we like best "The Message from the Sea," though both are good. As the price of the book is only fifty cents, tens of thousands ought to be sold.

The Great Preparation; or, Redemption Draveth Nigh. By the Rev. John Cumming, D. D., F. R. S. G. Second Series. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—There has been much interest to see this, the conclusion of "The Great Preparation." We noticed the first volume, on its appearance, several months ago, and since then have received numerous inquiries as to when this one would be out.

Prayers for Rulers; or, Duty of Christian Patriots. By Rev. William Adams, D. D. 1 vol., 12 mo., 41 pp. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—This is a discourse, preached in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York, on the day of the National Fast, January 4, 1861. Its author is well known in the religious world, as one of the ablest and most eloquent divines of his persuasion.

Address Before the Montgomery County Agricultural Society. By Alonso C. Paige, LL. D. 1 vol., 8 vo., 22 pp. Canajoharie, N. Y.: Radii Print.—This is a scholarly, thoughtful address, very far superior to ordinary essays of its kind. Its peroration is quick, sharp, decisive, ringing out great truths in stirring language.

HOUSEHOLD CORNER.

HOW TO GIVE A DINNER.—*The direction of a table is no inconsiderable branch of a lady's duties, as it involves judgment in expenditure, respectability of appearance, and the comfort of her husband as well as of those who partake of their hospitality. Inattention to it is always inexcusable, and should be avoided for the lady's own sake, as it occasions a disagreeable degree of bustle and evident annoyance to herself, which is never observable in a well-regulated establishment. In doing the honors of her table, the mode of carving is also of importance, and will be treated of in a future chapter.*

The mode of *covering the table* differs according to taste. It is not the multiplicity of dishes, but the choice, the dressing, and the neat look of the whole, which give an air of refinement to a table. There should always be more than the *necessary* quantity of plate, or plated ware, and glass, to afford a certain appearance of elegance; and those, with a clean cloth and a neatly-dressed attendant, will show that the habits of the family are those of gentility. For a small party, or a *fete-a-tete*, a dumb waiter is a convenient contrivance, as it partly saves the attendance of servants. The cruets should be looked to and filled every day an hour before dinner; and much trouble and irregularity are saved, when there is company, if servants are accustomed to prepare the table and sideboard in similar order every day. Too many or too few dishes are extremes not uncommon: the former encumbering the dinner with a superfluity which partakes of vulgarity, whilst the latter has the appearance of poverty or penuriousness.

In all situations of life the entertainment should be no less suited to the station than to the fortune of the *entertainer*, as well as to the number and rank of those invited. If the arrangements of table be properly studied, a degree of elegance is attainable under all circumstances, however economical; and the plainest fare, if carefully dressed, may be made to furnish dishes which every one will eat with relish.

Should there be only a joint and a pudding, they should always be served up separately; and the dishes, however small the party, should always form two courses. Thus, in the old-fashioned style of entertaining a couple of friends with "fish, soup, and a roast," the soup and fish should be placed at the top and bottom of the table, removed by the joint with vegetables and pastry; or, should the company consist of eight or ten, a couple or more of side dishes in the first course, with game and a pudding in the second, accompanied by confectionery, would be quite sufficient.

In most of the books which treat of cookery, various bills of fare are given which are never exactly followed. The mistress should select those dishes which are most in season. The cuts which are inserted in some of those lists put the soup in the middle of the table, where it should never be placed. For a small party a single lamp in the center is sufficient; but for a larger number the room should be lighted with lamps hung over the table, and the center ornamented with flowers.

KEEP YOUR OWN ACCOUNTS.—The mistress of a family should never forget that the welfare and good management of the house depend on the eye of the superior, and, consequently, that nothing is too trifling for her notice whereby waste may be avoided, or order maintained. If she has never been accustomed, while single, to think of family management, let her not, upon that account, fear that she cannot attain it: she may consult others who are more experienced, and acquaint herself with the necessary quantities, quality, and prices of the several articles of expenditure in a family, in proportion to the number it consists of. The *chief* duties of life are within the reach of humble abilities, and she whose aim is to fulfill them, will rarely

ever fail to acquit herself well. United with, and, perhaps, crowning all the virtues of the female character is that well-directed ductility of mind which, occasionally, bends its attention to the smaller objects of life, knowing them to be often scarcely less essential than the greater.

A minute account of the annual income and the times of payment should be kept in writing; likewise an estimate of the supposed amount of each article of expense; and those who are early accustomed to calculations on domestic articles will acquire so accurate a knowledge of what their establishment requires as will enable them to keep the happy medium between prodigality and parsimony.

In apportioning the items of expenditure of a family, something should always be assigned for the use of the poor, which enables any pressing case of distress to be at once attended to, without a question "whether the money can be spared." Much might be done for the poor, if care were taken to keep a pan into which every bone and morsel of spare meat, vegetables, etc., were put; these might be stewed, the bones taken out, and a few peas added, making a meal, two or three times a week, for any poor, deserving family, without increasing the family expenditure beyond a few pence.

Perhaps few branches of female education are more useful than great readiness in figures. Accounts should be regularly kept, and not the smallest article omitted to be entered. If balanced every week, or month, the income and outgoings will be ascertained with facility, and their proportions to each other be duly observed. Some people fix on stated sums to be appropriated to each different article, as house, clothes, pocket, education of children, etc. Whatever may be the amount of household expenditure, a certain mode should be adopted and strictly adhered to. Besides the regular account-book, in which the receipt of money and every payment should be regularly entered, a commonplace-book should be always at hand for the entry of observations regarding agreements with servants, tradesmen, and various other subjects.

HORTICULTURAL.

ECONOMICAL PLANT PROTECTORS.—The first and best method is to get a common garden frame, made of whatever size you think proper, either with one, two, or three lights; but instead of having them glazed, as is the usual custom, have

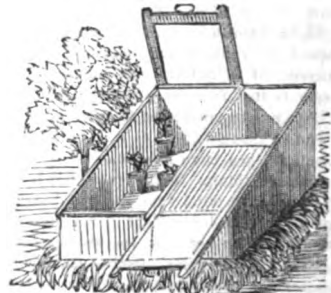


FIG. 1.

some cheap calico stretched upon the frame, quite tight, and afterward made water-proof by means of a composition, directions for the making of which are given further on; and for the plan, see Fig. 1.

The next consists of six stakes being driven into the ground in a circle, at equal distances from each other, and two hoops, whose size and diametrical proportions must depend entirely upon the extent of the plant or tree you desire to surround—one to be nailed within an inch of the

top of the supports, the other about half-way down, and afterward covered with water-proof calico, as Fig. 2.

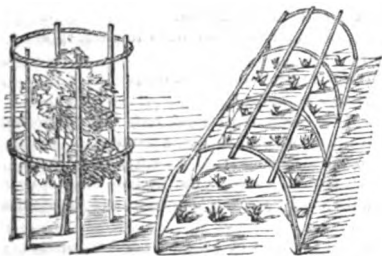


Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

The third and last, though by no means the least important, is not a new idea, but equally useful in its way for square beds of plants. It consists of a sufficient number of arches, which may be formed with hoops from an old tub, which have opened, pointed at each end, and thrust into the ground at the extreme edges of the bed, at about eighteen inches apart all the way down. Then place a straight stick or lath on the top, and one on each side, about twelve inches from the ground; tie each arch securely to these sticks, and you will have a frame strong enough to hold the water-proof calico, taking care, however, that in both cases the material used as a covering reaches the ground, where it will have to be secured, as, without it is, the plants would be as well and better off without any covering at all; for you could but lose them, and you would be sure to do that if you neglected the above caution, and have the mortification of knowing you had taken the trouble to make a frame which, for the want of a little forethought, failed to produce the effect desired, namely, the protection of your favorites.

To give them air and light, you must contrive to have some portion of the coverings movable, for which purpose the top is preferable. Open these doors or windows, as I may term them, whenever the weather will permit, but close them at night, or, in fact, as often as you think there is any danger of their taking harm.

Here is a receipt for water-proof dressing, which I have frequently used, and found efficacious:—Get some thin, cheap calico, and after having stretched it on your frames (or, if required, in a piece, on the ground) quite tight, then cover it, by means of a brush, with a composition made of two pints of pale old linseed oil, one ounce of sugar of lead, and four ounces of white resin. The sugar of lead is to be ground with a little of the oil, after which add the remainder, and the resin, and mix these ingredients well together while warm.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

DYSPEPSIA.—The inability of the stomach to prepare, from the food-enter, the nourishment requisite to sustain the body, and to supply it with pure blood, is treated, in a late number of Hall's *Journal of Health*, in a very lucid manner. The editor alleges that, among a dozen dyspeptics, no two will have the same predominant symptoms, either in nature or locality; and as these persons differ further in age, sex, temperament, constitution, occupation, and habits of mind and body, it is the height of absurdity to treat any two dyspeptics precisely alike; hence the failure to cure in many curable cases.

Dyspeptics of high mental power and of a bilious temperament are subject to sick headache; those who are fat and phlegmatic have constipation and cold feet; while the

thin and nervous have horrible neuralgias, which make of life a continued martyrdom, or they are abandoned to forebodings so gloomy, and even fearful, sometimes, as to eat out all the joy of life, and make death a longed-for event. Some dyspeptics are wonderfully forgetful; others have such an irritability of temper as to render companionship with them, even for a few hours, painful, while there is such a remarkable incapacity of mental concentration, of fixedness of purpose, that it is impossible to secure any connected effort for recovery.

There are some general principles of cure applicable to all, and which will seldom fail of high advantages.

1. The entire body should be washed, once a week, with soap, hot water, and a stiff brush.

2. Wear woolen next the skin, the year round, during the day time only.

3. By means of ripe fruit and berries, coarse bread, and other coarse food, keep the bowels acting freely once in every twenty-four hours.

4. Under all circumstances keep the feet always clean, dry, and warm.

5. It is most indispensable to have the fullest plenty of sound, regular, connected, and refreshing sleep in a clean, light, well-aired chamber with windows facing the sun.

6. Spend two or three hours of every forenoon, and one or two of every afternoon, rain or shine, in the open air, in some form of interesting, exhilarating, and unwearying exercise—walking exercise—walking with a cheering and entertaining companion is the very best.

7. Eat at regular times, and always slowly.

8. That food is best for each which is most relished and is followed by the least discomfort. What may have benefited or injured one is no rule for another. This eighth item is of universal application.

9. Take but a teaspoonful of any kind of drink at one meal, and let that be hot.

10. Confine yourself to coarse bread of corn, rye, or wheat—to ripe, fresh, perfect fruits and berries, in their natural state—and to fresh, lean meats, broiled or roasted, as meat is easier of digestion than vegetables. Milk, gravies, pastries, heavy hot bread, farinas, starches, and greasy food in general aggravate dyspepsia by their constipating tendencies.

11. It is better to eat, at regular times, as often as hungry, but so little at once as to occasion no discomfort whatever.

12. Constantly aim to divert the mind from the bodily condition in pleasant ways; this is half the cure in many cases.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

THE KNOTTED HANDKERCHIEF.—This feat consists in tying a number of hard knots in a pocket-handkerchief borrowed from one of the company, then letting any person hold the knots, and by the operator merely shaking the handkerchief, all the knots become unloosed, and the handkerchief is restored to its original state.

To perform this excellent trick, get as soft a handkerchief as possible, and taking the opposite ends, one in each hand, throw the right hand over the left, and draw it through, as if you were going to tie a knot in the usual way. Again throw the right hand end over the left, and give the left hand end to some person to pull, you at the same time pulling the right hand end with your right hand, while your left hand holds the handkerchief just behind the knot. Press the thumb of your left hand against the knot to prevent its slipping, always taking care to let the person to whom you gave one end pull first: so that, in fact, he is only pulling against your left hand.

You now tie another knot exactly in the same way as the first, taking care always to throw the right hand end over the left. As you go on tying the knots, you will find the right hand end of the handkerchief decreasing considerably in length, while the left hand one remains nearly as long as at first; because, in fact, you are merely tying the right hand end round the left. To prevent this from being noticed, you should stoop down a little after each knot, and pretend to pull the knots tighter; while, at the same time, you press the thumb of the right hand against the knot, and with the fingers and palm of the same hand, draw the handkerchief, so as to make the left hand end shorter, keeping it at each knot as nearly the length of the right hand end as possible.

When you have tied as many knots as the handkerchief will admit of, hand them round for the company to feel that they are firm knots; then hold the handkerchief in your right hand, just below the knots, and with the left hand turn the loose part of the center of the handkerchief over them, desiring some person to hold them. Before they take the handkerchief in hand, you draw out the right hand end of the handkerchief, which you have in the right hand, and which you may easily do, and the knots being still held together by the loose part of the handkerchief, the person who holds the handkerchief will declare he feels them: you then take hold of one of the ends of the handkerchief which hangs down, and desire him to repeat after you, one—two—three—then tell him to let go, when, by giving the handkerchief a smart shake, the whole of the knots will become unloosed.

Should you, by accident, whilst tying the knots, give the wrong end to be pulled, a hard knot will be the consequence, and you will know when this has happened the instant you try to draw the left hand end of the handkerchief shorter. You must, therefore, turn this mistake to the best advantage, by asking any one of the company to see how long it will take him to untie one knot, you counting the seconds. When he has untied the knot, your other knots will remain right as they were before. Having finished tying the knots, let the same person hold them, and tell him that, as he took two minutes to untie one knot, he ought to allow you fourteen minutes to untie the seven; but as you do not wish to take any advantage, you will be satisfied with fourteen seconds.

You may excite some laughter during the performance of this trick, by desiring those who pull the knots along with you, to pull as hard as they please, and not to be afraid, as the handkerchief is not yours: you may likewise go to the owner of the handkerchief, and desire him to assist you in pulling a knot, saying, that if the handkerchief is to be torn, it is only right that he should have a share of it; you may likewise say that he does not pull very hard, which will cause a laugh against him.

POPULAR GAMES, ETC.

FORFEITS.—Young people are often at a loss for good forfeits in their games. In the absence of advice upon the subject, the penalties they impose are sometimes vulgar, or highly absurd, creating confusion where innocent pleasure is designed. The following are suggested to help our young friends out of the difficulty:—

1. Mention the name of some remarkable person, and repeat an anecdote about him.
2. Recite a piece of poetry, diverting or humorous.
3. Think of some individual in history famed for his justice.
4. Mention one of the most recent of modern discoveries.
5. Keep a serious face for five minutes.
6. Sing a song.
7. A line of poetry being given, find another rhyme with it.

8. The owner of the forfeit to stand in the center of the room, and every one, in turn, requests her to assume various attitudes.

9. Tell a riddle or conundrum.
10. Pay a compliment and undo it after, to every one present.
11. Kiss some one through the tongue.
12. Dance a hornpipe.
13. Say, "Around the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran," five times without making a mistake.
14. Repeat the names of all the Kings of England.
15. Put yourself through the keyhole (this is done by writing the word "yourself" on paper, and then putting it through).
16. Repeat the story of Alexander and Diogenes.
17. Tell the name of an individual mentioned in history, famed for his love of truth.
18. Find some similarity between a watch and an amusing companion.
19. Repeat five times rapidly, "Villy Vite and is Vite vent to Vinsor and Vest Vickham von Vitson Wednesday."
20. Laugh in one corner of the room, cry in another, yawn in a third, and dance in the fourth.
21. Repeat, without stopping, "Bandy-Legg'd Boracho Mustachio Whikensusticus the bold and brave Bombardino of Bagdad helped Abomilique Blue-Beard Bashaw of Babel-manded to beat down a Bumble-Bee at Balsora."
22. Kneel to the wittiest, bow to the prettiest, and kiss the one you love the best.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Make Invisible Ink.—Starch dissolved in water will, if employed, remain without color until it is washed over with a weak solution of iodine, when it assumes a bluish hue. **Or**—Dissolve green vitriol and a little nitrous acid in common water; write your characters with a new pen. Next infuse small Aleppo galls, slightly bruised in water. In two or three days pour the liquor off. By drawing a pencil, dipped in the second solution, over the characters written with the first, they will appear a beautiful black. **Or**—Mix up some hog's lard very intimately with a little Venetian turpentine, and rub a small portion of it gently and in an equal manner over very thin paper with a piece of fine sponge. When you are desirous to employ this preparation for writing secretly to a friend (or a love-letter), lay the above paper on that you intend to send, and trace out whatever you think proper in a blunted style, by which means the fat substance will stick to the first preparation. The person, to read the letter must powder the sheet with charcoal, and it will be distinct.

To Set Chalk Drawings.—This is extremely difficult, because they will not bear washing over with a brush. The only method is the previous preparation of the paper by washing it with a strong solution of isinglass. When quite dry, the surface is in a good state for making the drawing, after which it should be inverted and held horizontally over steam. The steam melts the alse which absorbs the charcoal or crayon, and when it has again become dry the drawing is fixed. This process may be repeated several times during the progress of a drawing, the effect being increased each time.

Strengthening the Voice.—A weak voice is often the effect of general weak health, and in proportion as the body can be strengthened, so will the voice become stronger. Attend to these rules:—1st. Be very temperate in eating and drinking. 2nd. Avoid causes of excitement, mental or bodily. 3rd. Read or recite daily about five hundred lines, in the highest speaking tone which you can comfortably maintain. And, 4thly, Have nothing whatever to do with advertised nostrums for strengthening the voice.

RECEIPTS FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

The Blackberry.—Very few regard this shrub of the slightest value—it does, however, possess some qualities which entitle them to the attention of others than the mere passer-by. For instance: the blackberries have a desiccative and astringent virtue, and are a most appropriate remedy for the gums and inflammation of the tonsils. Boerhaave affirms that the roots taken out of the earth in February or March, and boiled in honey, are an excellent remedy against dropsy. Syrup of blackberries, picked when only red, is cooling and astringent, in common purgings or fluxes. The bruised leaves, stalks, and unripe fruit, applied outwardly, are said to cure ring-worms.

Receipt for the Bowel Complaint.—Take tincture of rhubarb, one ounce; syrup of ditto, one and a half ounce; laudanum, quarter ounce; essence of peppermint, three-quarter ounce; mix in half a quartern of the best brandy, and cork tightly. When required for use, take two teaspoonfuls in half a glass of warm water, and the pain will be almost instantly remedied. The taste is not disagreeable.

Antidote to Arsenic.—The efficacy of the hydrated peroxide of iron in cases of arsenical poisoning has long been known; but this is a remedy seldom at hand when it is required. It has recently been shown that the carbonate or sesquioxide of iron will act equally well. After the free use of emetics or the stomach-pump, this should be given in scruple doses repeated every hour.

A Pleasant Spring Medicine.—Take two ounces of Epsom salts, one ounce of cream of tartar, and two lemons. Mix, and pour a quart of boiling water upon them; let it stand till cold; bottle, and take a wineglassful once or twice a day. This will be found a pleasant beverage as well as medicine.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TOILET.

To Remove Freckles from the Face.—Dissolve in half an ounce of lemon-juice one ounce of Venice soap, and add a quarter of an ounce each of oil of bitter almonds and de-liquated oil of tartar. Place this mixture in the sun till it acquires the consistency of ointment; when in this state, add three drops of the oil of rhodium, and keep it for use. Apply it to the face in the following manner: Wash the parts at night with elder-flower water; then anoint with the ointment. In the morning cleanse the skin from its oily adhesion by washing it copiously in rose-water.

To Promote the Growth of the Hair.—Mix equal parts of olive oil and spirits of rosemary, add a few drops of oil of nutmeg. If the hair be rubbed every night with this, and the proportion be very gradually increased, it will answer every purpose of facilitating the growth of the hair.

To Make Scent from Violets.—Drop twelve drops of genuine oil of rhodium on a lump of sugar, grind this well in a glass mortar, and mix it thoroughly with three pounds of orris powder. This will, in its perfume, have a resemblance to a well-flavored violet.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Apple Jam.—Peel a quantity of apples, but be careful they are all of the same kind, core and slice them very thin. Put them into a jar and stand it in a saucepan of water, letting them stew till quite tender. Put a pound and a half of fine moist sugar to every two pounds of your fruit; and to the same quantity put the rind of two lemons grated, and the pulp of one. Let all boil for two hours, and then put it into jars. This is a delicious and inexpensive preserve, and will keep good for years.

Rhubarb Tart.—Cut some rhubarb into pieces an inch long, place it in a saucepan without a cover, adding chopped lemon-peel and sufficient sugar to sweeten—in water; let it simmer till reduced to a pulp; stand aside till cool. Line a flat dish with paste, put in the rhubarb, and, before putting it into the oven, add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and a good sprinkling of nutmeg. Serve with custard-cream. *To Make the Cream.*—Beat up two eggs with a tablespoonful of cold milk, have ready half a pint of milk boiling hot, to be poured gradually on the eggs, stirring all the time, pour backward and forward in the saucepan. If not sufficiently thickened, place on the fire for a moment, but be careful it does not boil, or it will curdle and be spoiled.

To Kipper Salmon.—Clean and scale the fish, but do not wash it. Split it down the back and remove the bone; (the bones will make a nice pickle if broiled or baked.) Lay the fish in the following pickle:—Salt and sugar, equal parts; to one pound of each of those, quarter ounce each of ground pepper and saltpetre. Let it lie in salt two or three days, during which time it should be pressed down with a board on which heavy weights are placed; then stretch each piece on a stick, and either smoke or dry. Haddock, cod, whiting, and ling may be done in the same way.

Summer Salads.—Put into a dish the well blanched leaves of lettuce, which should be freed from water. Mix a little salt and pepper with a few drops of tarragon vinegar, put this over the lettuce, and add vinegar and oil in the proportion of rather more than two spoonfuls of vinegar to one of oil. The same mixture will be suitable for mustard and cress with spring radishes, or for sliced cucumber, with or without onion. Salads are better when prepared just before using; or they should be kept in a very cool place.

Queen's Gingerbeer.—Put twelve pounds of loaf sugar and eight ounces of the best white ginger, well pounded, to ten gallons of water. Boil together for half an hour, then put into a tub or large pan. When cool, add three or four spoonfuls of good yeast, and let it work all night; on the following morning put it into a cask. When it has done working, which will be in three or four days, add one ounce of isinglass, one ounce and a half of hops, and stop it up. It will be fit for use in a month, and may be drunk without bottling.

To Cook Asparagus.—Cut the white stalks off about six inches from the head, soak them in cold water, tie them in thick bundles, and boil them rather quickly. Be careful not to overboil them, as the heads will then be broken. Toast a slice of bread brown on both sides, dip it in the water, and lay it in the dish. When the asparagus is done, lay it upon the toast, leaving the white ends outward each way. Pour melted butter over the toast and green parts of asparagus.

To Make Sherbet.—Take nine Seville oranges and three lemons; grate off the yellow from the rinds, and put the raspings into a gallon of water, with three pounds of double refined sugar, and boil it to a candy height; then take it off the fire, and add the pulp of the oranges and lemons; keep stirring it until it is almost cold, then put it into a vessel for use.

Vermicelli Soup.—To make vermicelli soup, take as much good stock as you require for your tureen; strain, and set it on the fire, and when it boils, put in the vermicelli. Let it simmer for half an hour by a slow fire, that the vermicelli may not break. The soup ought not to be very thick. Half a pound of vermicelli is sufficient for eight or ten persons.

To Cook Tomatoes as a Vegetable.—Cut as many tomatoes in half as will make a dish. Put them into a baking dish, with a lump of butter and some pepper and salt. Bake them until soft, and then dish up hot.

To Prevent Milk from Turning Sour.—To each quart of milk, add fifteen grains of bicarbonate of soda; this addition will not affect the taste of the milk, and it promotes digestion.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF STONE-COLORED SILK.—brocaded in black spots. The skirt, which is gored toward the top, is trimmed with five flounces, three black, and two of plain silk of the color of the dress, put on alternately. Above the flounces is a double quilling of stone-color and black silk. The body is high and plain, and is confined at the waist by a band with a bow and long ends of plain silk, edged with a quilling like that above the flounces. The sleeves are slightly shaped to the arms and trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Bonnet of straw, trimmed with poppy-colored silk and black lace. Wreath over the face of small poppies with black centers.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF PURPLE SILK.—The skirt is trimmed around the bottom with a broad band of black velvet; a quarter of a yard above this is a puffing of silk like the dress. The body is made with a plastron of black velvet, which fits tightly over the lower part, something like a Swiss body; above this is a quilling of purple silk. The sleeves correspond with the skirt. Open straw bonnet, with straw tassels. Cape and strings of purple silk; wreath of violets over the face.

FIG. III.—PRINCESS ALICE DRESS OF BROCADED SILK.—It will be seen that there is no joining at the waist of this dress, the body and skirt being cut in one. The dress is trimmed around the bottom of the skirt and around the sleeves with a broad band of magenta-colored velvet, headed by a row of very narrow black lace. There is also a row of graduated bows down the front of the dress.

FIG. IV.—THE QUEEN CAROLINE MORNING DRESS.—This dress is made loose from the shoulders, after the fashion of a court train. The body fits close from the side-bodies to the front. The lower part of the body falls from a yoke trimmed with a puffing, which extends in a point to the waist in front. A deep flounce trims the bottom of the skirt.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In spite of our unpropitious spring, the windows are already filled with most tempting dress goods. Small French plaid silks are very great favorites for spring wear; they are so useful as well as genteel. The skirt may be made either plain or trimmed with one wide, or several narrow ruffles. Foulard silks are also among the most useful articles of a ladies' wardrobe, that is when they are of a good quality; but a poor one is scarcely worth the trouble or expense of making up. The foulards are usually of a black or dark ground, with small figures in bright colors. The chintzes, this year, appear to us to be unusually beautiful, but we believe that we think this every spring. Those of gray, pearl, or buff grounds are very delicate and tempting; and a pretty girl never looks more bewitching than in a neat morning dress of chintz or lawn.

DRESSES without separation at the waist—the body and skirt being cut in one piece—are still in favor, not only for morning, but for more dressy wear. One of these we noticed the other day was made of gray silk, the body being fastened with green velvet buttons, with larger ones placed down the front of the skirt. The skirt had a little pocket on each side, bound with green velvet, cut on the crossway of the stuff. The sleeves, with a slashed turned-back cuff, fastened down by the same buttons, were finished off at the top by a large puff, with bands of crossway green velvet.

Many dresses are being made with waistbands; and this waistband forms the only trimming when the material of which the dress is composed is rich and handsome. For

example, a chestnut-brown silk dress, brocaded with maize and black flowers, was made with quite a plain skirt, with a large waistband of brown velvet, embroidered in black and maize. The sleeves were large, and trimmed with one row of velvet ribbon to match the band.

A bright blue silk dress can be very prettily made with three narrow flounces at the bottom of the skirt, put on with a distance of an inch and a half between each flounce; and, in front, seven narrow flounces, continued to the waist in the form of an apron, and finished off all round by a narrow flounce. The dress can be made with a high and low body—the former buttoned to the throat with black silk buttons, and the latter with short and puffed sleeves.

A violet-colored silk dress would look very nicely trimmed with a broad piece of black velvet at the bottom of the skirt, eight inches wide, with a plain body and black velvet waistband. The sleeves should be made square at the bottom, pleated at the top; the pleats being fastened down by black velvet buttons.

A pretty mode for making sleeves for a plain black silk dress is with five puffings, which diminish in size toward the wrist. The top of the sleeve is finished off by a black velvet epaulet, and the bottom by a very broad pointed wristband of the same material as the epaulet.

RIBBON OR VELVET WAISTBANDS, brocaded or embroidered, are amongst the novelties of the season; as, also, Bows of the same materials, with fringed ends, for trimming the sleeves of the dresses. These waistbands should match the color of the dress with which they are worn. Independently of these trimmings, expressly made for certain dresses, many are sold separately, consisting of bows of brocaded ribbon, with pointed cuffs to match. These are also embroidered in gold, silk, or jet, and are trimmed with black lace. A pretty little bow may be made of black moire antique, edged with violet-colored silk, the silk being stitched on in white. The cuffs should be rather deep, pointed, and edged with silk to correspond.

We must not overlook one important particular, which is, that all dresses are now accompanied by a brooch-bow to match the trimming of the dress.

For muslin dresses, the puffed sleeve is extremely pretty, the puffs divided either by a narrow insertion with colored ribbon under it, or by a narrow quilling, the color harmonizing with those in the pattern of the muslin.

ALL OUTER GARMENTS, whether loose or tight at the waist, have a decided tendency to fall away at the bottom in front, and form something approaching a train behind. Dresses are also raised in front and long behind: and bonnets even seem to follow a similar impulse.

BLACK VELVET SHAWLS, trimmed with rich lace, are very elegant for carriage costume.

BONNETS are made very large in front, admitting a very full quilling and face trimming: but the outskides are plainer than they have been for some springs.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt is of pink silk and trimmed with four flounces, headed by a ruche of ribbon; at the waist is a bow and long ends of black silk, edged with a narrow puffing. Body of white muslin, square in the neck, made with bands of insertion and puffings of muslin. Very full sleeves with puffings at the top, and bands at the wrist. White felt hat, with a white plume and bow of black velvet.

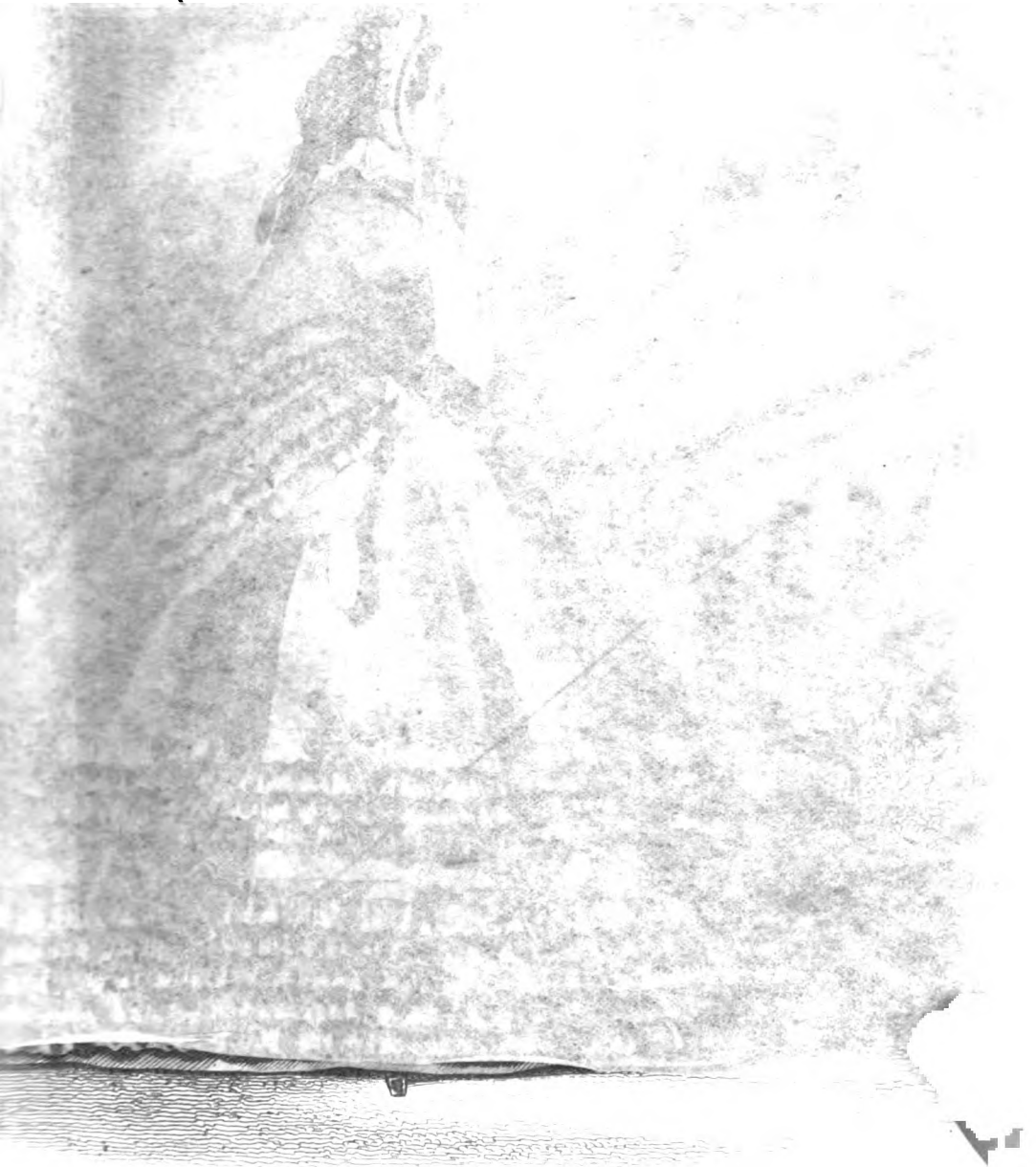
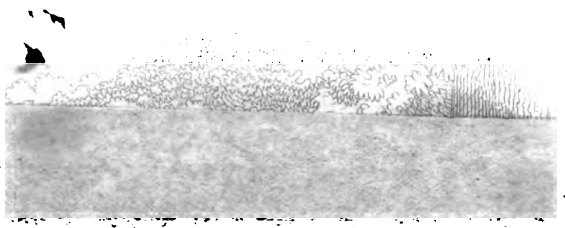
FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The trousers and blouse are of gray cashmere, richly braided in dark blue. The body is made to fit loosely, without plait, but is topped to correspond with the skirt. Loose sleeves, also braided; full white muslin under-sleeve. White felt cap, with full blue plume.



HEART CONFESSIONS.

Expressly for *Petersen's Magazine*







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LES MODES PARISIENNES.

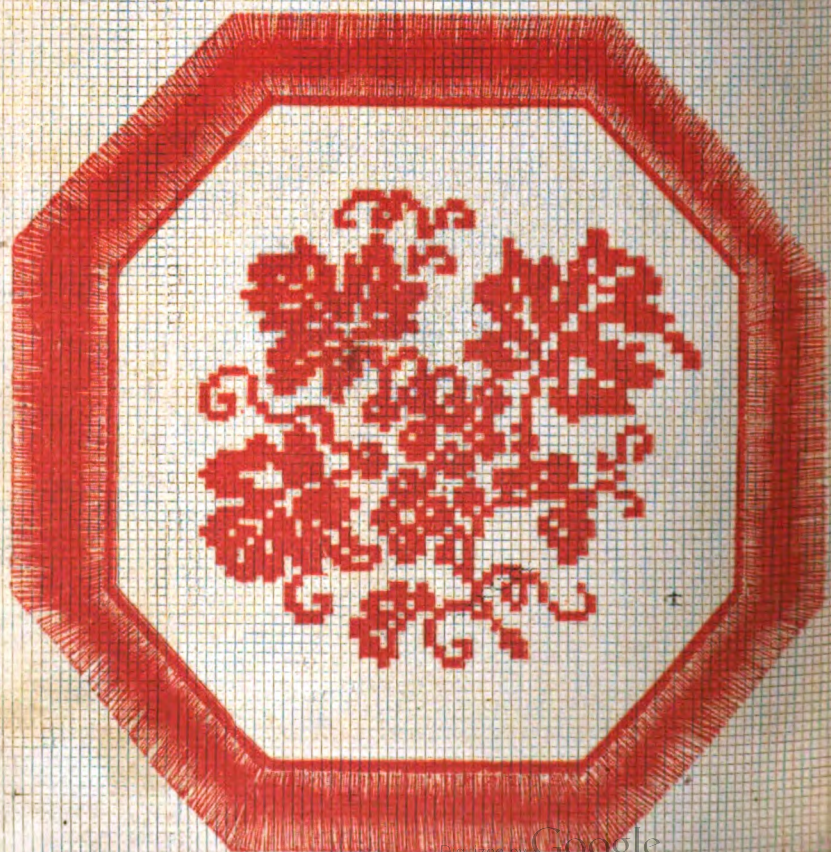
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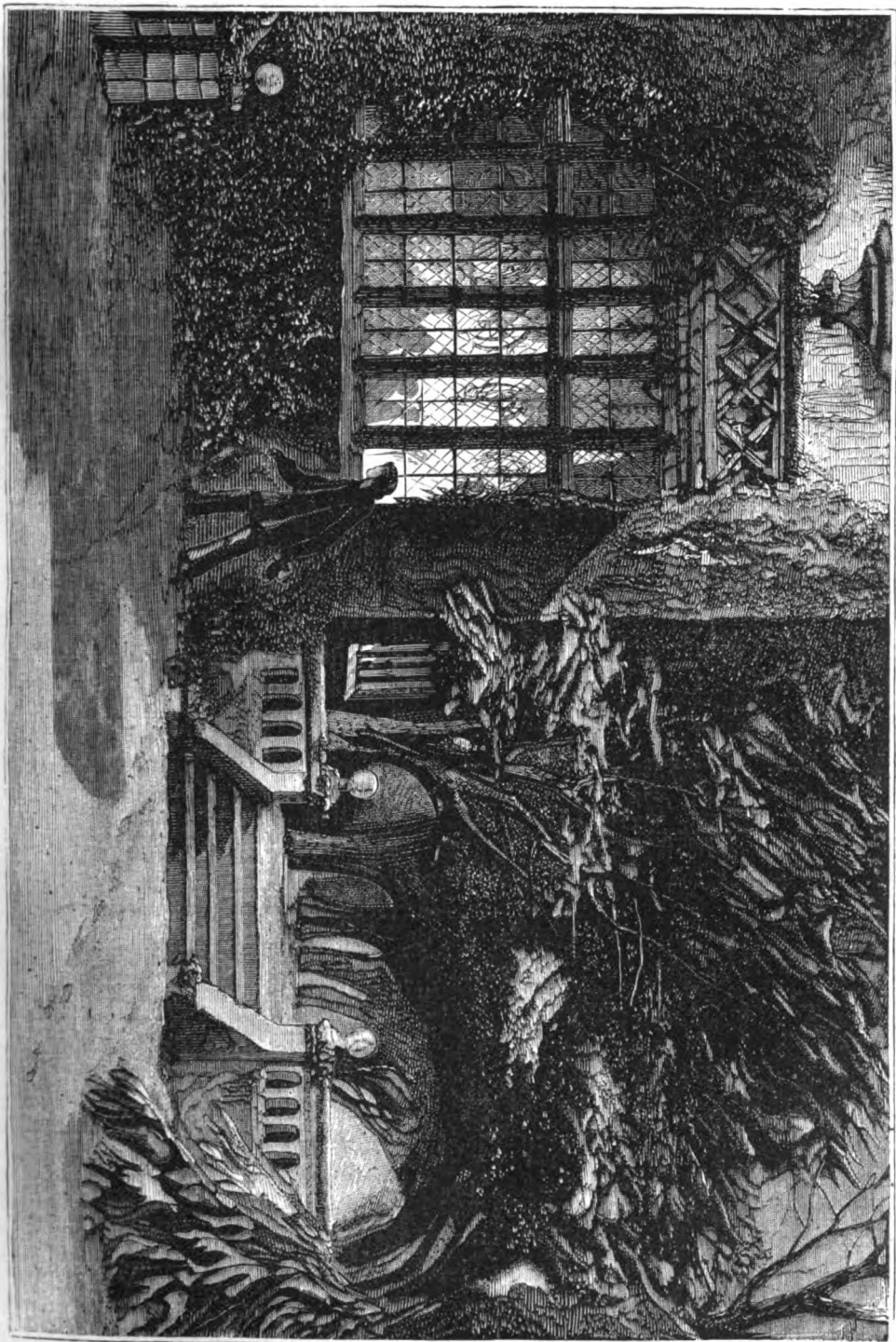
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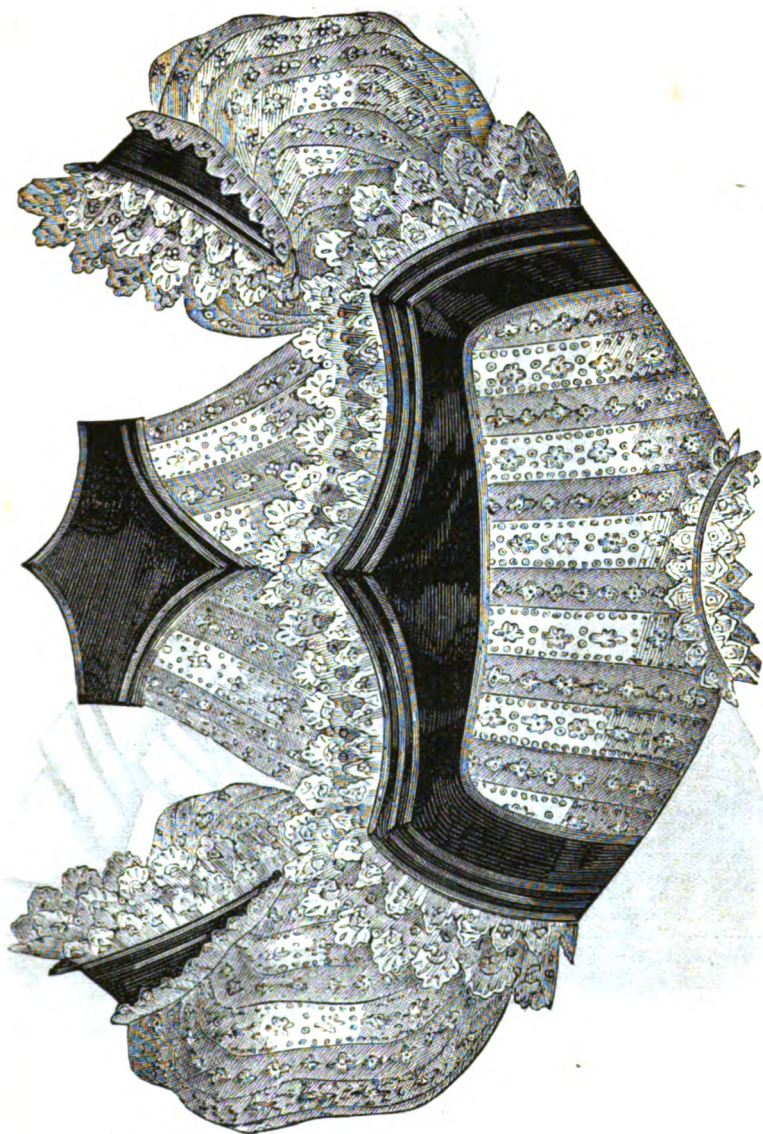




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THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN: FROM A PICTURE BY M. HALL.



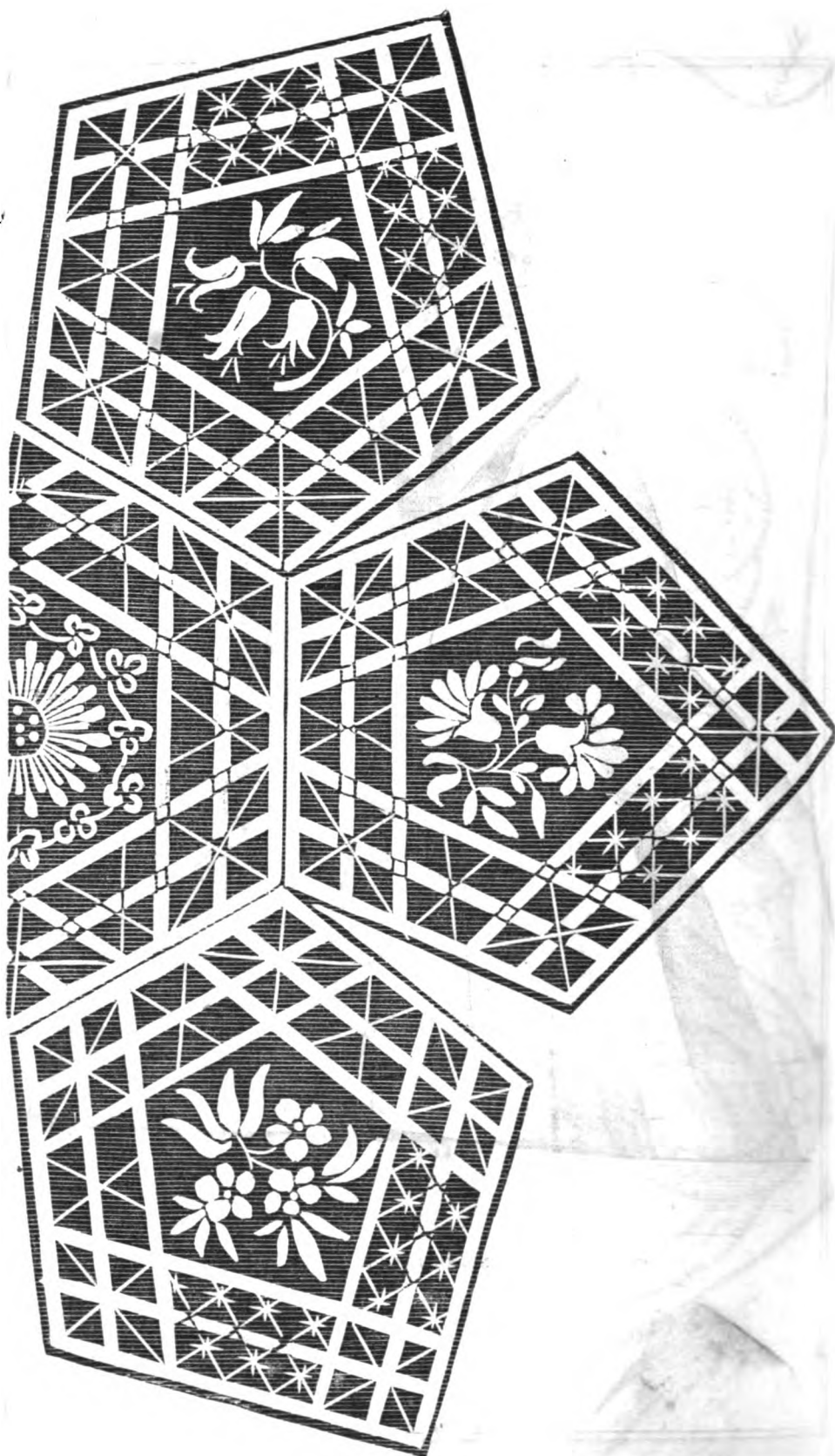
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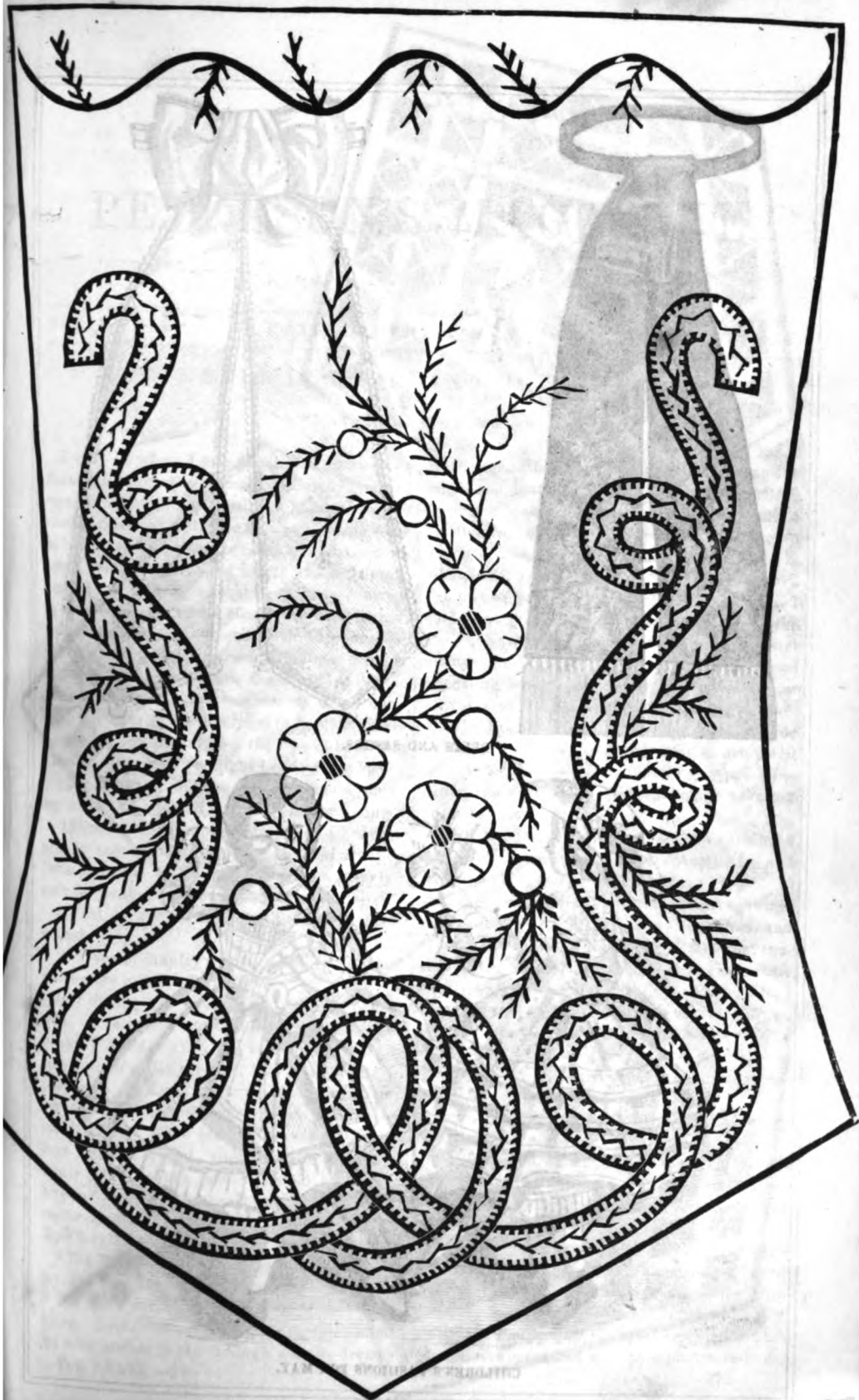
WALKING DRESS.

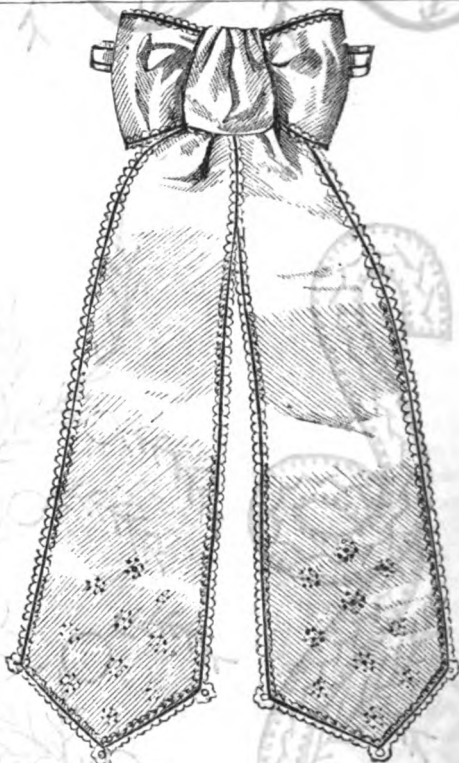


MORNING DRESS.



FULL SIZE PATTERN FOR DRAWING-ROOM CARD-BASKET.





BELTS AND SASHES.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MAY.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIX.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1861.

No. 5.

HOW I FELL IN LOVE, AND HOW I FELL OUT.

BY HARRY CLARK.

I FELL in when I was passing a summer at Saratoga. She, the woman I adored, I mean, was fair enough to plead my excuse for the truth. She had soft, fair hair, which she wore in the most glossy of braids, wound round a small, exquisitely shaped head; she had large, black eyes, making a most bewitching contrast to the light hair; and a clear, pale complexion, white as snow; black eyebrows and lashes completed the piquant contrast. She was neither tall nor *petite*, just about the size that is the most tempting for the caresses of a tall man. Just tall enough for the head to lie confidently against my shirt front, and the lips to be within kissable distance by a slight bend of my head.

"Mr. Graham, allow me to introduce you to my cousin, who joined our party this morning."

"Thank you for the offer." And I bent my arm to accommodate the tiny hand of a saucy little brunette, with whom I had been carrying on a desperate flirtation for three weeks.

"What is her name, Miss Stanley?" I inquired.

"Elizabeth Stanley; but as she is fair and slender, we call her Lily."

Lily Stanley! it was a name to fall in love with. I only took one look, and my heart was gone. I distinctly felt the void it left, when it sprang from under my vest, into Miss Stanley's possession. I don't know what she wore, but her fair face and slender throat rose above clouds of soft white lace. There were pearls here and there; and, altogether, if I had insanely fallen at her feet, I should have only acted out my sensations. It broke in upon this rapturous dream to hear my first flame, Miss Kate Stanley, say,

"The Redowa. I am engaged to Capt. Hawley, and here he comes."

Did I ask her to dance? I am sure I don't know. I recollect only, that five minutes later, we were gliding lazily through a slow, dreamy

Redowa, and I held a tiny white gloved hand in mine, and found my idol was not the spiritual form she looked, by clasping my arm round a substantial waist; a slender, graceful waist, but still made of flesh and blood, likewise silk, whalebone, and lace.

I was to have gone home the next day: but I could not do it. Leave Saratoga! Leave the Paradise that contained my angel. I could not endure the idea. My partner wrote the most appealing letter, threatening bankruptcy, ruin, all sorts of horrors, if I did not appear immediately in the counting-house; but I wrote savagely back that ruin was heaven compared to absence from —, and there I stopped, because the carriage waited for me to take my angel to ride.

Dick pondered over the blank, but concluded I must be engaged in some speculation, and wrote warning letters accordingly.

Pink silk and roses, blue silk and forget-me-nots, lilies of the valley in a white bonnet, and other attractions too numerous to mention, succeeded the white lace; and as my senses came slowly back to me, and I had eyes for details, I was charmed with the neatness of every dress, from the glossy braids to the tiny slipper. The silks were deliciously fresh; the lace always snowy white; the skirts and stockings, sometimes displayed by the raising of a dress, were always so pure, so fine, and smooth, that every day found me more deeply in love.

Parting time came at last. Miss Stanley went to visit her aunt in Boston—I found out that we both *lived* in Philadelphia—and I returned to the counting-house and my disconsolate partner.

A month of separation fanned the flame the month of intercourse had lighted in my heart. The fair face was in all my dreams—now with drooping lilies falling from the soft braids, now set in the fine lace of the most bewitching blue bonnet, now wreathed with pale pink rose-buds,

now under the shadow of the drooping white plumes of her riding-hat.

Walking down Walnut street, one lovely September morning, I saw a lady stepping into the cars. One glance at the neatly-gloved hand sent the blood to my heart; the little gaiter made it give a sudden bound; and then a fair face made it palpitate till I nearly choked.

She was at home. I should hear again the soft, low voice, whose every modulation told of her angelic temper. I should see the sweet smile that always greeted me, and again be in Elysium. Ah, me!

I could not call until the following morning; then I left Dick groaning over neglected Western customers and went home, donned my white suit of linen, with a narrow black neck-tie, smoothed my finest shirt front over my broad chest, drew on my most intense pair of pale buff kids, set a becoming straw hat over nicely arranged curls, and sallied forth.

I ran lightly up the steps of 1617 — street and rang the bell, gave my card to the girl who opened the door, and went into the parlor. It was in that semi-dark state fashionable in the warm months, and, coming in from the glaring sunlight, I could at first see nothing. I groped my way to a seat.

"I say I won't!"

A shrill, harsh voice in the next room, gave forth this sentence with an angry vehemence that startled me.

A low, sweet voice answered,

"Lily, my dear!"

"Your dear! I don't want to be coaxed," answered the first voice. "I *will* go, and there's the end of it."

"But you have been away all summer, and Jennie has not left home at all."

"Jennie! What does a great, ugly, red-faced thing like her want at a watering-place?"

"She is your sister."

"Well, let her wait till I'm married, and then she can rule here. I have set my heart on going to aunt Nell's, and I'm going."

The folding-doors were thrown violently back, and I saw into the next room.

Upon the sofa lay a pale, delicate-looking lady, evidently an invalid. Near her stood a tall, rather ugly girl, with a high color, probably "Jennie;" but the most prominent figure stood in the opening she had made by throwing back the doors. A faded calico wrapper, torn out under both arms, fell in uneven folds to the floor, a rent here and there making an ungraceful festoon; the pretty feet were thrust into old slippers; and the stockings were—were—well, the word will out—they were dirty; dirty stockings on a lady—faugh! The light hair I had so much admired was gone, except a little knot at the back of her head, which was tumbled and had a dead, dry look; the glossy braids probably reposed upon her dressing-glass. She did not see me, as I sat in a dark corner, and, crossing the room, she hit her foot on a stool.

"Confound the thing!" was her lady-like exclamation; and a vicious kick sent the stool spinning across the floor.

I rose. "Good-morning, Miss Stanley."

A scream, a dash for the door, darkness came again over the parlor, and I was alone.

I fell out of love as rapidly as I had fallen into it, and took my white suit and *blasted* hopes out of the front door.

Dick is delighted; vows I am as thorough a business man as himself, and I have almost resolved to retain him as my *only* partner through life.

T O M A Y.

BY SARAH E. JUDSON.

HAVE you heard the robins, May,
Singing in the apple-tree?
The boughs are wreathed with blossoms gay,
And their song is full of glee;
'Tis floating on the scented air,
And while I listened to their lay.
I watch them flitting here and there
With dusky wings of sober gray.

Have you seen the violets, May?
Little violets, white and blue,
In sunny hollows far way
We can find them wet with dew;

And in the woodland pale wild-flowers,
By the footpaths where we stray,
When we while away the hours—
The long hours of the glorious day.

'Tis sad to think of the captive, May,
Pining in his prison cell:
Of dim streets in the cities far away
Where pallid little children dwell.
How sad must seem this sunny Spring!
How cheerless all their hours of play!
They cannot hear the robins sing,
They cannot gather violets, May.

PENNA COOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

I was sitting with my friend, Kate Trumbull, this morning, when the sitting-room door opening slowly, noiselessly, showed Mrs. Kennedy's comfortable, bony face, her long, bony frame in the door. Kate was glad to see her, as she is whenever she comes, as everybody is, for her large, charitable heart, her comic originality. Having given her a low rocking-chair near Mrs. Trumbull, near the stove—although Mrs. Kennedy said, "Land! she warn't cold! she didn't know what it was to be cold, hardly!"—Kate returned to her seat at my side, still speaking to Mrs. Kennedy, telling her she was glad she had come.

"Yes, I'm glad!" said Mrs. Kennedy. Guess what I've got in my bag, this morning, Kate!" She was dragging her big bag of big-figured calico round into her lap.

"Your blue knitting-work, your bandanna nicely folded, and your bright, round snuff-box."

"No-o-o! dokimunts!"

"Document(s)?"

"Yes; dokimunts!" Then turning to Mrs. Trumbull, she added, "Miss Trumble, you remember the time, I guess, (land! of course you do.) that a Mr. Cartwright come from Concord up here ter teach school at the 'cademy? He was the last perceptor afore Tyler—you remember?"

Mrs. Trumbull remembered; remembered his intelligent face, his diligent, studious, simple habits, his fine character, and talent; remembered that he wrote a little for Mr. Buckingham's paper. Mr. Buckingham was his friend—older than he, a good deal; but they valued each other.

"Yes; wal; that's the feller I'm arter. He lives out in York state now; has a good many years, did you know it?"

Mrs. Trumbull did not know it; had heard nothing of him, had not, perhaps, thought of him for more than a dozen years.

"Wal, he lives there, on what is called the Hudson; has a—what you girls call a *splendid* place, I s'pose, from all I've heern, an' is as rich as a Joo; full. He's an ole bachelor, Kate; (yes, now ycr eyes shine; I knowed they

would ef I told you *that*.) He's got a man an' a woman that's 'is wife, an' a lot o' hired help ter take care o' his 'ouse, his garden, an' his barn fer 'im, (cheatin' 'is gizzard out of 'im athout his knowin' on't ten times every day he lives, prob'ly.) Ef he'd come this way now an' offer 'imself——"

"To you, Mrs. Kennedy?"

"Land! no! you *know* better! ter you. That's what I've been a-thinkin' about an' talkin' about ter my ole man; he seemed ter think it'd do nicely; an' it will. It's sunth'n' that's a-goin' ter happen too, an' I'll tell ye how when I've got hold o' this pinch o' snuff; my box's eeny most em'ty. He's comin' ter go up an' see the mountains as ser many do now-a-days. He's a-goin' ter stay at Concord a few days ter see the ole elm trees up ter the North End. He use' ter think a sight o' these, I remember. One o' his ancestors, as he called 'em, sot some of 'em out when the town was first settled. Then he's a-goin' ter stop here a few days ter see the old 'cademy, an' to find out all the ole paths where 'e use' ter walk, the old Indian carry'n' way, the path up ter Blake's Falls, an' all the paths. My! there wa'n't a squirrel's path, nor a rabbit's, that 'e didn't find it an' foller an' foller it t'll he come ter the very faintest end on't. He'll try ter find 'em all; you'll be in some of 'em, sarnterin' some day, 's I've seen ye more'n once, an' he'll come across ye; then he'll be askin' round, soft an' perlite as can be (he's desp'rate perlite), who that young lady is that walks alone in the paths in the pine woods, a-switchin' the brakes an' huckleberry bushes with a stick, an' that's got a han'some mouth, han'some eyes, an' is, in short, han'some all over. *Everybody'll* know an' tell 'im. He'll come up ter see if we're alive up ter our 'ouse, (fer 'e ain't proud ef he's wuth a million; 'tain't in 'im;) an' I shall ask him fust ef he remembers our good, clever ole Bose, that use' ter go out ter the road whenever he see 'im goin' by, an' go an' take some of his long walks with 'im. He'll say yes, fer he ain't one ter fergit *such* things. Then I shall ask him ef he remembers little Kate Trumble that he called Katydid, once, I remember. Oh! ef I ha'n't thought now what I shall ask 'im! You

was a marster young oh', when you was little, Kate, fer pullin' off yer shoes an' stockin's; you remember, Miss Trumble? Ha, ha, ha, ha! you see 'f I don't ask 'im 'f 'e remembers 'bout bein' in here one Wednesday arternune when I was here, an' seein' you set on the floor a-pullin' off yer shoes an' stockin's, an' a-scramblin' ter do it while we was all talkin' an' didn't see ye; an' we all did see ye, but kep' on talkin', an' there you was, an' we was laughin' at ye; an' when yer big eyes flashed up an' found out that we was lookin', then didn't 'is laugh burst out? an' didn't ye help yerself up on to yer little bare feet then? an' didn't the little bare feet run some ter git where the face an' eyes could hide 'emselfs under mother's arm? Mother put on yer shoes an' stockin's; (ye was two year ole then, I s'pose; an' arter a spell ye got over the 'shamed fit a little, an' Mr. Cartwright coaxed ye to 'im with 'is watch an' seal, an' held ye in 'is lap an' called ye Katydid. He called ye so ag'in when he was goin', an' so was biddin' ye good-by. You was his fav'right arter that, I noticed, an' he use' ter very often call ye Katydid. He'll call ter the office ter see yer father; of course he will; yer father was the trustee that hired 'im; yer father'll ask 'im 'if he won't call up ter the house an' see the women-folks, an' then it's done! He'll keep callin', an' at last he'll pop the question, an' you two'll be married, an' ef that won't be the height o' things I don't know what will."

Kate laughed and twirled her ring with glowing eyes, lips, and cheeks; but she protested against the whole arrangement. "Old enough to be her father!" she said.

"No-o in-deed, madam! He was very young fer a teacher in a high school. He wa'n't through with college. Prob'ly he wa'n't more'n twenty, 'f he was that. S'posin' he was twenty, that makes 'im a leetle less than eighteen year older'n you, an' you're on'y seventeen. That leaves him not fur from thirty-five; a young man; I'll leave it ter the rest of he ain't, come! But now 'bout these dokimunts." She was now opening the bag on the big, round strings. "Afore 'is term was out an' 'e went off, he come up ter see 'f I'd do 'im some knittin'. I done it; an' then I fixed 'is pockets, an' sleeve linin's, an' got 'im in good order; an' he paid me for it, an' thanked me too. He had two trunks; 'is clothes were carried up ter our 'ouse in the old one; an' 'e didn't take it away. There was some of 'is clothes 'at 'e didn't let me fix; 'e said they wa'n't wuth it. But they war ef he'd on'y 'a' thought so. Wal, as I was goin' ter say, 'e left 'om, an' a 'rethmetic an' slate, an' these papers

that I've got here, in the old trunk, an' said 'f 'e didn't call fer 'em in five year they war all ourn. But I wa'n't a goin' ter touch 'em about funder liberty. So, week afore last, when Mr. Cushion was goin' ter a place near where he lives, an' said 'e sh'd try ter see 'im, I told 'im ter ask 'im 'bout these things; what we sh'd do with 'em. He did, an' Mr. Cartwright sent back word that they war ourn, 'f they war good fer anythin'. So my ole man's ben a-wearin' one o' the straight-bodied, black broadcloth coats, an' I wish you could see 'im! I don't know how 'tis; but 't makes 'im look 'exactly 's ef he'd gone up ter roost! he looks so up in the air! 'Bout these papers. Here they air, girls!" She came and tumbled them out into our hands and laps. "He toald my ole man who writ 'em. His gret-gret a'nt writ the letters, an' the gentleman she married, er was agoin' ter marry 'f the Indians hadn't shot 'im, er done some perky thing er other, writ the journal. They an' their folks war some o' the very fust that come ter Concord. (Pennacook, 'twas then; this was what the Indians called it.) Folks had what might be called *trouble* in them days. They think they have 'nough now. I s'pose; an' I s'pose they do. (I heerd one young gal say that *hoops* was as much 's she could get along with, an' I sh'd think they might be; I sh'd think they war.) Mr. Cartwright told my ole man how the letters an' journal came ter be kep' so long in 'is family; but I've furgut. He said 'e'd thought of fixin' 'em over ter be printed, but 'e s'posed 'e sh'd never git to 't. This is what my old man wants done now. I don't know any head ner tail to 'em, but he's had 'is specs in 'em all the time 'e could git, yest'day an' to-day, 'tween shovelin' snow an' takin' care o' the barn, an' he says they're inte'estin'. P'r'aps you girls can do sunthin' with 'em. I wish you'd look at 'em, an' 'f ye can, percede! I give ye all the liberty ye ask fer. My ole man'll be—d'lighted, as you girls say, 'f he can see 'em in print; he'd think 'e was made. That's right, get yer heads ter-gether an' percede! I ain't a-going ter tork ter ye any more. I'm a-goin' ter take a pinch o' snuff now an' knit an' tork with you, Miss Trumble."

CHAPTER II.

THE ink is dim, the papers are yellow; they fall apart in my hands. Both the letters and the journal have the appearance of being genuine documents, since many of the little incidents recounted in the latter may be found in the journal of the Proprietors' Clerk, in Dr. Bonton's

interesting "History of Concord;" and that the Chief Peorrawarra and his companion were so shot as described in the letters, is as certain as any event that happened yesterday.

The Journal—kept, so it appears, by the hero of our little tale, John Cartwright—has slight connection with the story, as will be seen. I shall, therefore, only give a short extract here and there, chiefly to show to those who are curious in such matters, the early difficulties of access to the now open and pleasant town, Concord, capital of the Granite State.

CHAPTER III.

HAVERHILL.

Commonwealth of Mass., May 10th, 1726.

COMMITTEE met to-day at the Tavern of Ebenezer Eartman, to make Arrangements for going to Penny Cook to Survey the Township.

Wednesday, April 11th.

Began our Journey early this morning toward Penny Cook—intended Settlers, Surveyers, Chainmen, and others who go to look at the Land. Half-way between Haverhill and Nutfield, or Londonderry, where certain Presbyterians over from Scotland have settled, we stopped at a Tavern kept by Johnny Barr, an Irishman, to eat our Dinners of Provisions brought along in our bags. Bought small Beer. Expense for this and Trouble, 5s.

Started again about one or two; Forded two Brooks or Rivulets which come out of Great Massa Beseck and Little Massa Beseck Ponds and Run into the Merrimack River. About Five o'clock came to a Place called Amoskeag Falls, on the River mentioned above, and there Encamped for the night. Men from Nutfield on the rocks, catching a Fish very abundant there. Weather Cloudy.

Friday, May 18th.

Came to Hilly and Mountainous Land; and, about 8 o'clock, passed some Falls called Onnahookline.* About Nine forded a deep Brook, and soon came to an Intervale where we stopped to rest and Refresh Ourselves and our Horses. Forded Suncook River, a rapid River, and difficult to Ford on account of the loose stones that Slip and Roll under the horses' feet. One of our Men fell in. Another lost off His Heavy Bag of Provision. Then, after a Little More Riding and Walking, we came near to our Journey's End. We were at Penny Cook Falls; then we Crossed over Pitch Pine Plain, as it is called, then to a plain called Sugar Ball Plain, which is an Intervale in front of Sugar Ball

Hill, a Hill that is covered with Pines and that Rises upward like a Mountain. This was the End of our Hard and Difficult Journey; this was Penny Cook. We had to make great Haste with our Camp, that our Bread might, be safe from a Heavy Thunder Shower.

The Plain is a large Tract; our regret is that it is so Difficult to reach. The most direct way would be down Sugar Ball Hill, though this looks but a Steep, Rough Way.

Saturday, May 14th.

Out All Day, Surveying. About twelve o'clock a Committee of Three Men, namely, Messrs. N. Weare, Richard Waldron, Jr., and Theodore Atkinson, sent from Portsmouth by the Lieut. Governor and Council of New Hampshire, and attended by ten Irishmen, came up to us and gave us information that the Government of New Hampshire had been apprised of our coming here, and had Commissioned them to Come and Remonstrate with Us against appropriating this Land, as it was Claimed and Held by Government; showing that if the Government of Massachusetts had made any Grants of said Land to us, it might be Attended with Difficulties to the settlers. We answered them that the Government of Massachusetts Bay had Authorized what we were Doing; that we should procede, trusting in our Government to Sustain and Justify their own Grants. We Sent our Salutes, we said, to the Lieut. Gov. and Council at Portsmouth; then went on with our Surveying, and the Gentlemen took Leave and started Homeward.

Sabbath Day, May 15th.

Divine Service both Parts of the Day, by Mr. Enoch Coffin, our Chaplain. A Fair Day.

Monday, May 16th.

At Sun Rising this morning, according to previous Notice, we Chose a Representative, *nem. con.*, namely, Mr. Jno. Saunders. Then the Surveyers and Chairmen went to their Duties. One Company brought in a Beaver. Some of them Caught a Hedge-Hog. A Fine Clear Day.

Tuesday, May 17th.

This Morning Early, taking two days' Provision with us, we crossed the Merrimack River to the West Side, and began our Surveys of the Same. Fair, pleasant Weather.

Wednesday, May 18th.

Found Some Difficulty in laying out the required No. of Six Acre Lots according to the Court's Act, on account of Gov. Endicott's Grant coming in our Way.

Thursday, May 19th.—Early.

The Writer knows where his House is to rise—His and Hope's. That is, if God Wills.

* Now Hookset.

A Spring of the Purest Water is back of the Place, under an Oak of Great Size.

A Part of the Com. and Others will stay here to go on with the Surveys; the rest will take leave Early this morning for Haverhill.

Haverhill, May 20th.

We had Cloudy Weather, Light Showers. At Amoskeag Falls, again found large numbers of Men from Nutfield, *alias* Londonderry, fishing. According to all accounts, they Catch eight hundred Barrels of Shad there in a Season. Stopped again at Johnny Barr's; stopped a little at Providence Brook; at Sundown we were at Home, safe through the Divine Care. Mr. Browne, the Minister of the Town, took Dinner with Us to-day. Fair, pleasant Weather.

(Signed) JOHN CARTWRIGHT.

CHAPTER IV.

HOPE AMBROSE TO MRS. BETTY GROVER.

Pennacook, May 12th, 1730.

ESTEEMED AND DEAR AUNT—John, so we have heard, is coming up from Below to-morrow, with Nails and Glass for his House, which he is going about building immediately. His Lot joins Ours; I shall hear every nail that is driven. Sometimes they will have a Pleasant Sound perhaps; for Sometimes I accept my Lot just as it is, and am grateful for it. But at Others, I grow hot and jealous; my Heart grows dreary and discouraged with its fears and Tumult. I think I would, oh! so gladly die, if so I could so escape being the Wife of a Man who will take me with his Hand, while his Heart is a Great Way off, loving another, longing with concealed pain for Another who is so different from me, in having a tall, Grand Appearance, in wearing elegant clothes, in being used to all the Advantages of the Life she has been living at Portsmouth. She is Beautiful, Mrs. Harren says. She has curls over her forehead, neck, and Shoulders. She has them tastefully bound up at Parties and Balls with silvery gauzes that glisten, as do Other parts of her Dress, with Silver Spangles. She is High Bred and of delicate make. Her Neck, Shoulders, and Arms are as soft and White as a Bed of White Roses. Her step is slow and Graceful as a Queen's. Her Fingers taper and are like Wax, only they have the consummate Beauty of being real flesh and blood fingers, upon a living, breathing, beautiful body. So I see her. It is according to Mrs. Harren and Molly's account of Her Appearance at places of Amusement where they have seen Her and John together. Molly says the Story at Portsmouth is, that she was as

Fond of John as John was of her; that she would gladly have accepted him when he offered himself, (for offer himself he did, aunt, as you will believe if you ever hear all that Molly Harren has to say in proof of it,) but she was not at liberty. She was already engaged to a gentleman of England, of High Family. So she refused John; but it went deeply against her Heart. She grew pale. John was afflicted. I leave it to you whether it is not Dreadful! It seems worse to me because I know his Goodness so well, and His deserving of such a woman as Miss Dunbar; know what a Simple little Creature I am, who can be nothing to him but this—an adoring, faithful, diligent Wife and Helpmate. I love him so much that no Words that any Mortals use could express it. Ah, Me! but I shall die if I become his Wife, and he does not love me! When young Samuel Ayre came down Sugar Ball Hill last week, on his Way from Below, he had a Cart and eight Yoke of Oxen, as John will have when He comes to-morrow; and found such Difficulties in his Descent and in Fording and Swimming the River, as nearly cost him his Life. One of his Oxen was Drowned and Sam was awhile in deep Peril. If John were to be drowned there to-morrow, in coming, I think I could bear it. My Heart would ache hard half the rest of my days; the World would never be Bright to me again; but He would be lain beneath his own Oak beside the tinkling brook, close to our fence, and would be Mine forever, without the Possibility of his ever seeing me, as his wife, while his Heart was turning to Another.

Ma'am has gone to a Quilting this Afternoon at Mrs. Caswell's. The Children are at Play in the Woods; I hear their Voices. Pa is at a Meeting of the Settlers, to see about building the Meeting-House, about the General Fence, and about a Ferry. Pa is thought a great Deal of, for his Moderation and excellent judgement in Plantation matters.

Tuesday.

Our Path is swept; our Floors are freshly Sanded; we are all in Readiness for John; the Pines are sweet; they show beautifully through our little windows and the open door; the Birds sing their great Evening Anthem; Pa, thinking of John no doubt, works with deeply satisfied Looks along the rows of Garden Vegetables, making them show fresh and green above the Brown Earth. Ma'am is still busy for Him who is to be here at Sundown—

Later.—A Letter from John. John is not Coming until Friday, and I am very, very glad, aunt Betty! Somebody Else came with John's

Team to-night; John is not coming until Friday; then he is coming with the Chief Peorrawarra in his Canoe. Peorrawarra has engaged to bring him.

Major Harris is to take my letter to-morrow to my dear Aunt, to whom I send Love, and Hopes, and Prayers. Write to me and tell me if I Ought to Marry John and this Great Weight of Doubt on my Heart.

Your Dutiful and Affectionate Niece,
HOPE AMBROSE.

CHAPTER V.

HOPE AMBROSE TO MRS. BETTY GROVER.

Pennacook, May 13th.

DEAR AND HONORED AUNT—The Commissioner, Mr. Langley, will start early to-morrow morning for Haverhill. It is late; but I must thank my Aunt, and praise her for the Wisdom so far above my own; for, if I had been asked Consent to your speaking to John, I should have held it back, so sure was I of his love for Miss Dunbar. My gratitude to you, to John, and to my Father Above are so great that I weep as I write. (Molly Harren wanted me for her Brother; I suppose this is why she told me so many things, although she, as I have no doubt, heard them among the Gossips at Portsmouth.) I long for his Coming! I read both your Letter and Dear John's to Ma, and she almost cried for gladness; it was such a Load off, such a Desire fulfilled! she said.

Your Loving, Grateful Niece,
HOPE.

CHAPTER VI.

HOPE AMBROSE TO MRS. BETTY GROVER.

Pennacook, Friday Evening.

Aunt, my Heart will break of this Pain that strains it so, and that, with all the Effort I can make, will not for one moment grow lighter. Peorrawarra's Canoe has been out here on the River to-night. Mr. Cogswell, who has been here, saw it, and two persons in it, an hour after Sundown. He knows that one must have been Peorrawarra, from his Height, and from the Outline of his figure, which he could distinctly see, although he could not see his Features, or the Features or Form of the Other. The Other was John, of course. Mr. Cogswell could see another Indian on the Land, on the East side, who looked as if he were keeping along with the Canoe, watching it. He kept among the trees and bushes; Mr. Cogswell saw him sculking from one Clump of Pines to another. He has no doubt it was an Indian,

although he saw him indistinctly; the Stoop of the tall Shape and the Stealth were like an Indian, he says. He heard the discharge of a Gun; he thought he heard an Outcry; but it was when he had lost sight of the Canoe, and of the Form on the Shore; he does not know where the Sounds came from; although he knows that to him they seemed to come from the river.

I write these Particulars, my dear Aunt, because I cannot go to Bed; because it is a Relief to me Writing them; and because I believe they must, sometime, be written.

We all watched and listened until a late Hour, going to the Bars, going out into the Road, Watching, Listening under the tall, black Pines. Oh! how my Heart was torn, watching to see him, listening to hear him! I kept saying to myself, "God is just! He has heard my Complaints made when my Sky was Bright, if I had but known it; now He lets the thick Darkness come, and He is Just!"

But Good-Night; the rest try to Sleep; I must try.

Saturday Morning.

All the Plantation has been at our door, this Morning. The Women wring their Hands; the Men are pale; for John was their Pride and Hope in any Difficulty with each other, or with the Indians here, or with the General Court at Portsmouth. He was always Grave, but very pleasant, very kind. He was Graver, I fear, for the Hardness of my Jealousy toward Him, which rose and showed itself to him oftener, perhaps, than my Great Love did. May God forgive me, and help me Bear this Thought of my own Sin, of his Grief.

Late—Evening.

A Mr. Durgin, who lives on the East side of the River, came, while I was writing this morning, dear Aunt, and told us a Horrible Tale. He saw the Canoe coming up the River, last Night, with two persons in it, one of whom he knew to be Peorrawarra; saw the Indian sculking on the Land. Then the trees hid awhile the Canoe and the Indian on the Land. Then, the Instant the Canoe came forward where he could see it, a gun was discharged from among the trees, on the Bank, and He saw both Forms in the Canoe fall without Life into the Stream. Instantly there was a Horrible Yell of Triumph from the Creature on the Land. He rushed out, bent Eagerly over the Stream, brandishing Gun and Tomahawk in the air; and when he saw Mr. Durgin, pointing, like one Frantic, to the empty Canoe, he yelled "Peorrawarra!" and then, disappearing like an Arrow in the Wood,

he was seen no more. Oh! aunt, can you guess what I suffered? I pitied Pa. With the Anguish gnawing silently but with greed at my own Heart, I pitied Him; and at last, when they were all gone (for it was now Noon), I went up before Him, looking into his Face. He opened His Arms for me, and then my Tears burst forth. I was never so shaken; not even when precious little Johnny died.

A Man started after Dinner to go to Haverhill with the News, hoping to get there before the Sabbath began. But just at Sundown, when the Work of the Day and the Week was all over, when we sat and Pa read the Bible, and the Holy Sabbath of Consolation seemed settling down on all our Souls, we heard Light, Quick Steps, such Steps as John has and nobody else; and in one instant there was John, eager, glad, beaming with such Brightness and such Manliness as I am sure no one else ever shows, in our Door. We all rose in an instant to our feet; and, as if with one Heart of Love, Welcome, and Gratitude, took him in our arms and kissed him. I longed to keep my Arms there, longed that His should still encircle me and Hold me a long Time to the wide, firm breast I felt throbbing against my own. But nearly half the Plantation was already coming up the path to our Door—the News of John's Safety had flown so! there was such Gladness among them! This shows how Good he is, what Wisdom he has.

They all came in and heard his Story.

Peorrawarra came away secretly in the night from Haverhill; and somewhere this Side, took in the Squaw of Another Chief. This Chief, having learned the treachery, followed them; was seen at Amoskeag Falls, where he told one

his Story and what Revenge he was carrying. It was at this Place that John learned the Circumstances, so far.

It seems that the wronged Chief came up with the guilty Pair at this Settlement; and, watching to take Skillful Aim, shot both treacherous Chief and Faithless Squaw. While they were yet talking it over, Mr. Durgin came in bringing the Gun of the dead Chief.

John came up in Safety to-day on his own Horse. He is here now, sitting in Safety close to my Chair, as I write to finish off this Letter, which Mr. Tallant is to take with Him, Monday. He plans his House ("Our House," he says now whenever he speaks of it, and looks so happy, so mild!) with Ma'am, and talks over Plantation matters with Pa; and I listen to the Sounds of his Voice and look to Him, and my eyes meet the full beams of His Love and Goodness, and I am so deeply, deeply penitent over my long Coldness to him, and so Grateful for this my Undeserved Comfort, that I could fall on my knees by his Side and weep out altogether the tears that will keep coming to blind me as I write these last lines to you.

Dear, dear Aunt Betty, your straightforward truth and Plainness procured me this Happiness that I feel to-night; and this makes me, if possible, more than ever Your Grateful, Affectionate Niece,
HOPE AMBROSS.

Here end Hope's letters; and here I expected my pleasant office of *reconteuse* to end; but Mrs. Kennedy has just brought a fresh piece of intelligence, ending it with helping herself to a big pinch of snuff, and with saying, "An' now 'f anything happens, 's I guess the' will, I wish you'd write it off too, and let it be printed."

I promised; so, dear reader, *au revoir*.

THE TIDE IS COMING IN.

BY JONATHAN P. HAYNES.

THE waves are washing the sandy shore,
And the moon shines clear and bright—
As I stand where oft I have stood before,
On this pleasant Summer night—
And the tide is coming in.

And memory goes back to departed days,
And voices I seem to hear
That have followed me faithfully always
Through every changing year—
As the tide is coming in.

There are voices of sadness and voices of mirth,
Soft tones remembered well;
And forms that no more will be seen upon earth,
And they each have a story to tell—
As the tide is coming in.

And my heart is sad as I think of those
Whom I nevermore shall see,
Who are from all temptations and woes,
And sorrow and suffering set free—
As the tide is coming in.

But still there are left many true and kind,
And memory holds them dear;
Their friendship doth the more strongly bind,
With each succeeding year—
As the tide is coming in.

And long shall I remember this night,
If I live to future years;
And memory will the living and dead unite,
As the sound comes to my ears
Of the tide as it is coming in.

THE GIRL GUARDIAN.

BY GRACE GARDNER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Charles J. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 307.

HER return was eagerly welcomed by the fashionable circle in which she moved, for her wit and beauty everywhere created admirers, and soon the young widow, wealthy and independent, became the brightest star of fashion. She had no lack of suitors, and coquettish by nature, she flirted with and disappointed scores; but in spite of her volatility, there was one place in her heart sacred to the dead, where none had yet been able to enter; and English by education, she could not adopt the *mariage de convenance* so common among the French.

Neither was Eugenie quite the woman of the world she seemed. Bè sure that when she was most wildly gay, most charmingly coquettish, most fascinatingly brilliant, there was a silent, sorrowful voice speaking in her heart, which she would not that the world should hear, and, therefore, drowned it in gay mockery.

Gay, fascinating, brilliant, Eugenie Lamonte was formed to be admired. Sympathizing, with the most winning tenderness of manner at will, proceeding from the warm, little heart she contrived for the most part to keep so carefully out of sight—also to be loved.

She had spent the previous winter in London, where Olive had met her. They renewed with mutual pleasure the intimacy of former years; and when Olive returned to Chainey Hall, Madame Lamonte accompanied her for the purpose of making an indefinitely long visit.

This evening, Olive was silent and rather *distracte*. Madame Lamonte rattled on with her usual volatility with her pretty mixture of English and French.

"So, *ma chère*, this grown-up ward of yours does not arrive? How very vexatious! Here have I been sitting in state, and in my most graceful attitude on purpose to captivate him, and he has the impertinence not to come! *Méchant!* I suppose there is no hope of his coming now," and with a sigh of bodily relief, the beautiful widow threw herself negligently upon the sofa, and continued,

"And so this young gentleman thinks you an old lady—your half-sister, not yourself. *C'est charmant!* and dear old Monsieur Leyden put

down his foot that you should not undeceive him. Ah! *je comprends! c'est sage. Mon Dieu!* How bewildered and confounded the *pauvre garcon* will be when he beholds his guardian—*si jeune, si belle!* I hope he won't show any embarrassment or *gaucherie*. Startling and unexpected positions, after all, are what show the real mettle of a man—when a nobleman might oftentimes be glad to change natures with a *charbonnier!*

"Of course, one must not expect much from a poor lawyer, who has had no advantages of society, though some one has told me, or I dreamed it, that his connections are noble. However, if he is decently presentable, I must have a *petite* flirtation with him. It will not be a conquest of which to boast; and I suppose if Madame Eugenie had a proper degree of pride and dignity, she wouldn't condescend so far, but she hasn't—*tant pis!* Gentlemen are so scarce in this region, and I am dying of ennui! That tiresome Sir Robert Truesdale! I cannot coax him into a *petite coquetterie*, although I have given him all proper encouragement—insensate!

"How came such a queer idea into your *chère petite tête* as to become guardian of those *enfants*—such a mere child as you were; but you always were at school such an odd and independent little thing! They are *charmants*, though. If their grown-up brother is only half as handsome! He ought by all the rules of romance to fall in love with you, *petite*. But you are ice, and it won't be—men are so queer. They dislike those from whom they are compelled to receive favors. I read your fortune—you will never marry—*pauvre Olive!*"

At this moment, a gentleman entered the room unannounced. Olive rose to receive him. As she observed him, a bright smile broke over her face.

"Mr. Wellenden, I believe. I am very happy to see you. The children will be delighted," and she held out her hand cordially, coloring slightly as she remembered that he must have expected to behold a far different looking person.

The truth flashed upon Lionel Wellenden with

her words. The answering smile left his lips. His brow grew dark; his features rigid; and it was evidently with effort that he replied even with that icy courtesy to her cordiality. He dropped the hand she offered him, and there was something in the action which was not rude, scarcely abrupt, but which told Olive they were not to be friends, well, if not enemies.

The keen, bright eyes of Madame Eugenie watching Lionel with malicious expectancy, could detect no want of self-possession in his frigid politeness. Lionel Wellenden was not of the stamp of men troubled with *mauvaise honte*. He was too proud to be vain or self-conscious, and now every minor feeling was swallowed up in wrath and wounded pride.

Olive presented him to Madame Lamonte. He saluted her with a haughty grace that might have befitted an emperor. The beauty was charmed.

"Bon!" she murmured to herself. "A true diamond, not glass—a lion, not an ape!"

She exerted herself, as she seldom did, to amuse and fascinate, and became anxious of her own success. She condescended to go out of her world—the world of fashion—into the borders of another, and recalled with effort a few stray bits of wisdom, with which to tempt the "young lion," who listened with the most superb indifference, even smiled a little contemptuously at the trifling inaccuracy and inapplicability of some of madame's stray bits!

In truth, madame was not in a mood to be entertained. The discovery he had made was a shock of the severest kind—a shock both to his pride and manliness.

It was unendurable when he felt he owed such indebtedness to a stranger—a woman; but when that stranger proved a young and beautiful girl, some years his junior, all the blood of his proud race surged in bitter, angry waves over his soul. And the remembrance of his helplessness, his perfect inability to extricate himself, galled him to the utmost.

Take the hand of Olive Archer in friendship—of this young girl who had humbled him to the dust with the burden of unpaid obligation! Never! never!

Ignoble, unworthy as he knew the feeling to be, and unreasonable, he felt in that moment that he hated her.

For his passion and pride we must pity rather than blame him, for they were his heritage—his only heritage, from his paternal grandfather.

"*Un méchant erreur! est-ce ne pas?*" He was born a prince and changed in the cradle, certainly. He a lawyer! *méchant!* Is he not

marvelously handsome? Ah! *ma chère*, I have lost my *pauvre* heart this time!" exclaimed Madame Lamonte, that night as they sat together before a bright fire in the latter's dressing-room.

Olive smiled indulgently. She knew the geography of madame's dear little heart better than madame herself, who was always fancying it wandering, or lost, when Olive knew that it pointed true as the needle to the pole, to the grave of her buried love.

Lionel Wellenden's personal appearance justified Eugenie's compliment. Poor lawyer though he might be and was, he was a person to be markedly conspicuous anywhere. His tall and noble figure, regal bearing, his strikingly handsome face, with the dark, eagle eyes telling the possession of powers of which many a prince had never dreamed, and the unconscious superiority every movement evinced, must have challenged notice. When Lionel was well pleased and wished to please, he was irresistible.

But Lionel was not pleased, nor wished to please, during his visit to Chaincy Hall. All his worst traits of character were in the ascendant, and he made himself as disagreeable as it was possible for any man to do.

He was angry and dissatisfied with himself and every one, and, therefore, took a perverse pleasure in rendering the whole family uncomfortable.

The children, at first delighted at his coming, soon learned to shun him, for his harsh, sarcastic sayings, which, without fully understanding them, made them feel angry and annoyed; while his criticisms and reflections upon Olive, her plans for, and management of, them, excited their indignation to the utmost.

It was a time of severe trial to Olive. She could not be blind to the young man's dislike, which, in fact, he took no unnecessary pains to conceal beyond the limits of civility.

She made all due allowance for his peculiar trials and character. She could understand something of his feelings; besides he was her guest, the brother of the children. She made no effort to conciliate him, but she was good-humoredly indifferent to his covert sarcasms, and persisted in treating him with a frank, cheerful kindness, which should have made him ashamed of his perverseness; but he was in one of his dark moods, from which he either could not or would not break.

But the young girl was tried sometimes almost beyond her self-control. The children were kept in a constant state of irritation and excitement, by their brother's unjustifiable interference and rebukes, and half a dozen times a day were to

be calmed and soothed. She never ceased to be anxious when the high-spirited Philip was alone with his brother, for fear his cold sneers would exasperate him to some rash act.

One day, in her absence, Philip happened to speak of a newly-purchased horse, and expatiated at some length upon the animal's spirit and beauty, adding, "He hoped to be able to drive it himself, alone, the next spring."

"And why not now?" inquired Lionel.

"Oh! Olive thinks it not quite safe yet."

"Ah? Olive thinks so. A brave and obedient young gentleman truly!"

There was something in the tone and the half sneer, that accompanied it that roused the boy's fiery nature. He sprang up and his eye flashed.

"See here, Lionel Wellenden! don't you *dare* speak of Olive again in that tone! I've had enough of it, and I won't stand it any longer!

"Lionel," and now there was a momentary dignity in the boy's passion, "you have told me, and taunted me with it while telling, what no one ever told me before—though I knew it and remembered it—that Olive took Amy and me in, when we were little things, and hadn't a friend in the whole world, nor a home to go to, and has cared for us all these years, just as if we had been her own brother and sister. One would think you would help us to be grateful, but this is the way you repay her; and you said, too, looking as fierce as if you hated her for it, that she had helped you through your studies too—and I believe you *do* hate her, just because you are a man and poor, and she happens to be a beautiful young lady and rich, and to whom you are under obligations. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Lionel! She's the best friend we have got in the whole world, and you haven't the sense to see it—don't want to see it. I say, Lionel, it's real mean and shabby, and if you don't stop this sort of thing, I'll fight you and teach you better manners!"

Lionel gave a careless and contemptuous laugh. Philip sprang toward him with clenched fist, almost choking with passion, when Olive, attracted by the noise, came in. She looked at one and the other inquiringly.

Lionel vouchsafed neither look nor answer, but returned to his book. Philip, suddenly calmed, stammered and looked confused. Olive spoke at length,

"Philip, will you please come to the library, and assist me in writing some notes of invitation?"

He followed her in silence. She gave him a list of names. She was very grave and silent, and the poor boy felt conscience-stricken, and

longed to offer some excuse and explanation, but she gave him no encouragement. Alas! the very subject of the disagreement prevented an explanation. At length he commenced falteringly; but she interrupted him, saying kindly, but decisively,

"I cannot listen, Philip. You know my wishes and the necessity of controlling your temper. Were there no provocation of anger, where would be the virtue of controlling it? These incessant outbreaks grieve and alarm me. You must settle the matter with your own conscience, Philip."

The same night Amy ran to Olive in tears.

"I don't like Lionel a bit! I wish he would go home quickly! I do! I wish he had never, never come!" she cried, passionately.

"Hush! dear. You forget you are speaking of your brother."

"No! he isn't my brother. I won't own him for a brother. I don't like him a bit."

"What is the matter, darling? What has poor Lionel done? Has he broken your pet doll, or lost your last book?" asked Olive, smilingly.

Amy broke at once into the story of her grievances.

"I was showing Lionel some pictures, and I told him I was going to have a prettier one than any of those on my birthday—that my 'Mamma Olive' had promised to have her miniature painted for me, and that I should put it with his and keep it very carefully. And he laughed in such an ugly way and said—oh, dear!—I cannot tell what he said—only he don't think somebody is pretty, that I think the most beautiful lady in the whole world; and he said, too, that it was absurd to call a young girl like you 'mamma,' and then I couldn't help being angry; and he said he hoped that, at least, I should have been taught something of manners; and that——"

Olive's face had flushed a little during Amy's recital, but it quickly faded, and she now interrupted her, saying soothingly,

"Never mind, love, what more he said. My little Amy must remember and be very kind and forbearing with her brother, and love him a great deal, for something troubles him very much, else he would never say anything to wound her feelings."

The affectionate, forgiving child looked up thoughtfully in Olive's face.

"Does it? I never thought of that. It must be that then which makes him so cross, and say such unkind things. I am so sorry. Dear Lionel."

And the next time Lionel vexed her, she controlled herself, shook her little head with a charming expression of wisdom, and said good-humoredly,

"You shall say what you like to me, dear Lionel. I am not going to get angry with you any more—Olive says I must not, but that I must love and pity you a great deal, for something troubles you very much. I didn't know it before, or else I wouldn't have got angry at all. I am so sorry, dear Lionel, and I *do* love you so much."

"Dear Lionel" bit his lip till the blood came.

So this girl Olive understood it all and presumed to pity him! It was not then for want of spirit that she had borne so patiently with his rudeness, as he had begun to think, but from forbearance and generosity—because she realized well that she was the benefactress; he the poor dependant. He writhed under the thought of her *pity*. It stung his haughty soul to the utmost.

As for Mr. Leyden, he deserted the house utterly after the first day of Lionel's visit, conscious of his inability to endure longer in silence the young man's haughty airs and cavalier treatment of Olive, which nearly suffocated him with passion. He wished to spare her the pain of witnessing a scene, and prudently absented himself.

Only to Madame Lamonte did Lionel unbend. A flirtation ensued, which seemingly threatened to prove something more serious, and it is just possible madame began to agitate, in her own mind, whether such a connection would answer. That it was not *comme il faut* she, as a woman of the world, knew well. A poor lawyer would have been insupportable, in an abstract sense, for a *parti*; but the singular fascination Lionel exerted over her, caused her to view the matter in a more favorable light.

Surely she was rich enough for both. Besides, was he not of noble ancestry, and was not his face and bearing worthy of a king?

In short, madame was, or imagined herself, in love, and Olive looked on apparently not disapprovingly, for she knew that Eugenie, in spite of her flightiness and trifling caprices, was, in all the essential qualities, true as steel. Perhaps, in the young man's capacity for domestic happiness, she might not have felt equal confidence; but she never hinted such fears to Eugenie.

Things were in this state the night of a grand ball at the hall. All the neighboring gentry far and near had been invited. The arrivals commenced early. Gentlemen commoners, squires

bustled in with their wives and blooming daughters; knights, baronets, with a sprinkling of lords, ladies, and countesses. Last of all came the good old Dutchess of Cumberland, with her four grown-up daughters, determined on making, this night, a grand *coup d'état* for an advantageous matrimonial alliance for some one of her daughters.

She soon singled out Lionel, who, dark, haughty, irate, stood near one end of the apartment, receiving those who were presented to him, the noblest and fairest of the assembled company, with a careless condescension which went far toward making him the lion of the evening; for all tacitly allowed that only a personage of note, sure of his rank and standing, could afford such a haughty bearing. Besides, Madame Lamonte, the idol of society, seemed to covet his notice with a pertinacity very flattering from a reigning belle.

Perseveringly the good dutchess labored till she managed an introduction between Lionel, and herself and daughters. But, behold! here was a disappointment: Mr. Wellenden did not dance. Why he did not—whether because etiquette would have required his leading Olive out, or for some other equally important reason—Lionel could best have told.

The good dutchess was certainly not an adept in manœuvring, as her four unmarried daughters proved, and she only succeeded in obtaining Lionel's attendance upon her daughter for an ice; but his courteous attentions to herself won her regard. Her innocent manœuvring was so easily seen through, and her good-nature so apparent, it disarmed his pride.

"*Mon Dieu!* Mr. Wellenden! Where have you been? I am ennuied to death! Such an insufferable bore as I had for a partner in the last waltz! How tiresome of you not to dance! How did you stumble upon that good, stupid old dutchess and her frights of daughters? See! Sir Robert Truesdale is leading Olive out to dance! Is she not looking irresistibly beautiful this evening? Confess you think her charming, Monsieur Wellenden!"

Her black eyes were bent upon him curiously. There was the slightest, almost imperceptible curl of the short upper lip, contradicting his words, as he said,

"Yes, Miss Archer is beautiful—certainly I think her charming!" He glanced toward Olive, carelessly, as he spoke.

Perhaps Eugenie was relieved to know that Lionel did not admire Olive; for she knew if one admired the young girl, there was great danger of their going further and loving her.

She continued. "Sir Robert Truesdale has long been an ardent and persevering suitor for Olive's hand. I cannot but think she will finally relent and reward his constancy. Did you ever witness such devotion? 'Love is *such* a tyrant,' they say," she added, half-laughingly, half-earnestly.

Lionel's dark eyes were bent piercingly upon her.

"Is it, madame? Ah! you feel—you know it!"

Madame Eugenie blushed—actually blushed, accomplished woman of the world as she was, under the scrutiny of a poor lawyer.

Lionel saw her pretty confusion. He had evidently no wish to push the subject further, for he spoke again in a distant tone that put her blushes to flight.

"It is stifling here. Shall we promenade, madame?"

She took his arm in silence, wounded and vexed that she had given him an opportunity to declare his suit, which he either knew not how, or would not improve.

They stopped near the door of the conservatory, which was but dimly lighted. Directly Lord Holliston approached, and begged the honor of her hand in the quadrille they were forming.

Lionel looked on for a few moments, then went into the conservatory, and took a seat near one of the opened windows.

His name uttered by some one on the balcony outside caught his attention.

"Who is this Wellenden whom all the ladies are raving about, and who bears himself so lordly? Evidently somebody of distinction. Strange I never heard of him."

"Who is he? Why, a poor rascal of a lawyer! Brother of those beggarly *protéges* of Miss Archer's! A mean, dastardly fellow! An apology for a man, to be willing to live on the bounty of a young girl! A bold, shameless adventurer also, to endeavor to palm himself off in the company of his superiors! I have wanted to tell him so this evening, and would but for fear of offending Miss Archer!" said the voice of Sir Robert Truesdale, in the low tone of passion.

"He is a splendid-looking fellow though, by Jove! Look out, or you will lose your fair lady-love. He is just the man to storm fair ladies' hearts."

"I would run my sword through him first! But there is no danger. Olive Archer is a proud girl. After refusing the hand of some of the first nobles of the realm, she would scarcely

condescend to a poor lawyer. When she is mine, and I am master here, my first act will be to turn these beggarly brats out of the house, and kick this proud jackanapes into the street, should he ever venture to show his face here—the cowardly poltroon!"

"How do you get on with Miss Archer?"

"Not very fast. Girls are whimsical and changeable; but it will end as I wish. It is my one firm purpose in life to win Olive Archer's hand."

The speakers left the vicinity. Lionel Wellenden's face was fearful to look upon. His face was livid with passion. The veins in his forehead stood out, purple, knotted, and swelled; his teeth were set; his hand clenched. He was in the mood in which many a man has shed his brother's blood.

More than an hour did Lionel stay there, alone with himself and his passion. The whirlwind of anger at length partially passed.

He went out of the conservatory. Near the door he met Olive. Her brow was ruffled as with some concealed anxiety. When she saw him, an expression of relief passed over her features. She held out her hand eagerly.

"I am glad to find you. Will you attend me to find Eugenie?" And she laid her hand on his arm.

His eyes emitted lightning as he replied rudely,

"Excuse me, madam. You will find a much more fitting attendant!" and turned away abruptly, as if the very sight of her was hateful to him.

Olive met Sir Robert's eyes fixed maliciously and triumphantly upon her.

"Is it possible that Miss Archer's favors can be thus ungraciously received?" he exclaimed, with affectation of astonishment. "Ah! Olive, they would make me the happiest of men!" he whispered, ardently. "Why waste them upon that low ingrate?" offering his arm.

Almost as abruptly as Lionel turned from her, did Olive turn from Sir Robert.

It was not in human nature to forget so marked an insult as Lionel had shown her, and when he made his adieus that night, after the guests had departed—as he should take the morning coach in order to take the first train for London—she was studiously cold. Lionel felt that he had been rude, and owed her an apology; but he would not make it.

Madame Lamonte received his farewell with inward surprise, chagrin, and displeasure; wept herself to sleep after his departure, and was exceedingly surprised the next day to find she

was not heart-broken. And thus ended the visit so little productive of pleasure to any one.

Lionel Wellenden went back to London and the law, with a stronger determination, if possible, to distinguish himself, to acquire fame and fortune. Ambition pointed to the goal, and a bitter pride goaded him on. He was soon completely immersed in musty law-books, yellow deeds and parchments, briefs, and law-suits.

He was not, however, so engrossed, but that he found time to wonder why the children did not write oftener—but how could they think of him amid the gayeties of the hall? But they were young and thoughtless. Miss Archer was at fault. She ought to see that they were more prompt. He could not have been convinced that they wrote as frequently as formerly: which he once thought too often. It was the fact, however. Perhaps he naturally feared his conduct while there had alienated their affection; or he was more anxious for their welfare; or, more probably, feared that Sir Robert Truesdale should become master of the hall, ere he should learn the tidings in time to remove his brother and sister from it.

Amy wrote one day a distressed, almost incoherent letter—but he deciphered that Olive was dangerously sick of an infectious fever, and that the physician pronounced her recovery doubtful.

For some reason inexplicable to himself, that week seemed interminable to Lionel. Never had he been so irritable, so unreasonable, and never had he accomplished so little in his profession. In vain he tried to account for it. What was it to him if Miss Archer should die? Nothing. True, the children would be homeless, but his prospects were such that he should soon, in any event, take them to a home of his own. Amy had said that the fever was infectious. Ah! that then was the secret of his uneasiness and anxiety—fear that she would contract the fever which threatened to prove so fatal to her young protectress. He forgot that Amy had written that she was not allowed to approach her chamber by orders of the physician, who took upon himself to command what he knew would be his unconscious patient's first wish and anxiety.

It was noticeable that when the next anxiously-expected letter from Amy arrived, with the news that Olive was better and would probably recover, the look of anxiety left his face, he became his usual self and was soon engrossed in business as before.

About this time the tide of fortune turned in Lionel's favor.

In a private letter, before the public an-

nouncement, he learned that by the sudden death of a distant cousin, whom he had never seen or heard of, so isolated from his family had he been, he was the next heir to the family title, the vast estates and revenues. He was now Earl of Grosvenor.

Many an unworthy feeling mingled with nobler ones in Lionel's breast at this knowledge. His first exultant thought was, not that he was now in a position which entitled him to ask the hand of Miss Richmond or Madame Lamonte, in marriage, or that he would now have a princely home for the children; but oh, faulty nature!—that he was now the superior in rank to the young girl who had so long humbled him, that he could repay all obligation, and that he could now triumph over Sir Robert Truesdale.

These seemed, for the time being, the sweetest drops in the cup of good fortune.

The third evening from this found him at the hall. Philip was absent at school, but would be at home in a few days. Amy was overjoyed to see him, and Olive received him with friendly cordiality. "Madame Lamonte had only the day previous set out for Paris," Olive informed him hesitatingly, as if she feared he would be disappointed at the tidings, connecting in her own mind his unexpected coming with Eugenie's supposed presence there.

Later in the evening, after Amy had retired, he commenced to explain the object of his visit.

"Miss Archer, I am happy to inform you that I am now able to relieve you of a long and a heavy burden."

Olive's dark eyes opened upon him in amazement, but she did not speak.

"If you will have the kindness to prepare Amy for a journey by next week, or week after, Miss Archer, you will oblige me."

Olive turned fearfully pale.

"Take my children from me, Lionel Wellenden! you cannot be serious!" calling his whole name in the excitement of the moment.

She looked so beautiful, so moved, claiming her motherhood to the children, that he responded more gently,

"Nay, I am serious. I wish to relieve you of a great care."

Her eyes flashed scornfully. "You know better. You know it will be like taking my own brother and sister from me. You only do this to satisfy your own absurd pride—pride in which there is not a spark of nobleness or generosity."

He felt that she spoke the truth, but it only irritated him.

"You are severe, Miss Archer. It is possible

I may have some affection for my brother and sister myself."

"No, it is plain to me you have not. If you had, would you seek to take them from a luxurious home, to immure them in close, obscure lodgings in town? They could not survive the change."

"Perhaps I may not take them to close, obscure lodgings in town," and a slight smile broke over his dark face.

"Where then? Excuse my frankness, but your means cannot allow of a proper home for them." And she looked up in his face searchingly, but she could not read his meaning.

"I hope you do not intend to taunt me with my poverty, Miss Archer."

"I do not know—I think it very possible, that is, if you persist in this cruel resolve, Mr. Wellenden," and the dark eyes filled with tears as her anger gave place to grief.

"Confess that you are not serious—that you are only experimenting on my feelings. You will not take the children from me?—they are very, very dear to me. It would break my heart," laying her hand beseechingly on his arm.

That touch! It thrilled through Lionel Wellenden's strong frame, and told him a little secret he had carried in his heart and never suspected, but he sneered incredulously. Love! where was its birth-place? What were its parents? Could it be born of anger and pride? Absurd! impossible! and though he shivered with the tide of emotion, he spoke calmly and proudly,

"Miss Archer, you do me injustice, in part, at least. I supposed the arrangements I have made would not only be welcome, but under existing circumstances absolutely necessary."

"Existing circumstances?" Explain, if you please."

"It is not probable that Sir Robert Truesdale, as master of this house, would be willing to retain such incumbrances."

"You are right. Probably he would not. Indeed, since we are upon the subject, I will admit that I am sure he would not."

"And if they could, they should not. Wherefore all these objections then? There need no more be said. They will go with me," he said, loftily.

"Not unless you want a lawsuit. Am I not their guardian?" she laughingly returned, recovering her gayety as she believed she understood his objections.

He was irritated at her gayety, and eyed her haughtily. She added more seriously,

"You will, perhaps, understand me better, when I add that, some weeks ago, I also as well as yourself, was an unwilling auditor to a conversation between Sir Robert and one of his friends, in the vicinity of the conservatory."

His face flushed, but he did not reply, and the subject dropped.

During his stay at the hall, Lionel made himself vastly agreeable. His good fortune had a happy effect upon his disposition. He could bear prosperity better than adversity. Kind, affable to all, he was as unlike the disagreeable Lionel of other days as it was possible to imagine. The children did not now shun him.

Notwithstanding, Lionel was not happy. He was struggling madly against a passion, which yet he would not acknowledge—he, who had heretofore ignored the existence of love, and ridiculing, as the most absurd of impossibilities, the idea of falling in love with a young girl whom he had hated and shunned, and whom he persisted in believing he still was not far from hating, and toward whom, at the best, he was confident he could not entertain a deeper sentiment than friendship; while he was unconsciously watching, with the absorbing interest only love can give, every word and motion of the young girl; in her absence, adroitly leading Amy to talk of her, and never wearying of the subject which had once so wearied him; seeing only her amid groups of the beautiful and high-born; feeling angry and injured when he saw her the center of some crowd of admirers; heart and pulse beating rapidly when she chanced to smile on him: all this, and yet Lionel called it less than friendship, and, to prove it so, forced himself to stand aloof, when he longed to be at her side, and to speak coldly and reservedly, when the hot words of passion were on his lips.

Olive read, walked, and sung with him whenever he wished, and exacting in his love as his pride, her very readiness to do this displeased and mortified him. He read in it only the solicitous politeness of a hostess wishing to amuse and entertain her guest. He did not ask himself why he cared—he had no wish to analyze his feelings.

It was evident Olive feared he had not given up his plan of removing the children, for she looked wistful and anxious whenever his departure was referred to, and shunned the subject.

One evening, after the reception of some letters, she remained sad, silent, and abstracted. No change of mood in the fair girl escaped Lionel's watchful eye; and while he was exchanging gay nothings with the sisters of Sir

Robert Truesdale who were present, his thoughts and sympathy were concentrated upon Olive.

After they had departed, and as she bade him "good-night," she added, in a low voice,

"I know all, and congratulate your lordship," and was gone.

The next day, when Lionel resumed the subject of the children's removal, Olive made no further objections. It was finally decided that they should remain at the hall till Lionel should visit his estates and make further arrangements for their reception, and then return for them.

When Amy was informed of her brother's succession to the title, and of his arrangements for their future, in a passion of surprise and grief she threw her arms around Olive, exclaiming,

"Oh! do not take me away, Lionel. I do not want to leave the hall, and I never can, I never will leave Olive. What could I do without her? If I must go, Lionel, take her too."

An ardent flush crossed Lionel's dark face. A strange expression settled on his features. He turned to Olive,

"Will you go?"

She looked up smilingly, saw with surprise his moved countenance—flushed and drew back.

There was a pallor round the haughty lip, but with a look of determination he turned to Olive as the door closed on Amy.

"Olive, I love you. It is not a new thing, though I would not believe it for a long time. Will you forgive all the rudeness of the past and become my wife?" he said, briefly.

"I cannot be your wife," she said, as briefly.

Lionel regarded her for a moment in bitter displeasure, then turned haughtily away. He felt for an instant that it was all a mistake, that he did not love her, and that the old dislike had returned.

He left the room as Philip entered, his fine face flushed and agitated with contending feelings. He went straight up to Olive, and, throwing his cap on the floor, asked vehemently,

"It cannot be true, can it, Olive, that you want to turn us off?—we, whom you have loved and cared for all these years? I know it's all stuff!—but I want to hear you deny it."

"I want to turn you off!" she repeated, bitterly—then impulsively, "oh, Philip! it will break my heart to part with you!"

"There! I knew it—I was sure of it—hurra!" he cried, eagerly, his cheek flushing deeper, the light returning to his eyes, and clasping her hands, "neither Lionel nor any other man shall take us away as long as you want us to stay."

Olive's sense of right returned. But it was a difficult task to do—to counsel him to submit

to a decision against which her whole heart cried out.

"It is your brother's will that you and Amy should leave me. Hard as it is for me to give you both up, dear Philip, I must not—dare not urge you to disobey him. I have no claim upon my children, except that of love. None legally."

"The claims of gratitude and affection should be stronger than those of the law. Only say that you wish us to remain, dear Olive, and I will defy any power to remove us!" his boyish figure towering proudly as he spoke.

Olive looked at his fine face admiringly, then sighed, "I thank you, dear Philip, for this expression of your attachment; but it would be wrong in me from selfish affection to lead you to disobey and displease your elder brother, who doubtless considers this the best plan for your interest and welfare."

"Ah! then you *do* want us to go away, after all!" he cried, bitterly. "You care more for Lionel than for Amy's happiness or mine!"

He listened to her soothing explanatory words with a lowering brow and moody air, and set Lionel's will completely at defiance; but Olive knew no one but herself could do aught with the willful boy, and persevered in her difficult task. She won at last from him a reluctant consent to submit to his brother's wishes, but it was evidently given merely to please her.

The next morning, Lionel set out on his journey. He would not probably return for three or four months. Meanwhile many letters passed and repassed between the hall and Edgemont, the young earl's ancestral place.

They were necessary letters of business, which he was obliged to write and she to answer. At first, on his part, brief and haughty—on hers, friendly, but concise. After a time a sentence would creep in occasionally, not strictly relating to business, but of a general character; then one of a more personal nature, till at last they wrote as friends write, freely and frankly, and learned to know each other better than before.

He returned a little sooner than was expected. The next day but one would be that of the children's departure.

Lionel imagined that Olive looked paler and thinner than her wont. She was as gay and smiling as ever before Amy and Philip, who were heart-broken as the time drew near for leaving her; painted bright pictures of their new home and enjoyments; laid plans for their occupation and improvement, while he knew her heart was aching at the anticipation of her own loss and loneliness. But she uttered no

word of regret, and this unselfish, uncomplaining conduct touched him deeply.

The morning dawned. The carriage would soon be at the door. The children were taking their final leave of their various pets. Olive, busy and smiling, was arranging comforts and luxuries for their long journey, but her eyes were full of unshed tears, and she looked pale and weary.

Lionel stood apart, his mind in a tumult of contradictory feelings. His whole heart yearned toward the fair girl he was so soon to leave, but pride would not suffer him again to urge a suit which might again be rejected. Amy once more came to his aid.

The carriage came round to the door. Philip's farewell was similar to a former one, except that he muttered to himself by way of consolation, that when he was of age, he should return and never leave her again.

Amy threw herself into Olive's arms in a paroxysm of distress.

"Oh! dear, dear Olive! How can I leave you? Nobody loves me, nobody can make me

good but you. Oh, mamma Olive! mamma Olive!"

Smiling as brightly as though Amy was only leaving her for a day, though her lip quivered suspiciously, Olive soothed and calmed her.

"Lionel said perhaps I could prevail upon you to come and see us this summer. Promise that you will, and then I can go, not feeling quite so wretched. Say 'Yes,' darling Olive. Then when we get you there, we will never let you leave us again, will we, Lionel?"

"If she will stay with us, we will not," he said, hesitatingly, looking at Olive. Their eyes met. There was a nameless something in the depths of her dark eyes that made his heart beat fearfully.

"For the children's sake, if not for mine, Olive," he whispered, eagerly.

"For yours—and the children's," she replied, with a bright smile.

And as the Countess of Grosvenor, the Girl Guardian became the wife and sister of her wards.

FOR AN ALBUM.

BY E. SUMMERS DANA.

THESE are soft-hued tints that linger here
Like a fairy spell on each virgin leaf,
No traces yet of a silent tear
That tells of a deep imprisoned grief;
But blithe and gay as the morning bird
With its matin song in the rosy hours,
Come the honied phrase with a welcome word
To enwreath sweet Friendship's chosen bowers.

They will breathe of a love that is fond and true,
Of a trust that comes like a charmed spell
To bring to the wakening heart anew,
That delights in its close embrace to dwell,

conscious power that is unexpressed,
Save by tremulous tone, and a look that lives
With the silent voice which the sweet unrest
Of a kindred spirit kindly gives.

You may trust the tones that come to give
A new delight to the fleeting hours;
You may trust the hand that would ne'er deceive
As it wreathed your life with exotic flowers;
You may waken still from an hour of pain
That smites like a swift, ungrateful rod,
To a blinding sense that weeps again,
There is no trust but alone in God.

"WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

BY MARGARET LEE BUTENBUR.

Lo! the winds blow cold and loudly,
Not a starbeam gilds the sky;
"Watchman! when the morning cometh,
Tell me, will the shadows fly?"
"Way-worn traveler! if thy footstep
Pointeth to the purer shore,
Where the waves of Jordan murmur,
Yea! the shadows will be o'er."
"Watchman, long and weary seemeth
Many a path through which I stray,

Where no green spot gives a shelter
From the thorns around my way."
"Lonely Pilgrim! faith may guide thee,
Firmly clasp her willing hand,
Looking up to Him who leadeth
Those who trust, to Eden's land."
"Take pure, Christian hope beside thee,
Onward press, nor go astray.
Then will come a glorious morning,
And 'the shadows flee away!'"

GUY MARCHMONT'S FARMING.

BY OLARA AUGUSTA.

GUY MARCHMONT had arrived at a decision; a very important epoch in the young gentleman's life, since it was the first time, in years, that he had displayed energy enough to express an opinion on any subject.

Now he had decided within himself that life—this beautiful life of ours—was a vile cheat. He brought his jeweled white hand down on the table with emphasis, as he exclaimed,

"Yes, an abominable cheat! A farce! An idle tale! I am weary of it!"

"Weary of what?" queried his friend, Dr. Frank Eastman, entering the room just in season to hear the concluding clause of Marchmont's remark.

"Weary of living! I tell you, Eastman, life is a bore! There is neither savor nor salt in it! For my part, I wish I had never been born! I should have been a great deal better off!"

"No doubt. But what are you going to do about it?"

Eastman had taken a seat in a velvet-cushioned chair, and began to cut the leaves of a new magazine with Marchmont's gold-mounted folder.

"Do? Ah! that question is to the point! Here am I—twenty-six years of age—with the fair prospect of as many more years to exist. Now, what shall I do with myself through all that dreary time? Give me your opinion."

"Thank you for the privilege, and permit me to say, Guy Marchmont, that you are a contemptible fool!"

"What? Sir!" Marchmont sprang to his feet in a passion; Eastman leaned back in his chair, and laughed heartily.

"Ha! ha! Good! I like that! Your manhood is not all dead within you, though it is very nearly at its last gasp. But there is always hope when sensation can be aroused."

"Eastman," said Mr. Marchmont, with an effort at dignity, "if any other man had applied that epithet to me which you just used, I would have called him to a strict account. You are the only one from whom I will bear such language; for, with all your discourtesy, I believe you mean well."

"I do. My very plainness testifies it. None but a sincere friend can afford to offend by

speaking the truth. And because you know that my friendship is of a nature to bear testing, I am going to be still more discourteous, and give you a brief biography of your life. Guy Marchmont, of Boston, twenty-six years of age, is tired of living. He has had enough of the cheat called life. The said Guy is handsome; talented, if he were not so lazy; 'a great catch'—and worth about one hundred thousand dollars. He has made the tour of Europe, traveled over the States, and been admired by all the ladies with whom he came in contact. He has flirted with, made love to, and become disgusted with, full threescore of city belles. He declares marriage a humbug, and regards woman as a creature whose sole trade is to get married and settled. And now, at the ripe age of twenty-six, having run through the programme, he is anxious to throw up his engagement, shuffle off the stage, and hide behind the green curtain of the grave. Is the description correct?"

"You should be an artist, Eastman. Yours is a perfect picture."

"Well then; allow me to proceed. You are rusting out—soul and body. You are a mere cipher, a blot on the fair page of life; the world is the worse for your having lived in it; the air is impure for you, and for thousands like you, who have breathed it. And now, one question. Would you be willing to reform this miserable existence of yours? Reform it altogether?"

"Yes, if it would not require too great an effort."

"Humph! Guy Marchmont, rouse yourself! Be once more a man! I have no patience with you, and such as you! Go to work! Try labor—hard, physical labor—the kind which creates an appetite, and forms solid bone and sinew! Make its acquaintance in good earnest! It is the only thing that can save you from moral and physical shipwreck!"

"What shall I do? Hire out to shovel gravel on the railway, at seventy cents a day? Or would you advise me to turn my attention to farming? I have an idea that I could build a grand stone wall, or hold a plough *comme il faut!*" And Marchmont held out his delicate white hands for his friend's inspection.

"The very thing!" cried Dr. Eastman, with enthusiasm. "Just what I was about to recommend! Yes, go to farming, by all means! There is poetry in a farmer's life—more real poetry in one day beneath the blue summer sky, on the wild, free hills of the country, than you would find in ten years' city dissipation! Yes, Marchmont, farming is the thing for you!"

At the time Guy Marchmont gave his friend's advice little heed, but afterward it occurred to him that Frank Eastman was a sensible fellow, and that his opinion was entitled to some consideration.

Why should he not reform his idle life, and become, in the true sense of the word, a man? There was enough of him left to achieve something yet. He had been unpardonably indolent and useless, but his powers had not been destroyed; they were only latent, and needed but an effort of the will to call them forth.

What if he should make an experiment?

Already the year was bringing along the early April crocusses and snow-balls; before long it would be summer, and then everybody would leave the city for the watering-places. He detested watering-places. Niagara, Saratoga, and Newport he had "done" to death. Surely this was a propitious time to commence the advised reform. Farming had a pleasant sound for him; farmers were independent, and wore blue frocks, and were not obliged to call on all their lady friends of mornings, or to escort a troupe of giggling belles to the opera of evenings.

He would buy a farm. Yes, a farm of his own. And then he could do as he chose with his turnips and cabbages, without the interference of any old curmudgeon of a landlord. Westmore, a village some fifty miles from Boston, he had heard strongly praised for the fine farms which surrounded it; and for Westmore he concluded to bend his course.

He examined the newspaper to ascertain the hour at which the train left for Westmore. Precisely six o'clock. Marchmont whistled ominously. That was full two hours before his usual time of rising, but he guessed he could endure it for once. And the next morning he astonished all his friends by reaching the depot in season for the first train. His early breakfast and his brisk walk had produced quite an effect on our indolent friend, and he experienced considerable exhilaration as the cars swept through the fresh woodlands, and over the smooth, green intervals. Westmore was reached long before dinner, and, to his great amazement, Marchmont felt a decided appetite for the beefsteak

and omelettes that graced the table at the "Roaring Lion."

Dinner dispatched, he proceeded to make inquiries touching saleable farms in the vicinity; and before sunset of that day, with the help and countenance of "mine host," he found himself the proprietor of a red farm-house and fifteen acres of land, situated three miles south of the village of Westmore.

Three weeks afterward, Mr. Marchmont took possession of his new estate, to which he was accompanied by his housekeeper, Mrs. Grant, and his French cook.

This much accomplished, Mr. Marchmont felt strongly inclined to subside for a season, and enjoy a little rest; but his neighbors, as neighbors will be, were very much interested in the new comer's business, and would permit nothing of the kind. They sought every opportunity of informing him that it was full time to commence operations, if he calculated on having any harvest to gather, and assured him that he would never be a farmer unless he began ploughing in April.

So, perforce, Mr. Marchmont was obliged to keep on in the path he had chosen. He hired old farmer Brown to plough his ground for him, and obtained the old man's advice as to which particular plot would be suitable for corn, and which for potatoes.

And one fine, warm morning he came down from his chamber at six o'clock, clad in blue frock, overalls, and straw hat. Mrs. Grant lifted her hands in amazement, and the voluble French cook exclaimed, "*Parbleu!*" with more than her usual emphasis.

On this day Mr. Marchmont purposed to inaugurate himself as a farmer, and, retaining only his black kid gloves as evidences of his city breeding, he was ready to begin. Farmer Brown had promised him his oxen to "harrow" his corn lot; and the great, awkward-looking brutes were standing in the barn yard when Marchmont went out—Brown having sent them over an hour previous.

Our hero surveyed the mammoth creatures with some little doubt in his mind as to his capability of managing them; but he could try. It would never do to confess that he did not know how to drive oxen. So he let down the bars, and told "Buck" and "Bright" to go out of them. Buck and Bright stood still, chewing their cud, apparently entirely oblivious of the existence of Mr. Guy Marchmont. He exhausted his ingenuity in vain attempts to force them to leave the enclosure; and a full hour was spent thus, but without success. Buck

whisked off the flies with his long tail, and gazed philosophically at the distant landscape; Bright laid down on the soft ground, and indulged in a siesta. At length, a luminous idea seized Marchmont. He produced two ears of corn, and, by holding these in his two hands, and going backward down to the intervale, he succeeded in piloting the animals thither without much trouble.

Once on the spot, the amateur teamster's courage revived; he shouted "get up," and, at the same moment, gave the oxen a smart, successive touch with the point in the end of the goad. The effect was charming. Buck threw up his huge head with an angry bellow—Bright did likewise—and both set off at a smart trot, bearing with them Mr. Marchmont, who had caught at the horn of the spirited Bright.

Farmer Brown was a slow, methodical man, and, although he kept up the olden fashion of a "brad" in the end of his goad, he would as soon have thought of using it on his favorite horse as on his sleek, fat oxen. No wonder the creatures were surprised at the presumption of the new driver.

Marchmont kept his hold on Bright's horn with determined pertinacity, and tried to feel delighted with the speed his team was making. At that rate all his harrowing would be finished before noon, and leave him a chance to rest before dinner. His complacency was somewhat disturbed by the shout of a passing school-boy,

"Hello, there, Mister! Yer harrow's wrong side up!"

But wrong side or right, it was no time to stop to rectify mistakes. "Onward" was Marchmont's motto just then, and it could not well be changed. He was a little dubious as to the result of the affair; but not so Buck and Bright. On they went—the extremity of the ploughed field was reached and passed—theirs was a path with no turning. Marchmont's attempts at stopping them were futile; all he could do was to hold on and trust to fate.

Across a drain, over a low stone wall, through a yard where an elderly lady was spreading clothes, and into a shed animate with fowls of the hen species, went Marchmont and his span! From sheer exhaustion, the unlucky farmer dropped off just outside the door; and as bad fortune would have it, he fell directly on to a hen-coop, in which were domiciled a particularly savage hen, and her newly-hatched brood of chickens.

Madam was enraged at the intrusion, and brought her forces to bear on the enemy with spirit and address. Marchmont fought with

both hands, but he was no match for the infuriated mother. She pecked, cackled, scratched, and kicked up such a dust generally, that our poor friend was fain to call lustily for help.

A pretty, rosy-cheeked girl came out from the adjacent farm house, and stood for a moment gazing curiously on the scene. The half-suppressed merriment burst forth in a silvery laugh before she volunteered her aid, and took off the fluttering bird; inquiring at the same time if the gentleman had experienced any injury.

Poor Marchmont! he would much rather have been killed in an honorable way, than have met the half-quizzical gaze of those black eyes fixed upon him and his disgraceful predicament.

He endeavored to apologize for his unceremonious entrance on his neighbor's estate, but the girl interrupted him.

"Please do not mention it," she said, demurely—"from the kitchen window I witnessed the whole drama, and can testify that you were not to blame."

"Yes, that is—I—madam—it could not well be prevented," stammered our hero.

"Allow me to assist you in rising." She held out her small, brown hand, which Marchmont seized as a drowning man is supposed to seize the classical straw.

"Now, come into the house," said the good fairy, "you will want to wash your face, I should imagine."

Marchmont followed her in, and while she was bringing water and towels, he took the opportunity to look in the glass. No wonder that she had suggested a bath! Marchmont was horrified at his appearance. His face and shirt bosom were plastered with mud and dirt—his immaculate dickey was turned completely hind part before, with the strings dangling down in front, and his black gloves were split from fingers' ends to wrist. Besides, his fine Grecian nose was plowed up by the ferocious talons of that old hen, and the blood, oozing slowly down through his highly-prized moustache, gave him anything but a pacific appearance. He wondered greatly that the young lady was not afraid of him.

After a plentiful ablution, and the use of a comb on his slightly disarranged hair, Mr. Marchmont was more presentable; and the young girl, whose name was Florence Maybright, sent her little brother, George, home with him to drive the oxen, which were quite tractable under the discipline of their juvenile master.

And for three days afterward, Guy was confined to his bed, his impromptu ride and its *dénouement* having been too much for him. But

instead of being disgusted with farming, as one would naturally have thought he would have been, he was charmed with it and determined to persevere.

He was very constant at church, though Parson Jones talked through his nose, and preached horribly long, dull sermons. Probably the singing attracted him, for there was a fine tenor, and a clear, soft alto; but his attention was given to neither of these; and through the whole service he would scarcely turn his eyes from the beautiful face of Florence Maybright, who sang the air. Of course, he would not have acknowledged this, but then the whole congregation was aware of it; and Parson Jones was dreadfully scandalized by the irreverent conduct of the new comer. But a fifty dollar bill, dropped into the old clergyman's hand one "collection evening," effectually changed the current of the parson's feelings.

Mr. Marchmont attempted no more "harrowing" himself, but employed farmer Brown to perform that interesting process for him; and afterward, with the help of a hired man, his planting was done and his garden made.

The corn and potatoes came up beautifully, so the neighbors said, and the newly-fledged farmer thought so too. He began his hoeing, and during that process the potatoes "came up" a second time, for, in his zeal to exterminate the weeds, Marchmont dug up all the ugly little plants, in the notion that they were weeds too.

In fact, his mistakes were legion. He mistook "button weeds" for cabbage, and *vice versa*; uprooted his carrots and left the knot grass standing; poured boiling water on his turnips to kill the fly, and performed that operation for the turnips while the flies sailed away uninjured.

The old farmers called him a blockhead, and the young farmers designated him "the Boston greenhorn;" but the pretty girls admired his handsome face and applauded his perseverance.

In the meantime, our hero's complexion had changed from white to red; he had gained ten pounds of flesh; and had an alarming appetite, as his French cook could testify.

Marchmont's rural friends advised him to purchase a cow. It would be so much more economical to have milk and cream at home, instead of sending out for it, they urged; and Mr. Gray, one of these disinterested advisers, had for sale a nice, gentle creature, with a most amiable disposition, and a wonderful capacity for milk. Mr. Gray valued this admirable quadruped very highly, but for the sake of accom-

modating his new neighbor, he would part with her for the small consideration of fifty dollars. Mr. Marchmont closed the bargain at once, and "Placid" was driven over to her new quarters.

The next question that arose was a perplexing one. Who was to milk Placid? Mrs. Grant was terrified at the sight of a cow, and La Folie, the cook, would not have ventured near one for all the frogs in Christendom. Marchmont undertook the performance himself. But he soon found that he had miscalculated his own powers, for, do the best he could, the little puny stream of milk persisted in flying everywhere save into the pail. Into the face of the milker, over his hands, against the yard fence, and on the ground—but into the pail—never!

At length the proverbially gentle cow became weary of the method of procedure; she elevated her amiable heels in the air, and over went the three-legged stool, over went the pail, and over went the luckless Marchmont; while Placid, totally indifferent to the ruin she had wrought, bolted from the yard, and began to devour our friend's few remaining cabbages!

One side of the milk-pail was totally demolished; Marchmont's patent lever watch was smashed to atoms, and there was a bump on his head just above the organ of self-esteem, which would have delighted a phrenologist by its size and prominence.

That was the last time that Placid was ever milked in Westmore; for the very next day she was sold to a drover for fifteen dollars.

The next purchase was a pig, and from the moment of his advent at the farm, Marchmont's peace of mind was ended. The pig was a right lively fellow, and possessed of an inquiring disposition. He had no notion of being restricted as to territory, but required room to spread himself and to "root." This privilege was denied him in his pen, and in consequence he was continually breaking prison, and getting into difficulty which only his master's purse could remedy.

He devoured the widow Jenkins' apples which were drying on a board before her door; masticated Miss Smith's embroidered muslin collar while it was bleaching on the grass; frightened Jim March's children into hysterics; eat up Deacon Green's fine tomatoes, and rummaged the corn and potato fields for miles around. Poor Marchmont was in a continual fever about that pig, from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof.

One day, he spent half the morning in securing his pigship in the sty, and well satisfied with his achievement, and thoroughly tired out,

Marchmont came into the house and flung himself down on the sofa. Scarcely had his head touched the pillow when in rushed a neighbor's boy, exclaiming,

"Sur! that pig of yours is out, and into Mrs. Wallace's garden, gulping down the beets and tommytones! Mrs. Wallace is raving!"

Marchmont sprang to his feet, and, coatless and hatless, sallied out in the direction of Mrs. Wallace's garden. The pig spied him coming, and, at once divining what was up, the sagacious creature darted through a hole in the fence, and fled down the road at the height of his speed, followed closely by his proprietor.

The race was a trying one. Piggy had a wonderful facility for bounding over ditches and fences, and then bounding back again, a very vain and useless proceeding, Marchmont thought.

A woman was coming up the road. Our hero saw her, and, without regard to ceremony, he cried out,

"Head him! there, ma'am! Head him! For the love of mercy, don't let him go by!"

The woman threw down some work which she was carrying, and, seizing a stick from the hedge, she did as requested. The "heading" acted like a charm. The pig was surprised and nonplussed by this reinforcement of the enemy. He hesitated, turned, and fled in the opposite direction; paying Marchmont the compliment of a grunt in passing.

The lady now came up, and piggy's owner

pulled out a half dollar with the intention of remunerating her for her trouble, when he suddenly discovered, under her sun-bonnet, that she was none other than Florence Maybright. She blushed; he blushed too.

"I beg you, Miss Maybright," he began, "to believe that I did not recognize you when I made that ungentlemanly request."

"I am always happy to assist one who is in difficulty," she replied, with serio-comic air.

Marchmont caught her hand with ill-concealed delight.

"Then stay with me forever, for I am forever in difficulty!"

Florence cast down her eyes.

"Had you not better be looking after your pig?" she asked, innocently.

"Confound the pig!"

It is to be presumed that the natural charity of Florence's disposition prevailed over all other considerations, for on New Year's Eve she gave her hand to Guy Marchmont. And later in the season, all Boston were astonished by the advent of Mrs. Marchmont, the loveliest of all lovely women.

Frank Eastman declares that he made the match; and, from present indications, it would seem that he has a proclivity for that business, being engaged in making one with Florence's pretty sister, Nellie, for himself.

Marchmont adores farming; and speaks of farmers as the only class of men in the world worthy of trust.

LOST TREASURES.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

Once, in my childhood's early hours,
I learned a song—a sweet, wild lay—
And joyfully I caroled it
From noon till shut of day.

Amid the birds, amid the flowers,
Singing as only childhood can—
Childhood, whose path is free from care,
Whose heart is free from sin.

But years went by; and other scenes,
And other pleasures met my view,
Till my wild heart at last forgot
The song my childhood knew.

I strove to wake the chording tones
On memory's harp; 'twas all in vain:
The pleasant song my childhood knew
I ne'er may learn again.

I had a friend—a cherished friend,
Ever together, side by side;
We said our friendship, tried and true,
Life's tempests should abide.

But time stole on—and, covered far,
Our hearts forgot the "long ago"—
Forgot the constancy and truth
Life's morning used to know.

When, in the after years again,
We met, it was as strangers meet:
The world's cold breath had chilled the flower
Of love we thought so sweet.

We strove to summon from the past
The confidence of early hours;
To rear again from cold distrust
The heart's sweet blighted flowers.

In vain—in vain; the sweetest song,
Forgotten, never more is learned:
And friendship's blossoms bloom no more
If coldly, rudely spurned.

But in that home amid the stars,
They say there are no broken strings!
No wasted treasures of the heart!
No slighted offerings.

WAIFS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

COMMON SENSE THE BEST SENSE.—Common sense is wisdom in little things. Without it there can be no success in life, and rarely even happiness. Yet it is one of the rarest gifts to man. Thousands, who are sensible and prudent on most subjects, have yet some special hobby on which they are nearly insane. Tens of thousands more seem to be incapable of deciding about the ordinary affairs of life. Great lawyers, eloquent preachers, profound savans can be counted by the scores, who are unfit to manage business, educate their children, or even take care of what they earn.

A would-be genius once said that common sense was good sense applied to insignificant things. But the things are not insignificant. It is of these despised little things that prosperity and happiness are made up. In a wife, the common sense that will enable her to understand her husband's character, and to make his home a pleasant one to him, is vastly more valuable than fine accomplishments or showy intellectual qualities. In a mother, it tells her how to manage her children's different dispositions, so as to make all alike honorable men or virtuous women. In each relation in life, common sense is everything. Brilliant talents may benefit us occasionally, may even, in some professions, lead to fortune; but the greatest genius, if he has not common sense, is miserable at heart. He is always getting into debt, offending his friends, doing some silly thing, or making his family unhappy. Wine has been called nectar. But give us water for every day use. Common sense is the water of life.

Common sense involves a sound judgment. But he who has a sound judgment only needs a wider sphere to become a great captain, a great legislator, or a great patriot. Hampden, Cromwell, and Washington had reached middle age before they grew famous. But they had always been remarkable, among their neighbors, for common sense. It was the application to larger affairs, of that careful collection of facts, that many-sided consideration of a subject, which they had been accustomed to exhibit in little things, that raised them, when the opportunity presented itself, to that commanding position which has made their names historical.

Had the first Napoleon possessed, in addition to his vast genius, a little more common sense; had he been less impulsive, less of a fatalist, less reckless, he might have died in the Tuilleries, instead of at St. Helena; he might have won Waterloo, instead of losing it.

Common sense may be cultivated like any other intellectual quality. A judge, who has been on the bench for many years, is better, all things else being the same, than one who has just been elevated to it. For practice makes perfect. A blacksmith who has been pounding iron for half a life time, has a brawnier arm than his young apprentice. Let a man begin at twenty-one, deciding carefully on little things, and what was at first a labor will soon become an instinct, till, at last, he who started with comparatively no common sense at all, will end with a well deserved reputation for it. Cultivate common sense. To a greater degree than anything else, it enters into the composition of good citizens, good members of the family, good men and good women.

SONGS AND SONG WRITERS.—To judge by the number of new songs published, we should say that nothing was so easy as to write a lyric. Does a sophomore fall in love with a school-girl? Immediately he perpetrates a song, which he persuades some music dealer to publish, with a conspicuous dedication to the bread-and-butter Miss. Does the music dealer himself find trade getting low? Forthwith he hires some hack to manufacture a few doggerel verses, which he sets to some plagiarized air, and gives to the world as the novelty of the season. The consequence is that most of the modern songs, which are inflicted on visitors in fashionable parlors, are trash of the vilest kind. To paraphrase the words of Lord Brougham, in his famous criticism on Sheridan's oratory, they are neither good songs, nor bad songs, nor indifferent songs—the fact is they are not songs at all.

For song writing is the most difficult art in all poetry. It requires a rare combination of qualities. Successful songs have been often written by persons who made no pretensions to being poets; yet such individuals have had the

organization of poets, and generally also that of the musician. "Auld Robin Gray," "I'm Sittin' on the Style, Mary," and a score of others might be quoted to prove this. The heart must be on fire as well as the imagination, if a good song is to be written.

Hence, while thousands of songs have been published, very few comparatively survive. Some fall still-born from the press, some linger for a few days, only one or two outlast their generation. Even the great majority of Moore's have "died and made no sign." Those of Bayley perished still more rapidly. The lyrics of no song writer survive to the extent of those of Burns. Of living songs the best of his and a few older ones are nearly all that remain. Time has winnowed the bad, the indifferent, and the ordinarily good away, till only those are left which approximate toward perfection. How much better it would be if those old lyrics, which bear the approval of ages, were oftener sung! Why will ladies patronize the trashy songs which lumber up their music-racks, vitiate their own taste, and outrage the ears of their listeners? If they would sing the really good songs the language affords, there would be less talking while they were at the piano, and more lovers at their feet.

MEN OF GENIUS IN DOMESTIC LIFE.—The annals of literature are full of domestic unhappiness. Milton, Shakspeare, and hosts of others, either separated from their wives, or felt the matrimonial tie a burden. We cannot wholly attribute the infelicity, in such cases, to the conduct of the woman. The husband, at least, must have been partly to blame.

It may be said that poverty, a peevish wife, or ill-disciplined children, are too much for the sensitiveness of the poet, novelist, or artist. But wherefore? Are poets, novelists, or artists of different blood from others? Have we not all nerves? Do we not all shrink from what is unpleasant? Is beggary delightful to anybody? Are peevish wives, or spoiled children, loveable *per se*? Let us look this matter honestly in the face! Who is there, if he would give up to selfish temptations, who would not fly from an untidy house, a querulous helpmate, disobedient

offspring? It is only by remembering what is duty, by practicing a severe self-discipline, that a man learns to bear these things, when, unhappily, they cross his path. No husband ever chooses, of his own free will, a sick wife, a noisy nursery, poverty, or disorder. It is by overcoming obstacles, not by yielding to them, that strength is gained, that happiness is won.

How is it only too often? If rooms are disordered, if children are unruly, if the sweet-tempered girl has been changed into an irritable woman, it is, in most cases, because there has been neglect on the husband's part of nearly all the duties of his position. The woman whom the lover swore to love and cherish has been over-tasked by cares that he should have shared with her, but which he has selfishly left to her alone. Or she has found, after a brief, delicious honeymoon, that she has been almost forgotten, that she has become less to him for whom she has sacrificed everything, than his last poem, or novel, or picture. The female heart, like a flower, requires sunshine, or it dies. Alas! many a woman, mated to a man of genius, has been made a slattern or termagant by the want of sympathy and love, when, if she had been treated otherwise, she might have developed into a perfect *help-mate*.

For the possibilities of the human character are great in proportion to its adaptiveness; and the distinguishing feature of woman is precisely this very adaptiveness. No! it is not because there is a necessary antagonism between men of genius and domestic life, that so many poets and painters have been unhappy in their married relation; but because literary men, because artists, because men of genius generally, are, above all other men, intensely vain and selfish. We will not deny that there is much in the career of such persons to make them so. But this does not affect the argument. For every man, whatever his profession, has temptations peculiar to it; and the world condemns him, remorselessly, if he succumbs to those temptations. Why should men of genius be exempt from the common penalty? Each path in life has its besetting sin. Or rather, each man has to work out his own deliverance, to achieve his own victory over his own inherent selfishness.

HEART CONFESSIONS.

BY CATHERINE ALLAN.

'Tis the old familiar story,
Story old as life and youth;
"And he loves me, loves me only,
Ah! he is the soul of truth."

May the happy, blushing whispers
Still with brighter visions blend.
May no disappointment meet thee,
Dream on, maiden, to the end!

"MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME."

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

I HAD received a very kind letter from Fanny Henderson—an intimate friend of mine living in the country—which contained a most pressing invitation for me to make her a visit; and she added, by way of an inducement, "We shall not make a stranger of you, but we shall treat you like one of the family." This was so delightful; I had always disliked being made a fuss with, and treated like a stranger when I was visiting. I accordingly accepted the invitation, and after a pretty long and dusty journey, I arrived at the charming little village of L—. My friend met me at the depot, gave me a rapturous welcome, and conducted me to her carriage which soon brought us to our place of destination.

Mrs. Henderson flew down stairs to meet me, clad in a flaming red delaine wrapper, the very sight of which, on such a warm day, threw me into a profuse perspiration. One side of her collar was unpinned, and her hair certainly gained the victory over the comb which might, at any past time, have confined it.

"How do you do?" said she, kissing me vehemently. "I should apologize for my appearance," she continued, "if it were any one else, but you know I am not going to make a stranger of you."

Of course I assured her that it was of no consequence, although I could not help secretly thinking how much more cool and comfortable it would have made me feel to have found her dressed in a robe more suitable, in color and material, to the season. However, it was refreshing to be made so perfectly at home, and with this thought I followed Fanny to the room intended for my use, as I felt anxious to change my traveling dress for something lighter and cooler. On my way thither, I caught a glimpse of a large, airy room, prettily furnished, and in the neatest order. The generous sized bed with its pure white counterpane, and square pillows encased in ruffled linen, seemed to invite repose.

"This," said my friend, "is our spare room, but I am not going to put you in here, for I know that it would seem stiff and formal to you," and she led me on to an apartment that looked more like a curiosity shop than anything else. Little dresses of all sizes and descriptions

were thrown down carelessly upon the chairs, and around the floor were scattered little shoes and stockings, dolls, miniature railroad cars, tops, balls, etc.; besides several small children who stood on their hands and feet, and glared at me as though the like of me had never been seen before.

"The room is not in very good order," said Fanny; "but then, you know, we are not going to be at all ceremonious with you, you must make yourself perfectly at home, and take us as you find us. I remember how you always disliked sleeping alone, so I am going to take you in with us."

The word "us" startled me, and, inwardly groaning, I began to wonder how many the indefinite pronoun was intended to represent. It was true that I disliked sleeping alone—indeed, I could not do it, I was of too nervous a temperament; but I also had an unconquerable horror of being packed in with numerous small bipeds; however, being naturally bashful, I did not feel sufficiently at my ease, notwithstanding their unceremonious manner of treating me, to remonstrate. During the process of dressing myself, the youthful members of the Henderson family continued to regard me with the utmost interest and curiosity—the idea of removing them never appeared to occur to my friend. I arrayed myself in a new organdie, which was a favorite dress of mine, and then I gladly accepted Fanny's invitation to come into the parlor. There we quite enjoyed ourselves, talking over our school days until the tea-bell rang.

At this evening meal, I found myself bounded on one side by my friend Fanny, and on the other by her little three year old brother, who was told that he must be very good if they allowed him to sit next to Miss Cora; he was a sweet little fellow with full rosy lips that seemed made to kiss. Mrs. Henderson had changed her fiery dress for a prettier and more becoming one; and her hair, too, had evidently been somewhat subdued, although even now no one would suppose that neatness was her distinguishing characteristic; but then a trifle like that could easily be overlooked in such a woman as Mrs. Henderson, for she was very intelligent,

and, moreover, she was one of those warm-hearted, whole-souled creatures whom it is impossible not to love. Fanny too was my dearest friend, and had she been a sister I could not have thought more of her. Then they all had such a pleasant, off-hand way with them, that it took away all feeling of restraint, and made me perfectly at home; it was so charming to be made one of the family, as it were, and not feel that they looked upon me as a stranger, and took any extra trouble on my account. As these thoughts were passing through my mind, I heard an exclamation from my little neighbor, and, upon turning to look, I discovered that he had upset his cup of bread and milk, and the contents were generously distributed over my dress.

"Oh! that is too bad!" exclaimed Mrs. Henderson; "Eddie, why were you so careless? I am so sorry, Cora," she added, turning to me, "I am afraid that beautiful dress is ruined."

"Oh! no," I replied, thinking that politeness required something from me, "I dare say it will all wash out."

"I should have felt so mortified about it if you had been a stranger," said she, "although to be sure, in that case, I should not have had the young children at the table."

I half-wished, as I went up stairs to change my dress, that I had been a stranger; but then I reflected that it would be very stupid to be treated with so much ceremony, and I descended again, congratulating myself that I was with friends who could throw aside all formality, and not make me feel that I must sit up straight and breathe just so.

As I am no orthodox young lady, of course I felt fatigued after my journey, and wished to retire early. Fanny led the way to that same apartment which had greeted me upon my arrival; the only difference now in it was, that the number of little dresses and other articles that were lying around, had multiplied in a geometrical ratio, and the owners of them, instead of glaring at me from the floor, were found to be comfortably deposited in bed.

"Just see how sweet Eddie looks when he is asleep," said Fanny, taking up the candle, and going toward the bed.

I followed, and could not but admire the little, round, rosy face, with the thick golden hair falling in wavy masses over it. Two more little sleepers, with rose-bud lips, were also lying there, looking so lovely in their childish innocence that I could not forbear kissing them. The bed was very large, and I hoped there might be room for us all in it. When we were about to retire, Fanny observed,

"I will put two of the children down to the foot so as to make more room; I would have sent them off altogether while you are here, only they dislike so much to sleep anywhere else; and then, you know, we are not going to make a stranger of you. I suppose it will be quite a novelty to you to sleep with these little ones; but we have so many in our family that three seem like nothing to me."

I sincerely wished that I could regard them in the same way, but those three certainly did seem like something to me all through the night. The two whose quarters had been changed to the foot of the bed waked up, and proved themselves to be conversationally inclined, and the more they were urged to go to sleep, the more wakeful they seemed to become. This trifle was far from distressing their sister—she was quite too well accustomed to such things to think of lying awake in consequence, and a loud snore soon announced that she was entirely oblivious to all that was going on around her. Not so, however, with me; I could not sleep unless everything was quiet. Finally, the little torments dropped off into a state of forgetfulness; I gave my friend a shaking in order to stop her snoring, and settled myself under the delusion that I was going to sleep. I stretched myself out, but started quickly, and drew up my feet—they felt as if they had been burned—they had come in contact with the little sleepers at the foot of the bed, and they felt more like balls of fire than anything else; but there was no help for it. In whatever direction I put my feet they encountered the same fate, and I made up my mind to try to sleep without thinking of it. I was about sinking into a doze, when Eddie suddenly threw himself against me, and wound his arms tightly around my neck; the child could not repress his affectionate disposition even in his sleep. I felt as if I were imprisoned in the strong grasp of a huge snake, and it was some time before I could succeed in shaking him off. This little skirmish quite waked me up, and, notwithstanding my fatigue, I was unable to sleep during the night, for one or other of the three was constantly expending some outburst of affection upon me.

The next morning, quite unrefreshed by my night's entertainment, I arose, and proceeded to walk across the room in quest of my shoes and stockings, which the children had thrown there, while looking for theirs. I carefully threaded my way through the toys and various nondescript articles which were lying around. Presently I felt a sharp pain, and upon making search for the cause, I discovered that I had

trodden upon a piece of china—a fragment of a little, broken tea-set—which happened to be standing on end; I drew it out of my foot, and found that it had just gone in far enough to lame me a little, without seriously injuring me.

At the breakfast-table Mrs. Henderson asked me how I had slept.

"Not very well," I replied.

"No?" said my hostess. "Why, you were not afraid, were you?"

Fearing that a few more of the youthful members of the family might be sent in for my protection, I hastened to assure my friend that I had not been in the least troubled with fear.

"Probably then," said she, "your fatigue prevented you from sleeping."

That evening Fanny was going to have a party in honor of my arrival, and it was proposed, in the course of the day, that we should go out and pick strawberries for the company.

"Come, Cora," said Fanny; "you will go with me, won't you? And we will ride there on the hay-cart; it is over on pa's farm, about half a mile from here."

I consented; and we laughingly climbed up on top of the hay, and departed. I enjoyed my elevated position vastly—it was something so new to me to nestle down in the dry grass, and I felt sorry when we arrived at the strawberry-bed. The day was excessively warm, and the sun was shining fiercely. I am a blonde, with no beauty to spare; and the only thing remarkable about my complexion is, that if a ray of sun lights upon it, it is sure to leave its mark. I drew my white sun-bonnet closer over my face, but it seemed like no protection from the bright, hot rays that beat down upon me. As I was wondering what I should look like when I reached home, Fanny exclaimed,

"Why don't you take your bonnet off? It is only in your way! I don't see any use in being so careful!" And at the same time she seized her own and dashed it some distance behind her.

I looked at her, and secretly thought that if I had a brown complexion already, I should not see the need of being so careful either. But I could not help admiring my vivacious friend—she looked so pretty, with her long, black curls falling carelessly over her shoulders. The excitement and heat had brought a bright color to her cheeks, which set off her brown skin to the greatest advantage; her eyes, too, were sparkling with animation, and as I gazed upon her I fell in love with her over again, and,

throwing my arms around her neck, I gave her a rapturous kiss. Fanny returned the embrace warmly, and remarked,

"How delightful it is to have you with me! for you understand us all so well! I have company staying with me, sometimes, whom it is impossible to make at home; we have to be just so with them. Now, there are very few city girls whom I could bring upon such an expedition as this; they would be horrified if I proposed such a thing, and think they were going to ruin their complexions, and prick their fingers, and be killed with fatigue; and it is so stupid to have to do these things all alone by oneself. It is a real treat to have you visiting us, because we know that you like to be made at home."

Of course, after this speech, there was no such thing as withdrawing my services, and I worked vigorously, regardless of my complexion, until our task was accomplished. When we had finished gathering the berries, we returned to the house. Mrs. Henderson remarked when she saw me,

"Why, that little trip has given you quite a color! I dare say we shall have you looking as rosy and healthy as ourselves soon!"

I went to my room and looked in the glass, and the image it reflected was quite frightful: my face resembled a full-blown peony; my complexion had turned into a decided red; the same hue pervaded forehead, nose, and cheeks, and each had an equal portion of large, brown freckles. I have said before, that I had no beauty to spare; but now I certainly had spared all that I might ever have possessed, and I thought, as I stood there, that I might easily have been mistaken for a wash-woman. I put cream on my face, and did what I could to bring it back to its original color; but I only partially succeeded.

It is not pleasant when you are meeting a company of strangers to know that you are looking your worst: and I felt this keenly. However, all that dress could do for me was done, and I tried to throw off my feeling of vexation, and appear as gay as possible. My trouble was quite wasted, for I received but little notice during the evening. My friends introduced me, and then, telling me to make myself perfectly at home, they left me to make my own way, while they attended to their other guests. Of course a party affords but little entertainment to one who is entirely unacquainted, especially when no pains are taken to have her enjoy herself; and, being naturally of a retiring disposition, I seated myself behind the

window-curtain, and was soon luxuriating in a comfortable little nap.

One day, as I wandered through the dairy with my friend, I espied a churn. I never had seen one before, as my life had been spent mostly in the city, and curiosity prompted me to try to work it.

"That is the very thing!" exclaimed Fanny; "I have to help ma make the pies, and I will leave you to amuse yourself with that churn. It will be quite an assistance to us, and I know you will enjoy it; all you have to do is just to draw the dasher up and down until the butter comes." And before I had time to reply, Fanny had vanished.

I worked away over the churn until my arms ached so that I thought they would drop off. Presently Mrs. Henderson came into the dairy on an errand. She turned to me, with a sweet smile, and said,

"Fanny told me how delighted you were with your new employment; if we had only thought of it we might have set you at it before."

"Hasn't the butter almost come?" I asked, in despair.

"Oh! no," said she, looking into the churn; "that you will find is a work of time. I suppose you will feel quite proud when you get through, for you will have several pounds of butter there." Then she added, pleasantly, as she left the room, "Isn't it fun?"

"Fun!" Indeed I began to wonder whether I should live through the performance; for I was not at all robust, and had never been accustomed to work of any kind. However, I was evidently expected to finish it, and I went to work again with energy. My head was aching furiously; my arms almost refused to move; I felt the blood rush to my face, and the perspiration was standing upon my forehead. Just at this juncture Fanny came in, and exclaimed,

"Well, I declare! You ought to marry a farmer! I never saw any one love farm work as well as you do! Ma, do look! Here is this girl all animation over the business of churning! Why, Cora, you seem to be twice as well pleased with this as you are with parties!"

I was struck dumb with astonishment at their mode of interpreting my looks, but it was not necessary to say anything; the butter had come, and I was freed from any further labor. I felt somewhat disposed to take a nap after my extraordinary exertions; but I had always rather despised the idea of lying down in the day time, and I battled against my inclination bravely.

In the afternoon Fanny said to me, "I have

been invited to take a drive, and I knew that you wouldn't like it if I should refuse on your account, as you hate to be made a stranger of; so I am going to leave you to amuse yourself; now you must make yourself perfectly at home."

Soon after she had gone, Mrs. Henderson came to me and remarked, "I have to go out this afternoon, and as the nurse is sick, I am going to ask you to look after the children while I am gone. You know I always treat you as if you were my own daughter. The baby will probably sleep most of the time while I am away, and the others will amuse you; I don't think you will find them much trouble."

She had no sooner closed the door than baby waked up and began to scream; and the others, thinking that there was now no particular need of behaving themselves, acted like the veriest little imps. I amiably exerted my powers of making a noise for baby's benefit. I rattled the blinds until I was afraid they would break, and I blew through little trumpets until I was hoarse; I fairly lamed myself trotting him, and I clapped my hands at him until I feared they would be blistered; but all to no purpose—the little rogue deafened me with his shrieks, and at last I carried him up and down the floor in self-defence. My arms ached after my morning's labors at the churn, and it seemed now, every moment, as if they would break; but if I attempted to sit down, my little torment would send forth such a succession of shrieks, that I was glad to try walking him again. After I had spent two mortal hours in this way (they seemed more like two centuries to me), Mrs. Henderson returned. She smiled benignly as she saw me making desperate efforts to walk up and down the room with her enormous baby hanging over my shoulder, and three or four of her children grasping my dress and trying to pull me in different directions at the same time.

"Well," said she, "how have you enjoyed yourself?" Then, without waiting for me to reply, she continued, "I knew these youngsters would amuse you—they are so full of life."

I sat down now in despair, not caring whether the baby screamed or not. It *did* scream, of course, and its mother took it; whereupon the little imp turned around and laughed at me in return for all the trouble I had taken with it.

"Dear me! Cora!" said Mrs. Henderson, laughing, "what have you been doing with this poor child? Why, you had all its clothes almost over its head! Poor little thing! I wonder he was so good!"

"Good, indeed!" I mentally ejaculated; the

little torment had done nothing but kick and scream since its mother left the house, and I wondered whether it was possible to keep the clothes down smoothly while the child was in perpetual motion.

The next morning my head and limbs were aching so severely that I found it impossible to rise. My friends innocently declared that I had taken a heavy cold! I did not contradict them, but I had my own thoughts on the subject. I was confined to the bed for a couple of days, and at the end of that time I announced my intention of returning home.

"Why!" exclaimed Fanny, "you certainly are not going to put us off with this little visit, are you?"

"You have scarcely had time to know how well you can enjoy yourself in the country!" said Mrs. Henderson.

I thought that I had had time to know how I could *not* enjoy myself, and I insisted upon carrying out my intention, pleading, as an excuse, that the country didn't seem to agree with me. I departed amid deep regrets from my friends, and cordial invitations to come again. But since that time I have never acceded to Fanny's urgent request to pay her another visit; and, indeed, I always shrink involuntarily from going anywhere when people tell me that they will make me perfectly at home.

IN THE DELL.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

In the deep, dark dell,
Where the Summer birds are singing,
And the woodland flowers are springing,
And the forest boughs are swinging
O'er the deep, dark dell,
Where the crystal waters well,
And the shadows ever dwell—
In the lone, still dell.

In the deep, dark dell,
Where the golden sunlight glances
Through the boughs in glimmering lances,
And the brooklet sings and dances
Through the deep, dark dell,
Where the wood-lark loves to dwell,
And the linnet's warblings swell—
In the lone, still dell.

In the deep, dark dell,
Where the palest flowers are blowing,
And the greenest mosses growing,
And the streamlet ever flowing,
In the deep, dark dell,
Might a wood-nymph love to dwell,
Fairy weave her magic spell—
In the lone, still dell.

In the deep, dark dell
Fancy shows the dryads biding,
'Mong the feathery fern-leaves gliding,
Or in mossy coverts hiding
In the deep, dark dell,
Where the wild bee makes her cell,
Sounds the elfin horn and bell—
In the lone, still dell.

A MORNING PICTURE.

BY N. F. CARTER.

SUNBEAMS on the waking hills,
Red and purple down below,
Where the singing fountains flow;
Darkness on the forest rills!

One long belt of crimsoned gold,
Where earth meets the bending sky;
Clouds rose-tinted gathering nigh,
Just above morn's waiting fold!

One full blaze of splendor! then
Sunlit beauties everywhere!
Floods of glory in the air!
And the scene is changed again:

Sunbeams hide their golden lips;
As the gloomy clouds shut down
Like a dark and angry frown—
Hope is lost in day's eclipse!

So life in its early morn!
Love is in its crimson bud,
Hope's calm sea is at its flood,
Joys with every hour are born!

Flowers of golden promise bloom
Underneath the Spirit's sky;
Sunny pictures flitting by
Weave bright webs in fancy's loom!

But not long this reign of love!
Shadows linger all the while
Just behind the rosiest smile,
Care-clouds gather just above!

And ideals fond and bright—
Once the glory of the life—
Are eclipsed by darkling strife,
Till in vain hearts yearn for life!

MR. BLAXMORE'S THEORY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

MR. BLAXMORE had a weakness for theories; one could name very few among those which have distorted society, during the past fifteen years, that he had not tried. Luckily for his own happiness, and the peace of mind of everybody connected with him, Blaxmore did not carry any of his manias to a great extent; as soon as the first newness and gloss wore off, he flung them aside in turn for something fresher and more enticing.

He was a man of sufficient wealth to be able to gratify his caprices and tastes, and when his hobbies did not happen to take a severe turn, his household was conducted upon the most liberal plan.

His wife had been a pretty woman when young; the chief attraction she had left was an unalterable sweetness of disposition. She followed at a little distance in her husband's wake, and was always enthusiastic over his latest whim. She had two practices which may have originated with him, although he had flung them both aside. She indulged in hydropathy, and stuffed cotton in her ears, in the most unexpected manner, in all sorts of places.

She was never very well, although I seldom knew her take to her bed. Blaxmore said she was a sensitive plant, all nerves; she only thought her nature somewhat too ethereal for this lower sphere.

They got on admirably together; they are chronicled in my memory as the only married couple I ever met who did not live in the midst of deluges, tempests, and earthquakes. Had any other woman wedded Blaxmore, she would have put him in a lunatic asylum six months after their marriage; had any other man taken the delicate Elizabeth to wife, he would have cut his own throat in less than a week.

They had a family of four children; the eldest being a very pretty and agreeable girl, the other sprouts not having passed the age when both sexes are little horrors to everybody but their parents.

How it happened that Blaxmore, for a long time, permitted phrenology to exist without having penetrated its mysteries, I cannot imagine, except from the fact that so many isms were constantly arising, that he had not time

to grab at that in his chase. But he found a leisure moment at length, and when he did get interested in the science, he atoned for his neglect by a persistency and interest I never saw equaled.

The last time I had met him, he was full of the idea of emigrating to one of the South Sea Islands, and forming a colony there upon the most primitive principles of human existence. Supposing that he was still busy with the dream, I went to call at the house, well booked up in everything connected with those regions, and prepared to sympathize with him to any extent, short of making one of the inhabitants of the new Eden myself.

I was shown into the library, and as the door opened had a pretty speech concerning the proposed garden of bliss ready on the end of my tongue; it died in a long breath of astonishment at the sight which met my eyes.

At a table, in the center of the room, sat Blaxmore, wrapped in a dressing-gown and a silk skull-cap upon the top of his head. He was so intently occupied that for a second he paid no attention to my entrance. The green baize was covered with a variety of phrenological charts; plaster heads, dotted with miraculous bumps and cabalistic characters, were scattered about; human skulls grinned at me in a malevolent way; all sorts of stray bones were heaped in a pyramid in the center of the board, surrounded by a greater variety of craniums, than in my ignorance I had imagined there were different species of animals in all the explored regions of the earth together.

In one hand, Blaxmore held the skull of some unfortunate creature, crossed and recrossed with lines and dots in red ink, that made it look as if some wild Mohawk had rudely torn off the scalp and left it bleeding. Blaxmore had one of the charts before him, and was apparently comparing it with the skull he held, emitting little hisses and ejaculations of surprise and delight.

Mrs. Blaxmore sat near the fire, with a damp napkin rolled about her head in the form of a turban, while small drops of water trickled from the folds and streamed down upon her neck.

As soon as Blaxmore saw who was his visitor,

he dropped the bone and hurried toward me with a torrent of broken exclamations, which might have startled a stranger into the supposition that he was insane.

"My dear fellow! Just in time—a science so grand and noble—I have found such a head—the bumps are startling—I have made a great discovery—I shall prepare an article at once—wonderful—wonderful!"

All this tirade was delivered in one breath, with a force and explosion as if the words had been blown out of a pistol. I shook hands with him and went to pay my respects to his wife.

"I am glad to see you," she said; "you will excuse the napkin—one of my frightful attacks of neuralgia. If you have any pain in your head, let me prepare a wet towel at once, it will ease you like magic."

I declined the towel on the score that my head was not troubling me; and while she turned to the table for a glass of water, yielded myself again to Blaxmore, who had pounced upon me with frantic violence.

"Have you been extirpating the original inhabitants of your island?" I asked, pointing to the ghastly trophies upon the table.

"Island, island?" he repeated, in a tone of surprise.

The most amusing feature in Blaxmore's lunacies was, that the moment he threw aside a theory, he forgot it as completely as if it never had existed in his mind.

"Yes," I said; "the new Eden, where you are to return to original bliss and innocence."

"Oh! that's all gone by," replied Blaxmore, cheerfully, waving original bliss and innocence aside with his right hand; "the idea was beautiful but visionary, visionary, sir."

"The world is not ready for such changes," remarked Mrs. Blaxmore, settling her turban, and wiping away a drop of water that trickled so sentimentally down her cheek, one might have supposed it a tear springing from her sorrow over the sins and degeneracy of the human race.

"So we must not introduce them," returned Blaxmore; then added in a confidential aside to me, which was quite audible to his wife, "it affects Elizabeth, she is so sensitive, all nerves!"

Mrs. Blaxmore sighed plaintively, and rested her delicate system more comfortably amongst the cushions.

"But what is occupying you now?" I inquired, plainly perceiving that my excitable friend was much more insane than usual.

"Phrenology!" he almost shouted; "that glorious science; I wonder at my own blindness in neglecting it so long; I have wasted my life,

but I will make amends, it is never too late for Timothy Blaxmore to learn. Look here, sir."

He lifted the silk cap as he spoke, and displayed the top of his head, so closely shaven that it glistened like white marble, forming the most ludicrous contrast possible to the ring of black hair below.

"What the deuce have you been doing?" I exclaimed. "Have you had brain fever, my dear fellow?"

"All in the cause of science," he answered, with an ecstatic leap; "I would cut my nose off, if by so doing the cause could be aided: I would indeed."

He grasped his long proboscis with such energy, that I really thought it would come off in his hand, and Mrs. Blaxmore emitted a squeak. I felt quite relieved when his fingers dropped, and I saw his nose still in its proper place. Mrs. Blaxmore subsided after a few little shivers, like a bird coming out of its bath, and her husband went on again.

"I have made a beginning, you see," and he flourished the skull-cap triumphantly; "I have shaved my head that I may acquire an accurate knowledge of my own qualities. But come here and sit down; I want you to comprehend this great science, illuminated by such names as Spurzheim, Gall, and Combe."

He dragged me into a chair by the table, pulled the charts toward him, and flourished a skull in such close proximity to my eyes, that I retreated with a shudder.

"Don't be weak," said Blaxmore, severely; "imitate Elizabeth, a creature all nerves, yet in the cause of science she would admit a skeleton into her chamber."

"I think I could," replied Mrs. Blaxmore, sweetly, "although for a time I might be obliged to close my eyes when I looked at it."

"Exactly," said her husband, as if the method she proposed had been the most favorable manner of viewing any object. "You see, sir, wonderful in a delicate nature—all nerves."

"Then you also are a believer in phrenology, Mrs. Blaxmore?" I inquired.

"I am waiting to witness the result of Mr. Blaxmore's studies," she replied, taking off her turban, and replacing it with a freshly moistened towel.

"That is the way we manage," said he; "I am the pioneer and Elizabeth follows—beautiful and satisfactory! But I have not yet fully explained my ideas to her, I will do so now, and you shall have the benefit of them—you cannot dream of what incalculable good phrenology may bring about."

I leaned back in my chair with as much resignation as I could muster, and allowed Blaxmore to pour down upon me an avalanche of explanations, that would have crushed the most anxious inquirer after truth.

He went back to the very beginning; gave the histories of the discoveries of phrenology, enlarged upon it and them, darted through the deluge, and proved that if Adam and Eve had only understood the science, man's fall would never have occurred. Down he rushed through the ages, exposed fallacies and errors, proved satisfactorily that the millennium would have begun a century ago if the human race had only been phrenologists; while his wife listened with her sweetest smile, and I tried hard not to betray how stunned and dulled my senses were by his eloquence.

He paused an instant and looked me full in the face; of course I could do no less than falter some show of approval. I hope the shade of my sainted grandmother, who abhorred a lie, was not hovering over me at the moment!

"Wonderful!" repeated Blaxmore; "you may well say so! There is only one thing to regret, this beginning so late in the day. If I had only been acquainted with the science when my children were babes, I could so have moulded and rubbed their organs, that they would have been as superior to the rest of mankind as—as——"

"As inhabitants of a higher sphere," suggested Elizabeth.

"My very thought, dear, let me thank you for expressing it so beautifully."

He stepped gallantly up to kiss her. She turned her head a little unconscious of his purpose, and the salute descended upon her turban; but as they both took it as a matter of course, I had no right to laugh.

"And you really intend to train your children according to their phrenological developments?" I asked.

"I should be an unnatural father else! It will apply to every action of the day, sir! If I wish little Cora to study history, I prepare her by rubbing the organs concerned, memory, and so on, for a week before she begins. What will be the consequence? Why, that she will surpass every girl in her school, and be regarded as a prodigy."

I could only stare at him while he explained and fluttered; I had not a word wherewith to stem the tide of eloquence.

"I have made numerous experiments on animals," pursued Blaxmore; "yesterday I sacrificed the canary upon the altar of science; to-day the gray cat."

"The children will go crazy," I said; "they were so fond of that old monster."

"My children must be above such petty considerations!" exclaimed he, grandly; "they must be stoics—science doesn't know affection, sir; Minerva cared nothing for cats."

At that moment there rose from below a din so hideous that I started to my feet in dismay, and Elizabeth went into mild hysterics; shrieks and groans sounded through the house, till one might have thought a Moslem carnage was going on at the very least. Blaxmore alone preserved his equanimity, and in answer to his wife's moans said,

"The children have discovered the loss of Toby."

Toby was the gray cat who had been sacrificed, and Mr. Blaxmore was correct in his statement; for at that moment the door opened, and in rushed the disconsolate trio, two small boys, followed by a lesser girl, with little curls that stuck straight up on her head with rage and grief.

"Boo-oo-oo!" they screamed at once. "Pa's drowned the gray cat. Ma, ma, pa's drowned the cat!"

"Be grammatical, my dears, even in your distress," said the philosopher Blaxmore; "drowned, if you please."

"There, he owns it, Cora!" yelled the oldest boy. "Oh! you nasty old pa, I'll kick your shins. Come along, Ben!"

They assaulted their paternal ancestor so vigorously, while Cora pinioned his arms as well as her little strength would permit, that I was forced to go to the rescue and drag off the little wretches!

"Ah, such rubbing and polishing as I shall have on those craniums!" exclaimed Blaxmore, ecstatically.

"Oh! my head," groaned his wife. "Where is Caroline?"

"Here I am, mamma," said the young lady, who had just been summoned to the tumult.

"The cotton, Caroline," said Mrs. Blaxmore, plaintively.

The obedient daughter went in search of the article; while Blaxmore dragged the eldest boy up for me to look at his head, the brat struggling and kicking right and left with all his might.

"There's firmness," cried Blaxmore; "there's amativeness—no wonder he was fond of his cat!"

"Let me go," yelled Tom; "I'll kick you like blazes, pa!"

"There, there!" shouted Blaxmore. "You

see—ignorant parents would call that impertinence—but he can't help it."

"How red he is!" groaned Mrs. Blaxmore; "he's got rush of blood to the head," and she held her fingers to her ears to supply the place of the cotton.

"Fiddlesticks! it's his bumps!" returned Blaxmore.

"Tain't!" yelled Tom; "it's cause you killed Toby!"

"Yah! yah!" howled the other boy; while Cora chanted a sort of Runic rhyme in a crescendo tone, which gradually became deafening.

"Put a wet towel on his head," moaned the mother. "Won't anybody quiet him with a wet towel?"

"I told you so," pursued Blaxmore, continuing his examination in spite of kicks and blows. "Here's firmness—what an organ—my fingers tingle to get my brush on it! Come here, Benjamin, let me see your head."

"I shan't!" howled Benjamin, dodging under the table—"I shan't!"

"Pa's killed the cat!" sang Cora, between great sobs; "pa's k—killed the cat!"

"Caroline, the cotton!" pleaded Mrs. Blaxmore, more urgently.

"Human nature is wonderful!" called Blaxmore, raising his voice above the tempest, "and it all proceeds from bumps."

At that moment Caroline returned with the cotton, which Mrs. Blaxmore stuffed vigorously into her ears.

"Ah!" said she, with a sigh of satisfaction, "I feel as if I had gone into another world."

I felt as if I had, too, an infernal one at that, for the shrieks grew more uproarious; and, in the blindness of their passion, the boy Tom kicked indiscriminately; while Cora pulled my hair; and Ben, safe under the table, took up the chanting in his turn.

"Try and quiet the children," said Mrs. Blaxmore, placidly, secure in the efficacy of cotton.

It required a long time to do that, but she got them out of the room at last, and Blaxmore continued his exordium, in nowise disturbed by the *fracas*; while Mrs. Blaxmore dropped off into a gentle doze.

I made my escape as soon as possible and went away, so confused by Blaxmore's theories and his children's shrieks, that I was haunted till morning by all manner of ferocious nightmares, banging skulls, and the dripping remains of drowned grimalkins.

Several days passed before I again ventured to trust myself in the house; but curiosity to

know how the family got on under the influence of the new doctrine, at length induced me to hazard another call, even at the expense of having my shins as mercilessly pummeled by Master Tom, as they had before been.

I found Blaxmore as enthusiastic as ever, poring over his charts, examining skulls, of which he had made so numerous a collection, that one might have taken the place for an anatomical museum.

Mrs. Blaxmore was placid and quiet, having taken the precaution to put cotton in her ears when she heard the bell ring. On one side of the fire-place sat Master Tom, looking daggers and small pen-knives at the whole world. Upon a closer examination of the little beggar, I discovered the reason—his head was shaved in small patches, varying in size from a ten cent piece to a half dollar; and most of them, from the way they glistened, had evidently been subjected to friction for the purpose of developing the organs.

"You see," said Blaxmore, pointing to the boy, "I have taken him in hand—he is coming on wonderfully."

Tom groaned, and gave me a glance that was the very concentration of malignity; I suppose the small wretch connected me with the commencement of his misfortunes, and hated me accordingly.

"You would be astonished," continued Blaxmore, "to see what changes have already taken place in the boy's character."

"There hain't!" howled Tom.

Blaxmore seized his brush immediately.

"Thomas, come here."

"I shan't!" said Tom; "you've scrubbed the skin off now, and I ain't going to be scrubbed any more."

"I will apply a little cold water at bed time," said his mother, soothingly.

"Elizabeth, betray no maternal weakness!" exclaimed Blaxmore, majestically.

"I hate cold water worse than the rubbing," retorted Tom.

"You ungrateful boy," said his mother, losing all sympathy for him at once.

"I ain't!" howled Tom. "You're all a banging me and I won't stand it—I'll run away!"

His voice rose higher and higher, till it ended in an absolute shriek. Blaxmore made a descent upon him brush in hand; but Tom dove under the table, nearly upsetting the invalid in his flight. While I was reassuring her and keeping off hysterics, by administering draughts of cold water, the father was trying to dislodge his rebellious offspring from his place of refuge

by mingled persuasions and judiciously aimed punches of the brush.

"Come out, Tommy dear, there's candy in my pocket." Punch, punch in the region of the brat's liver.

"I shan't; you're a great big story—yah—yah!" from the unbelieving Thomas.

"I must have more cotton if this continues," said Mrs. Blaxmore, in a despairing tone, as a vigorous poke on Mr. Blaxmore's part, and a demoniac yell from Tom, made the place hideous.

"Firmness must be shaved," said the father; "it is degenerating into obstinacy."

"I mean to be," shouted Tom, not minding his grammar in the depth of his sincerity, but rendering his intentions perfectly obvious nevertheless.

"Oh! you bad boy," expostulated Mr. Blaxmore. "Come out, sir—come out; I'll make an example of you, sir!"

But Thomas utterly declined to come out and be made an example of upon any terms; and the parent was at length forced to relinquish his purpose, and leave his son's bumps, for the time at least, to flourish according to their natural inclinations.

Soon after Caroline entered the room, and we sat down to finish a game of chess that had been commenced several months before. The girl's manner was so constrained and different from her usual cheerfulness, that I felt something was going wrong in the house, especially when I added to my suspicions, the fact that there appeared a certain degree of coldness between the father and daughter which I had never before remarked.

"Are you occupied with phrenology too?" I asked, while we were arranging the pieces upon the board.

She looked up so sadly, even with something of reproach, that I was sorry for the question; but it had reached Mr. Blaxmore's ears, and he took it upon himself to reply.

"Caroline is opinionative," he said; "there are certain organs upon her head which need attention, but she will not hear reason."

"She never would use a wet bandage for her headaches," chimed in Mrs. Blaxmore, fretfully.

Now that fault-finding was unusual in the house, I felt certain that something was greatly amiss. Caroline gave me a beseeching look, so I paid no attention to the remarks; and "What has gone wrong, Catty?" I whispered, as she followed me into the hall when I took my departure.

The poor girl only shook her head, but I saw

the tears glitter in her eyes, and felt a greater degree of sympathy than I usually do for the grievances and woes of youthful females.

"Robert Layton will come and see you to-morrow," she replied, having so much difficulty to repress her sobs that I left her from sheer pity, deferring a solution of the mystery to my promised visitor.

The next day Layton called upon me, looking wonderfully troubled and anxious, a very singular expression for his bright, handsome face to wear. I had long known that between him and Caroline there existed a sentiment deeper than mere coquetry or admiration, and her parents had always appeared satisfied with his visits and attentions.

He had hardly seated himself before he burst forth,

"What do you think that goose Blaxmore has been doing? I really believe the creature is a lunatic."

"We will good-naturedly describe him as an eccentric man," I replied. "But what has he been at that annoys you so much?"

"Annoys me?" repeated the excitable young gentleman. "He will drive me mad!"

"Before you go insane, tell me the trouble."

"Why, he and that stupid old uncle of mine must needs get into a quarrel about phrenology, and Blaxmore includes me in his anger—says I am a dangerous young man, and has forbidden me the house."

"Indeed!"

"He insists upon it that I have no faith in phrenology, and that a man who doubts its truth is little better than an infidel."

I laughed heartily. Layton looked vexed at first, then he joined me in a somewhat hysterical manner.

"Surely," I said, "they did not quarrel so furiously that it need make you and Caroline wretched."

"But it does. Blaxmore fairly turned me out of doors! Just like that stupid uncle of mine; he is always getting into scrapes. However, he is sorry enough for his share in this matter, as he is very fond of Catty."

"Have you seen her since the father declined receiving your visits any longer?"

"No; I have heard——"

"Now don't attempt any mysteries with me—you mean she has written to you."

"Yes; she sent a little answer to my letter: she is as miserable as I am, and we both want you to help us."

I hesitated a little. Not that I was unwilling to aid the young ones by every means in my

power; but I was puzzled how to attack Blaxmore. He had weak sides enough, in all conscience; but in spite of that, in spite of his philosophy, his belief that each man ought to hold his opinions untroubled by his neighbors, he was as touchy as possible, and nothing enraged him so much as to have anybody combat one of his theories while the freshness of first interest was upon it.

Old Layton had not only combated his doctrine, he had openly laughed at it, told Blaxmore plainly that a strait-jacket would be the most appropriate article of dress he could put on, and, worse than all the rest, he had excited the indignation of the sensitive Elizabeth by sneering at hydropathy, and avowing that what made her sick was being kept in a constant state of dampness.

Suddenly it struck me that I had found an exceedingly easy method of settling the whole matter. I found among my papers several old phrenological charts, and set to work at once.

"What are you about?" asked Robert. "I believe you are going as crazy as Blaxmore himself!"

"I am making a chart of your head," I answered.

"My head?" he repeated, in wonder.

"Certainly!" And on I went, regardless of his exclamations.

"Firmness 7, concentration," and so forth, till he was perfectly bewildered.

"I do think you must be insane!" he said.

"Here's a head for you—organs that would astonish Spurzheim out of his grave! And mind, young man, that you live up to the model I have set you!"

He began to perceive that I was neither crazy nor jesting, and demanded eagerly to know what I meant to do.

"Phrenology must make atonement," said I; "she has lost you a sweetheart, she must provide you a wife."

"But I don't see how——"

"I do; which is of more importance. Can you get a message to Catty before night?"

"Yes; Matilda, the waiter, is very good-natured and romantic—she will do anything for us."

"Blessings on Matilda, the waiter, and the romantic! Sit down and write to Catty just what I bid you."

He obeyed with the greatest alacrity. It is astonishing how yielding a man is when you are helping him to a thing he has set his heart on.

"Tell her you shall be at the garden-gate

with a carriage, at nine to-night—she is to meet you there—say I have arranged this."

"Are we to elope?"

"No, you fool! but I shall make Blaxmore think you mean to; that and this chart will settle the business. I must see Matilda, however."

"That is easy enough; she will be at the corner in half an hour with a note for me."

We went out, found the romantic young lady, and I speedily instructed her in her part, which was simple enough, and with which, as she had a talent for acting, she was highly delighted.

She was to discover them in the garden, rush up stairs, and inform the parents; the rest of the affair would be in my hands, and I felt perfectly convinced of my ability to manage it. So I bade the lover keep up his courage, and went my way.

Early in the evening I journeyed to Blaxmore's house, armed with the chart, and, as usual, was received with the utmost cordiality. Tom had been rubbed and scrubbed until he was reduced to passive stupidity, and sat glaring into the fire, apparently too much broken down even to take an active view of his wrongs. I heard the little girl howling in an upper room, and learned that she was inconsolable for the loss of her flaxen curls, which had that afternoon been sacrificed. As for Benjamin, the youngling of the flock, he was supposed to be hidden in the best bedroom, so frantic had he become to escape that dread family Moloch—phrenology.

"It is painful," Blaxmore said, "to feel my whole family thus turned against me! Nobody but Elizabeth understands and appreciates me!"

Elizabeth extended a bit of cotton between her thumb and finger, and divided a pensive glance between that and her husband. Her attention was evidently distracted by the echo of Cora's shrieks, and she only waited to hear Blaxmore out before proceeding to caulk her ears with unusual energy.

"My friends presume to sneer at me," pursued Timothy; "but such has always been the fate of men who were in advance of their age. At least it is a comfort to know that the wife of my bosom is constant and sympathizing!"

"Always!" sighed Elizabeth; "and always will be, though storms should howl and tempests shake our roof!"

She looked so satisfied, that I felt certain she really believed herself composing poetry; and Blaxmore was affected almost to tears by her tender eloquence.

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed. "Ah! my friend, what a prize I have in that woman—what a treasure!"

I assented, of course, adding a compliment of my own; Elizabeth smiled at each, in turn, and slowly caulked her auricular organs with peculiar grace.

I determined to make a bold leap, seeing the opportunity for which I had waited.

"Do not include all your friends in that condemnation," I said; "for my part, since my conversation with you, I have become greatly interested in phrenology, and only wonder at my own blindness in having neglected it so long."

Blaxmore fell upon me and fairly hugged me to his heart, pouring forth a flood of rhapsody and delight.

"You shall be my pupil," he said; "I have always known you were no ordinary man; bear witness, Elizabeth, that such have often been my words."

Elizabeth bowed assent. I preferred rather to think the cotton impaired her hearing, than to believe her guilty of a lie; but I knew very well that Blaxmore had never spoken favorably of any man in the whole course of his life.

"You shall come here every evening," he continued, "and I will instruct you into the mysteries of this great, this noble art!"

He struck an attitude worth of Macready, pointed the forefinger of his right hand toward my left eye, and proceeded, in a theatrical tone,

"Happy neophyte! be trusting, be humble, and I will lead thee from the dim vestibule, where now thou standest, into the glorious morning of the inner temple!"

I stood quite overcome. He made a gesture as if crowning me with some imaginary sign, which marked me as one of the magic number, while Elizabeth cooed like a ringdove, and Thomas stared at me with eyes full of stupid wonder and utter disgust.

"You're just as cracked as pa!" he burst forth, at length. "If I was a man, I'd send you both to Bedlam; I would!"

"*Puer ingrate!*" exclaimed Blaxmore, bitterly, waxing classic in the excited state of his mind.

Tom retreated from the Latin as from a blow, and glared into the fire again; while Elizabeth, as women always do, tried to look as if she perfectly understood the phrase, and was familiar with the skeletons of every dead language that industrious old college sextons ever exhumed from the grave of the past.

"You shall have my own children for living subjects," said Blaxmore; "study their organs and their peculiarities at your leisure."

Tom turned slowly from the fire and transfixed me with a fiery glance.

"Just you try it," said he, "that's all! Cora's only a girl, but she can scratch and Ben can bite; and if you lay a finger on my head——"

He finished the sentence with a gesture so emphatic, and a look so menacing, that I fairly retreated from the young monster as if he had been a Gorgon.

"My dear boy," I replied, hastily, "I wouldn't touch you for the world against your wishes."

Tom only laughed derisively. His father had deceived him so often, during the past days, by similar promises, that his faith in human nature was quite destroyed, and he had become as misanthropic as a modern poet, or a disappointed old maid.

"You bad child," said Elizabeth, "when our friend used to bring you candy."

"But he don't now," answered the sagacious Tom.

I took a package of sugar-plums from my pocket and gave them to him. Tom just examined long enough to be certain they were not bones or skulls, then fell upon them with great avidity, leaving me an opportunity to converse with his parents, without being exposed to the inquisition of his sharp eyes.

"I have been making some experiments, Blaxmore," I observed; "I have brought with me a chart of a head which appeared to me very remarkable—I want you to see it."

I pulled out the chart I had made in the morning and gave it to him. He pored over it for a few moments in silence, then broke out into ecstatic exclamations,

"The most prodigious head I ever saw," he said.

I did not wonder at his astonishment, for the manner in which I had piled up the bumps would have surprised the most noted phrenologist that ever lived.

"And this man breathes and exists?" he asked.

"He does, and I know him."

"Bring him to me," shouted Blaxmore; "let me sit at his feet and learn wisdom—such a head! Why he is Washington, Shakspeare, Pitt, Howard, all combined."

"I thought you would be pleased."

"Pleased? I am charmed, electrified! Give me his name. Is he famous?"

"Not yet; he is very young—you shall know more of him hereafter. But now I want you

to tell me about this difficulty with young Layton."

"Don't speak of him!" said Blaxmore. "Ah! if he had a thousandth part of the organs which this head possesses!"

"But he is a fine, noble fellow!"

"It may be! it may be! But all is over there, entirely so! I could never admit him to my house again!"

"But Catty——"

"It cannot be helped—I know my duty! Here is the son-in-law for me!" And he shook the chart. "Let this man come—I will give him my daughter, and become his pupil into the bargain!"

With considerable difficulty I brought him back to the subject in question, and heard an account of the quarrel with old Layton and the after-rudeness to Robert.

"Why, sir," said Blaxmore, "that ancient fool told me I had no more brains than a wooden monkey on a stick—that I hopped about from one thing to another just as the monkey does when a boy pulls the string!"

"That to my husband!" moaned Elizabeth; while Blaxmore choked with indignation at the remembrance of the indignity, and Tom slyly snickered—he had not grown so stupid that he was unable to enjoy a joke at his father's expense.

"I thought Elizabeth would have fainted!" pursued Timothy. "I never saw her so shocked!"

"I assure you," added she, "that I was obliged to have my head wrapped in wet napkins all night. If Blaxmore got up once to dampen them, he did a dozen times."

"Under the circumstances," cut in the husband, "we could do no less than decline all acquaintance with the family. I gave young Robert my opinion in unvarnished language. You considered me in the right, Elizabeth."

She pulled the cotton out of her left ear and nodded vehemently.

"I am sorry to see Catty rebel and struggle against my authority," said Blaxmore. "I am persuaded that if she would only permit me to examine her head, I could set everything right as far as she is concerned; but she is willful."

"She wears a cap all the while," said Tom; "so pa can't get at her bumps; and I think she's a brick, I do!"

"It is only too true!" observed Blaxmore, resignedly. "Ah! it is painful to meet with such instances of ingratitude in one's own household! Yesterday the chambermaid left,

because I told her that if she would let me rub her head, I could bring out her organ of order, so that she would be worth twice her wages."

"And she declined?"

"Not only that; she attempted to make difficulty between my wife and myself. Then she left."

"And took two silver teaspoons with her," said Tom.

"Oh! this world, this world!" groaned Blaxmore.

Just then there was a great disturbance below stairs, and up rushed the cook.

"Miss Catty's a running away!" shrieked Matilda, playing her part beautifully.

"Running away?" echoed Blaxmore.

"With a man!" said Matilda, breathlessly.

"I saw them in the garden just now—there's a carriage too!"

Out we all rushed, down through the hall, and into the garden. As Matilda had said, a carriage was drawn up in the street close to the garden-gate, and, moving toward it, we descried two forms.

"Stop!" thundered Blaxmore.

"It's father!" shrieked Catty.

"Caroline! is that you?" called the parent.

By the time we reached the spot where the lovers stood, Caroline had sunk upon a bench and was apparently fainting. The moonlight made every object distinctly visible, and Blaxmore at once recognized her companion.

"Robert Layton!" he exclaimed. "Oh! I might have expected this of you! Misguided girl, return!"

I got them all into the house, and while the young people were apparently overcome with confusion and remorse, Elizabeth going from spasms to convulsions, the three brats roused by the tumult and rushing frantically about the house in their night-gowns, I drew Blaxmore up stairs into the library.

"You see that chart?" I said, pointing to the one I had shown him.

"Don't talk to me of charts!" he exclaimed.

"Oh! my daughter, my daughter!"

It was as good as old Shylock's performance, but I thought it better to cut the scene short.

"You said that the man who owned those bumps would have his way—that it would be useless to oppose him—he was certain to succeed!"

"Well?"

"That is a chart of Robert Layton's head—moreover, he believes in phrenology! So you see there is no harm done. Give your consent—and name the wedding-day."

Between bewilderment and delight, Blaxmore was quite beside himself. At that moment the door opened, and the youthful pair entered.

Blaxmore made a dive at Robert and began an examination of his head.

"It's true!" he exclaimed. "What wonderful organs! Young man, take my daughter!"

After Elizabeth had been called up, and the first tumult had subsided, Blaxmore said,

"Oh! Catty! how could you deceive your parents so?"

"I suppose it's all owing to my bumps," she answered, meekly. "You know you didn't understand phrenology when I was a child."

"True," said he, quite satisfied; "but we will make amends now."

It may sound incredible; but the parents were not only reconciled to the match, but perfectly delighted, and began at once weaving all sorts of delightful visions.

I do not know how Robert managed to escape receiving instruction in phrenology; but, at all

events, there were no more quarrels, and early in the summer the young people were happily married.

By that time Blaxmore had rushed off upon some new hobby, which did not detail such a series of misfortunes upon the family. Tom's tattooed scalp got a new covering of hair, and the children supplied the place of their slaughtered cat with a beautiful, gray squirrel, which perfectly consoled them.

Luckily Blaxmore was always too busy to think, or put things together in his mind; so he never remembered to question me upon the singular coincidence of my having made those disclosures, concerning Robert's phrenological developments, upon the very night when the young man appeared to be running away with his daughter.

So we all came out of this affair with flying colors, and the happiness of the young couple fully repaid me for any trouble that I had taken in their behalf.

COME AND GONE.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

THOSE sweet hours my spirit hoped for
With such longing and such prayer,
And that seemed to me like roses
Budding in the Summer air—
They have come and have departed,
Bringing all the joy to me,
Which my faith and love had braided
In the thought: "It is to be!"

Oh! that we could stay the moments
Wherein deepest life is stirred,
When the spirit ceases waiting
With the watch of "hope deferred;"

And the dream that danced before us
In anticipating hours,
Comes with all its holy blessing,
And we feel and know 'tis ours!

Then we feel that earth is better,
Heaven is nearer, God is good!
We forget the thorny places
Where our bleeding feet have stood!
Come at last the long-sought blessing—
Sweetness lingers 'round my way,
And I feel that earth and Heaven
Are not far apart to-day!

SECRET GRIEF.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

THE world shall never know, beloved,
The pangs my spirit feel;
Nor what I suffer for thy sake,
And for thy sake conceal!
And even while upon my lips
They see the smiles so gay,
No one will dream of hidden griefs
That wear my life away!

My name even now, perhaps, to thee
Is a forgotten word;
No more thy heart, by love's sweet power,
With tenderness is stirr'd!

But thine is written on my brow,
And there it shall remain
Until that hour approaches, when
I feel to die is gain!

Yes, I am sinking to the grave—
That blessed spot of rest—
Where sorrow's arrows nevermore
Can penetrate the breast!
And even as I calmly sink
Unto the dismal tomb,
Oh! shed one tear, beloved one,
For my untimely doom!

THE BROKEN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER VI.

Jessie did not look up as I approached; she stood absently pulling the flowers from a vine that fell in luxuriant masses over a trellis by her side, and appeared so much engrossed in her own thoughts that she did not even hear my footsteps.

They were not pleasant reflections which filled her mind; not sunny visions, such as those which, a few weeks since, had made her face so bright and beautiful! I could see that by the mournful expression of her mouth, and the despondency of her whole attitude—so unlike anything I was accustomed to see in our Jessie.

"You naughty girl!" I said, as I ascended the steps. "How can you find the heart to spoil that pretty vine?"

She started, looked quickly round, and a burning blush shot up to her forehead, while she looked at me in a confused way as if she supposed me being able to read her very thoughts.

"Oh! is it you, aunt Matty?" she exclaimed, trying to laugh and seem more at ease.

"I believe so," was my answer; "I have every reason to suppose that I am that person, and very tired into the bargain!"

"You look fatigued," she said, with her usual kindness; "do go up stairs and lie down before dinner."

"Now, my dear, you know I am never guilty of that weakness!"

"I forgot."

"How could you? I am astonished—when you know—old maid that I am!—how much I pride myself on regular habits and systematic disposal of my time!"

She laughed a little at my nonsense, which was the thing I desired; for it pained me greatly to see her look so weary and disconsolate.

"At all events you will sit down, I suppose," she said, running into the hall and bringing out a chair. "Your rigid principles do not prevent that!"

"Thank you, my dear. I am happy to say they do not."

I seated myself, really glad of an opportunity to rest; for now that excitement had passed, I was astonished to find how tired I felt in body and mind. The mere walk could never have produced that sensation—I was too much accustomed to out-door exercise for any fine lady feebleness of that kind; but my interview with Bosworth and his friends, the sight of Mrs. Denison and Mr. Lawrence in the wood, together with Lottie's revelations, had so worked upon my mind, that I felt as if I had no strength left.

"Dear me! aunt Matty!" exclaimed Jessie; "how tired and pale you look! I never saw you so overcome!"

"It is nothing. I walked faster than I ought, perhaps."

"That is not all," she answered; "I am sure something troubles you."

"So there does!" I said; "and very greatly!"

"Can I help you? You know how gladly I will do it!"

She began untying my bonnet strings, throwing off my shawl, and performing every little office possible to show her solicitude. Generally I dislike to have anybody touch me, or assist me in any way; but it was always a pleasure to feel Jessie's fingers smoothing my hair, or arranging my collar, and just then her care quieted me more than anything else could have done.

"Did you take a long walk?" Jessie asked, apparently anxious to turn my thoughts from the painful theme upon which she supposed them to be dwelling.

"Yes, very long, Jessie; I have been over to old Mrs. Bosworth's."

She looked at me in astonishment.

"Why, you hardly know them! How came you to go there, aunt Matty?"

"The old lady sent for me."

"Sent for you!" interrupted Jessie, in wonder and displeasure, while her great eyes gave me a searching glance.

"Young Bosworth is very sick, and he wished so much to see me that his grandmother put aside all ceremony and desired me to go as soon as possible."

Jessie turned very pale while I spoke, and leaned heavily against the arm of my chair.

"Was it sudden?" she asked, tremblingly.

"Has he been sick long, Matty?"

"For several days, I believe," I replied.

I had not the heart to tell her that he was stricken down the very day after his last visit to her father's house, lest she should accuse herself as the cause.

"What is the matter?"

"He has brain fever, Jessie."

She uttered a cry.

"Oh! aunt Matty! aunt Matty!"

"I hope he is not in great danger," I said, anxious to soothe her. "He was able to talk with me, and he had a comfortable sleep."

She put her hands in mine, with a look so beseeching and helpless, that I answered as if she had spoken.

"He asked for you," I said. "He wants to see you, Jessie."

She shrunk back and held up her hands like a child pleading for pity.

"Oh! I cannot go! indeed I cannot!"

"That is unlike you, Jessie. I did not think you would have refused a sick friend any request!"

"Don't blame me—please don't! I would do anything for him; but, indeed, I have not the courage to go there!"

"Why, what do you fear, my child? I am sure he would not for the world speak a syllable that could pain you!"

"I know that, aunt Matty—I am certain of it!"

"Then what is it?"

"Old Mrs. Bosworth has such a stately way; so soft, yet decided! She will look at me so sharply!"

"I found her very kind and grateful."

"But she may think that I have done wrong."

"She is too just, too noble, Jessie, to blame any one for that which was no fault!"

"Oh! aunt Matty! even you speak and look so grave! I cannot bear it—indeed I cannot!"

I was softened at once. How could I have spoken so coldly to my Jessie, while she stood there trembling, with her great eyes full of tears!

"My own darling!" I said, quickly. "You know I could never feel anything but love for you! Don't shake so, darling! We won't speak of this if it troubles you."

"No, no! I ought to hear—I must not be so weak!"

She struggled against her feelings, brushed

away her tears, and stood up so firm and determined, that I felt a new respect for her. It was beautiful to see how the true womanhood that lay at the bottom of her nature roused itself, and asserted its supremacy in that moment of doubt and distress.

"You are a brave girl!" I exclaimed. "My dear, honest-hearted Jessie!"

"You must not praise me!" she said. "I feel so guilty and wicked!"

"That is wrong; you should not give way to these morbid feelings."

"Indeed, aunt Matty, I am not like the same girl I was a few months ago!"

I knew whence the change came—I could have given its exact date; but it did not extend back over a period of months—a few weeks had served to bring that unrest and trouble upon the sweet girl. With the coming of Mrs. Dennison all those shadows had crept into the house, gathering silently but surely about every heart, dividing those who before had no thought nor wish that was not common to all, and preparing the way, I felt certain, for deeper and darker troubles, which lingered not far off, only awaiting the command of that arch-magician to approach and wrap us in their folds.

While I was lost in the gloomy thoughts which those words had roused, Jessie turned from my chair and walked slowly up and down the terrace, after a habit she had inherited from her father in any season of doubt or perplexity. At last she came softly back and leaned over me again.

"Aunt Matty," she whispered, timidly.

"Yes, dear."

"I have made up my mind."

I looked in her face, and its expression told me at once what her decision had been.

"You will go," I said.

"Yes, I will. It is right—it is my duty! If he were never to get well, I should reproach myself so bitterly for not having granted his request."

"God bless you, Jessie! I knew you would not refuse."

"I am sure that my parents will have no objection."

"I can answer for that—the most scrupulous person could see no harm! Besides, Bosworth is a favorite both with your father and mother."

"Yes. Dear mamma will be so sorry to hear that he is ill—poor young man!"

"We will go to-morrow, Jessie. I dare say your father will accompany you."

"But I want you also, aunt Matty; I should have no courage if you were not there!"

"I will go, of course! You must speak to Mr. Lee about it—don't forget."

"I am not likely to; I will tell him this evening. But aunt Matty——"

"Yes. Don't hesitate so. One would think you were afraid of the old maid. I am not cross if I am ancient!"

That made her laugh again; but the merriest died quickly. Her sensitive heart was so sorely troubled that her usual gaiety was quite gone.

"I shall never fear you; but what I meant was that I don't wish Mrs. Dennison to know that I am going."

"She is not likely to from me, Jessie."

"She would laugh at me—and this is no subject nor time for a jest!"

"I should think not, indeed. The woman who could make a mockery of such feelings would be a libel on her sex!"

"Ah! you must not be harsh!"

"Only the old maidish bitterness—don't mind it, Jessie. But we won't tell Mrs. Dennison."

At that moment I detected a rustle in the hall. My hearing was always singularly acute—Jessie used to say that I was like a wild animal in that respect—and I felt confident that I heard some-one stealing away behind us.

I started up at once, hurried into the hall, and met Mrs. Dennison's maid face to face. She was running off—I could have sworn to that—but the moment she heard my step she turned toward me with her usual composure and pleasant smile.

"What do you want here, Cora?" I asked, more sharply than I often spoke to a dependant; for, of all people in the world, it is my habit to treat servants kindly. "Pray, what brings you into this hall?"

"I was just coming to look for my mistress, ma'am. Excuse me; I didn't know it was wrong."

"I have not said that it was," I answered, still convinced that she had been listening; "but our own domestics are never permitted to pass through this hall unless called."

"I will remember—I beg pardon."

"Mrs. Dennison is not here."

"Oh! excuse me——"

She stopped. I saw her courtesy, turned to look to whom, and there stood Mr. Lee, looking at me gravely. He had heard my ill-natured tone, and could see the flush of anger on my face.

"What is the matter, Miss Hyde?" he asked, quietly enough; but the tone displeased me, and I replied with a good deal of sharpness,

"I am not aware of anything, sir; Cora was searching her mistress."

"That is right enough, I am sure!"

"She is not here," I continued, feeling a savage pleasure in the words I spoke; "she is out in the woods with Mr. Lawrence!"

Mr. Lee colored slightly, but managed to conceal his discomposure.

Cora hurried away after giving me a spiteful glance, and Jessie, who had heard my words, came into the hall.

"Mrs. Dennison told me that she should be busy all the morning in her room," she said, quickly.

"I can't help what she said, my dear; I only know that I saw her walking with Mr. Lawrence."

"Surely it is her privilege, if she feels disposed, to walk with any person!" Mr. Lee said, laughing with a very bad grace, while Jessie looked much disturbed.

"I have no desire to interfere with the lady's movements," I said, my temper still in the ascendant; "but I see no necessity for saying one thing and doing another!"

Mr. Lee appeared surprised at my outburst. I dare say it was not lady-like; but I am not made of stone, and my real feelings will peep out occasionally.

"I am afraid Mrs. Dennison would think you spoke too harshly to her servant," he said. "I shouldn't like a guest in this house to be annoyed!"

For the first time I was angry with Mr. Lee. I was not a dependant—I was not accustomed to anything but affection and respect in that house, and the reproof in his voice, added to my own feeling of self-dissatisfaction, made me quite furious.

"Sir," I said, "you have always requested us not to permit servants to enter this hall; when you wish to change any of your regulations, be good enough to inform me in advance."

I turned away before he could speak, and Jessie went to him, saying something in a low voice.

"Miss Hyde!" he called out, approaching me and extending his hand. "Why, old friend, you are not angry with me? I would rather cut off this right hand than have that happen!"

My anger evaporated at once—like a silly fool as I am, the tears gathered in my eyes. He shook my hand heartily, while Jessie hovered about us like an anxious bird.

"I really meant no harm!" he began; but I would not hear a word.

"I am ashamed of myself," I said, "and that is the end of it; I am tired and cross."

"You are not well," he replied, kindly.

"Jessie, make her go and lie down."

"She never will, papa."

She put her arm caressingly about my waist, and Mr. Lee stood holding my hand, petting me as if my words had been a matter of consequence. Suddenly Mrs. Dennison entered from the terrace, and exclaimed, with a gay laugh,

"What a pretty scene! Are you acting a comedy, Mr. Lee? How well you do it!"

He dropped my hand in some confusion and turned toward her.

"Better comedy than tragedy," he said.

"Oh! yes, a thousand times! But Miss Hyde's role seems to be a sentimental one—she looks very lugubrious!"

I should have been pleased to have struck her full in her insolent mouth; but as that was impossible, I determined, for once, to pay her off in her own coin. A spirit of retaliation was rapidly rousing within me that I had never before possessed.

"You seem gay enough to make amends," I said. "Did you and Mr. Lawrence have a pleasant walk?"

What a fool I was to think I could send a wave that would have any effect upon that piece of marble!

She laughed outright, and clapped her hands in childish exultation.

"She wants to accuse me of being a flirt!" she exclaimed. "Oh! you naughty Miss Hyde! I did meet Mr. Lawrence, but I had no idea of doing so when I went out! I think now I shall make a merit of my intention!"

"You might always do so, I am sure!" said Mr. Lee, gallantly.

She held up a beautiful bouquet of wild flowers.

"I heard Mrs. Lee wish for some last night," she said; "so I went to gather them."

Mr. Lee's face grew all sunshine at once; even Jessie was appeased, and, unseen by either, the widow shot me a quick glance of scorn.

"How kind it was of you!" Jessie said. "Mamma will be so much obliged!"

"I wanted to please her, my dear!" replied the widow. "But I must make one confession; will you grant me absolution, Mr. Lee?"

"I can safely do that in advance. I am sure you have no very terrible sin to reveal!"

"Oh! I told a fib!" And she laughed archly. "I wanted to go all alone, so that dear Mrs. Lee would give me full credit for my thought-

fulness—you see, how vain and selfish I am!—so I told Jessie that I was going to be occupied in my own room."

"I think when selfishness takes such a form, it is a very valuable quality to possess!" returned Mr. Lee.

Mrs. Dennison treated me to another flash from her black eyes; then added,

"And while I was picking flowers, who should pass but Mr. Lawrence; so I made him stop. But I might as well have let him go on."

"Why so?" demanded Mr. Lee.

"Because he was very ungallant; did nothing but talk of Jessie, and never said a pretty thing to me!"

Jessie blushed, but the smile on her lips showed that she was far from annoyed.

"So that is all my secret!" continued Mrs. Dennison. "Now we will take this unfortunate bouquet up to Mrs. Lee—come, Jessie."

"May I go?" asked the gentleman.

"If you will be very good. But mind you do not tease for the flowers—we cannot spare a single one!"

"I promise."

"Then come with us."

She had one arm about Jessie's waist, she kept Mr. Lee close at her side, and so engrossed and fascinated both father and daughter, that they passed on without remembering that I was there. It was just what Mrs. Dennison intended: she wished to make me feel of how little consequence I was in the house, when she chose to exercise her supremacy. That was her way of revenging herself for my rude speech in regard to her ramble.

If it is absolutely necessary for me to tell the entire and exact truth, I must admit that she succeeded perfectly in wounding me. I was greatly pained, but not altogether from jealousy or sensitiveness. Hurt as I was to see how completely my friends were made to forget their solicitude at that woman's bidding, I was still more troubled to perceive how, every day, her influence in that house increased, how artfully she wove the threads of her net about us, and entangled everybody more helplessly in its meshes.

While I stood thinking of those things, I was startled by a sound close at hand—a very singular noise, such as one might expect from an antiquated raven troubled with bronchitis. From behind a tall screen that stood in the hall bounded Miss Lottie, emitting another of those unearthly croaks, and stationing herself directly in front of me with one of her most impish looks.

"I am astonished at you!" said she, shaking her head, and pursing up her lips until her words came out in a sort of strangled whistle. "I really am more astonished, Miss Hyde, than I should be to see two Christmases come in the same year!"

"What is the matter now?" I asked, laughing in spite of myself.

"To think of your going and trying to circumvent Babylon! Why, she's almost more'n a match for me, and to see you floppin' up at her quite took my breath away!"

"You are impertinent, Lottie!"

"Well, I don't mean to be! But just let me caution you a bit! Don't try any such game—she'll only fling it back in your teeth just as she did, sail off with her feathers spread, and leave you feeling as flat as she did a minute ago!"

I had an internal conviction that Lottie was correct in her judgment; but not considering it necessary to admit as much, I tried to turn the subject by asking,

"What were you doing behind that screen? I hope you haven't taken to listening to the whole house!"

"Now, Miss Hyde, I didn't think you'd accuse me in that way! But I don't blame you—Babylon's made you huffy! Cut agin, Miss Matty, if you want to!"

"But you should not do those things, Lottie!"

"Not quite so fast, if you please! I can tell you what I went behind there for."

"I do not wish to inquire into your proceedings," I said, coldly, and was moving away; but she caught me by the arm.

"Please don't go off mad, Miss Hyde," she pleaded; "I'll tell you the truth. I was in the little room looking out a book Mrs. Lee wanted, when I heerd you and Miss Jessie talking on the terrace. I didn't know what you said, and didn't want to; but just then I saw Cora creep through the hall and stand listening by the door. So I slips out, got behind the screen, and, once there, I had to stay till the folks got off."

"Then she was listening?" I said.

"I should rather guess she was! and a shaking them big earrings! She didn't miss a word, you may be sure!"

"Why does she do those things?"

"Why? Come, now, that's good! 'Cause Babylon tells her to, and 'cause her heart's blacker than her face, and she loves mischief as well as the gray cat does cream!"

"You cannot think her mistress would countenance her in such proceedings!"

"I don't think nothing about it—I know, Miss Hyde! She's got countenance of her own, though, to help her through a most anything! But I tell you she's sot on to spy and listen!"

"That is a fault you ought to judge leniently, Lottie!"

"No, 'taint, Miss Hyde! I've always been above things of that sort; but since Babylon's come the world's changed, and I have to fix myself according to circumstances! But don't you fall foul o' either of them agin—'taint no use! Why, she walked Mr. Lee and Miss Jessie right off afore your eyes, and you may bet your front teeth that, by this time, she's made them believe you're a pesty, cross old maid!"

"I begin to think I am, Lottie."

"No, you ain't—you can't stay cross two minutes! And as for age—wal, if you furbelowed yourself off like some folks that shall be nameless, you'd be about as young-looking as some folks themselves!"

I turned again to go, but Lottie had, as usual, a few last words which must be spoken.

"See here, Miss Hyde," said she; "Babylon'll carry Mr. Lee off, I know, and Miss Jessie's got her heart so full that she'll slip away to her own room; so you must go and sit with Mrs. Lee."

"I will go to her room as soon as Mrs. Denison leaves."

"That won't be long! She ain't going to coop herself up for nobody; trust her!"

"Very well; I shall be ready."

"And Miss Hyde——"

"Well?"

"Now don't be mad—I must say it! Just leave Babylon to me—you ain't no shakes where she is concerned, you'll only jest get yourself into a brile, and muddle matters—leave her to me!"

She gave her head a consequential toss and darted away, singing some dolorous ditty about "Long Ago."

I went up to my chamber and sat down, sad and sick at heart. Our little world seemed going very wrong; but how to remedy that which was amiss I could not tell. I was powerless; could only remain quiet and let things take their course, praying that God would shield those so dear to me from sorrow and harm.

Perhaps an hour after, there was a low tap at my door, and, in obedience to my summons, Lottie danced into the room.

"She's all alone, Miss Hyde. Babylon's trotted Mr. Lee into the garden, and Miss Jessie's in her own chamber. Come right along and sit with Mrs. Lee."

I rose at once and went to the chamber of our dear invalid. She was lying on a sofa, supported by pillows, and looking with pleasure at the bouquet of wild flowers that had been placed on her table.

"I am glad to see you, Miss Hyde," she said. "Come in and sit down. Look at my pretty flowers."

"They are very lovely!" I replied.

"They make me feel as if I were in the woods."

She sighed, checked the vain regret, and added cheerfully,

"Mrs. Dennison brought them to me. Was it not thoughtful of her? I was wishing for them last night."

"Very thoughtful!" I said.

"You look tired," she observed; "sit down and we will have one of our old, quiet hours. Mr. Lee had to go out, and Mrs. Dennison has gone to Jessie's room; so we shall be all alone."

Another falsehood! My blood fairly boiled! Lottie had just seen the pair in the garden. But I could not speak—a word, a look might have destroyed that poor creature's peace forever! No syllable from my lips should send the poisoned arrow of suspicion to her heart!

I did sit down, and we had a long, pleasant conversation; for with those whom she knew well, Mrs. Lee was an exceedingly agreeable companion, although ill health had made her timid in the presence of strangers.

After a time she began to speak of Jessie, and then it occurred to me that it would be a favorable opportunity to tell her of Jessie's desire to visit Mrs. Bosworth's house.

She was shocked to hear of her young favorite's illness, and when I told her how anxious he was to see Jessie, and how necessary it was that he should not be opposed, she agreed with me that her daughter ought to go.

"Certainly! certainly!" she said. "Mr. Lee will think so too. You were quite right to promise, Miss Hyde."

"I thought so, my dear friend."

"Poor young man! Do you know, Martha Hyde, I used to think he was very fond of our Jessie? But of late I have so seldom left my room, or seen any one, that I don't know what goes on."

I did not answer, and she changed the subject, with the excitability of all rich people.

"Mrs. Dennison makes the house very gay," she said.

"Very! Her manners are charming!"

"She seems a superior woman. Do you begin to like her, Martha?"

"Oh! I am an old maid, you know," I replied, trying to laugh. "Spinsters and widows seldom agree; besides, I can only care for people whom I have known a long time."

She did not answer, but pushed her hair back from her forehead and looked absently at the flowers.

"I have such bad dreams!" she said, slowly. "I never can recall them distinctly; but they seem full of trouble."

"Of whom do you dream?"

"All of you—principally of Jessie! Sometimes I think I must be awake and standing in her room—the vision is so real!"

"Such fancies are very common to an invalid," I said.

"Oh, yes; I don't mind them."

She pulled the flowers toward her and began playing with them after Jessie's childish fashion. It gave me a strange feeling to see those blossoms in her hand; when I remembered whose gift they had been, I felt as if my friend held Cleopatra's venomous asp in every flower that she touched.

"Will you read to me for awhile?" she asked, at length. "There is a new poem on the table; take that."

Of course I complied at once, and read to her for some time; then I saw the flowers drop from her hand—her head sank back among the pillows, and soon her regular breathing proved that she was sleeping quietly.

I laid down the volume and looked at her with pain and solicitude. She was so helpless! The least shock would terminate that frail existence, and I had grown so nervous that I was always expecting some trouble to force itself into that room, which, until lately, had been so securely guarded by a husband's love.

She moved restlessly in her sleep; broken words fell from her lips; very soon they framed themselves into complete sentences. She had sunk into one of those singular somnambulist slumbers which formed such a strange feature of her illness.

"I am tired," she said; "I have walked so fast! How pretty the summer-house looks! It is so long since I have been here! There is Mr. Lee——"

She paused and breathed rapidly.

"Why, Mrs. Dennison is with him! She said she was going to Jessie's room! How earnestly she talks to him! She lays her hand on his arm!"

She paused again, with a sort of cry.

"Martha Hyde! Martha! my husband is giving her flowers! She asks him to put

them in her hair! What does that mean, I say?"

She became so violently agitated that I thought it best to rouse her. I leaned over her and shook her arm slightly. The change of position seemed to alter the dream, and once more she slept quietly.

I went back to the window and sat looking out behind the curtains. It was sunset, and gorgeously beautiful! But in the busy and distraction of my thoughts I could not heed its loveliness.

While I sat there, I saw Mr. Lee and Mrs. Dennison pass along one of the paths. They had been in the garden and were approaching the house. The lady had no bonnet on, and wreathed among her hair were the very flowers which the poor wife had seen her husband place there in her dream.

I grew sick and faint with doubt and horror! I must do something; I could not longer sit passive and dumb, and see that woman wreck the future peace of all our lives! But what to do—which way to turn?

Alas! I was very helpless after all! There was no one to whom I could confide my suspicions; no one to whom I could open my heart, and the only hope I had was in that wild girl, who had understood the real character of our visitor so much more quickly than any of her superiors.

While I was thinking of that, the door of the inner room opened, and Lottie stood there, beckoning to me.

I went into her chamber, and she closed the door. She was in great excitement and glee.

"Babylon's been at it," she whispered.

"At what?"

"Talking about you. Oh, my! hain't you woke up a hornet's nest! Cora's mad too. Wal, wal, I told you to let things alone."

"I care very little for Mrs. Dennison's anger," I said.

"I don't suppose you do. But she'll pay you off if she can. So look sharp, Miss Hyde; these are times for sleeping with both eyes open. No chance to dream or make verses now."

"Nonsense, child!"

"Nonsense if you choose; but that don't alter the matter! Babylon's brought Mr. Lee back to the house; she had him out in the garden to make all right about Lawrence."

"Stop, Lottie!"

"I have stopped—shan't say no more! Hark! what was that?"

It was a call—an appeal for help. A voice from Mrs. Lee's room cried with energy,

"Martha Hyde! Martha Hyde!"

I rushed into the chamber, followed by Lottie, and found Mrs. Lee half-risen on her sofa, tossing her arms about and calling still upon my name, although she was yet asleep.

Many moments passed before I could rouse her, and when I did she sank back on the pillows perfectly exhausted. I administered such restoratives as were at hand, and, with Lottie's assistance, succeeded in bringing her out of the half-swoon into which she had fallen; but she was dreadfully weak and much excited.

"I have had such terrible dreams," she moaned, "I am afraid to go to sleep."

"They are over now," I said, soothingly; "you shall sit up and have your tea."

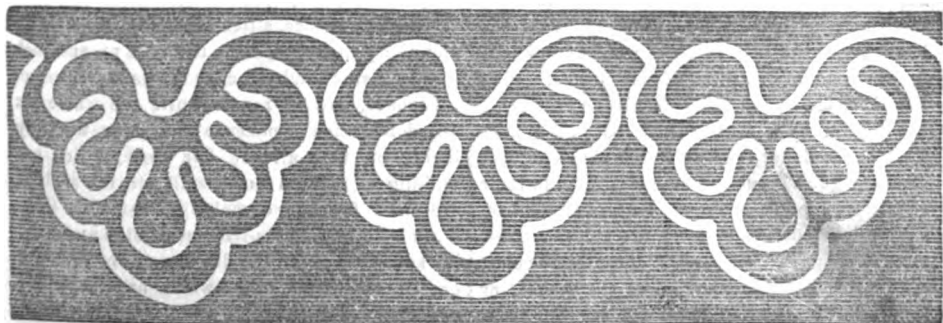
"Yes, please. Don't let me sleep any more, don't!"

All the while she held fast to my hand and looked wildly in my eyes, repeating,

"Such dreadful dreams, Martha Hyde—oh! such dreadful dreams!"

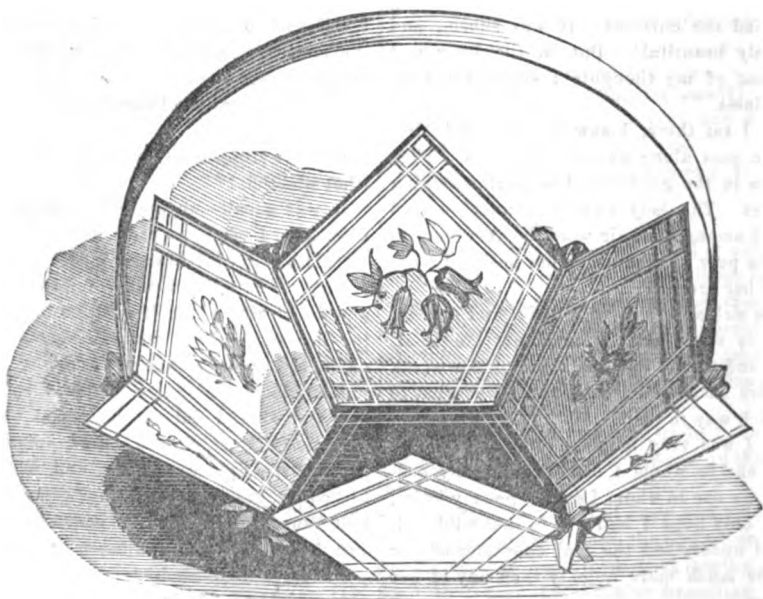
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BRAIDING PATTERN.



DRAWING-ROOM CARD-BASKET.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



In the front of the number, we give a design for the half of this beautiful Drawing-Room Card-Basket, which is made in the new application of straw-work which has been lately introduced. From this half it is easy to complete the whole, by merely repeating the three outside bouquets, and finishing the center one.

The first inspection conveys a strong impression that we are looking at some handsome Indian article of native manufacture, and when we come to a closer examination, we are surprised to find that the chief material is simply a few of the shining straws gathered from our happy harvest-fields. In commencing to make the Drawing-Room Card-Basket given in our illustration, the first measure will be to cut the entire shape in one piece of pasteboard, giving the six-sided shape which forms the bottom its exact form by a fold of each part all round. This being done, take as many pieces of fine cloth, or good French merino, cut them to their required shapes, one for the bottom of the basket and six others to form the sides. These may be scarlet, blue, and a deep maize-color, with a black for the bottom of the basket; or they may be all of different colors. On these

embroider the flowers given in the slightest possible way. For the center the flower leaves may be put in merely with a double stitch, the spots being only a little *point d'or*—that is, a sort of irregular stitching worked very close. The other flowers may be done with as little labor. Contrast of colors must, however, be considered. On the red work a white flower, on the black a red, on the blue a maize-color, on the maize a purple, and vary the greens of the leaves as much as possible.

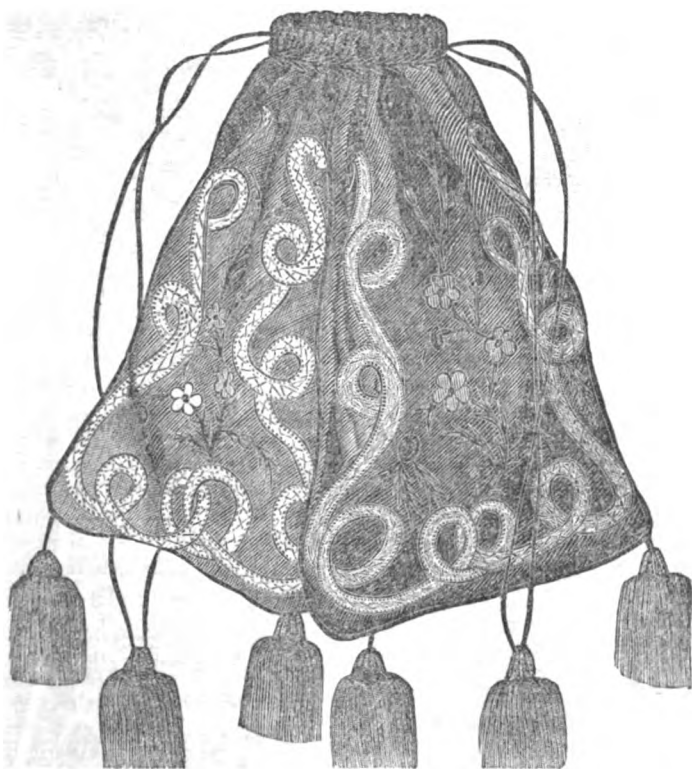
The embroidery being done, lay the six-sided piece on the bottom of the basket, fasten it carefully in its place, on this lay one of the side-pieces, face to face, stitch through the two edges and the pasteboard, turn the side up and tuck it firmly all round the edge of its own piece of cardboard, and so repeat until the whole six are done; then commence the straw-work by laying on first all the fine lines, which are nothing more than finely-split straws, such as are used for bonnet-making, fastening them down with little cross-stitches of blue and scarlet silk. When all the fine lines have been put on, add the wide ones, which are the whole coarse straws flattened down, crossing them

also with the silk, leaving only for the present the outer line of the six pieces which form the sides. Then take some crimson German velvet for the under side of the basket, and cut each part so much larger as will just pass over the edge, coming exactly under the line of the wide straw which is next to be added, thus completing the pattern of the straw-work. In this way a very neat edge is secured. The last line of stitches, which may show at the under side of the basket, may be covered with a line of the wide straw. Each point is to be fastened to the

next with a pretty bow of ribbon. The handle may be cardboard covered with red cloth and crossed with straw, or it may be a broad plait of straw, or a straw cord, which must be purchased, being one of those used for trimming bonnets. A little practice may be necessary to execute the straw-work with the dexterity and neatness necessary for its elegance; but when proficiency has been obtained, many beautiful articles can be easily produced worthy of any drawing-room.

LADY'S WORK-BAG.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

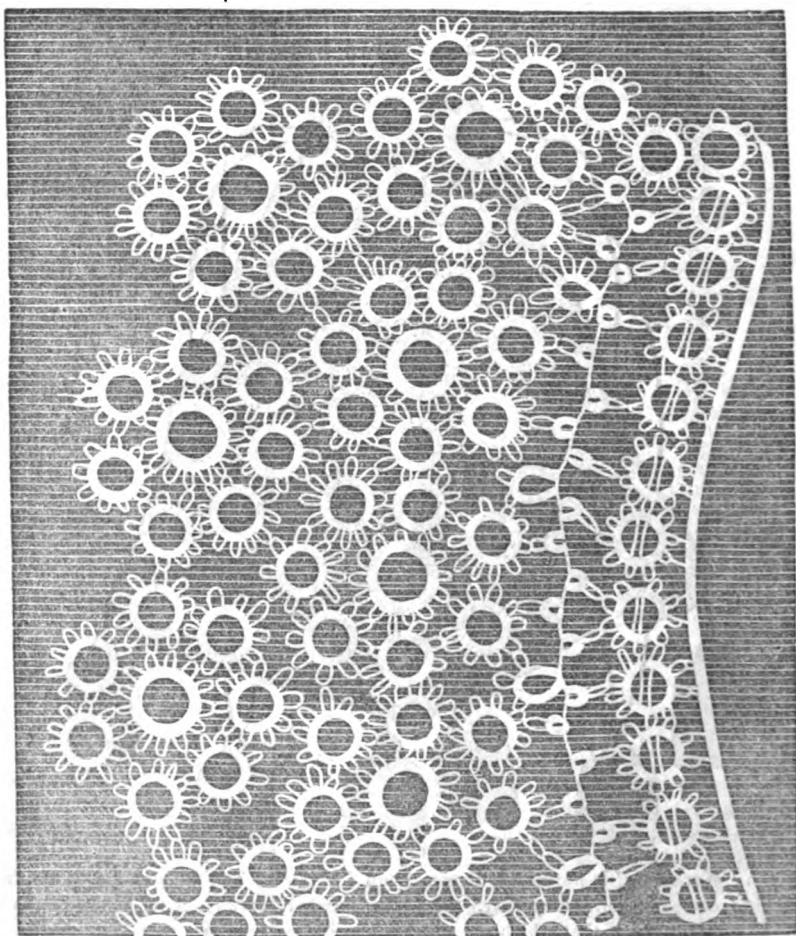


In Paris, a "Work-Bag" is now the indispensable morning companion of every lady. One of the most fashionable is that which we give above. The material may be dark-blue or green cashmere, and the ornaments are executed in silk braid and embroidery. The bag consists of four distinct pieces, identical in shape, and equal in size. The illustration in the front of the number shows one of these pieces in its proper size, together with the design which ornaments it. The serpentine pattern, forming the border of the piece, is to be executed in flat silk braid, of a color harmonizing with the cashmere. It is stitched on with sewing silk of any

hue presenting a broad contrast to that of the braid. In the middle of the braid a row of herringbone-stitch is worked with the same silk as that used for the stitching. The flowers in the inner pattern are formed of pieces of white and red cashmere neatly cut out and stitched down. These two colors may be tastefully varied on the four sides of the bag. The branches are worked in silk of different shades of green, brown, etc. The ornamental patterns being finished, the four pieces must be sewed together, and the stitches covered by a thin silk cord of the same color as that of the bag itself. The tassels may be either of one color, or a mixture of various hues. The bag is drawn at the top by a cord, finished with tassels.

COLLAR IN IRISH TATTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

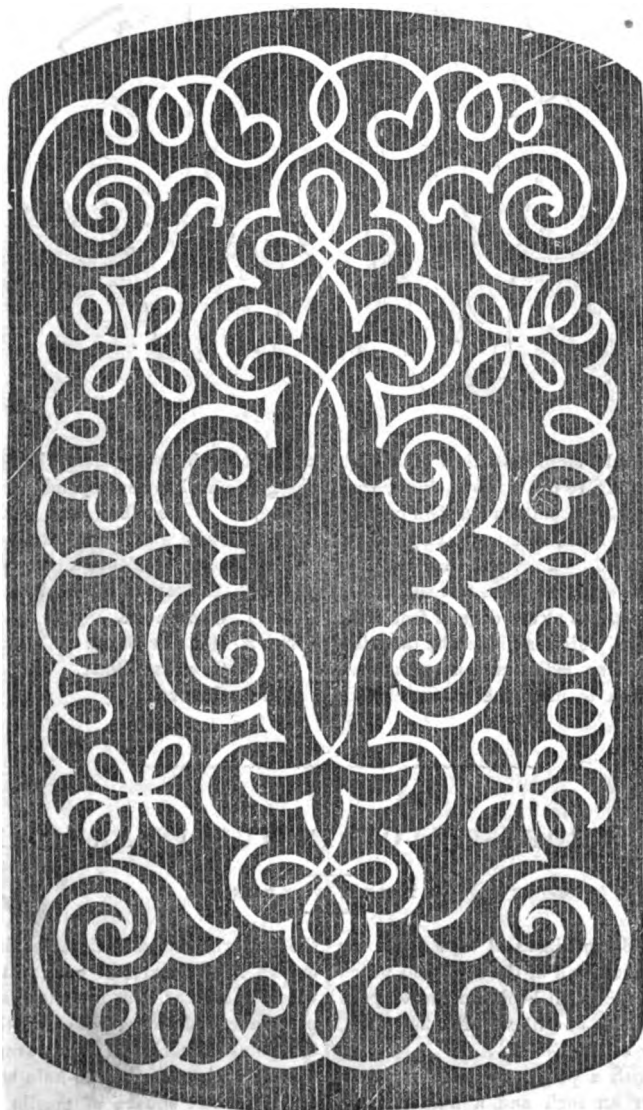


This Collar is worked in the usual way of tatted, which involves the necessity of being worked separately, and sewn together at the different points. Each star is composed of a center circle, with seven loops round. The completed with the needle. The stars are

collar may be formed of either one or two of these rows. One row of single loops, worked at a little distance from each other, and fastened together one over the other at each end, makes the line of the collar round the neck on to which the large stars are attached.

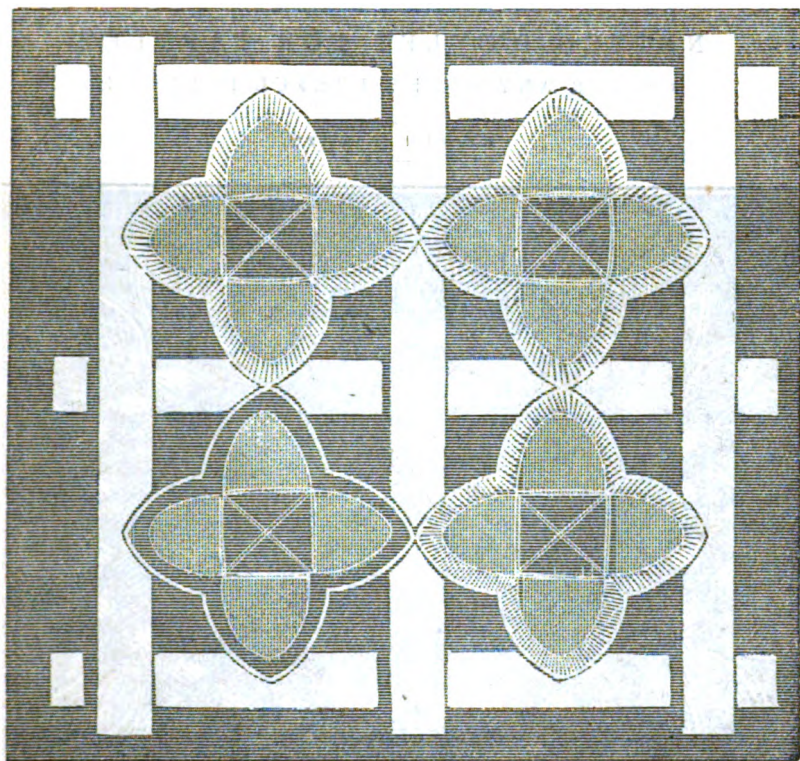
SEGAR-CASE IN BRAIDING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This may be braided on morocco, cloth, or velvet, though the first is preferable; and any colors may be chosen. Gold braid on black is very pretty. After the sides are worked, they should be taken to a pocket-book maker in order to be made up. This is an exceedingly easy kind of work, and is, at the same time, lady-like.

The cushion should be covered in colored material to suit the hangings of the room, and this work made up as a simple pillow-covering, to which a border may be added of the pattern engraved for bread-cloth, only that the tape must be that used for the sofa-pillow.



BEAD MATS IN COLORS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

For these patterns see front of number.

No. 1.

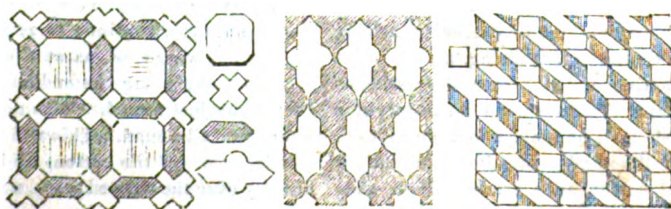
The pattern is worked in small white beads, the ground work in Berlin wool.

No. 2.

The pattern is for colored beads, either pearly

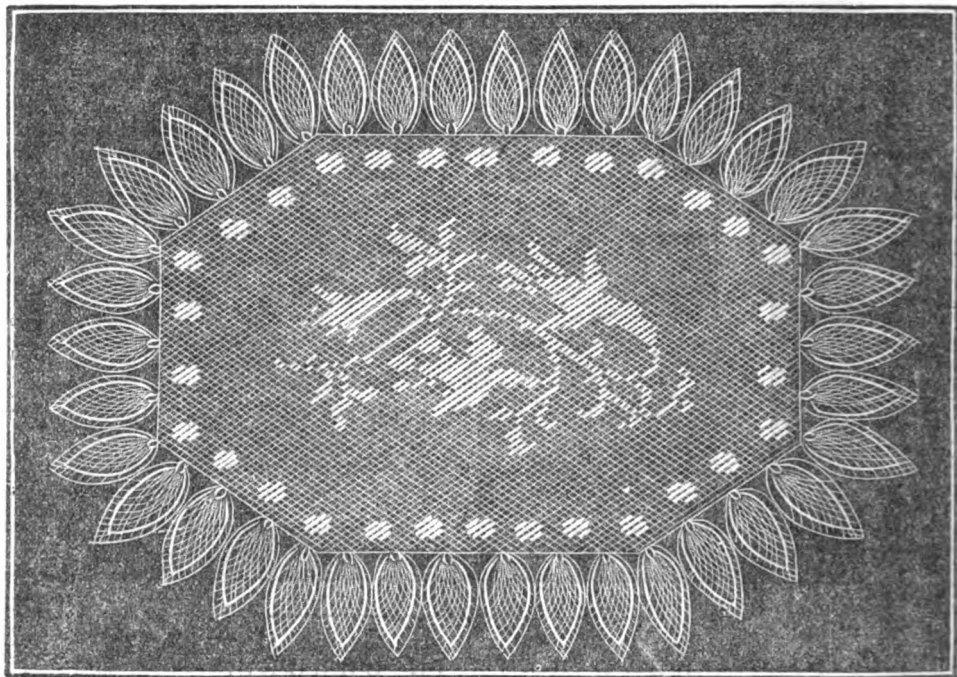
or Torquoise, on a white ground of Berlin wool; or it may be worked in white beads, or small white bugles, on a colored ground, bordered with a fringe of beads, or of the wool as shown in the design. Make up on a piece of stiff pasteboard, covered with silk.

COMBINATION DESIGNS IN PATCHWORK.



NETTED D'OYLEY FOR TARTLET OR FOR ANY OTHER USEFUL PURPOSE.

BY MRS. WARREN.



MATERIALS.—Cotton, No. 10, and Trafalgar cotton. Bone mesh three-eighths of an inch wide; another a quarter of an inch. A long netting-needle, and a long rug or darning-needle.

On a foundation, with small mesh, net fifty-five stitches; then net twelve diamonds or twenty-four rows; then * decrease by netting two loops together every third row, at the beginning of the row only, till there are eighteen rows or nine diamonds; then decrease at the beginning of every row till there are twenty stitches. Now cut off from the foundation, turn ends with the netting, and net the other side, only commencing at *; now gather the netting through the center on to a string, net two rows all round, netting at the corners four stitches into one loop. There should be twenty-five loops at each end, and sixty-four down each side. Count the number of stitches, and mark with colored cotton each corner. With wide

mesh net ten loops into the stitch next the colored mark at the end, but not at the side, miss seven loops, net ten into the eighth loop, *; then miss three loops; net ten into the fourth, repeat from * again, then miss seven loops; net ten into the eighth; (this will be the loop immediately before the colored mark;) net ten into next loop, which will be immediately after the colored mark; miss seven loops, net ten into the eighth, †; miss three loops, net ten into the fourth, repeat from † three times more, then miss four loops, net ten into the fifth, repeat from † twice more ‡; miss three loops, net ten into the fourth, continue to repeat from ‡ till the corner, where net as at the other corner; then continue along the end and side the same as the one just netted. With narrow mesh net four rows all round. This will make two diamonds. Cut off the cotton, tie it into the loop directly over the colored mark, net nine stitches,

T (or turn on reverse side), net eight stitches, netting is reduced to a point. Continue this all thus missing one, and continue turning and decreasing a stitch at the end of every row till the round. Darn as in engraving with the Trafalgar cotton and long needle.

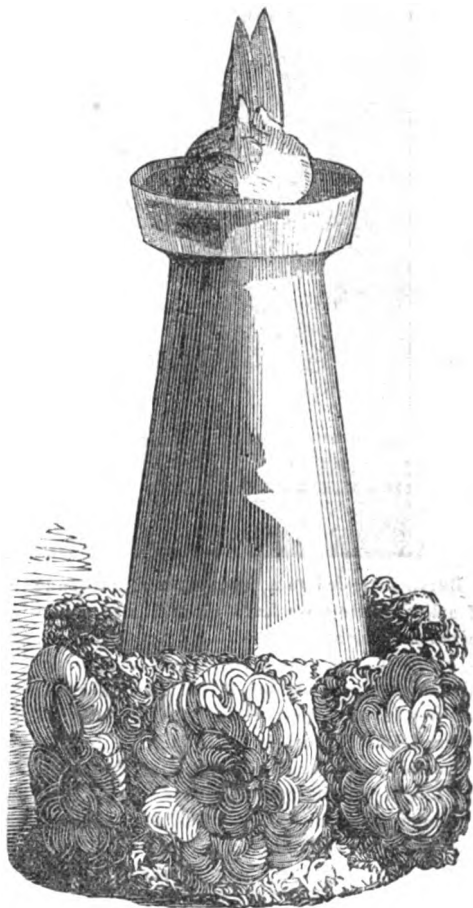
A HYACINTH GLASS-STAND.

BY MRS. WARREN.

MATERIALS.—A skein each of three very distinct shades of magenta, violet, and maize-colored wool; four distinct shades of green, and one of light-brown. A wooden mesh, half an inch wide, two nails of green cambric, some stiff paper and gum, a circle of stiff cardboard, and a crochet hook.

Cut the circle of cardboard a little larger than the hyacinth glass; lay it down on the cambric, and cut the latter half an inch larger; then snip this half-inch all round, so as to admit of its being turned over the edge of the cardboard; now gum this snipped part and carefully turn it over the edge of the cardboard; now cut a circle the exact size, and gum it over. In stiff paper measure the size round of this circle, having the paper one inch and a half in depth, and cut the length a little longer than will go round the circle; lay this also on a strip of the cambric, and cut it half an inch also beyond the paper; then, without snipping, gum the cambric on to the paper, then gum a piece the exact width on to this again; when this is dry, sew the strip round the circle and up at the side.

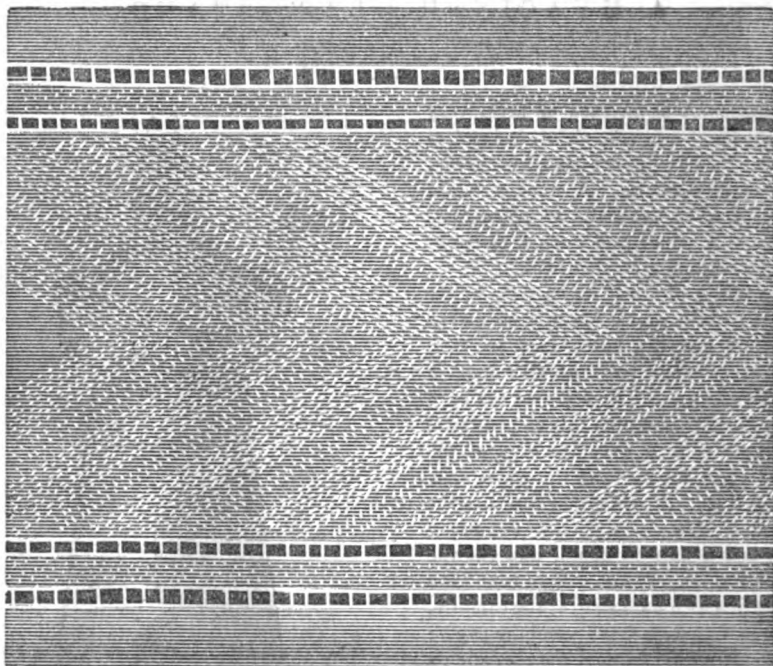
FOR THE FLOWERS.—Take the lightest shade of maize or any other color, tie a loop over the mesh, insert the hook under this loop and make 1 ch; still keep the wool on the hook, wind the wool over the hook, make another tight chain. Continue this till there are fifteen loops, then tie on the next shade and make thirty loops, then the darkest and make fifty loops; draw the wool through and cut it off. Cut some circles of the cambric about an inch in diameter; carefully slip the wool off the mesh, then sew round the cambric in the form of a small rosette. In the next flower begin with the darkest shade, make fifteen loops; next shade thirty, and lightest fifty loops. Thus there will be one flower with a dark center, and one with a light; and they must be so arranged that the dark outside shall come against the light edge of next flower. When all the flowers are made, sew them round the cup as closely together as possible.



TO MAKE THE MOSS.—With No. 10 steel knitting-pins knit each single skein of the green and brown wool in common garter stitch; then, when completed, throw it into a basin of boiling water for a minute, take it up, wring it dry in a cloth, and press it with a hot iron; when cold, ravel it out and put three shades together, and sew it in bunches top and bottom of the cup, afterward pulling it out of any stiffness which the sewing on may have given it.

BORDER FOR A KNITTED COUNTERPANE.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



BEING intended to accompany a counterpane of solid knitting, we have given this border in raised slanting stripes, meeting down the center, as being the most suitable. Commence in the following way: Cast on 47 stitches. For the first row of the pattern—Knit 3, bring the thread forward, knit 4, purl 4, knit 4, purl 4, knit 3, slip, narrow and bind (these are the three central loops), knit 3, purl 4, knit 4, purl 4, knit 4, thread forward, knit 3. The first and last 3 of the row form the edge, and are always knitted in every row, both in the front and back rows.

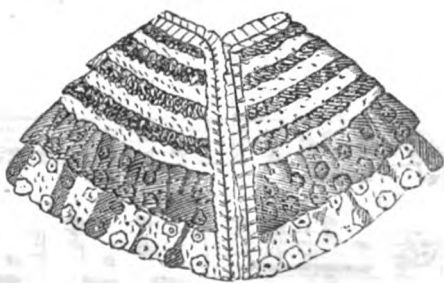
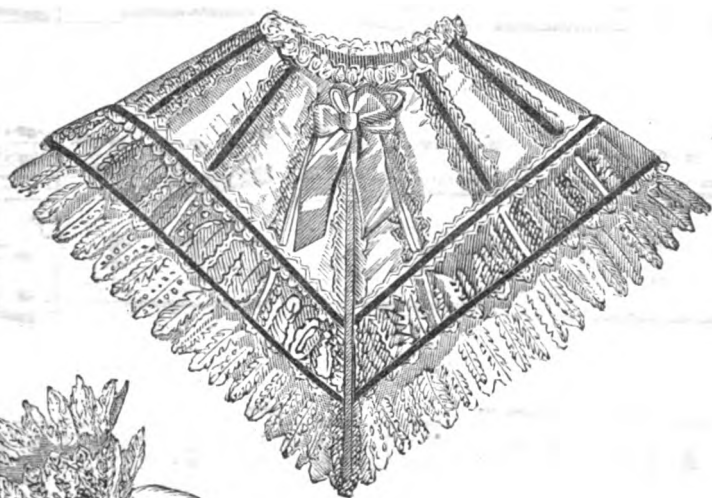
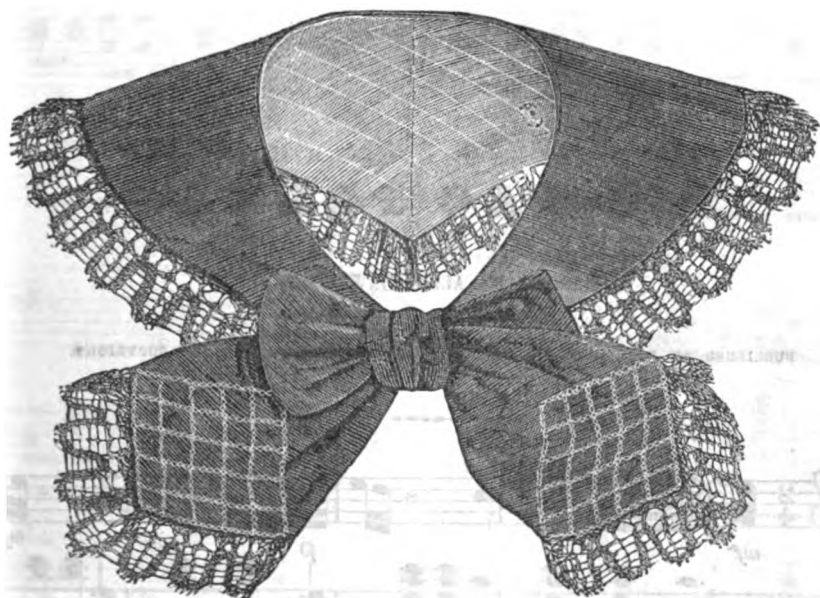
Return Row.—Knit 3, purl 5, knit 4, purl 4, knit 4, purl 7, knit 4, purl 4, knit 4, purl 5, knit 3. In all the back rows it will be an easy rule to remember that all the knitted stripes are to be purled, and all the purled stripes are to be knitted, the 3 at each edge being always knitted, as we said before.

Second Front Row.—Knit 3, thread forward, purl 1 (this one is the commencement of a new stripe), knit 4, purl 4, knit 4, purl 4, knit 2,

slip, narrow and bind, knit 2, purl 4, knit 4, purl 4, knit 4, purl 1, thread forward, knit 3.

It will be unnecessary for us to go through all the rows, as they are merely repetitions, if the following rule is carefully observed: In every front row a new loop is made by bringing the thread forward and forming the hole, after knitting the three at the edge, and this additional loop is always taken up by the narrowing in the center, so that new stripes are continually being formed in the exact degree that they are being lost in the center when they meet. As there may be some little danger in taking up and laying down the work, if not distinguishing the front and back rows at a glance, we recommend that a little knot of red wool should be tied to the end of the cotton left after casting on; when, simply noticing whether this mark is on the right hand or the left, will show at once which is the front or the back row. This border may be made of any width by casting on as many more loops as will make fresh stripes, in fours, on each side of the central line.

LADY'S NECK-TIE, CAPE, SLEEVE, ETC.



TIC-TAC POLKA.

ARRANGED BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF S.E.P. WINNER, PROPRIETOR OF THE COPYRIGHT.

PIANO.

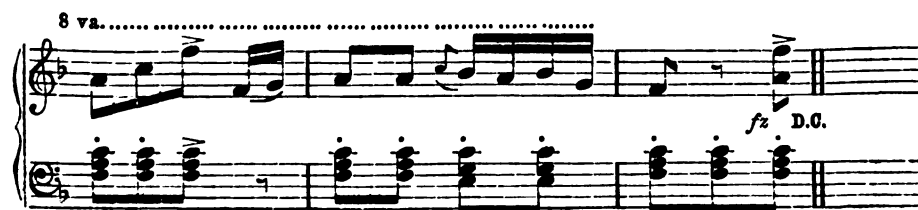
The first system of musical notation is for a piano piece in 2/4 time. The treble clef staff begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass clef staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamic markings include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano).

The second system continues the piano piece. The treble clef staff features a melodic line with some slurs. The bass clef staff has a steady accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *cres* (crescendo), *cen* (crescendo), *do.* (diminuendo), and *f* (forte).

The third system of musical notation shows the piano piece continuing. The treble clef staff has a melodic line with some rests. The bass clef staff has a steady accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

The fourth system of musical notation is the final system on the page. The treble clef staff has a melodic line with some slurs. The bass clef staff has a steady accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present.

TIC-TAC POLKA.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"SAVE IN SOMETHING ELSE."—When people have a mind to be extravagant, they say, "We'll save it in something else." Does a husband wish some costly delicacy for dinner, which his careful wife believes they cannot afford, he quiets her scruples, or forces her to deny herself what is needful, by telling her she can "save it in something else." Is a wife determined to outshine her neighbors in dress? She passes lightly over her extravagance in milliners and mantua-makers, by assuring her husband volubly that she can "save it in something else." Does a man, who can illly afford it, buy a fast trotter? He is sure to inform you that he can "save it in something else." Is a woman bent on giving a costly party? She has her answer ready, "I can save it in something else." Rarely is a foolish expenditure entered on, that the reply is not made to the conscience, if not to others, "I can save it in something else."

In point of fact, however, the saving is never made. Those who are first to launch into extravagance are always the last to retrench. The habit of self-indulgence, which is the cause of yielding to one temptation, is continually in the way to prevent resisting others. Neither the husband who cannot deny himself a good dinner, nor the wife who is unable to resist the purchase of a costly dress, are the persons to "save in something else." If the folly is remedied at all, it is because the husband has a self-sacrificing wife, who deprives herself of comforts to keep the family from running into debt, or the wife has a patient, economical husband, who lives like a hermit, that she may dress like a dutchess. Our experience of human nature has yet to furnish us with a solitary instance in which selfishness of this kind did not pervade the entire character. The saving is never in anything which the guilty person wishes. Those who insist on gratifying themselves, when they know they cannot afford it, do it invariably at the expense of others. From the husband who practically stints his wife, to the spendthrift who cheats everybody, his tailor included, those who talk of "saving in something else," actually enjoy themselves at the cost of innocent parties.

There is but one road to economy. Without self-denial, nobody can avoid extravagance. All have something to wish for. The desire to indulge ourselves is as powerful in one as in another. Virtue does not consist in never being tempted, but in successfully resisting temptation. Those who lament so loudly that they cannot be as economical as others, because they have what they call more elegant tastes, are simply more self-indulgent. Luxury is the same sweet-singing siren to us all. A just man schools himself to resist her allurements. A weak one abandons himself to her wiles. It is insulting the long, hard, severe discipline, which habituates us to self-denial, to tell us that we are lucky in being made of sterner stuff than others; for if those others would do battle as strongly and perseveringly with their foibles, would learn to go without the luxuries and elegancies they cannot afford, they also would become of sterner stuff. The evil lies in ourselves always. "Oh! save in something else" means "somebody else must save, for I will not," and is the type of a selfish nature. This is plain speaking; but is it not truth?

ALL THE OTHERS PUT TOGETHER.—The Glasgow (Mo.) Times says:—"A truly friend, in whose judgment and taste we have great confidence, says she would not give Peterson for all the other magazines put together."

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HAPPY WOMEN.—A happy woman! is not she the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it—whose smile even the coldest sprinkle of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talent, or for style; the sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a log cabin? the fire-light that leaps up on its humble hearth becomes brighter than the gilded chandeliers in an Aladdin palace. Do they eat brown bread, or drink cold water from the well? it affords them more solid satisfaction than the millionaire's "pâté de fois gras" and iced champagne. Nothing ever goes wrong with them, no trouble is so serious for them, no calamity so dark and deep, that the sunlight of their smiles will not "make the best of it." Was ever the stream of light so dark and unpropitious that the sunshine of a happy face falling across its turbid tide, would not awaken an answering gleam? Why, these joyous-tempered people don't know half the good they do.

CHEAPEST AND BEST.—The Aurora (Ind.) Commonwealth says:—"The main difference between 'Peterson' and the Three-dollar Magazines is—one dollar in price. They charge Three dollars per annum and Peterson only Two." And the Saratoga (N. Y.) Sentinel says:—"This is emphatically a Ladies' Magazine, and those of the fair sex who desire to be kept thoroughly posted in the prevailing fashions, needlework, etc., etc., should secure this work, which at two dollars per year, is the cheapest Magazine published in the country." "Consequently this is the Magazine for the times. It is not too late to subscribe. Back numbers can be supplied, if desired. Additions to clubs made at club prices."

ABBREVIATIONS IN CROCHET.—"Many Young Subscribers" ask the meaning of the abbreviations in crochet. The abbreviations mean as follows:—

- ch.—Chain stitch.
- dch.—Double chain stitch, or braid stitch.
- sl.—Slip stitch.
- ec.—Single crochet.
- adc.—Short double crochet.
- dc.—Double crochet.
- etc.—Short treble crochet.
- tc.—Treble crochet.
- ltc.—Long treble crochet.
- m.—Misc.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.—The Prodigal's story, as old as Scripture itself, is told, beautifully, in this effective engraving. After wasting his inheritance, the beggared son comes back to his father's house, and stands outside, wistfully looking into the window, hearing the mirth within. By-and-by, with fainting heart, he will approach the door, and knock feebly. Ah! how welcome he will be. The fatted calf will be killed, the neighbors will be called in, and all will be happy.

OUR COLORED PATTERNS.—We give two beautiful colored patterns, in this number, designed expressly for "Peterson." Recollect, no other magazine gives these colored patterns at all.

ABOUT RINGS.—The ring known as the "Love Ring," is formed of the following stones, set in the order in which we give them: Lapis lazuli, opal, verd antique, emerald, the initials of which produce the word "Love." The "Repeal Ring" is by means of a similar arrangement, consisting of ruby, emerald, garnet, amethyst, ruby, and diamond. Rings of this class have also been used for political purposes. During the agitation of the Repeal question in Ireland, a popular ring was formed of the following settings: Ruby, emerald, pearl, emerald, amethyst, lapis lazuli. This was the "Repeal Ring."

ALL FIND IT USEFUL.—The Halifax Casket, a Nova Scotia cotemporary, says:—"We have always spoken highly of 'Peterson's Magazine,' which well combines instruction with amusement, and courts favor by never, at any time, ministering to opinions or propensities injurious to good morals or social order. From the youngest to the oldest, one will be sure to find in Peterson one or more articles that will interest and amuse, and that will be well worth the price of the number. The plates and the patterns are always of the best order, and the receipts can always be depended on."

EDWARDS' PAINT RESTORER.—Ladies should use Edwards' Paint Restorer for cleaning paint and glass. It is much better than soap or anything ever used for the same purpose. It will remove all dirt from paint and glass without labor. For sale by all grocers, druggists, and fancy goods stores in the country. Samples sent upon receipt of two three cent stamps. Address Fisher, Day & Co., successors to J. E. Tilton, dealers in all Artists' Goods, Engravings for Grecian Painting, etc., Salem, Massachusetts.

OUR MUSIC.—So many ladies have complained of the impossibility of making the Magazine stand on a music rack, when the music was printed, as formerly, lengthwise with the page, that we have printed it, in this number, across the page. If the new method is better liked than the old, we shall continue it permanently.

REQUESTS FOR PATTERNS.—Numerous requests for us to publish patterns have been received, which are in the hands of Mrs. Jane Weaver, and will be attended to in order.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Make your stories as short and pithy as possible. Our readers are too cultivated to like even "linked sweetness" if "long drawn out."

SEQUEL TO "PENNAPOCK."—In our next number we shall give a sequel to this charming story, in which the reader will hear further of the real heroine.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Pampinea and other Poems. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—Mr. Aldrich has been known as one of the most graceful of American poets. The present volume contains various poems never before given to the public in a collected form. The scene of the principal poem, "Pampinea," is laid in Italy, and the poem itself breathes the very air of that sunny, sensuous land. "Pythagoras" is in a higher vein, and is altogether the strongest poem in the volume. "The Tragedy," "Haacheesh," and "Haunted" are also especially noticeable. The last we quote.

"A noisome mildewed vine
Crawls to the rotting eaves;
The gate has dropt from the rusty hinge,
And the walks are strewn with leaves.

Close by the shattered fence
The red-clay road runs by

To a haunted wood, where the hemlocks groan
And the willows sob and sigh.

Among the dank lush flowers
The spiteful fire-fly glows,
And a woman steals by the stagnant pond
Wrapped in her burial clothes.

There's a dark blue scar on her throat,
And ever she makes a moan,
And the humid lizards shine in the grass,
And the lichens weep on the stone,

And the moon shrinks in a cloud,
And the traveler shakes with fear,
And an owl on the skirts of the wood
Hoots, and says, Do you hear?

Go not there at night,
For a spell hangs over all—
The palsied elms, and the dismal road,
And the broken garden-wall.

Oh! go not there at night,
For a curse is on the place;
Go not there, for fear you meet
The murdered face to face."

The volume is very elegantly printed, like most of the publications of Rudd & Carleton.

The Commercial Traveler, and a Message from over the Sea. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a handsome duodecimo edition of the last work of Dickens, a cheaper edition of which, in octavo, we lately noticed. The present edition matches "The Household Edition of Dickens' Works," of which the enterprising firm of T. B. Peterson & Brothers are publishers. We have frequently spoken in terms of the very highest praise of this elegant edition, which ought to be in every library.

The Crossed Path. By Wilkie Collins. 1 vol., 8 ro. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new edition of "Basil," one of the earlier novels of Collins. It is now published under a title more descriptive of the character of the story, and as it had but few readers on its first appearance here, ought now to have a very large sale. We consider "The Crossed Path" not inferior to "The Woman in White," by which latter Wilkie Collins is more generally known, at least in America.

The Wits and Beaux of Society. By Grace and Philip Wharton. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a reprint of a late English publication. It is somewhat carelessly compiled, but will be found interesting by many. Those, however, who have read Selwyn, Hervey, St. Simon, Horace Walpole, or the other original sources from which the work has been patched together, or who over hope to read them, need not buy the book.

Flirtation, and What Comes of It. A Comedy in Five Acts. By Frank B. Goodrich. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—A sprightly satire on New York fashionable life, which we commend to those affected with the mania of "getting into society."

Harry Hanson. By J. T. Irving. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. M. Devitt.—This is a story of American life, written with considerable ability. It is, we believe, a new edition of the work. The author is a nephew of Washington Irving.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

THE HABITUAL USE OF MEDICINE.

By H. T. Brown, M. D.

THERE is no evil habit to which the human family are subject, that is more pernicious in its ultimate results than the habitual use of medicine. The physical system of man is so delicately organized, that very trivial causes will often suffice to bring about disordered action which may eventually in permanent disease, and there is nothing that will

so effectually establish that condition as the habit of continually introducing into the system such substances as tend to irritate certain organs, or such as are foreign to its chemical composition. Notwithstanding the anatomical organization of all human beings is very nearly the same, there are individual peculiarities which materially modify the action of the same medicine in different constitutions. The amount of medicine often required to produce a very moderate degree of relaxation in the system of one individual, will be sufficient, in others, to produce such a degree of vital prostration, as to endanger its subsequent organic functions. There is also another peculiarity of the system, which is equally applicable to all constitutions, that is, the power of tolerating medicine. By habitually using a medicine, the system will so adapt itself to its action, that it will be found necessary to increase the dose continually, in order to keep the system constantly under its influence, and whatever organic function is excited or maintained, by such a course of medication, will be found to suspend its operation upon the withdrawal of its accustomed stimulant. As a familiar illustration of the powers and force of habit in the system, we will take the habitual "drum drinker." While one accustomed to drinking can take a glass of brandy with seeming impunity, the more sober man would be so intoxicated as to be entirely unable to maintain an upright position; yet by practicing intemperance, his system would soon be induced to tolerate the stimulus without any apparent inconvenience. But let the accustomed stimulation be withdrawn, then the unsteady nerves, the loss of appetite, and the restless nights, will indicate plainly the extent of injury done the system. So in the ultimate effect of intemperate medication, whatever is not actually required to assist "nature," should be abandoned as not only useless, but absolutely injurious also. The operations of the system, even in sickness, tends to remove all obstructing causes and resume a healthy action, and if let alone in many cases would finally attain that end; but by the intervention of art, the objects of nature are often thwarted, and serious maladies substituted for comparatively slight ailments. Therefore let the habitual use of medicine be avoided as an evil scarcely inferior to that of habitual drum drinking.

FIRESIDE RECREATIONS.

WATER FROM THE FLAME OF A CANDLE.—Hold a cold and dry bell-glass over a lighted candle, and watery vapor will be directly condensed on the cold surface; then close the mouth of the glass with a card or plate, and turn the mouth uppermost; remove the card, quickly pour in a little lime-water, a perfectly clear liquid, and it will instantly become turbid and milky, upon meeting with the contents of the glass, just as lime-water changes when dropped into a glass full of water.

ROSE-COLORED FLAME ON WATER.—Drop a globule of potassium, about the size of a large pea, into a small cup nearly full of water, containing a drop or two of strong nitric acid; the moment that the metal touches the liquid it will float upon its surface, enveloped with a beautiful rose-colored flame, and entirely dissolve.

WAVES OF FIRE ON WATER.—On a lump of refined sugar let fall a few drops of phosphuretted ether, and put the sugar into a glass of warm water, which will instantly appear on fire at the surface, and in waves, if gently blown with the breath. This experiment should be exhibited in the dark.

FORMATION OF WATER BY FIRE.—Put into a teacup a little spirit of wine, set it on fire, and invert a large bell-glass over it. In a short time, a thick, watery vapor will be seen on the inside of the bell, which may be collected by a dry sponge.

TO SET A MIXTURE ON FIRE WITH WATER.—Pour into a saucer a little sulphuric acid, and place upon it a chip of sodium, which will float and remain uninfamed; but the addition of a drop of water will set it on fire.

FLAME UPON WATER.—Fill a wineglass with cold water, pour lightly upon its surface a little ether; light it by a slip of paper, and it will burn for some time.

PRACTICAL PUZZLES.

First cut out, with a penknife, in pasteboard or card,

The designs numbered one, two, and three—

Four of each; after which, as the puzzle is hard,

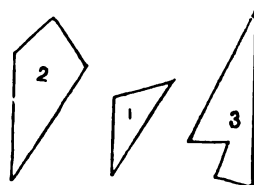
You had better be guided by me

To a certain extent; for in fixing take care

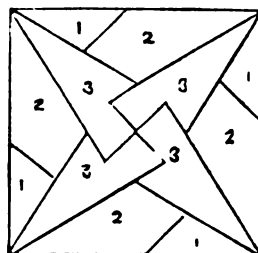
That each portion is fitted in tight,

Or they will not produce such a neat little square

As they otherwise would if done right.



SOLUTION.



HORTICULTURAL.

HOW THE JAPANESE RESTORE FADED FLOWERS.—After a bouquet is drooping beyond all remedies of fresh water, the Japanese can bring it back to all its first glory by a very simple and seemingly most destructive operation. "I had received," says a visitor in Japan, "a bunch of flowers from a Japanese acquaintance. They continued to live in all their beauty for nearly two weeks, when at last they faded. Just as I was about to have them thrown away, the same gentleman (Japanese gentleman) came to see me. I showed him the faded flowers, and told him that, though lasting a long time, they had now become useless. 'Oh! no,' said he, 'only put the ends of the stems into the fire, and they will be as good as before.' I was incredulous; so he took them himself and held the stems' ends in the fire until they were completely charred. This was in the morning; at evening they were again looking fresh and vigorous, and have continued so for another week."

LAWN GRASS.—The best plan to preserve the beauty and luxuriance of lawn grass, is to cover it in winter with a litter of fine hay—such as dried herd's grass or "wire grass" will make. This should be removed in the spring, and a light dressing of slacked ashes and lime applied, or scattered with the hand, as grain is sown. It will be found that this method will preserve the fine sward in perfection, for a great number of years; and if the grass may ever want renewing, a little white clover seed may be sown

along with the ash and lime dressing. By this process the grounds will be always kept smooth, and the turf fine, thick, and homogeneous.

If a HONEYSUCKLE is permitted to twine round a tree, the trunk of which is of soft wood, it is very likely so to impede its growth as to cause its destruction. This only happens when the climbing plant grows into hard woody stems, strong enough to cause strangulation to the tree round which it twines.

THE PLAN OF PROPAGATING APPLE-TREES in Bohemia is the following: Slips of the required sorts are taken from the trees, inserted in a potato, and planted in the ground, leaving about a couple of inches above the surface. In this way neither seed nor grafting is necessary. We recommend a trial of this easy mode.

IN PLANTING CLIMBING PLANTS for covering porches, or ornamental arches, it should be recollected that different kinds twine in opposite directions; thus, for instance, the passion-flower and the convolvulus turns from right to left; the hop and the honeysuckle twine from left to right.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Fore Quarter of Lamb.—Cut off the scrag one joint from the shoulder; saw off the chine-bone, and also the bone of the breast, and joint it thoroughly; crack the ribs in the middle; cut off the thick skin which covers the lower part of the breast, and break the bone of the shoulder to allow of the knuckle twisting round, and secure it in its place with a skewer from beneath the breast right up the knuckle. Put two large skewers at the thin end; pass the spit between the skewers and the ribs, through the thick part at the shoulder; paper it, having a double thickness over the thin end. When the quarter is roasted whole, the shoulder should be raised either at table or when dished. The hind quarter is sometimes roasted, and served with mint-sauce. It may also be larded, covered with oiled paper, and when more than half done the paper to be withdrawn, the meat basted with oil or yolk of egg, and slightly covered with crumbs of bread; then put closer to the fire to give it a fine brown; when served, it is sprinkled with the juice of a lemon. The quarter, of eight to ten pounds weight, will take two and a quarter to two and a half hours in dressing, as it ought to be always well done. The fore quarter will require from three-quarters to one hour less.

Boned Quarter of Lamb.—Take off the shoulder and bone it; stuff it with fine forcemeat, and skewer it in a handsome shape. Braise it with two ounces of butter, add a teacupful of water, stirring the braise until the gravy is drawn. Then cut the brisket into pieces, and stew them in white gravy; thicken it with cream and eggs so that it shall be very white; cut the long bones into chops and fry them; thicken the gravy of the braise, add haricots, minced truffles, or anything else of vegetable in season. Place the shoulder in the center of a dish with its own sauce, lay the brisket covered with white sauce round it, and place the fried chops at the edge.

Lamb a l'Espagnole.—An entire lamb is frequently roasted in the Peninsula, without any other preparation than merely skinning it, taking out the fry, and cutting off the feet. It is then, however, extremely young—not more than perhaps six weeks or two months old; the bones eat like gristle, and the meat is singularly delicate. It is sometimes, but only rarely, stuffed with bread and sweet herbs, and served with bread-sauce; but more frequently eaten with lemon-juice.

Au Pascal.—May be a little older, and is also roasted whole, but boned from the neck to the shoulders, and the legs fixed into the body, which is then covered with slices of bacon, kept on with small skewers, or tied with twine; all, however, being removed when the meat is nearly done.

Both should be placed in a cradle-spit, and will take about two hours in roasting.

To Stew Lamb—A la Perigord.—Put it into a stewpan with a little oil, parsley, chives, and mushrooms, or half a dozen black truffles, either whole or sliced, together with some trenches of bacon. Let it stew gently in any kind of broth, and when thoroughly done take it out, strain the gravy, and serve the joint along with the truffles or mushrooms only. To be well done it will require four hours in stewing.

Breast of Lamb.—Cut off the thin ends, half boil, then strow with crumbs of bread, pepper, and salt; and serve in a dish of stewed mushrooms.

Cut a *Loin of Lamb* into steaks, pare off the skin and part of the fat, fry it in butter a pale brown, pour away the fat, and put in boiling water enough to cover the meat, a little pepper and salt, a little nutmeg, half pint of green peas, and a coss-lettuce cut lengthways; cover it down, and let it stew gently for half an hour.

Shoulder of Lamb.—Bone the shoulder, trim off some of the lean meat, which chop fine with an equal quantity of bacon fat, season with spice; fill up the shoulder and roll it; braise it two hours over a slow stove; take it up, glaze it. Serve with sorrel or tomato sauce.

Lamb's Head.—Parboil the head, rub it over with yolk of eggs, cover it thickly with chopped herbs, crumbs of bread, and clarified butter, and put it into a Dutch oven before the fire. Mince the heart and the liver very finely, and stew them in a little good gravy, adding a spoonful of lemon-pickle; make some forcemeat-balls and brain-cakes, and fry them; place the mince in the dish with the head upon it, and garnish with the balls, brain-cakes, sliced lemon, or pickles.

Lamb's Head and Hinge.—This part is best from a house-lamb; but any will be white if soaked in cold water and boiled in a napkin. Boil the head separately till very tender. Have ready the liver and lights three parts boiled, and cut small; stew them in a little of the water in which they were boiled, season and thicken with flour and butter, and serve the mince round the head. Or—Skin the head and split it; then wash and clean thoroughly both it and the entrails—which consist of the “hinge” and “fry”—and lay the whole in boiling water for half an hour; then take out the heart, liver, and lights; mince them very small; and toss them up with a quart of either veal or mutton broth, a little ketchup, and a spoonful of cream, seasoned with pepper and salt. When the head is sufficiently boiled, rub it over with yolk of egg, and powder it with crumbs of bread; baste it well with butter, and brown it before the fire. Keep the mince hot; and when all is ready, dish the mince with the head over it, and the brains made into savory balls as a garnish. A little minced bacon is not a bad addition, and parsley, thyme, and finely-chopped herbs may be used at pleasure: the head may have a squeeze of lemon, and the mince a grating of nutmeg.

Lamb's Fry.—Parboil it; dip it in eggs, then in bread-crumbs, fry it crisp, and serve it dry, with fried parsley, without any sauce.

Lamb's Sweetbreads.—Blanch them, and put them into cold water. Then put them into a stewpan, with a ladleful of broth, some pepper and salt, a small bunch of button onions, a few boiled asparagus-tops, and a blade of mace; stir in a bit of butter and flour, and stew half an hour. Have ready the yolks of two or three eggs well beaten in cream, with a little minced parsley and a few grates of nutmeg. Do not let it boil after the cream is in; but make it hot, and stir it well all the time. Take great care it does not curdle. French beans or peas may be added, but they should be very young.

To Fricassee Lamb-stones and Sweetbreads.—Have ready some lamb-stones blanched, parboiled, and sliced. Flour

two or three sweetbreads; if very thick, cut them in two. Fry all together, with a few large oysters, of a fine yellow brown. Pour the butter off, and add a pint of good gravy, some asparagus-tops about an inch long, a little nutmeg, pepper and salt, two shallots or some chives shred fine, and a glass of white wine. Simmer ten minutes; then put a little of the gravy to the yolks of three eggs well beaten, and by degrees mix the whole. Turn the gravy back into the pan, and stir it till of a fine thickness without boiling. Garnish with lemon.

To Fricassee Lamb-stones.—Skin, wash, and parboil, and then cut them in half, dry and flour them; fry of a beautiful brown in hog's lard. Serve with the following sauce: thicken some veal gravy with a bit of flour and butter, and then add to it a slice of lemon, a large spoonful of mushroom-ketchup, a teaspoonful of lemon-pickle, a grate of nutmeg, and the yolk of an egg beaten well in two large spoonfuls of thick cream. Put this over the fire, and stir it well till it is hot and looks white: do not let it boil, or it will curdle. Then put in the fry, and shake it about for a minute or two. Serve in a very hot dish.

Lamb-Chops.—Take a loin of lamb, cut chops from it half an inch thick, retaining the kidney in its place; dip them into egg and bread-crumbs, fry and serve with fried parsley. When chops are made from a breast of lamb, the red bone at the edge of the breast should be cut off, and the breast parboiled in water or broth, with a sliced carrot and two or three onions, before it is divided into cutlets, which is done by cutting between every second or third bone, and preparing them, in every respect, as the last.

If House-Lamb Steaks are to be done white—stew them in milk and water till very tender, with a bit of lemon-peel, a little salt, some pepper and mace. Have ready some veal-gravy, and put the steaks into it; mix some mushroom-powder, a cup of cream, and the least bit of flour; shake the steaks in this liquor, stir it, and let it get quite hot, but not boil. Just before you take it up, put in a few white mushrooms.

RECEIPTS FOR VEGETABLES.

Old Potatoes to Look Like Young Ones.—Wash some large potatoes, and, with a small scoop made for the purpose, form as many diminutive ones as will fill a dish; boil them in two or three waters about three minutes each time, the water being put to them cold; then let them steam till tender; pour a white sauce over them, and serve with the second course. Old potatoes prepared thus have been mistaken for young ones at the best tables.

Potato-Leaves are very nice when eaten with roast beef or mutton, and are made of any portion of the mashed roots, prepared without milk, by mixing with them a good quantity of very finely minced raw shallot, powdered with pepper and salt; then beating up the whole with a little butter to bind it, and dividing it into small loaves of a conical form, and placing them under the meat to brown, that is, when it is so nearly done as to impart some of the gravy along with the fat.

To Brown Potatoes.—While the meat is roasting, and an hour before it is served, boil the potatoes and take off the skins; flour them well, and put them under the meat, taking care to dry them from the dripping before they are sent to table. The kidney potatoes are best dressed in this way. The flouring is very essential.

Potatoes, when boiled, if either waxy, or to be eaten with cold meat, should be peeled and put whole upon the grid-iron until nicely browned.

Potatoes should always be boiled a little before being put into stews, etc., as the first water in which they are cooked is thought to be of a poisonous quality.

Fried Potatoes should always be cut from raw potatoes;

peel them and cut them in rings the thickness of a shilling, or, if the cook is clever, she will cut the whole slice of potato in one continuous piece like a shaving, in the same way as a mushroom is turned; throw them into cold water until you have sufficient; drain on a cloth; fry quickly, in plenty of hot fat, and with as little color as possible; dry them well from the grease, and sprinkle with salt. When nicely done, and piled up properly, fried potatoes make a beautiful side dish, which is always eaten with great relish. Or—Cut a potato in pieces lengthways the size and shape of the divisions of an orange, trim them neatly and fry them; they are an excellent garnish for fried fillet of beef. Or—*Cold Potatoes* may be cut in slices somewhat less than half inch thick, and fried in like manner. Some persons also fry them with onions, as an accompaniment to pork chops, sliced cod, red herring, or with a rasher of bacon.

Roasted Potatoes may be either done in a Dutch oven or put into the ashes of a wood fire. They should not be peeled, and require a long time: if large, and the fire not very strong, a couple of hours will not be too much. They are usually eaten with cold butter at supper.

Potato-Balls.—Bake the potatoes, mash them very nicely, make them into balls, rub them over with the yolk of an egg, and put them into the oven or before the fire to brown. These balls may be varied by the introduction of a third portion of grated ham or tongue.

Potatoes a La Maitre d'Hotel.—Boil and peel the potatoes; let them grow nearly cold; then cut them into slices tolerably thick, and warm them up in white sauce or melted butter, with parsley chopped; put into it a little white pepper and salt, and the juice of half a lemon. Or—Boil the potatoes, and let them become cold, then cut them into rather thick slices. Put a lump of fresh butter into a stewpan, add a little flour, about a teaspoonful for a moderate-sized dish; when the flour has boiled a short time in the butter, add a cupful of water and a little cream; boil all together, then put in the potatoes covered with chopped parsley, pepper, and salt; stew them for a few minutes, and then take them from the fire; add a little lemon-juice, and send to table.

Puree of Potatoes.—Mash the potatoes, and mix them while quite hot with some fine white gravy drawn from veal, together with butter and cream. The puree should be rather thin, and seasoned with salt, a very little pepper, and an atom of nutmeg.

New Potatoes should be dressed as soon as possible after being taken from the ground, and are always best when grown in frames. When washed, they should be rubbed with a coarse cloth and a little salt, to take off the thin outer skin, but they should not be peeled. Put them into boiling water, they will require but a few minutes to do them; send them to table in a hot napkin, unless covered with white sauce, which should be seasoned with a little salt and a slight grating of nutmeg. When quite young they should never be sliced nor fried.

RECEIPTS FOR PRESERVING.

To Dry Gooseberries.—Put five pounds of gooseberries into a stewpan, and strew over them one pound of sugar; set them on a slow fire; when the syrup begins to come out take them off; scald them in this way for two or three days, then take them out of the syrup, place them upon sieves, and put them before the fire or in the sun to dry. They may be dipped into powdered white sugar when taken out of the syrup, and thus candied. They should be laid between paper in tin boxes when put by for use.

To Dry Cherries.—Weigh the cherries before they are stoned, and allow to every pound of fruit quarter pound of lump-sugar; when they are stoned set them over a slow fire to heat, then take them out of the liquor and put the sugar

to them, and let them stand till it is dissolved. Then set them over the fire and let them just boil. Allow them to stand for two or three days in the syrup, and again boil them; afterward strain them, and spread them on sieves to dry, either on a stove or in the sun, or in an oven after the bread is drawn. The same syrup will do again for more fruit.

To Dry without Sugar.—Stone, and set them over the fire; let them simmer in their own liquor, and shake them in the pan. Put them to get cold; next day give them another scald, and put them when cold on sieves to dry in an oven of temperate heat. Twice heating, an hour each time, will do them. Put them in a box, with a paper between each layer.

Preserved in Brandy.—Reserve a fourth portion of the cherries, clip the stalks of the remainder; lay them carefully in jars, and fill up the jars with brandy, putting no sugar, as that would wrinkle them. Then stone the remaining portion, boil them with double their weight of sugar, and put them aside. When the brandy-cherries are taken out for dessert, mix a portion of this preserve with the liquor, and they will taste very rich; or the cherries may be strained and the liquor only used, in addition to the brandy from the other cherries.

Another Method.—Weigh the finest morellas, having cut off half the stalk; prick them with a new needle, and drop them into a jar or wide-mouthed bottle. Pound three-quarters the weight of sugar or white candy; strew over; fill up with brandy, and tie a bladder over.

Rolled Cherries, which taste as if done in Brandy.—To every three pounds of morella cherries put one pound of double-refined sugar, sifted in layers, in a large stone jar or small keg. Stop it perfectly close, and roll the jar to and fro for a short time every day for six weeks. Keep them in a cool place.

When intended for Tarts and Puddings.—Take fifteen pounds of Kentish cherries; boil, and break them as they boil, and when the juice has all boiled away, and the bottom of the pan is visible, put in three pounds of lump-sugar finely powdered. Stir the cherries well, and let them have two or three boils; then add a pint of currant-juice, skim the pot, and take out the stones, which will rise to the top. This jam will keep until late in the spring without the addition of any more sugar, and will make good tarts and puddings.

Almali's Preserve.—Take different kinds of fruit, stone the plums and slice the apples and pears, put them in alternate layers in a jar; set them in the oven until they are quite soft; then pass the pulp through a coarse sieve, and to every pound of fruit put a pound of moist sugar, set it over a slow fire and stir it till very thick, then put it into a wide, shallow pot and cut it in slices for use. Windfalls may be employed for this sort of sweetmeat.

Another.—Put into a pan four dozen split plums, two dozen apples, and two dozen pears, pared thin and cored. Boil them without water. When well blended together, and the stones taken out, stir in three pounds of sugar, and boil them an hour. Put it into shallow pans or soup-plates, and dry in the sun or a cool oven.

Damson Cheese.—Stone the damsons, take out the kernels and blanch them; put the whole into a stone jar and bake it. Pour off a part of the juice, put the fruit into a preserving-pan, boil it quickly until it looks rather dry. To every two pounds of the original quantity of fruit take half pound of loaf-sugar; now stir the sugar well in, and let it simmer slowly for two hours. Then boil it again quickly until it begins to candy at the sides of the pan. Pour the jam into shallow pots not more than an inch deep; cover with brandy-paper, and tie down close. Or—Gather the damsons on a dry day; bake or boil them till the pulp will pass through a coarse hair sieve, then add their weight of

moist sugar; boil it one hour and a half, stirring it continually to keep it from burning.

Raspberry Jam.—Take equal weights of fruit and moist sugar; put them on the fire together; keep stirring and breaking the fruit till the sugar melts, then boil till it will jelly on a plate. Though simple, this will be found a very good receipt. Or—Take equal weight of fruit and roughly-pounded loaf-sugar; bruise the fruit with the back of a spoon, and boil them together for half an hour; if a little more juice is wanted, add the juice of currants drawn as for jelly.

Grape Jam.—The grapes ought not to be very ripe. They should be carefully picked, and all that are at all injured should be rejected. To one pound of grapes add half pound of sugar; no water but what hangs about them after they have been washed. Put a layer of sugar, then a layer of grapes. Boil on a moderate fire, stirring it all the time, to prevent its burning.

Barberry Jam.—Take the barberries without stones, pick them from the stalks, take their weight in loaf-sugar, put them into a jar, and place in a kettle of water until the sugar is dissolved and the barberries quite soft. The next day put them into a preserving-pan, and boil them for quarter of an hour. Put into jars, and keep them in a dry place.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS OF MAUVE-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with two groups of narrow ruffles, five in the lower group, and four ruffles in the upper group. Above each group is a band of silk darker than the shade of the dress, trimmed with bows of ribbon. The body is high and plain, and the sleeves are made to correspond with the skirt. Bonnet of white chip, with a black lace crown, trimmed with velvet and flowers.

FIG. II.—DINNER OR EVENING DRESS.—The skirt is of green silk; the body of white muslin, trimmed with quillings of green ribbon. Head-dress of black lace and pink roses.

FIG. III.—WALKING DRESS OF GRAY SILK.—Around the bottom of the skirt is a narrow ruffle, headed with black; higher up are two narrow ruffles, crossing each other diamond-wise, with two rows of black silk as a heading. The body is high and plain; the sleeve of a small bishop shape, with a very deep cuff which has an opening in it, showing the white under-sleeve.

FIG. IV.—MORNING DRESS OF GRAY CASHMERE, with a blue dot in it. The skirt opens in front over a handsomely embroidered petticoat. A small pointed pelorine; the sleeves and skirt of the dress are all trimmed with a band of blue bias silk.

FIG. V.—WHITE BODY, composed of rows of jaconet embroidery and lace. The sleeves are very wide and short, coming but little below the elbow. The body has a Raphael effect, from the square trimming of black velvet over the shoulders and bust. The waistband and sleeves are also ornamented with black velvet. A double row of lace edges the Raphael body and sleeves.

FIG. VI.—NECK-TIE.—This charming accompaniment of a traveling-dress, or a light muslin or organdie, may be made of any colored silk which may suit the fancy. The one from which our engraving is copied is of black silk, and is edged with black gauze lace. The ends of the bow are ornamented with gold braid sewed on in diamond shape.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Our store windows are crowded with the most tempting-looking silks, in small plaids and fine stripes, of the most charming colors. Purples, greens, blues, lilacs, and all the infinite variety of grays look so neat and lady-like, that they bear off the palm at this season, from the solid colors brocaded in leaves and small flowers.

ORGANDIES AND LAWNs were never more beautiful, or in greater variety of colors. The grounds are generally of some rich color, with small spots or figures in white. Still many elegant organdies have white grounds with chintz patterns on them; those in which black is largely mixed, are very stylish.

PIQUES or **MARSAILLES** are expensive, seldom costing less than seventy-five cents a yard, but they make very handsome dresses. They are particularly adapted to children's wear, being very strong.

GRENADES, though expensive in the first instance, (the price ranging from one dollar to one dollar and a quarter a yard,) wear much better than bareges or other tissues. Those with black grounds, with small figures brooches in them, are very beautiful. The robe grenadines cost from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a dress; whilst a robe barege can be bought from twelve to eighteen dollars. Both grenadines and bareges should be worn over silk skirts of the color of the dress.

TRAVELING-DRESS AND **WALKING-DRESS** materials were never in greater abundance, or more beautiful than at this season. It is impossible to enumerate the names, styles, or material of which these goods are composed. Small plaids are among the most popular, and a mixture of silk and linen will be found to be the pleasantest wear. Many persons prefer something with woolen in it for traveling; and these are cheaper than those of the poplin style. In fact, material for a traveling-dress can be bought from twenty-five cents a yard to as high as a dollar twenty-five cents.

LONG, FULL SKIRTS are indispensable to all house dresses, (so fashion says,) but otherwise she lets her votaries exercise their own taste. High trimmings, low trimmings, or no trimmings at all, are equally fashionable. We have given two of the very latest styles in the present number. Many dresses are being made with plain skirts, and with no trimming whatever but a sash, with ends fastened at the side; these ends being trimmed with a small frill of the same material as the dress, or black lace. Other dresses are made with a broad band of silk darker than the dress at the top of the hem; others with tiny flounces arranged on the front of the skirt, apron fashion. For bareges, a large box-plaited band at the bottom is very pretty. Small ruffles are always stylish, more so than the deep one which has been a good deal worn. Many silks are made up without any trimming at all, particularly if they are figured. It is an economical plan to make silk dresses with two bodies, one high for ordinary wear, and one low with shorter sleeves, for occasions when more dress is required. If the sleeves are very short, a puffed sleeve of bobbinet, reaching nearly to the wrist, is very dressy. This with a tulle or lace cape, made like one of the many which we have so often given in the Magazine, will make a beautiful dress for a small party. When the skirts are good, and the bodies much worn, a white muslin body is very serviceable, as well as "dressy." Organdies and lawns are usually made low in the neck, with capes of the same material as the dress.

TRAVELING-DRESSES and **walking-dresses** are liked in the *Polonoise*, *Imperatrice*, or *Garibaldi* style. All these mean the same thing—a dress with the body and skirt cut in one like a sacque, and of which we gave a diagram in our April number. Pique or Marsailles dresses are generally made in this way, as from the thickness of the material no gathers can be used. Chintzes are more simple with what is usually called the Parodi or French waist, that is, the body is made without lining, with a very little fullness at the back and in front at the waist, which is round, and fastened with a belt.

FOR DINNER, OR HALF-EVENING TOILET, the Russian body has had a great success. It is composed of puffs of tulle,

net, or muslin, mingled with narrow black velvet. The top of the neck is cut square, and bordered by a row of velvet; and the sleeves are also composed of puffs mingled with the same trimming.

Amongst the novelties, we must mention the long embroidered velvet *Waistbands* and *Sashes*, which may be worn with any dress, but are particularly elegant with white dresses; also the pretty *Bows* for the neck; and *Cuffs* made in velvet, satin, etc., and embroidered in gold; the *Imperatrice Cravats*; and the graceful little *Bags*, or *Pouches*, which are worn suspended from the waistband, underneath the Zouave jackets. These pouches are called *aumonières*, and are a kind of ornamental purse suspended from the waist on the outside of the dress, or it may be attached to a chatelaine. The *aumonières* are suspended either by a gold or silver chain, whichever best accords with it in style and ornament. These *aumonières* are formed of velvet, silver, or chased gold, and some have been made of morocco in bright tints, such as red, green, etc.

As to **LINEN** for dishabille, ladies wear small plain collars and sleeves with cuffs either rounded or pointed, or separate cuffs to accompany plain sleeves. They also wear small straight collars and ruffles falling over the hand, embroidered with small wreaths. For more dressy toilet, rather wide collars of full lace, and with open dresses muslin chemisettes and small lace collars, and frill down the front plaited like a shirt-frill and decorated with velvet.

A black silk dress has just been made trimmed at the bottom with three narrow flounces corded with lilac; ten very narrow flounces corded in the same manner were placed up the front of the skirt, apron fashion.

A morning dress of gray cashmere, made in the *paigaud* form, has been trimmed with bands of real quilted silk. With this dress will be worn a cap of worked muslin, trimmed with small rosettes of ribbon, a collar and under-sleeves of nansouk, and black velvet slippers trimmed with red.

BONNETS are much more in the Marie Stuart shape, that is, a good deal flattened on the top, and wide at the upper part of the sides. This style requires a full face trimming, and is very becoming to persons with a long, thin face.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF FRENCH SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with four ruffles. The body is round at the waist, low in the neck, and cut in a point both before and at the back. There is a berthe with a ruffle. A plaited body of fine Swiss mull is worn under the silk body. Short silk sleeves, with full muslin under-sleeves. Straw flat, with a wreath of wild flowers.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN.—The skirt is finished at the bottom with a ruffle, above which is a row of *jacquet* insertion. This ruffle, as well as the sash, and the ruffles on the body and sleeves, are all scalloped with red embroidery cotton in button-hole stitch. The effect is very beautiful. The body has three narrow ruffles in front, and broad braces over the shoulders.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The full frock skirt, with a white body and a kind of Zouave jacket of the same material as the skirt, is still the most popular dress for small boys. In warm weather the jacket can be dispensed with, and the white body may even be made low in the neck, with short sleeves if preferred.

The newest mode of braiding on a white material is to use a very narrow braid, and to fasten this down with a row of stitches on the center of the line in colored embroidery cotton, either of scarlet or blue, which, being ingrained, will bear the washing. The effect is lively and pretty, and the style well calculated for children's dresses.



Drawn by G. W. Wallis

Engraved & Printed by Thomas Agnew & Sons

THE END OF THE WORLD.



THE END OF THE WORLD.

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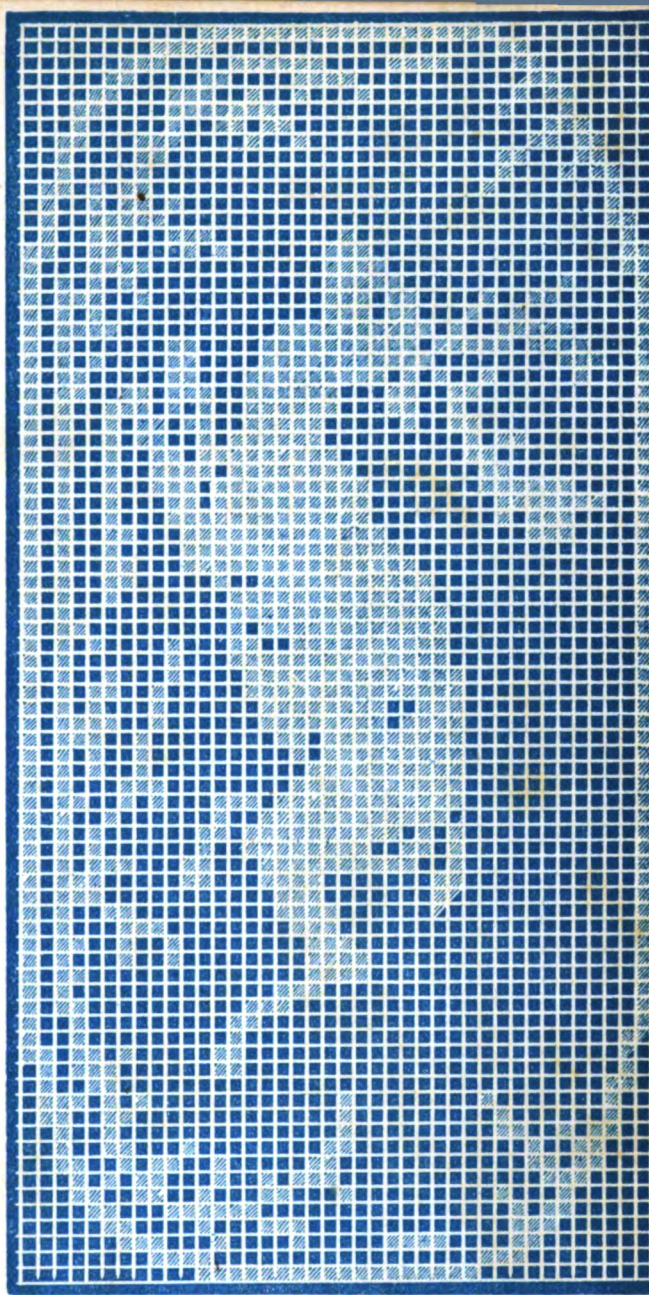
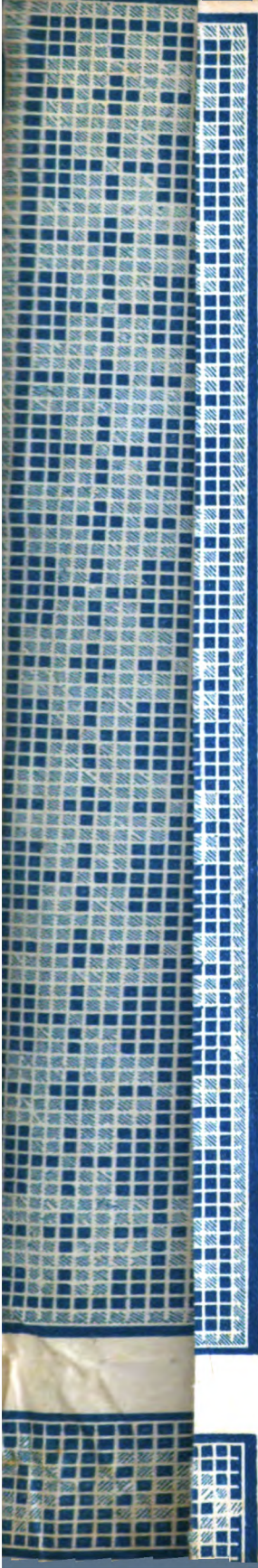
JUNE ROSES.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine

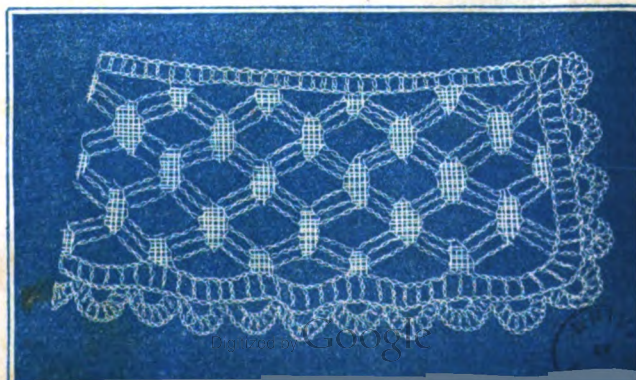




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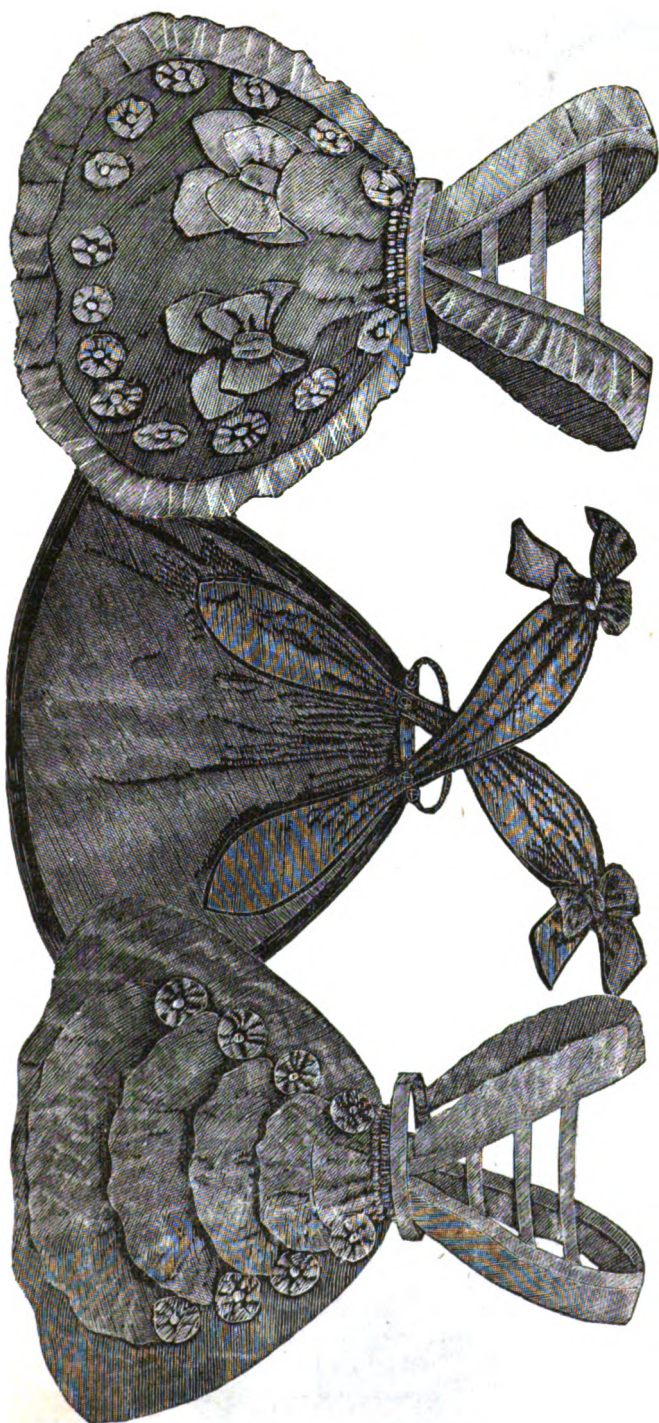
PATTERN FOR TOP OF GLOVE-BOX, TO BE DARNED IN ON SQUARE NETTING

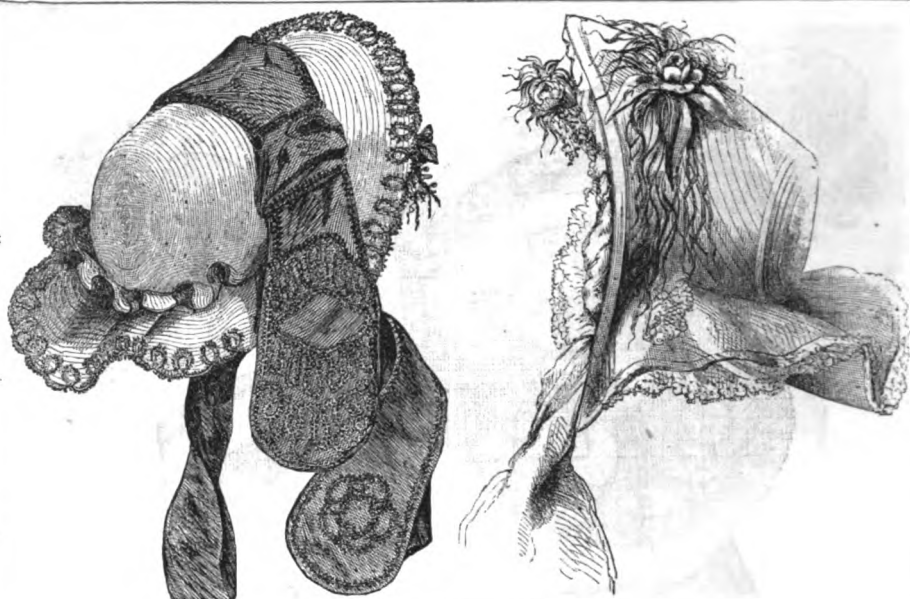




THE PETS: FROM A PICTURE BY W. LEE.

NEW STYLES FOR APRONS.

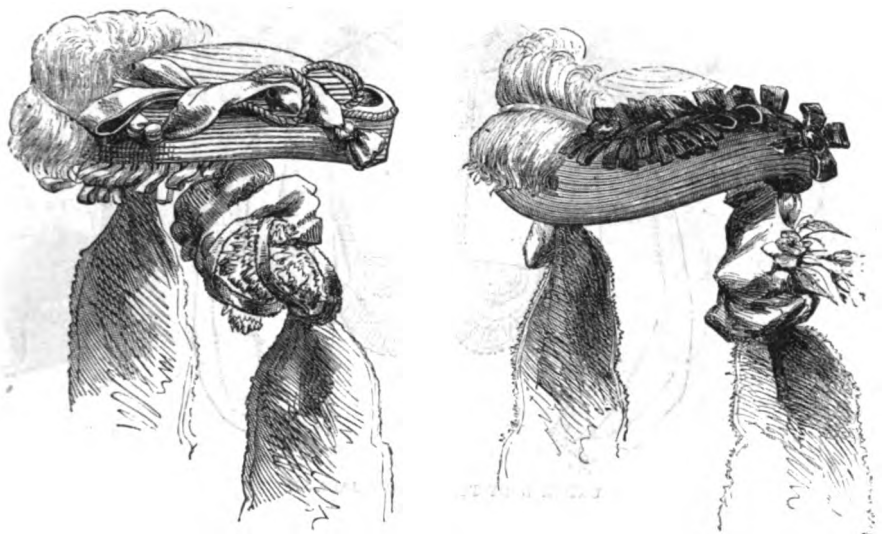




SUMMER BONNETS.



SILK MANTILLA.



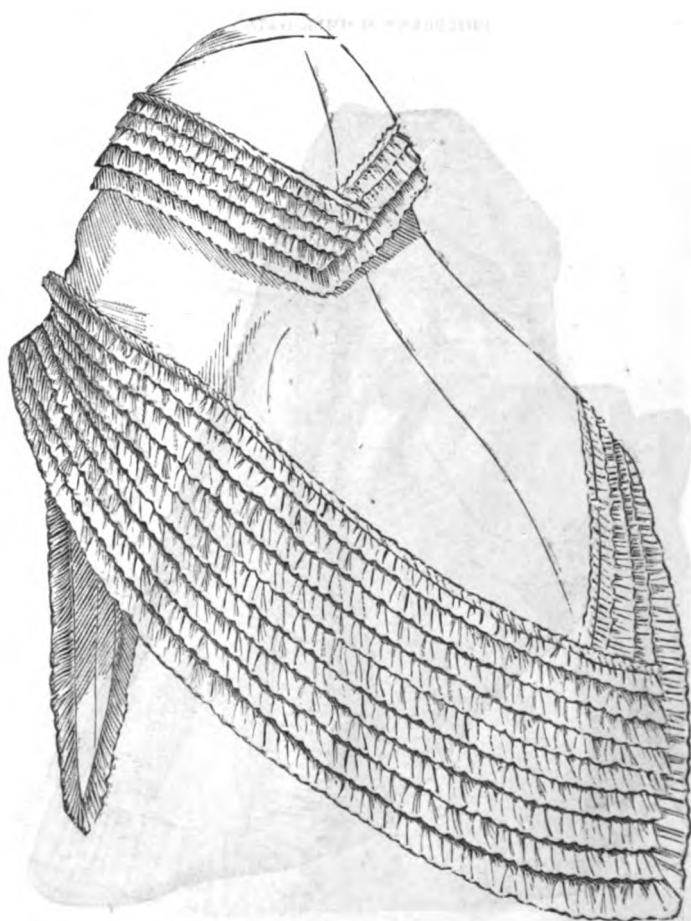
CHILDREN'S SUMMER HATS.



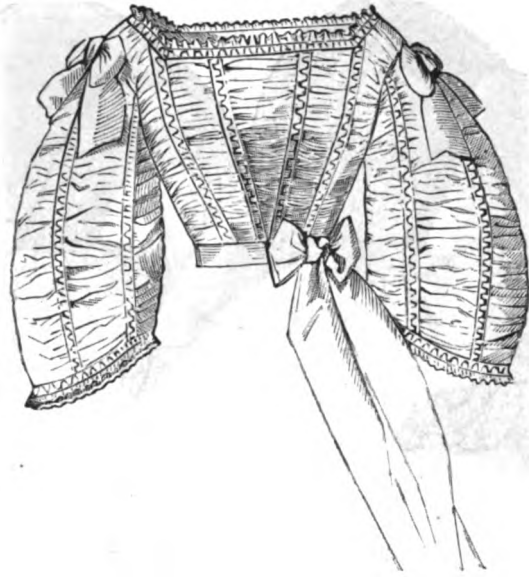
SHAWL MANTILLA.



UNDER BODY FOR ZOUAVE JACKET.



SUMMER SHAWL.



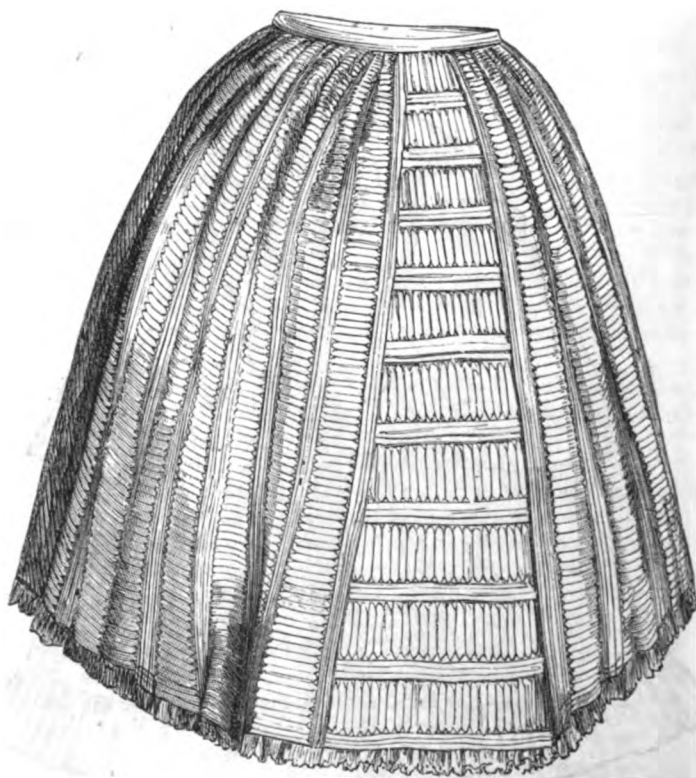
RUSSIAN BODY.



MUSLIN MANTLE.



THE ITALIAN: BACK AND FRONT.



NEW STYLE SKIRT.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIX.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1861.

No. 6.

MARRYING AN HEIRESS.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"CONGRATULATE me," said Harry Vernon to his friend, Albert Courtney. "You can guess for what."

"You are engaged to Miss Townsend."

"Yes!"

"I do, with all my heart. But——"

"But what?"

"I am sorry she is an heiress."

"Sorry she is an heiress! Well, now, that is odd."

"Not so odd as you think. But, perhaps, I have already said too much?"

"No. Go on, old fellow. We were chums at college, have been fast friends ever since, and it would be queer if I couldn't take a little advice from you, even if it was unpleasant."

"It is not exactly advice. But have you ever thought, Harry, what the marrying an heiress really means?"

"To be sure I have. It means being the envy of all the other young fellows; having a splendid wedding; with 'lots of tin' in prospect, some day."

"That's just it. It's the 'lots of tin in prospect' some day, that does all the mischief."

"How so?"

"I will tell you. Take two girls, one brought up as an heiress, and one with little or no expectations. Of course, I suppose that both are equally well-bred and sensible. The latter has been accustomed to help herself; to assist in household duties; and to weigh well the value of every cent she spends. Such a girl, when married, is a help to a husband, instead of being a tax on him. She has no absurd ideas of position to keep up. If she has taste, she will look as well in a chintz as others do in silks. She will get up an entertainment, and you will be astonished how little it costs. Her servants will stay with her for years, because she is just to them, and not too exacting.

Everything in her house will be neat and orderly, for she will overlook everything herself. With such a wife, a man can live on two-thirds of what he would otherwise have to spend; and from these savings alone he will grow comparatively well off in time."

"I know who sat for that picture, old fellow. But Anne certainly is a treasure. Now fire away at me and Mary."

"It is not of Miss Townsend, individually, I shall speak, it is of the class——"

"Well, go ahead; no need of apologies."

"A girl, brought up with the notion that she is to be rich, must be almost more than mortal not to imbibe notions of her own importance. She has plenty of servants about her. She never learns the value of money. What are luxuries to others become, through long use, only necessities to her. How is it possible she should escape being selfish? The worst of it is, she is not conscious of this selfishness, and when married, if not petted excessively, thinks herself neglected."

"You don't flatter."

"Look at the money question also. She is one of several children, and though her father is rich, his fortune, when divided among them all, will not be sufficient of itself to keep her and her husband in the style in which she has been accustomed to live——"

"But her husband will have some income, and her fortune, when it comes, will help that out."

"There is nothing like figures. Let me put a case. Suppose the father is worth a hundred thousand dollars, and has five children, which makes the portion of each twenty thousand dollars."

"Very well."

"Now when a girl, with twenty thousand in expectancy, marries, she spends, generally, a

thousand a year more than if she had no fortune in prospect. If twenty years elapse, before her portion falls to her, the whole of it has been spent before it arrives, and twenty years is not, in the average, an excessive time to have to wait. But, in fact, if the loss on interest is taken into account, the twenty thousand will have been expended long before."

"But you don't mean to say that we will spend a thousand a year more than you and Anne?"

"I don't mean to make *any* personal application of my remarks, Harry. That I leave for yourself."

"If I wasn't the best natured fellow in the world, I should get angry. But I know it's all nonsense, what you've been saying. You only wish to croak a little: you always would croak, you know."

The two friends were married about the same time. Both moved into the same block, paid the same amount of rent, and seemed to start life almost exactly alike. It was not long, however, before Courtney's predictions began to be realized. Mrs. Vernon soon found that she could not do without an extra servant. Then she rarely went into the kitchen, never having been taught anything about cooking. This made her table cost more than Mrs. Courtney's. She had a false notion, only too common, that drudgery was not lady-like, and hence neglected a proper supervision of her house. Her unmarried sisters were very gay, and were constantly giving parties, and she could not but give them, and others, parties in return. At the end of

the year, when Vernon cast up his accounts, he found that his expenses had greatly exceeded his expectations. He thought, ruefully, of what Courtney had told him, and resolved to do better next year. But the next year passed, and things were even worse. Increased expenses had come, which were unavoidable. He was a young lawyer, and young lawyers are proverbially slow in getting practice; and he began to look forward to the future with uneasiness, for, as yet, he had not profited a cent from his wife being an heiress, nor was it probable he would for many years, for Mr. Townsend was still a hearty man, not yet fifty.

Time passed. In ten years, Courtney had laid by quite a little capital, which, by judicious investments, now began to increase rapidly. If he had wished, he could have spent twice as much as he did, and still have lived within his income. He and Vernon continued to occupy the houses, into which they had moved on being married. But while that of the Courtneys now belonged to them, the Vernons still had to pay rent for theirs, and often found this no easy matter. The one house was always tidy and fresh; the other had a look of faded gentility. In the one was comfort and competence: in the other a constant striving to keep up appearances.

Courtney is still handsome, and so is his wife. But both Vernon and Mary have a jaded look, which plainly betrays the struggle they have with fortune. Of all poverty, that of people like the Vernons, is the worst. What did Harry make by MARRYING AN HEIRESS?

UNSATISFIED.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

LAST eve, while walking on the moor,
I paused before a cottage door,
And watched a troop of barefoot girls,
With sunburnt hands and tangled curls,
Playing at "hido" amid the brake
That greens the shore of Lily Lake.

I called the eldest one away,
And led her from the scene of play,
And said I to her, "Happy one,
Tell me how cheerfulness is won?
Is 't found in gold, or glittering gems?
Does 't hide in princes' diadems?"

She looked at me with wondering eyes,
Filled to the brim with soft surprise—
Tossed the red clover with her foot—
No dainty thing in satin boot,
But bare and brown as leaves that sail
On the rude wings of Autumn's gale.

"Well, maiden," said I, "I have wealth,
Friends, baubles, home, and lusty health,
But, like a serpent in my breast,
Lurks the fell spirit of unrest!
I dwell at ease in stately halls,
And you within a hovel's walls!

"And you are happy—I am not!
Pray, why this difference in our lot?"
She lifted up her graceful head,
And in her shy, sweet voice she said,
"I question not what God has sent;
Though small His gifts, I am content."

I left her there, and strayed away
Down 'mid the stacks of new-mown hay;
The birds sang in the locust trees,
And music lulled me in the breeze;
The brook with notes of worship ran.
All things praised God but restless man.

KATYDID.
A SEQUEL TO "PENNACOOK."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

December 12, 1860.

"Guess who's come!" said Mrs. Kennedy this morning, as, with her back turned toward us, she used both hands to shut the door by which she had just entered the room, where Kate, her friend Miss Dempster, and I were sitting.

"I don't know, I'm sure!" Kate replied. "Who has?"

"The Prince of Wales!"

"The Prince of Wales?"

"Yes; an' e's ben up ter our 'ouse; 'e was up last evenin'; an' 'e's han'some! 'E looks like you, Kate; 's got them dimples round 'is mouth, an' looks pleasunt. 'E's got han'some legs; walks han'some with 'em; 'is teeth 're like snow, an' he's so perlite in 'is way o' doin' things! But 'e's a larger man 'n I ever thort 'e'd be; 'e could take ye up an' carry ye all roun' the room an' ou' door, an' pro'bly will some day. Cold this mawnin'."

Kate was in a burning fever to know exactly what and whom she was talking about. This Mrs. Kennedy could not fail to perceive. So she was beginning to tease her with delays. She dragged out her snuff-box, shook it, dallied with it, dipping her fingers about in the powder, said, "Snuff's good!" told us all what she was "agoin' ter buy at Jones' afore she went home;" asked Miss Dempster "how she liked the country in the winter time; whether she ever see sich monster snow-drif's afore;" told her she "must go up ter their house an' see what a drif they'd got at the corner o' the wood-shed." She seemed to have utterly dropped the Prince of Wales out of her concerns.

Kate, after waiting, watching, shrugging her shoulders restively, and exhibiting various other signs of being—in short, tantalized, seemed to look suddenly into Mrs. Kennedy's whim, seemed suddenly to determine on being no longer tantalized. So she walked to a front window, humming "Old Kentucky Home," and, when there, cried out, "Here comes uncle David, his head down, looking sober, and whittling a stick to a point, as I live! My elegant uncle David, fastidious in all his manners, finding fault with me because——"

She was in the middle of the room, ready for him, when he came in, his open pocket-knife in one hand, and his stick, whittled to a point, in the other. Kate made him a low bow, and, pointing with one fore-finger at his knife, with the other at his stick whittled to a point, said, "See what you've been doing, uncle David, as you came along the street of this handsome village! I've heard you more than once find fault with Yankees for doing this very thing! What makes you look so sober?"

"Oh! I met Mr. Herkimer at the post-office; we got to talking politics, and he said things to me no man has any right or reason to say to me. My head aches to-day, and I couldn't bear it."

"And so you said harsh things back again? Oh! my gentle uncle David!"

Her reproach was light; it fell like dew on his spirit's disturbance.

"Let's dance, uncle David," she added, beginning to dance, to make bows, and offer both hands to him as she danced. She dances so often to her two-years-old brother Jack, that he is used to it, and begins at once to go stumbling and bobbing his shoulders up and down when she commences. He looked up from his picture-seeing to-day, and then came to his feet and began to dance. Kate praised him, laughed at him, pointed him out to Mr. Murray, to Mrs. Kennedy, herself dancing ridiculously all the while, and offering her hands to her uncle, who did not take them, to Jack, who did take them gladly; and soon, I hardly know how, she got Mrs. Kennedy in. After that lady had awhile stood back, laughing at Kate, saying, "If she ever did see anybody big er little dance jes' like that!" blushing at Kate's invitations, at the little, white hands extended, she began to come forward to say, "Laud! she guessed she could show us some dancing 'f she tried hard for it!" She took Kate's hands and began to "rigadoon." (This is what she said she was doing; it consisted of such steps, so taken, as it is impossible to describe.)

By this time Mr. Murray was in a great glow, swinging his foot with laughter. Kate again held out her hands to him. He would not dance, but he ran after her; she ran behind

the chairs, behind Mrs. Kennedy, who spread her straight-hanging skirts at angles on both sides to hide her. Miss Dempster had as much as she could do, meanwhile, to keep little intermeddling Jack from being run over, when suddenly into the midst of the frolic came Mr. Trumbull and a stranger of bright, commanding aspect, fine-looking beyond most men, pleasant-looking as a summer morning. Kate was at that instant half-hidden behind Mrs. Kennedy; Miss Dempster was at the elbow of the latter, seeing to Jack.

"It's the Prince of Wales!" I heard Mrs. Kennedy say, the other side of her hand, to Kate.

The new-comers, standing still an instant in the open door, looked wonderingly, smilingly on the group before them. Then Mr. Trumbull said, introducing his companion, "My old friend, Mr. Cartwright, ladies, gentlemen. Mr. Cartwright, I believe this is brother David, 'Squire Murray;' it looks some like him. This is my daughter Kate—or I believe it is—and this is her friend, Miss Dempster, of Boston, visiting us. Mrs. Kennedy, your old friend and ours."

Mr. Cartwright shook hands with them all; but I do not know, I am sure, how he could know which was Kate, or which Miss Dempster. Mr. Trumbull then took him out to my sheltered corner of the sofa and introduced him to me. Both Kate and Miss Dempster had about as much as they could do, while he stayed, by bringing toy upon toy, "jack-horse," ball, elephant, and music-box, to make up to Jack for the interruption of the fun. But Mrs. Trumbull came in. She, her husband, Mr. Cartwright, Mr. Murray, and Mrs. Kennedy, sitting together around the open fire, had a sociable half-hour talking of old times, of old friends. I heard Mr. Cartwright say that he has a companion who is desirous of getting some winter angling in the lakes, and so forth; whereupon Mrs. Kennedy, with a look of arch drollery that made his color rise, asked him, "'F he 'ad any anglin' of any sort that he 'expected to do while 'e was in these parts.'" They laughed, and so did he. He looked at Kate and Miss Dempster, as I had seen him do several times before, held his hand out to Jack; but Jack tumbled himself in amongst the folds of Miss Dempster's skirts, his face hidden. He rose to go, when Mr. Murray, preparing to accompany him, invited him to take a drive through the villages, and return to his house to dinner, an invitation he accepted with evident pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. Trumbull had already invited him to dine at their house to-morrow, bringing his friend; but they were going, with a party of the

village gents, over to the lakes at Sandbornton and Laconia, fishing, to be absent several days. He thanked them with a deal of graciousness; and, when they returned, he and Mr. Cowperthwaite would be happy to accept such invitation, he said; and they went.

We buzzed, we chattered, we talked, two or three together, the first few minutes, admiring, naming his excellent points—all but Kate. Her eyes shone, (though she used them mostly just then seeing to Jack, who, busy with his playthings, did not in the least need being seen to.) Light seemed to flit and flash among the dimples round her beautiful mouth. She was stirred; although that she often is, but with this difference: the enthusiasm of her praises usually outvies all ours. Now there was not a word until, at last, when all seemed to have said their say, and now were looking toward her for hers, she came away from Jack, with a toss of her curls, saying, "I don't think much of your Prince of Wales, Mrs. Kennedy!"

"Er, Katydid! I guess you don't!"

CHAPTER II.

Thursday, 13th.

At Lyceum, last evening, I saw Kate, her mother, and Miss Dempster standing together, waiting for Mr. Trumbull to join them, when Mr. Murray came to them through the crowd, accompanied by a young gentleman—the same that Kate and I saw when we were out yesterday, and whom we conjectured to be Mr. Cartwright's fellow-traveler. Mr. Murray introduced him to the ladies; I saw that he stood modestly by Kate, his hat in his hands behind him; saw that he had an interesting face, a gentlemanly bearing, a bearing most respectful and attentive toward Kate, on whom his looks every moment rested. His forehead was wide, high, and fair like a woman's; the veins swelled, the color flitted in and out. He was very young, probably not more than twenty-two or three. He and Kate fell at once into an easy conversation, Kate keeping her bright but modest looks raised to his; and when Mr. Trumbull came, they went out together, the stranger at Kate's elbow, his hat still held in his hands behind him, as if of his exceeding great respect toward Kate, and they were still talking, and Kate's modest looks were still raised.

She is coming; she hurries, under some excitement; she runs up the path, up the steps—"Good morning," she says, in the door.

"Good morning, dear."

"Let me have your pen; let me wipe it."

CHAPTER III.

Evening.

"Did you see Mr. Cowperthwaite last night, at the Lyceum? He was there."

"Yes, I saw him."

"Isn't he pretty? Didn't you like his appearance?"

"He looks delicate as a woman."

"Just as delicate! Oh! I think he is so pretty!" She laughed at herself; she said the gentlemen were getting ready to start for their fishing; the big sleigh was at Major Howe's door; they were going to be gone several days. Oh! she would want to see Mr. Cowperthwaite so! Ma spoke to him last night about the invitation to their house, which the other, Mr. Cartwright, had done her the honor to say they would accept on their return; and Mr. Cowperthwaite said few things would give him greater pleasure. He was the prince, she said; the other, Mr. Cartwright, was king, perhaps. She liked the prince best. She would leave the king to me and Jule; by Jule, meaning Miss Dempster. And again she laughed. She was at a front window, looking out, talking now of this, now of something else, when Mr. Cowperthwaite passed on our side of the street. He was taking long steps, to get to Major Howe's door, probably; but he saw Kate, and touched his hat with a smile and a graceful bow. She then sat down and began quietly to look a book over, but without discerning much that was in its pages. I asked her if she saw anything of Mr. Cartwright when she came.

"Yes," she replied; and what a prolonged, melodious little monosyllable it was! What new, delicious music must have been stirring in the heart out of which it came! But she soon roused herself; she turned a deaf ear to it; tossing the book from her, she said, "I don't think much of him, though! I like the prince a great deal the best! a great deal! I'm willing you or anybody should have the other."

CHAPTER IV.

Saturday, 15th.

MA COWPERTHWAITHE grew tired of the sport, and came off to-day leaving the rest there. They have fifty holes in the ice, he told us, coming up with us to-day when we were walking, and a little red ensign up at every hole, which the pickerel and trout instantly lower when caught. This is their signal of distress, he said. Some one of the party goes to the spot, draws the fellow out and makes him prisoner, in barbarous disregard of his signs of capitulation! They

were having a capital time, he said; or the fellows appeared to like it, anyway; they had great crackling fires on the ice; had grand, good dinners, but it was shivery work; he was tired of it and glad to come away.

Kate told him he showed his humanity in leaving a sport that was so cruel.

"Not so much that! not that at all!" he ingenuously confessed. "But I was really tired of it, as I am apt to be of a thing if it lasts more than a day. I am lazy."

Kate smiled as if she thought the inconstancy pretty, like himself. I think he felt it so, in a degree, although he had also the air of one who is making a clean breast of what one knows to be a fault.

"He may deny it as long as he will," said Kate, after we parted with him. "He may let it go that it is because he is lazy; but I like him ever so much better than I do those that have stayed to catch every poor thing they can get hold of. I know what they'll do when they come. They'll take every fish, even the littlest of them all, to Bingham's to be weighed; and then they'll boast of the number of pounds, the number of fish and the size, and they'll send them round, pairs, or even half-dozen of them, to their friends, or their supposed friends. If any one thinks our family are his friends and sends some to our door, with the compliments of Mr.—anybody, you see if I taste one single mouthful. If I did, I should feel it stop in my throat!"

She was battling her rising sentiment toward Mr. Cartwright. At least, I think so. I do not tell her so, however; it would be pitiful to see her utterly *hors de combat*. I let it go on, satisfied with knowing that Mr. Cartwright is king.

CHAPTER V.

Tuesday, 18th.

NOTE FROM KATE.

MY DEAR—You must come and dine with us to-day, so pa, and ma, and all say. They are coming—the Messrs. Cartwright and Cowperthwaite. The first named gentleman sent two splendid great trout and a half-dozen great pickerel to ma last evening; but I don't look at 'em.

"You are to sit at Mr. Cartwright's, at the king's right; he is to be at pa's. The prince is to be at pa's left, and I at the prince's; so you see I shall be nicely tucked away out of sight; out of the king's sight that is, of course.

The fish are to be the dish of honor, stuffed, and garlanded with celery leaves. Uncle David

and aunt Ruth are to be here. What do you think Mrs. Kennedy calls Mrs. Cowperthwaite? Cataaugus; Ned Cataugus. She was here yesterday and saw the Goethe he had brought me to read with his name, "Ned Cowperthwaite," in it. "Oh, poh!" said she, giving the book a toss in amongst the newspapers. "Ned Cataaugus, I sh'd think!" Afterward she said, "I've seen this—this Cataaugus o' yourn, an' he's oneasy lookin' 's a fish out o' water. 'Is wife, 'f 'e gits one, 'll haf 'er fry pancakes fer 'is bro'kfust, flapjacks fer 'is dinner, an' turn-overs fer 'is supper, an' then he won't be contented 's likely 's not." Isn't she queer?

Be sure to come, else what shall we do?

Truly yours,

KATE.

CHAPTER VI.

The 19th.

I SAW that Mr. Cowperthwaite and Kate, although they attended with politeness to the affairs of the table and to the conversation that was general, had a good deal of noiseless by-play at dinner. They broke a merrythought together, and Kate got the largest part, upon which the color rose and spread over the gentleman's wide, beautiful forehead. After dinner they played with Jack, until the latter, seeing Mr. Cartwright's hand extended to him, went with great modesty toward him, showing him his slate by-the-way; and it ended with his being settled cosily on Mr. Cartwright's knees, for the rest of their stay. When they went, after he and Mr. Cartwright had once shaken hands and bade good-by, he made his way out between our skirts and the gentlemen's legs to wave his little hand and say, "Day-day, day-day," which he did with the sweetest of all inflexions. Mr. Cartwright returned the salutation with a look of beaming kindness, such as might well lift Jack off his feet, as it almost did. "There—there," the little fellow said, as if deeply satisfied, and was coming away, but, upon a new impulse, he crowded back for another "day-day," and got it from Mr. Cartwright in the gate.

Kate was very lovely in her gown of fine mauve merino and black trimmings; but I have seen her appear at better advantage.

CHAPTER VII.

The 20th.

KATE came in to-day, threw herself with a long breath into an arm-chair, saying, "Oh, dear! I'm tired! Don't you think it's a dis-

agreeable day? No sun, and the air like lead! Hu! it keeps me shuddering just like this!" After talking awhile of things in which she clearly felt no interest, there came a pause, which was broken by her saying, with her eyes down, "I will tell you why I haven't liked Mr. Cartwright."

"Why, dear?"

"Because! the day he dined at uncle David's, aunt Ruth asked him if he didn't think I was beautiful; and after he had hesitated as if he didn't like to say, No, aunt repeated the question, and then he said he couldn't say that he thought I was. Aunt said, 'You can't think that Miss Dempster is?' He did, he said. He thought Miss Dempster was very beautiful."

"Oh, well!" I replied, "you know how it was; you know the mistake he made in your persons."

"Yes, but I didn't know until yesterday." The music had come to her tones again; her head drooped, her features softened, love melted her, and made her the tenderest, most beautiful creature my eyes ever saw. She was silent awhile, then she said she must go. But she did not. She said, "Did you see how Jack liked Mr.—Mr. Cartwright? He hunted for him after he was gone, and at last cried because he couldn't find him. How long do you suppose they will stay?"

Mr. Cartwright had told me at dinner that they would remain several days longer, and so I informed her.

While we were talking, Mr. Murray came in and said he and others were getting up a little sleigh-ride to Webster Lake, across the lake, and home on the other side. All who pleased were to take their skates, he said. There would be thirty, or more, to go. All would stop a half-hour, or so, and have a pleasant time on the ice.

Kate sprang to her feet and brought her hands together for joy.

They were going to take Dunlap's big sleigh, he said, which would hold a dozen—"you two, your father and mother, Kate, and Miss Dempster, me and my wife, Mr. Cartwright and young Cowperthwaite, and the young folks at Capt. Lancaster's. You may have Cowperthwaite on your seat if you want him, Kate; to-morrow afternoon, two o'clock."

She hardly looked as though she wanted him; but Mr. Murray did not see the expression. He went then. Kate said she should sit on the seat with her father and mother, or with uncle David and aunt Ruth, or with Jule and me. She had "made up her mind."

CHAPTER VIII.

Saturday, 22nd.

MR. CARTWRIGHT was on the back seat with Mr. and Mrs. Murray.

"There are things on the way I want to show him," said Mr. Murray to me, as his reason for making the important self-appropriation. He was at our gate, helping me to the seat Mr. Cowperthwaite had, up to this time, occupied alone. "Kate is going to sit here with you two; her father and mother, and Miss Dempster are going to sit here," touching his palm to the empty seat before ours.

At Mr. Trumbull's gate, Cowperthwaite stepped out, and, with eyes questioning the windows, was going up toward the door, when they all appeared in the hall—Kate with her gray veil down, her closest hood on, muffled as if she were in Kamschatka, and not a word out of her head. She bowed to Cowperthwaite, slipping by him, as he politely stood holding the gate open; bowed to the rest, all together, but looked grave and still; and, slipping somehow through Mr. Murray's hands, she took her place between her father and mother on their seat. Then she looked back, bade me "Good morning," and chatted with me, while Cowperthwaite and Miss Dempster were seating themselves beside me. She spoke graciously now to Cowperthwaite, saying something about the day's being so pleasant; he answering rather curtly, as I thought, and with a shrug, "Very!" She looked back still farther between me and Miss Dempster, to speak to her aunt and Mr. Cartwright. But she was grave; she was so all the way.

The party was a large and merry one; of double sleighs and single sleighs, there were a half-dozen beside ours. Several of these reached the lake before us, and on our arrival a busy scene presented itself. Many, already on their skates, were striking out toward the middle of the bright expanse. Close by where we drew up, a company of men were at work filling the ice-house with the ponderous blocks they had been many days engaged in sawing. Seized and held fast by iron grappling, block after block was drawn, by horse-power, up a steep sliding-way, and dropped within the building to lie with its fellows. A number of fishermen were on different parts of the lake. Their fire, near which were dinner-pails, baskets, sleigh-ropes, over-coats, together with the little pile of fish they had taken, was burning sluggishly in the sunshine, the mild air. Some of the ladies, who had no desire to go upon the ice, chose to sit in the sleighs, which were drawn

close to the shore so that they could see and hear what went on. Among these were Mrs. Trumbull and Mrs. Murray. And when Cowperthwaite stood by Kate, ready to help her out, and her uncle was saying, "Kate, come," she replied that she would sit awhile; she would come by-and-by, perhaps; she didn't bring her skates; she didn't feel like skating. A dozen came, begging, commanding, saying, "Do come!" or, "You shall come!" but she drove them off at last. Cowperthwaite was the last to turn away, following the rest almost immediately. Mr. Cartwright, by-the-by, had been one of the first to go. He was already at the lake's edge, standing with several of the party, looking upon the skaters, the fishermen, one here and another there, the men working at ice-storing, upon the whole scene, bright with its own natural loveliness, with the brightness of the day, with the animation of so many human beings, with the bright colors of hood, and scarf, and gown. I saw Cowperthwaite sitting by himself on an inverted boat, hurriedly fastening on his skates. Next I saw him making great strokes on the ice, circling, performing such feats as caused nearly all the rest to suspend theirs and watch him; especially when he began to skim in and out the edges of the glare coat formed, within the last few moderate days, over where the first blocks of ice had been taken. The party had been warned by the ice-gatherers not to venture there; and now came cautious remonstrances from them and others, gentlemen of the party. After having watched, a few moments, the effect of these, and finding that he disregarded them, venturing farther at each essay, Mr. Cartwright came with quick step, anxious looks, and called out, "Ned, you mustn't do that! You hear what these gentlemen say! Ned, Ned, are you crazy?"

He was in an agony of apprehension, which Cowperthwaite seemed perfectly willing to augment. He struck the middle of the dangerous spot, and there was a crackling, a crack, and down he went—without struggling, but as if willing to go—out of sight. Mr. Cartwright gave one manly groan of horror, threw his coat off in an instant, crying out to the men, "Break it all away, far as you can—drop your grappling-irons and poles at the edges—be careful, but do what you can!" and he had gone down after the rash young man. I never heard such cries, or saw such anxiety among so many, or such commotion, such hurrying to and fro. With the giant force—the giant will doing its uttermost—imparted, they beat the ice through

as if it had been glass, and cleared it as much as possible from the surface, until they came to the thick, old coat, and there they were stayed. Then they dropped their irons, their poles, their garments, until at every yard of the edge there was something for the hand to grasp—if the hand came.

Up to the time of the accident, Kate had been sitting in the sleigh. I did not see her come; but now I saw her close to the edge, beside her father. She was bending forward, still as if she were turned to stone, her eyes fixed on the water. Her mother went to her, and, laying her hand on her shoulder, said, "I'm afraid to have you stand there, Kate." Kate turned a little, looked back in her mother's face like a dumb creature, and I saw the look of horror on the fixed, pale features.

Long were the moments to us who waited and watched in such fear. At first there were many exclamations, such as, "How long it's been!" and "Oh! it's been so long, I don't believe we'll ever see either of them again!" but now it had grown still. Every face had grown pallid. I knew that those who best understood the matter, were fast losing their hope, when one man, who was at work for the ice-gatherers, Mr. Clay, a poor man, but a good old Christian, said loudly, "Thank God, brothers! here's one, if no more!" and he grappled tightly the blue frock he had stripped from his person and let down. We saw the garment pulled. The irons were brought to the spot and let down; again feet and hands were in motion, tongues were loosed. So many closed about the spot that I saw nothing more for many minutes. Then, through an opening, I saw them both on the firm ice; saw that Cowperthwaite was wholly unconscious, and that men were rubbing him; saw that Mr. Cartwright was sinking away into insensibility. He put his hand to his forehead and seemed to struggle against it; but the pallor spread, the head sank, and he was gone; and then, in an instant, Kate was by his side, working upon his forehead, his hands, drying them with her own handkerchief, her mother's, mine, Miss Dempster's. Others worked upon him also, but not one with such pale, set looks, quivering hands, and mental oblivion to all about them. At last he slowly opened his eyes, when Kate's were withdrawn, watching the returning color in his hands, feeling, of course, the returning warmth. When she saw that consciousness was returning, she retreated, went and took her seat in the sleigh; and, as her aunt has since told me, gave herself up to a short fit of crying and

trembling. Cowperthwaite, whose consciousness returned sooner than Mr. Cartwright's did, behaved with a great deal of penitence and gratitude, caught Mr. Cartwright's hand and kissed it, with his tears running. Mr. Cartwright called him a good fellow, with his tears rising, but with smiling, gratified looks. Old Mr. Clay, as his long, stalwart arms helped Cowperthwaite to his feet, said to him, "God was pooty good to ye, this time, young man; but no better, I s'pose, than He is all the time, on'y we don't allers see it ser plain. You're ser fond o' fishin', you two, ye ought ter know what that Christian gentleman, Izaak Walton, says 'bout being thankful ter God fer 'is preventin' grace."

Mr. Cartwright instantly repeated—"And therefore let us praise Him for His preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy."

"That's it! them's the words!" said Mr. Clay, his swarthy face kindling as if light down from heaven had broken over it.

Apropos, Mr. Cushing, who has visited Mr. Cartwright, says that his beautiful house is full of books, and I see he knows all the authors that are worth knowing.

Haste was now made to get them into the sleigh and wrap them in a half-dozen robes. Other sleighs were stripped (against the protest of the two gentlemen) until no more could be pressed into service by the strongest hands; and as they brought them and wrapped them about their bodies, legs, feet, Mr. Cowperthwaite said more than once, "I'm ashamed of myself; I don't deserve your kindness, gentlemen, but Cartwright does."

Mr. Cartwright, good-naturedly, soothed him with, "Yes, you do deserve it! you're a good fellow, as these gentlemen can see!" Upon which the young man again tried to seize his hand to thank him, but desisted upon Mr. Cartwright's saying, "No, my boy! I know how you feel. I see it all, my good fellow!"

"One thing I know," said Cowperthwaite, his voice husky; "you shall see what I'd do for you if there's ever a chance!" Rather disconsolately adding, "But I don't suppose there ever will be."

Mr. Cartwright said, laughingly, he hoped not a chance like that they had just escaped, at any rate. Cowperthwaite also laughed a little; but he was weak, repentant, affectionate as a woman, and soon renewed his self-reproaches.

This was after we had started and were on our way home, accompanied by nearly all the

rest. A few only remained to finish out the contemplated drive, as Mr. Cartwright begged them all to do.

Kate looked back once toward Mr. Cartwright, and I suppose her eyes met his; for hers kindled, and in an instant fell and were withdrawn.

Miss Dempster drove back with the Howes, while I took Mr. Cartwright's former seat with Mr. and Mrs. Murray, to make room for the wrappings of the two gentlemen.

CHAPTER IX.

Evening.

Kate is "as vexed as she can be!" So she says, and she appears so. The trouble is, Miss Dempster informed her last evening, that, in riding home in Major Howe's sleigh, one seat in which was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Hadleigh, she overheard the lady saying, *sub voce*, to her husband, "Did you notice Kate Trumbull?"

"When?" he inquired.

"When Mr. Cartwright plunged into the water, and all along after that. Did you notice 'er?"

"No."

"I wish you had. I did, and I found out a thing or two I've been expecting would happen some time." Having waited a few minutes for him to make inquiries if he would, she added, "They're engaged, of course. Pretty quick work, I should think!"

He made no reply, but looked to see a train go by a little way off, and she said no more; "Although, of course," Kate says, "her mind was busy enough!" Kate cried with vexation. She says she thinks it too bad that a man like Mr. Hadleigh, whom everybody respects so much, should be married to a little-minded, curious, mischief-making thing like her.

Mrs. Kennedy has invited us up there, for Monday evening; has included the Hadleighs, Mr. and Mrs. Murray, Messrs. Cartwright and Cowperthwaite. Kate says she "will go, to show Mrs. Hadleigh that she isn't 'engaged,' stupid, little-minded thing! she hates her!"

"I guess you don't, Katydid!" I replied, in tones resembling Mrs. Kennedy's. Upon this she laughed and began to wonder what Mrs. Kennedy would get for supper; to say that whatever it was, and however managed, it would all be well enough because it was Mrs. Kennedy, who never cared for anybody, and always made more fun of herself than anybody else could make of her, possibly.

CHAPTER X.

The 25th.

Mrs. KENNEDY fastened upon Cowperthwaite when he and his friend came, to inquire of him about his accident. After they had chatted awhile, she said to him, "Guess what I've called ye all along, Mr.—Mr.—ye see how 'tis, I've called ye sonth'n' else ser much, I don't know what yer true name is."

"I see. What have you called me?"

"Cataaugus! Ned Cataaugus!"

How he and all the rest laughed! "But I ain't goin' ter call ye so any more."

"Why?"

"'Cause I like ye now, an' I ha'n't afore."

Again he laughed and said, "I am glad you like me, I assure you I am, Mrs. Kennedy; but please call me Ned Cataaugus all the same. I shall call myself so after this."

"I—guess—you—will!"

"I shall, I assure you."

We all laughed, the gentlemen uproariously, at Mrs. Kennedy's fun at the supper-table. Her husband sat, still almost as a mouse, his gentle looks ever and anon turned to her, as if, long and intimately as he had known her, she were still a marvel to him, as no doubt she is.

Kate, tucked between her father and uncle at table, laughed as hilariously as any; but the rest of the evening she was still and timid like a fawn. She kept as much as possible out of Mr. Cartwright's way; but this did not prevent his hovering near, or the grave solicitude with which his eyes followed her and rested on her lovely, half-averted face. "I'm so ashamed," she said, cuddling up to me once in the course of the evening, "thinking what Mrs. Hadleigh said. She watches everything I do, this evening." Kate told Mrs. Kennedy about it. "Laud!" that lady said, "ye must expect sich things ter be said—by sich women. 'It's all she can think of to say, I s'pose. But, Katydid—Katydid—ye mus' treat *him* well, fer all the Miss Hadleighs in the world. Ye know this, Katydid."

Kate told her she should not treat him at all.

"Ye can't help that. Ye've got ter treat 'im some way, an' pooty soon too; ye can't help knowin' this, Katydid." Kate seemed frightened, and cuddled back still farther between Mrs. Kennedy and me.

When the time came to go, Kate could not find her hood, nor I my overshoes. Mrs. Kennedy helped all the rest about finding their things and putting them on; but when Kate or I appealed to her, she looked comical, twisted her features and said, "Yes, I hear, girls. Wait

till I've fixed the others off, (you ha'n't got any babies ter home,) an' then I'll see ter you."

She had got rid of all but us and Mr. Trumbull, who was at the door with his horse, talking with Mr. Kennedy, waiting our appearance, when she came to us, winding her hands, one over the other, and saying, "Now, Katydid, now, girls, I'll tend ter you." Then, brightening as if with sudden recollection, she said, "I'll tell ye where yer hood is, Kate. It's in the front room. I car'd it in fer Jenny Lancaster ter see 'bout the stitches round the front. She's goin' ter knit me one. You'll find it in there layin' ahind the clock. We'll be findin' the overshoes."

She went to open the parlor door for Kate, and, having shut it behind her, returned to the bed-room where she had left me, walking as if upon pipe-stems, making queer grimaces and half-whispering, "Guess what I've ben an' done now! I've shot 'em up tergether in the front room!"

"Whom?"

"He an' she! Mr. Cartwright an' Kate. He's awaitin', ye see, while the young man slips down ter the village with the Lancaster girls. Then they're going. Kate didn't know but he'd gone; I s'pose you didn't. All the light there is in there is a candle, an' that wants snuffin'; so the room was dark arter all this kerosene, and she didn't see 'im, ('e was on the black sofy,) and went straight ter the clock, an' then I shot the door. I'm half-scaret; but I don't care! Miss Hadleigh's out o' the way, everybody else 's out o' the way; an' it's time fer the two that was made fer one 'nother 'f ever two were, to be doin' sonth'n' else besides a-skirmishin' roun' 's they have ben ever sence he's ben here. I'm glad I done it! I'm happy! Here's yer overshoes; I put 'em in the clothes-press, safe, ye see! While ye're puttin' 'em on, I'll jes' step ter the door an' tell Mr. Trumbull 't ye'll soon be along."

"Very well, Mrs. Kennedy; but tell 'em to be spry. Whoa, Ben," I heard him reply. I suppose Kate heard the same; and that this was what brought her at once into the parlor door, where she now appeared, looking as if she had been awhile in Paradise—as I have no doubt she had. Adam was beside her, holding her hand. I saw him relinquish it after having pressed it a moment between both his.

"Don't come out," I heard her say; but he was her king, and came, guarding her down the steps, out the short path, putting her into the sleigh, turning each adjustment of her dress, of the sleigh-ropes, into a caress.

Mr. Trumbull meanwhile tucked me in, gave his adieus to host and hostess, and to Mr. Cartwright said, as he was gathering the reins, "Come round and see us."

"Yes, to-morrow."

"Had a good time, Kate? got paid fer comin'?" Mrs. Kennedy was saying.

"Yes," with the up and down love-full inflexion, which must have been manna to Mr. Cartwright—if he needed it after the sweets of Paradise.

She hasn't been near me to-day. I fancy she fears that the every day things of the world will rub off a portion of her joy. But she will come to-night. Others will come because it is Christmas Eve. Our rooms are bright and warm; and the crimson berries in the cross are like blood in the light of the blazing wood fire.

CHAPTER XI.

Morning, the 26th.

ALL I could get out of her was, that he had loved her from the first; that he called her Katydid, *his* Katydid; and that she was happier than she could tell, if she were to try all the rest of her days.

LINES.

BY MRS. SARAH S. SOWELL.

I'm sitting alone and lonely to-night,
And deep in my heart is a gnawing pain,
As I watch the fading of day's last light,
And list to the dull, monotonous rain.
For memory softly lifts the veil
Which hath fallen dimly over the past,
And my heart sends forth a bitter wail,
While the burning tears fall thick and fast.

Away, far off is a joyous scene,
Gladdened by forms I know full well;
But a trackless desert lies between,
And a river whose flow is a solemn knell.
I call, but no answer comes again—
I stretch my hands, but the mirage flies—
I hear but the dull, monotonous rain.
And nothing but darkness meets my eyes.

MY FOUR LOVES.

TRANSLATED FOR PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

My first love! Where shall I find words to express the depth of that passion? How describe the delicious agitation of my senses when I heard his voice, and the happiness which pervaded every fibre of my being as his glance met mine? What wealth of tenderness did I not employ to beguile him into his own sweet smile? Nevertheless, I must acknowledge, he was ugly. But it was my first love. He was the first who had caused my heart to palpitate at his pleasure, he was my *beau idéal* of all that was joyous, for had he not opened to me a new existence? Henceforward my happiness centered in him. All my heart was his; no sacrifice would have been felt such if he required it. Every word of my love vibrated through me like a tender melody. His glances, whether smiling or tender, were reflected in my soul with truest sympathy, and when his lips multiplied kisses on my mouth, when his caressing arm circled my neck, when his hand played with my curls, my happiness had reached the divine, for I imagined that this was bliss fit for angels. In his presence all the other emotions grow feeble. What cared I then for ties imposed by laws or custom? The charms of society, the triumphs of vanity had lost for me all their power. How many times when with him have I divested myself of my ornaments, preferring his simplest word of affection to all the intoxication of the world's flattery. In my *abandon* I would throw the garland which had bound my tresses under his feet. For his sake I would have dared all—for him I could have wearied heaven with petitions. How then could a rival affection enter my soul?

Must I avow it, though? A year of this intoxicating bliss had scarcely passed, when another sentiment gained entrance into my breast. I could not suppress, do what I might, the interest inspired by this new claimant for my sympathy—for through my souvenirs of the past he had no place in my regard, it was his beautifully frank and candid expression which carried the citadel of my soul. His were great dark eyes, wherein I sought and found a depth of tenderness never before revealed to my sense; and when his head reclined upon my bosom, and his lips murmured my name, it seemed the first

accord in a new love harmony—and I inwardly exclaimed, "Happy woman to be loved again!" with delight I welcomed my doubled bliss, and I loved them both. And now I scarcely knew how to continue, for, some time after this, I found that circumstances had thrown in my way another aspirant for my heart. Shall I tell you what beautiful blue eyes he had—how gracious all his actions? Yes, since I have decided to confess the whole truth and to hold back nothing, I must avow that this passion was not only one of the most piquant episodes of my life, but that it glided through my experience like the ephemeral stars which traverse the heavens without disturbing their grand harmony; thus my young love secured his place in my soul. For him was I prodigal of my sweetest caresses—I loved to watch the developments of his first feelings—to appropriate his earliest sentiments, and feel they were all mine. Persuaded that the heart of a woman resembled a flower whose perfume is love, and that the addition of another object on whom to lavish this treasure of sweetness but causes happy expansion similar to that of a plant under bright influences, I did not resist this new sentiment. I loved all three!

Ah! If I could shade, in mystery what remains of my confession. If I could seal in the bottom of my heart this last weakness of nature, I would stop at this mystical number of my first loves. But, alas! destiny is inexplicable. In spite of myself I was destined to adore still another, one who, to my partial eyes, was worthy to have come direct from heaven. Beautiful as the cherubim who sustain the Virgin's veil, his small mouth was wreathed with such smiles as Satan might have worn on his first visit to our mother Eve, if indeed the devil scorns not such means to accomplish his purposes. His eyes wore the expression of voluptuous innocence. I felt whilst gazing into them that there I could hope all, pardon all. Amiable, gentle, submitting to my caprices, he lavished on me the softest endearments, whilst regarding me with the most touching tenderness. I could not be with him and not love him; have I not proved how impossible it was to do otherwise? I could but succumb to my destiny!

But four! marvelous prodigality of a woman's heart! Is it not so? To love four at once! To make all happy with the same affection. Showering on each equal favors, and receiving from each the same smile, the same caresses—and all this without, for one moment, causing the least disturbance in the sweet relations of

our love! It is one of the incomprehensible mysteries that nature reveals alone to the heart of woman! Nevertheless, if you wish to solve this mystery, to know how I love them all, and how they love me, raise the curtain which covers my tableaux, and you will see

"A MOTHER WITH HER FOUR SONS."

LINES.

BY C. M.

MAKE ready the dwelling for me—
 Make ready the chamber of stone—
 What matters though narrow it be,
 And gloomy, and stifling, and lone?
 'Tis only this vile, wretched clay
 That tempts me forever to sin—
 'Tis only this body of flesh
 That they shall lay off me within.
 But I shall go hence to my home
 Where evil can taint me no more,
 Companion of angels and just—
 Temptation and sorrow all o'er.
 Oh! I long, I long to be free
 From fetters that load me with sin;
 Make ready the dwelling for me
 That now I may lay them within.
 I cheerfully yield up my life,
 My errors and faults to atone;
 Make ready the dwelling for me—
 Make ready the chamber of stone.
 Oh, coward soul! is this thy prayer?
 Rather to God lift up thy eyes

For strength to combat evil here,
 Than urge thy life a sacrifice.

No readiness to die so pleaseth Him,
 As readiness to live to do His will;
 He measurcth unto thee appointed days—
 Thy round of duties thou hast yet to fill.

Shrink not the task! thou canst the victory win.
 Thy fetters strong?—they will be stronger yet!
 God did but fashion this pulsating clay,
 In which the jewel of the mind to set.

That has dominion over flesh and sin.
 If the sore struggle be but once begun,
 God gives his angels charge concerning thee,
 Until the final victory be won.

Then let thy life a daily offering be—
 Its incense sweet unto thy God shall rise;
 The contrite spirit and the humble heart,
 He loveth better than the sacrifice.

"AT HOME."

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

At home to-night to memory;
 To thy pale phantoms, one and all;
 The sad, the sinful, let them come
 And wave their white robes in my hall.

Each unwept sin that's stained my soul;
 Each sorrow that has turned me gray;
 Each hope that never saw the light;
 I'll have a goodly company.

Their clay-cold feet upon the floor;
 Their icy fingers on my heart;
 Their eyeless sockets filled by fear;
 I will not at one horror start.

Here stands the ghost of some bright hour;
 My steps had almost took the way,
 The straight, direct, that leads to Heaven,
 But in a broader went astray.

And hers a first and hapless love,
 That wrang my very life-blood out;

And hers the grief that sent to me
 Hell's powerfulest of servants, Doubt,

And elighted counsels, uncouraged faults,
 Good thoughts that never grow to deeds;
 Oh! memory, 'tis a mournful train,
 Thy wan hand to my presence leads.

I'll set no royal bread and wine
 To entertain these pleasant guests;
 The tears and ashes of my soul
 Besit such high occasions best.

At home to-night to memory,
 I will not dodge one hostess duty,
 But grasp each cold and fleshless palm,
 And jocund feast these things of beauty.

Ha! 'tis a glorious, festive scene,
 My brain turns wild, my eyes are glazing
 Help! lo! the morn's glad feet are nigh.
 And on their fitting forms I'm gazing.

MR. LINKLEPAN'S SERVANTS.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

It is a drawing-room in a fashionable quarter of the city, and in it are seated Mr. Linklepan and his two weeks' bride; an open door giving view of the breakfast-room beyond, with its dainty *tele-a-tele* equipage of china and silver. Mr. Linklepan, notwithstanding the most partial believer in his juvenility could not deny that he belonged to the class of elderly gentlemen, yet presents a genial, fresh appearance; an expression peculiarly free-hearted and unsuspicious being a characteristic of his face. One glance at his bride will convince the most stoical that Mr. Linklepan is not to blame for his desertion of the single brotherhood, even her lady-friends admitting that she is a perfect "little darling."

Mr. Linklepan, before his marriage, had lived a jovial, careless life, being looked upon by those who shared his acquaintance as the prince of good fellows. He, therefore, knew little of housekeeping, and had ambled along in easy fashion, trusting to fate and his cook to provide him with a good dinner—his expectations being sometimes realized, more frequently disappointed. When this "good, easy man" found that Miss Polly Burton was inevitably to become his wife, he knew the programme must be changed. So he bought a fashionable house in a fashionable neighborhood, gave the furnishing thereof to a fashionable upholsterer, who chancing for a marvel to possess good taste, the result was eminently satisfactory. But, alas! here Mr. Linklepan was stranded. He must provide himself with servants. So, betaking himself to an Intelligence Office, which held out unheard-of inducements in its advertisement, our worthy gentleman picked out the stoutest specimen he could find for a cook, being the victim of a vague impression that a fat woman must necessarily possess a thorough knowledge of the *cuisine*; selected for a chambermaid the most comely young woman that presented herself; and hired a pluffy, red-faced personage as coachman, on the ground that the latter looked as if he "knew horses."

Mrs. Linklepan, upon arriving in her new home, thought it perfect, until assured by her friend, Mrs. Jatterby, who prided herself upon belonging to what she styled the *creme de la*

creme, that she lacked one thing. And now the bride sat revolving the subject in her mind, while her husband affected the perusal of the morning paper, but in fact giving, as was proper, the larger share of glances to his bride. The lady in question sat playing with the tassels of her dress awhile; then said,

"Linky, dear, I am delighted with everything. There is but one want to be supplied."

"Name it, my life," chivalrously answered the husband.

"Mrs. Jatterby says we must have a footman; that nobody can pretend to belong to the *ton* unless they do."

"Very well, my dear; I'll advertise this very day."

"Thank you, the dearest Linky that ever was!" returned Mrs. Linklepan, with a gratified air. "But you must specify that none but an Englishman need apply; for the Irish are so awkward! And there's another thing Mrs. Jatterby mentioned: he must certainly——" here the speaker blushed and hesitated.

"Have a stylish livery, I suppose you mean to say."

"Of course; but beside that he must possess——"

"Unexceptionable references, certainly!"

"Nonsense! I never believed you could be so stupid. I really think you are doing it on purpose."

"Why, my love?" with an appearance of unaffected bewilderment on the part of the gentleman thus accused.

"Well then—since you won't understand—he must have unexceptionable calves! Mrs. Jatterby says so."

As Mrs. Linklepan pronounced the obnoxious word, she looked prettily confused, and Mr. Linklepan, leaning back in his chair, embarked in a genial ha, ha, ha! which lasted for some time.

The first individual that presented himself in answer to Mr. Linklepan's advertisement, chanced to combine, in perfection, the traditional attributes of a "funkey." He was tall, stout, and possessed a thorough cockney accent. In reply to Mr. Linklepan's interrogations he answered, that "H'ingland" was "h'originally" his "ome," where he had "h'occerpied" the

position of a confidential servant to the "Markis of Devonshire."

"I should also like to have you take charge of my cellar, which I keep stocked with wines of all kinds," remarked Mr. Linklepan, with considerable pride; for to be looked upon as a connoisseur in this part of a gentleman's education (?) was one of his few hobbies.

"Certingly, sir. H'I h'am h'accustomed not h'only to the duties of a footman, but those h'of a butler h'also."

"Very well. But Thomas—you say that's your name—you are perfectly sober, I suppose?"

"Bless your 'eart, sir!" with a laugh of scorn at any other view of the subject; "I never drinks nothin' but beer, sir; and that draw'd very mild."

"What wages have you received?"

"Well, sir; when I was h'at the Markis of Devonshire's I got ten poun' a month, with perksits."

"Ah!" returned Mr. Linklepan, in a dismayed tone; "I should never think of giving over fifteen dollars."

At this, Thomas, with a scornful air, was about to depart, when Mary, the one Mr. Linklepan had selected in behalf of her good looks, entered. She was the very ideal of a housemaid: rosy, neat, plump, and cheerful. Mrs. Linklepan, who, with her own eyes, had watched the above presented applicant enter, had internally remarked, that, as far as she could judge under the circumstances, she was sure his calves would please even the fastidious Jatterby, had sent Mary to impart this information to Mr. Linklepan in a whisper. Now Thomas, albeit he was of a mercenary disposition, and had made up his mind that Mr. Linklepan was a gentleman that might be imposed upon to almost any extent, could appreciate beauty as well as his betters, and, upon Mary's appearance, immediately made up his mind to enter Mr. Linklepan's service.

"Well, sir," said the former, "h'upon reflection h'I've concluded to take h'up your h'offer, though h'I must h'allow h'it's far beneath my h'expectations."

And that very day Thomas entered upon his new duties. For some weeks everything went on smoothly. Mr. Linklepan came home to well-cooked dinners, and Mrs. Linklepan was convinced that their household economy was faultless; her friend, Mrs. Jatterby, having deigned to signify her approbation of Thomas, nothing was wanting to complete her satisfaction. At this stage, Mrs. Linklepan suggested

to her husband that it was but right and hospitable that they should give a family dinner, whereat the relatives on both sides should be present. To this plan Mr. Linklepan heartily agreed, and, upon the day selected for its celebration, remarked,

"I think I'll inquire of Thomas into the state of my cellar. So when I go down town, if there's anything needed, I can order it. For you know, Polly, if there ever was a man that enjoyed a bottle of good wine, it's your father."

At this moment Thomas presenting himself, the speaker inquired, "How many bottles are there left of that old sherry, Thomas?"

"H'I'll go h'and see, sir," answered this valuable domestic.

The latter presently returned with the intelligence that there was just "'alf a dozen, sir."

"Bless me, Thomas, you must be dreaming! I counted two dozen the last time I was down," ejaculated the gentleman, in dismay.

"That may be, sir. But h'if you knows h'enpything of wines, you knows there's nothin' so likely to bust h'as h'old sherry, sir. H'I've knowed a dozen of bottles a day to bust in the Markis of Devonshire's cellars, and nothin' thought about it."

Notwithstanding this illustrious case in point, Mr. Linklepan looked considerably ruffled; but with an attempt at playfulness remarked,

"I believe, Thomas, you mentioned that you were perfectly sober?"

"H'in course, sir," with an offended air. "H'as I told you before, h'I never drinks nothin' but beer, and that draw'd very mild."

"I dare say it's all right, dear," interposed Mrs. Linklepan.

"Very well! But, Thomas, you must be more careful in future."

"Can't promise, sir!" returned the latter, with imperturbable composure; "the natur h'of wine is to bust bottles. H'if they busts they busts, h'and that's the h'end on 'em."

We trust the reader has no dislike to scenes in low life, as we wish him to descend from the parlor to the cellar for a few moments, that he may be an eye witness of the curious circumstances under which wine refuses to remain bottled any longer.

Thomas, who fills the double office of footman and butler, is seen descending the cellar stairs, holding a lighted candle in one hand; while with the other he assists Mary, whom he has induced to keep him company, ever and anon bestowing upon the digits of the latter an affectionate squeeze. Having reached *terra firma*, Thomas

says with a monarch-of-all-I-survey kind of air,

"Now, Mary, you just take this h'ere seat and make yourself comfatable. 'Ere's a bit h'of cracker h'and cheese, vich h'I takes h'it allers grees well with a glass o' wine."

"But la, Tom, where's the wine to come from?" innocently inquires Mary.

"Now don't be a silly," elegantly retorts the latter. "Don't you see h'it h'all h'around h'us?"

"Is it the masher's wine ye'd be taking?" inquires his companion.

Thomas scornfully, "H'in course h'it h'is."

"But he'll find it out, shure."

"Not h'at h'all, my dear," returns Thomas, with a grin, "the bottles bust."

So saying, this last scans the prospect and soliloquizes, "Drank Madeira last week, tired o' that. Sherry's a perticler fave'rit h'of mine, but must leave some o' that for the h'old gent. H'I'll take Port. Say, Mary, do you h'approve my choice?"

But Mary's Irish honesty revolts from "making free," as she calls it, with the masher's wine. Thomas, being troubled with no such scruples, scientifically draws the cork and applies the bottle to his lips. Having disposed of its entire contents, he smacks his lips with infinite relish and remarks,

"Mary, you don't know what you misses."

"It's enjoyin' yesself ye seems to be!" exclaimed Mary, astonished at the cool audacity of her associate.

"There's but one mouth in the world I likes better," returns her bibulous companion, tapping the mouth of the empty bottle; and then gazing expressively at Mary's lips. At which demonstration, Mary disappeared up the stairs with a little shriek of pleased alarm.

Plethoric cook from above, "Timmas, Timmas, it's a faintish feelin' I hev in me stomach. Bring up a bottle of Port, and one of Madeiry, 'till I thry which shuits me the best."

"H'all right, cook! I'll be along in a jiffy," replies the accommodating Thomas.

And this is the way the bottles burst in more cellars than one.

About this time Mrs. Linklepan began to have her troubles. The pluffy coachman, selected by her husband, was subject to fits of abstraction, during which he was apt to confound names, numbers, etc., in a most singular manner; being also impressed with the belief that the object of his life was to drive, he possessed a strong disinclination to stopping upon any account whatever; this, together with a propensity for depositing Mrs. Linklepan at the wrong place,

and in the most out-of-the-way localities, made him an appendage excessively inconvenient; but as the man showed himself honest and sober, these weaknesses were more readily tolerated. This was not the worst, however: for the little lady spent whole mornings in wondering how that fearful stain came upon her new silk dress; also why it was that her best bonnets became soiled in the lining so speedily; and in guessing why the stones of her jewelry were so frequently missing from their settings. Another cause of astonishment to the unsuspecting mind of Mrs. Linklepan, was the rapid disappearance of her pomades.

"One would think I laid upon the article, instead of occasionally using it upon my hair," she said to her husband, in recounting the above grievances; and then the little woman, who was one of the best creatures in the world, concluded with a sigh of resignation, that all these perplexities would be made plain to her "in another state of existence." What a blessing it would be if all the doubtful questions which be-muddle mankind, could be disposed of in as satisfactory a manner!

Presently summer was at hand. "We must leave town, of course," said Mrs. Linklepan, to her husband.

"Yes, my dear," responded the gentleman, dutifully. "But where shall we go?"

"Wherever the *ton* go. Mrs. Jatterby says the White Mountains are the thing, because it's the fashion to study nature this year."

So the *ton*, together with Mr. and Mrs. Linklepan, went to the White Mountains and studied nature! Possibly in the looking-glass. At all events, young New York said it was a great deal "bettah than Sawatogah." Because of the grandeur and beauty on every side! Not at all, only the air was cooler, and they could "daunce" with so much greater comfort. But I am wandering. Let me set you down in Mr. Linklepan's mansion, about six weeks after the master and mistress had left it. The latter had confided their house to the tender mercies of their domestics, who improved the opportunity to their hearts' content. "There were sounds of revelry by night," and all kinds of enjoyments pursued in the day time. The flesh of the fat cook increased to such an extent, that it was with difficulty she waddled through the performance of her ordinary avocations. Thomas' nose, as the result of constant bibulation, assumed an intense rubicund red; the coachman, being left to himself, grew more abstracted than ever, and emerged from his meditations upon those occasions only when he found

it necessary to declare it as his opinion, that "them horses were a-eatin' their head off," which remark must be presumed to contain some truth not appreciable by ordinary intellects. Mary, who still retained some of her native honesty, occasionally expostulated against such a free and easy use of the goods which had been left in their charge, but was speedily hushed by the two ringleaders, viz: the plethoric cook and Thomas the bibulous.

"Timmas," said the cook, one day, "the ould gentleman and his wife will be for comin' back afore long! bad luck to 'em! And we'll ax the ladies and gentlemen from next door, (she meant the domestics,) and hev a grand tay-party for a finishin' up like!"

This proposal was heartily seconded by Thomas, who made arrangements accordingly.

But the day of retribution was at hand. Mr. and Mrs. Linklepan, becoming weary of the study of nature, resolved to return home, for a short time at least: and the very evening that had been selected for the "tay-party" found them in town. Our couple ascending the steps of their home, found the street door ajar, and, as they entered, Mr. Linklepan remarked,

"It appears to me our servants are rather uproarious for a respectable house." So saying, he opened the drawing-room door, from whence the sounds of revelry proceeded. The scene that met the gaze of our worthy gentleman and his wife transfixed them at once. Thomas and the cook, not considering the apartment ordinarily used handsome enough for the occasion, had turned the drawing-room for the nonce into a refectory. And the massive chandelier shed light from its six burners upon a repast that would not have disgraced the most sumptuous occasion. The board was heaped with "delicates," which the redoubtable Thomas had ordered from the dealer from whom Mr. Linklepan was wont to purchase supplies, and which, of course, had been credited to the latter. White grapes, and red, great yellow bergamots, candied fruits, together with viands of more solid nature, were tastefully arranged upon the table; while in Mrs. Linklepan's superb decanters sparkled wine of Mr. Linklepan's best.

Grouped about this display were Mr. Linklepan's servants, together with the "ladies and gentlemen" from next door, and one or two other guests invited to do honor to the occasion. Mrs. Linklepan, as she gazed, gained on the spot the knowledge in reference to her wardrobe, for which she had imagined herself destined to wait until "another state of existence." For, notwithstanding the season of the

year, the cook had ambitiously arrayed herself in this worthy lady's choicest brocade, which, of course, refusing to meet about the capacious person of the borrower, this last had covered the deficiency with the same lady's cashmere shawl; while upon her head, bedaubed with pomade, flourished Mrs. Linklepan's bird-of-paradise head-dress! Mary, after much persuasion, had also suffered herself to be inducted into one of her mistress' dresses, which, to confess the truth, became her exceedingly.

Thomas was in his glory. He had disposed of the contents of one decanter, and was about to replenish it from a row of bottles upon a table near at hand; while the pluffy coachman sat propped up against the wall, holding upon his knees a plate brimming over with edibles, and a goblet of wine in his hand, over which he looked in an abstracted manner, occasionally spilling the same without any perceptible reason, and advancing inaudible opinions, to which no one paid the slightest attention.

Mary, looking up, saw her master and mistress in the door-way, and directed attention to them by a loud scream, when as pretty a tableau ensued as one would wish to see. The guests made their exits as quickly as possible; and Mr. Linklepan, recovering from his amazement, sternly demanded the why and wherefore of the vision that had greeted him. Thomas, nowise disconcerted, waved his hand and bowing profoundly, replied,

"Verry 'appy to see you, sir. We were h'only consolng h'ourselves on your h'absence by a little society."

"Woman!" gasped Mrs. Linklepan, addressing her audacious representative of the *cuisine*, "by what authority do you wear my articles of apparel?"

"You see, mum," replied the one thus addressed, or dressed, whichever you please, turning of an enraged red, and pointing to Mary, "I put them on to plaze her, mum, intirely."

Poor Mary, thus accused, could reply only by sobs. In the meantime Mr. Linklepan was employed in denouncing Thomas, who received his reproaches with the dignified reply,

"Ef h'I don't suit you, sir, you can pay me my wages h'and let me go."

"Pay you your wages, you rascal!" returned his master. "Out of my sight immediately."

"Very well," rejoined Thomas, with composure, "you may h'expect a summings h'on the mornin', sir;" and then, for the first time, becoming facetious, "he laid his finger aside of his nose," *a la* St. Nicholas, and with a diabolical grin remarked,

"You will perceive, sir, h'I never drinks nothin' but beer, h'and that draw'd very mild."

Mary, in her distress, followed her quondam suitor into the hall, and sobbed out,

"Shure your not laving me, Thomas, and I in sich trouble?"

"Can't be 'elped, my dear," returned this worthy, whose admiration, like that of many of his betters, was good-for-nothing in rough weather. "H'accidents will 'appen. H'I can h'only h'advise you to keep cool." And with this piece of consolation he vanished.

Mrs. Linklepan, justly indignant, discharged Mary, who was the most innocent of the party, on the spot; also the cook, in spite of her protestations, that much against her "wushes" she had been "injuiced" to join the others.

The coachman, who from his corner had gazed

upon the scene unmoved, giving vent to one ejaculation only, to wit:

"Oh! my eye! Did inybody iver behold the likes of this?" was retained from a sense that, by no possible contingency, could he have assisted the rest to accomplish their breach of trust.

When Mrs. Linklepan related her misfortunes to the Jatterby, the only sympathy she received was embodied in the ensuing sentence.

"Just what you might have expected, *chere*. The *ton* always employ housekeepers."

So Mrs. Linklepan obtained the appendage in question, and is more cheated than ever, but so dexterously that a lengthy experience only will render her conscious of the fact.

Mr. Linklepan superintends his wines in person, and hurls anathemas at every opportunity upon the race of "funkeys" at large.

THE SUMMERS.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

Oh! the Summers! the golden-gleaming Summers!

The divine, shining Summers of years ago!

How this music brings back the Summers—

The Summers full of sunsets, that faded long ago!

How this music, this rich, impassioned music

Thrills! even the dead dust of years that were—

Bringing up the Summers, the glorious, perished Summers,

Each warm and shining from its silent sepulchre.

Blue, dewy mornings, resonant with robins—

Still, intense glories of burning August noons—

Vast, whispering forests—sunny clover-meadows—

Amber-shining sunsets of long-forgotten Junes—

Harvest-moons looking on lakes full of lilies—

Midnights—with soft sounds of whispering rain—

Oh! the Summers! the golden-gleaming Summers!

Never such Summers will bloom for us again.

Why? Has the sky's blue really faded?

Are the rich forests less green than of old?

Has the sweet bobolink's carol grown plaintive?

Have the years tarnished the sunset's red gold?

No! Nature yearly reneweth her beauty,

Each time resplendent as ever before,

But our own youth, that made all things look glorious,

Sweet youth is gone, and returneth no more!

There seems a want now in the regal Summer—

Some incompleteness that brings a nameless pain;

But on the hills where Summer is eternal,

We shall walk hand in hand with our lost youth again.

ROBE HER FOR THE BRIDAL.

BY HESTER C. LAUREATE.

Twine the orange flowers, and braid

Pearls among her hair!

Twine the flowers ere they fade,

Braid the pearls with care;

For my darling and my pride

Goes from me this day a bride.

Ready are the robes so costly,

Rich are they, and rare,

Let the satin fall softly

Make her seem more fair.

She has won the Lord de Vere—

Hasten! he will soon be here.

Once she said she ne'er would wed

Edward, Lord de Vere.

Oh! but the words were idly said,

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For the bridal day is here;

And her early dream is remembered not;

It is well for me that she forgot.

For in the breast of the Lord de Vere

Dwells a secret of days long past;

He will wed my child, I have nought to fear,

My secret is safe at last!

Hasten to robe her in spotless white,

Then hurry her quickly from my sight.

For did you not see the marble-like hue

Of her face, as she passed us by?

And the pleading look in her eyes of blue;

Did you hear the weary sigh?

Hasten the bridal! I will not fear—

She will sigh no more when Lady de Vere.

GRANDMOTHER LEDYARD.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

"SATAN shall be loosed out of his prison," read old Prudence Ledyard, in the nasal tone she considered best adapted to serious subjects; "loosed out of his prison," she repeated, looking up from the great Bible which was open at a chapter in Revelations, and gazing sternly at her grandson, who vainly tried to smother a yawn. "This is the time, and he's got possession of you, Martin, I know he has!" she continued, in a sharp, irate voice, which formed a ludicrous contrast to the dolorous solemnity of the tone in which she had read the unpleasant information above set down.

"I don't care," said Martin.

"Oh, you bad boy!" exclaimed his grandmother.

Prudence Ledyard had been a stern, hard woman all her life, ruling those about her with a rod of iron; and many times impelled to severity from a mistaken sense of duty. Her husband, a weak, sickly body, who prized quiet more than anything, had been glad to yield his will for the sake of peace; gladder still, probably, to creep into his grave and lie there undisturbed.

She had one son, who, after years of patient endurance, married without her consent a girl whom she saw fit to detest. Of course Prudence never forgave that. The wife died while Martin was very young, and the husband followed soon.

He sent for his mother when he was on his death-bed and besought her to take care of his boy. Even in that moment, Prudence was true to the belief and principle which had regulated her whole life.

"I forgive you," she said; "but I never can forget your disobedience and wrong doing. I will take your child. When he is old enough to judge between duty and disobedience, he must make his choice or leave my house. My property is in my own hands; it is doubtful if I ever give him any. You will leave enough to pay for his support and his education until he is grown up; after that, he must provide for himself."

She took the child home with her, and not many weeks after her son died and was buried; so that, with the exception of the boy, Prudence Ledyard was alone in the world. But that did not seem in the least to soften her heart.

The boy throve and grew apace, learned to laugh when his grandmother flashed her dark glances at him, and in that child Prudence Ledyard had at last found a spirit which she could neither quell nor make afraid.

When he could scarcely lisped, he would dispute her commands; and the first time she attempted to punish him, he went into a spasm of rage, really frightful in one of his years, and so belabored and threatened with his boyish tongue, that she retreated from him with the conviction that he was literally "possessed," according to her interpretation of the quaint Scripture phraseology.

She never gave up the belief. She had not loved the child before, he resembled his mother too much; but after that she put him as far away as possible from the cold winter of her heart. Perhaps it was a harder struggle than any previous one of the sort had been; but Prudence did not relinquish her design.

But Martin was a tough-shelled, obstinate little nut. At the bottom he had feeling enough, but he learned early to hide it; and he met few who called forth the concealed richness of affection and tenderness beneath his cold exterior.

He had always known that his grandmother did not love him, felt it long before he could reason upon the matter, for children can do that.

But in all the gloom of Prudence Ledyard's dwelling the boy grew and flourished; shouted and laughed at his play under the apple trees; while Prudence sat in her room busy with her knitting, and frowned as the bursts of merriment rang through her chamber, which was so little accustomed to such tones, that the echoes repeated them in a sort of cold surprise.

She was well to do in the world, but she kept only one servant, nevertheless, changing frequently because no human hand-maiden could ever have satisfied her ideas—and assisting herself, agreeable to the instincts of her New England blood, in all sorts of household labor. Martin had to take care of the garden and feed the pig; the former was a rather pleasant task than otherwise; but Martin's soul revolted as far as the pig was concerned, although he never refused to obey where work was concerned.

He became a fair student in time, a tall, manly boy, who would have been pleasant to

look upon in the eyes of any relative less grim and obstinate than was Mrs. Ledyard.

Still, for good or for worse, the odd pair clung together until Martin's school days were over, and it became time for him to think what business he should choose. As a matter of course, that discussion excited a war. Prudence inclined to one thing, Martin to another; she pulled him ferociously in one direction, and he struggled as obstinately in an opposite course.

As usual, Prudence Ledyard was discomfited. Martin had his will, and that led him to accept a place in a large mercantile establishment owned by an old friend of his father. Prudence was so deeply incensed, so outraged at the idea of being beaten, that she fully made up her mind to turn the young man out of doors; but still she did not do it, although everybody who knew her expected nothing less than a total rupture between them.

Martin succeeded well in his new position. He was clear-headed, industrious, and faithful, and those qualities gained him the respect and esteem of his employer. At the end of eighteen months, he held a very responsible place, and received a good salary.

If Martin had only cared for her property she would have rejoiced; that weakness would have given her a hold upon him: but he did not; she might have bestowed it all upon the first stranger she met, and he would only have laughed. She had overtaught her lesson, and so thoroughly convinced him that he need expect nothing from her, that he would hardly have accepted money had she offered it.

He came of age at last, no very important event in his life, although he gained possession of the few hundreds left from his inheritance. Prudence hated mightily to give it up; and, worse than all, he never would tell her where he had placed it.

That summer, a school for little mites not far beyond their A, B, C's, was opened near Mrs. Ledyard's dwelling, by one of the prettiest girls the town had ever boasted, the only daughter of a poor widow lady who hoped thus to eke out their slender income.

Prudence Ledyard conceived a mortal detestation and horror of Norah Mason before she had ever exchanged three words with her. In the first place, the widowed mother was an invalid, and Prudence hated people who could not work—she always ascribed it to indolence, and nothing could change her opinion. Besides, worse than all, the girl was a beauty, and, as a crowning sin, she wore her hair in curls.

It fretted Prudence Ledyard's soul to see the young girl go by her house surrounded by her little troop of scholars, looking so gay and happy. Prudence said she always expected to see a thunderbolt strike her in the midst of her vanity and sin.

She railed so much and so loudly against the offender that Martin's interest was aroused. He made it convenient to obtain a sight of Norah, and, as nine young men out of ten would have done, fell desperately in love. He easily obtained an introduction, and, before long, he was quite intimate at the little cottage.

Norah had few friends, and it would not have been in female nature to have been otherwise than pleased with the attentions of a young man as agreeable and kind as he was.

Naturally, not many weeks elapsed before some of Prudence's familiars came to her with the news that her grandson had been fascinated by that bold and designing girl. Mrs. Ledyard was nearer fainting than often happened with her iron frame, so gaunt and lean that there did not seem to be one particle of flesh to spare.

It was almost the hour for Martin's return. She had no time to reflect, or she would certainly have been wise enough to have remembered that opposition only made him more determined, and that any attempt at coercion would be fraught with the most fatal effects.

By way of working off her extra excitement, she busied herself about the tea-table, and, from the terrible clatter among the dishes, she must have relieved her feelings somewhat. Prudence's meals were wont to be plain, but upon that occasion, she appeared especially determined to mortify her grandson's appetite. Then too, he was late; waiting added fuel to the flame, and, by the time he entered the house, Prudence's passion was at white heat.

"I am sorry I am so late," he said, pleasantly; "but I could not get away before."

Prudence sat in her stiff-backed chair.

"I have had my tea," she said; "help yourself to such as you can find."

Martin complied good-naturedly enough, although he was very hungry and tired, and had hoped the old lady would expect that, and provide him with something unusually palatable. He found biscuits like stones, cold tea, and the fire out.

"Really," said Martin, "this is not a very tempting meal, grandmother."

"Go to Norah Mason," ejaculated she; "perhaps she'll give you something better."

Prudence thought to confound him by that

outburst and her knowledge of his actions, but Martin absolutely laughed.

"So I will," said he; "she makes capital muffins. Good-by, grandmother."

"Stop!" shouted Prudence; but he had his hat on his head, and left the house without paying the slightest attention to her imperious command.

Martin did not come until quite late. The first sight that met him was his grandmother, seated by the fire, in a costume more picturesque than common.

She was arrayed for bed; most people undress by way of preparation: Prudence did no such thing. She wore a brown quilt, a red flannel wrapper, and over that a short night-gown with tight sleeves. On her head she sported a cap with a border at least a quarter of a yard in width, lying limp and flat on her forehead, under which her spectacles peeped out, and gave her, as she sat in her great chair, very much the appearance of an enormous white owl ensconced in a hollow tree.

The moment Martin set eyes upon her, he knew that she was in battle array, and prepared himself at once for the encounter.

"A pretty time to come in," said Prudence. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself to keep an old woman up this way?"

"It is only eleven, grandmother, and you have never been in the habit of sitting up for me."

"I don't choose to go to bed and leave my doors open that I may be robbed or murdered!"

"I am sorry," said Martin, mildly.

That irritated her beyond endurance, and she uncorked her wrath and poured it down upon him. Martin stood quite unmoved until she began to denounce Norah in terms more emphatic than lady-like; then he assumed the defensive, although not so far forgetting himself as to employ either unkind or insolent language.

"What do you know about her?" he asked.

"Enough, and too much," said Prudence; "a bold-faced little hussy, and I'll tell her so."

She narrated every scandalous story that had originated from envy of the girl's loveliness—she railed and ranted until Martin grew pale with suppressed anger.

"Have you done?" he demanded.

She was quite out of breath and could not answer; but her night-cap border shook defiance still.

"Let me tell you one thing," he continued; "Norah Mason has promised to marry me, it ill becomes you to be the first to assail your grandson's future wife."

"You shall not!" exclaimed Prudence; "I will not permit it."

"I am not accustomed to being defeated," he replied; "this violence is useless! For shame, grandmother, to accuse a poor girl of whom you know nothing."

"She's an outrageous flirt," said Prudence; "she always has a lot of young men about her—she walks with them at all hours. If you marry her you never touch a penny of mine," she cried, at last.

"I never expected it, and don't wish it," he replied.

"But I did," she said, hoping to influence him in that way; "I meant to give you everything!"

"Thank you, grandmother; keep it for some one who would be more grateful."

"You shall leave my house," she cried, excited to the last degree by her failure.

"As soon as you please; I have only lived with you because it did not seem right to leave you alone."

"If you marry her you shall go——"

"I shall marry her, and I will go," he interrupted, changing the auxiliary to suit his view of the case.

Prudence softened a little. She did not wish him to leave her house; she hoped to change his resolution, and she had a wife already chosen for him.

For that night it ended in a drawn battle. Prudence retired to meditate her plans at leisure, and Martin went up to his room, forgetting all annoyance in the heavenly words Norah had whispered that evening.

Martin remained in the house, and for several weeks there was a suspension of open hostilities, although Prudence was working hard to gain her ends.

She and her tabbies set upon the girl; they watched her, they repeated her words, they magnified her slightest act into an atrocity, they roused a terrible excitement against the poor creature, but still Martin remained constant.

He received anonymous letters which were burned unread. Nothing was of any avail; but Prudence would not be foiled.

At last, a story came to her ears, manufactured by one of her own set, which she readily believed, and, with that for a motive, she determined to break up Norah's school. A thing of that sort is not difficult to do. Just when the girl began to hope for better days the blow came; her scholars deserted her; her friends stood aloof.

Into the bargain, Prudence Ledyard forced herself into the house, and overwhelmed both mother and daughter with an account of their enormities, leaving them horrified and heart-broken.

Home went Prudence, satisfied that she had at last succeeded; Martin was not able to marry then, the girl would be forced to leave the place. But wise as she was, Prudence was out in her reckoning that time!

Martin had told the whole story to his employer. His services had been rewarded by a partial partnership, and he found himself in a position to satisfy the great wish of his heart.

When he went home that night he had heard everything, and Prudence, sitting in state to enjoy her triumph, was amazed to see her conduct put before her in its true light. He told her of his intentions, his new prosperity, and then prepared to depart.

"Good-by, grandmother," he said; "if the time ever comes that you repent this wickedness, we may be friends again; if you ever need help, be sure I shall be first to grant it; but otherwise I will never enter your house. You have driven from you the last member of your family; the rest died while you were at enmity with them! You are alone now, you are growing an old woman; think of these things."

He went away, and Prudence Ledyard was left alone in the dwelling which her hard nature had made so desolate. She did not repent; firmly as ever did she believe herself in the right, and that those who opposed her were sinners beyond the hope of pardon.

Before autumn came, Martin married Norah Mason. The slanders died a natural death and were forgotten. The young couple found themselves established in a pleasant house in the best part of the town, and Martin's new position brought about him a circle of valuable friends. They were very happy; but both of them would gladly have done something that might have brightened the life of the stern, old woman.

Norah would willingly have gone to Prudence, and used her best endeavors to find a place in her favor, but that Martin refused to permit; not that he cherished any animosity against his grandmother, but because he was certain that Norah would be received with insult, and that such a step would only harden Prudence still more against them.

Life went on smiling and bright to the young pair. Mrs. Mason resided with them, and, with a removal from poverty and trouble, her health rapidly improved.

They had been married two years. One little blossom lay in Norah's arms, and the presence of that child filled Martin's measure of bliss! He was successful in his business, happy in his home; truly he could well afford to spend a little pity upon the solitary woman, who, years before, had shut him out of her heart, and refused to admit even the natural ties of affection, which should have made a bond between them.

Once or twice, Prudence Ledyard had met Martin in the street during some of her rare visits into the town, but each time she turned stubbornly away, refusing to notice the greeting in his eyes, and in imagination firmly shaking the dust from her feet, lest it should be that in which he had trodden.

She heard, in spite of herself, of his prosperity and happiness; but the bitterest drop was to find that Norah had taken an enviable position in the pleasant society of the town, was courted and made much of, had Sunday schools under her charge, and was considered altogether perfection by everybody who knew her.

"Pride goeth before a fall," quoted Prudence, and not content with such denunciatory passages as she could remember, hunted the Bible over to find others, and hurled them all at Norah. Indeed she read those verses so constantly that the volume opened naturally to them.

The blow fell at last, and a terrible one it was. Prudence had a horror of beggars. She was charitable enough in her own way, gave liberally to the heathen; but any luckless vagrant that stopped at her door in search of food or clothing, was certain to be driven away with contumely and threats.

One day, an old man stopped and begged for a crust of bread and something to wear. He was sick, he said, had fever and terrible chills. Would she help him?

"Go work," said Prudence, and ordered him away. He pleaded for some time, assured her that he was in want; but she insisted upon believing that he would pawn anything she might give him for liquor, and, at last, exasperated beyond measure by his persistence, she put up her two strong hands and fairly pushed him out of the door, and heard him pass moaning into the street.

She was not well that night, her head ached, a most unusual malady with her, and somehow the pleadings of that poor wretch sounded in her ears in spite of all her efforts to forget them. She could neither read nor sleep, and it was almost dawn before she forgot her discomfort in restless dreams.

The next morning she was well again, and

went about her daily duties, satisfied with herself, and totally forgetful of the poor beggar who had been driven from her door.

For nine days more did Prudence Ledyard go on in her old, hard fashion; then she fell ill. No light malady, but a sickness which brought her to her bed, and which, when the physician gave it a name, frightened all her neighbors and friends from her house.

She had been seized with small-pox, and, at her age, there seemed little hope of recovery.

But Prudence did not die. The sickness was long and terrible, though, in her wild delirium, she could not tell who cared for and tended her.

The crisis passed. She began to mend; but there she lay, a miserable wreck, a poor, decrepid old woman—Prudence Ledyard was blind!

When Prudence cried out in her despair, a sweet voice answered her with consolation, and quieted her at last.

"Who are you?" Prudence asked.

"Your nurse; the doctor sent me."

"And haven't you been afraid?"

"There was no danger for me; I had the disease when a little child."

Days passed; but that gentle attendant did not quit her bedside, and, in her sweet teachings, Prudence Ledyard learned to view life differently. At last the old pride grew so subdued, that she asked for her grandson; and very soon he came.

Then Prudence wept; and when he had comforted her, she told him how kind that stranger had been, when old friends and neighbors stood aloof.

"That nurse is Norah, my wife," he whispered; and when Prudence's reeling senses recovered from the shock, she heard their voices in forgiveness, and felt the cool touch of Norah's tears.

When Prudence Ledyard was able to leave her sick-room, she went away to her grandson's house, and there, in her blind helplessness, she found affection and care.

Old as she was, Prudence learned many new lessons, and the hardness of her nature was so far softened that she proved a patient scholar.

THE POET

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

EARTH was fading from his vision,
Death had clasped his willing hand,
As he passed the haunted portals
Of the unknown, silent land.

White-winged peace, within his chamber,
Waved her pinions o'er the gloom,
And the angels softly whispered
In the dimly-lighted room.

Then the poor who truly loved him
Laid him to his long, long rest,
With his pale hands meekly folded
O'er the lyre upon his breast.

Not alone he passed Death's River,
Lowly ones, long gone before,
All the children, too, who loved him,
Wait his coming on the shore.

'Twas for them he lived and labored,
Not the world his praise confessed;
But the poor and suffering blest him,
And he loved their praises best.

So the angels came to crown him,
While their blessings fell like rain;
And at last the poet-pilgrim
Knew he had not lived in vain.

DREAMING AND DOING.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

'Tis well, perhaps, in childhood's days
To dream o'er life, and idly plan
The noble acts and deeds to be
Accomplished by the future man:
But as years pass, a doer be
Within this "wide, wide world" of strife;
Aye, mortal, make activity
The crowning Ajax of your life.

Work for the right, where'er you be,
And not for Mammon's gilded pelf;
Work in the ranks of faith and hope,
For God, your neighbors, and yourself!

Bury your dreams in Lethe's stream,
And act in mercy, truth, and love;
This will secure Elysium's crown,
Victorious, in Heaven above!

Then up! shake off all wakeful dreams!
Join in the good work always near;
Dwell not upon Herculean tasks,
But every humble act reverse:
The brooks and rivers form the sea;
And oaks were acorns once, we know—
The sands of life, with master skill,
To an eternal mount may grow!

WHO CAUGHT THE PARSON?

BY MRS. S. D. WYMAN.

"How long has the Parson's wife been dead?" said my aunt Elsie.

Why did the red blood flash so quickly into my face? Because the question was one which I was solving that instant in my own mind!

"Three years this spring," I replied, and then followed a most annoying silence, broken only by a very emphatic "Hem," from aunt Elsie.

A singular personage was this maiden aunt of mine, a woman of many ideas, but few words; we were accustomed to say that she could express more by a gesture, a look, or a single syllable, than any ordinary mortal in a dozen sentences. Her silence now was very aggravating indeed.

I re-read my letter. It was from a former school-mate and dearly loved friend, who was then residing with her brother, about fifty miles distant, and contained an invitation to visit her; thus it ran:

"I am very lonely. The house has never been more gloomy since brother's wife died. My health is poor this spring, and our dear little Willie is pallid and thin: his moaning breaks our hearts. Innocence and suffering!—why must it be? And my brother resembles his former self little more than ghosts are said to do. We need lively society exceedingly, to 'chirk us up,' as aunt Elsie would say. Do come and make us a long visit. Next week, brother goes to the 'Association,' and you must be here during his absence. We have a fine horse and carriage, a saddle too: so bring your 'habit,' and we will have some gay doings at this grim and glum old parsonage yet.

"Saving my dolorous presence and the total want of 'beaux,' I think I may promise all the accessories of a pleasant visit. But I forewarn you, don't indulge in the faintest anticipation of finding even a transient admirer here; the race is extinct in these parts, the last forlorn specimen died a year ago, a bachelor of seventy. Come as soon as you can, and without fail: the mere anticipation is reviving. And bring your cousin Kate with you.

"People begin to think," she continued, "that it is quite time their 'Parson' took to himself another spouse. Thirty females, en-

joying 'single celibacy,' (aunt Elsie again,) have joined the church during the past year. The sewing society flourishes like a 'green bay tree,' and the female prayer-meeting was never so well attended. A great many hints have been thrown out, by certain 'mothers in our Israel,' to the effect that the influence of a pastor's wife is much needed in the church to 'take the lead,' as they say. Brother receives so many 'tokens of affection' in the shape of books, slippers, bouquets, and such trifles, that I fairly shake in my shoes at the sight of a female visage near the premises. My future sister-in-law is a great terror to me. There is a certain 'insinivative vidder' in the church whose 'eternal interests' and temporal too, perhaps, render frequent private interviews desirable with the shepherd of her soul, as she calls brother. She gives me the horrors every time she comes. Yesterday brother gave me a private sermon, greatly to my edification and comfort, on the text, 'Fret not thyself, etc.,' assuring me that he had no thoughts of marrying again: it was a great relief to me."

And with a renewed invitation to visit her the letter closed.

I replaced it in its envelope and took up my sewing, but still aunt Elsie preserved her silence and continued her knitting; but the spiteful snapping of her rapid needles seemed to say what I knew was in her mind, "Who will catch the Parson?—catch, catch, catch the Parson?"

I knew, from previous experience, that when her thin lips did open, after so ominous a silence, it would be to emit some exceedingly unsavory remark; and thinking that the better part of valor would justify a retreat, I threw down my work, saying that I would go over and deliver the invitation to cousin Kate.

I saw Kate on the piazza, when I entered the gate. As she ran down the garden walk, between the rows of fragrant shrubbery, to meet me, in her snowy morning dress, with its crimson girdle, and her brown floating curls, which were never disarranged or quite in order either, I thought, as I had done many times before, how exquisitely sweet and graceful she was! Her figure was airy and symmetrical, and when you looked in her face you thought of all sweet,

pure things, of the lily among flowers, and the "rose in snow." And there was an exhilarating atmosphere of healthful vitality about her: her very presence was like a keen, fresh breeze, as it comes through the pines down the mountain sides, and tosses the long branches of the old maple trees, and bends the tall poplars that skirt the roadside by our grandfather's door in the old Green Mountain State.

Very lovely indeed was cousin Kate, but neither highly intellectual, nor educated. It was much to be regretted, I thought, that she had no taste for literary or scientific pursuits. She would never make a congenial companion for a man of intellect and education; she could never appreciate or sympathize with exalted aims and noble efforts. I had taken some pains to elevate her tastes, but at last relinquished my object, concluding to let her womanhood ripen after its own sweet will, and a very sweet ripening it promised to be indeed.

I read her that portion of my letter which contained the invitation from our mutual friend; but for some motive, not quite clear to my mind even now, I withheld what she said of the future "Parsoness."

Kate hesitated a little. "I should dearly love to visit Helen," she said, "if it was not for that awful Parson: he frightens away my breath with his doleful visage. But I can play with the baby while you discuss theology with him; and besides, we needn't stay after his return from the Association. Yes, I will go." So the matter was arranged, and the day after the Parson left home, we arrived at his house.

Our warm-hearted friend gave us a cordial welcome, but the hand we clasped, and the cheek we kissed, were thin and wan, and there were deep lines of care and pain where the brow should have been smooth. And the baby, as every one called him, although he was three years old, was a puny, weak child, a victim, as I at once surmised, to overanxiety and nursing.

The first week of our visit we spent very agreeably. Kate took immediate possession of Willie; and the poor little boy, who was shy of all other strangers, "gathered up" to her, as his old nurse said, in a surprising manner.

Helen and I spent the time in delightful rides and rambles, or in reading and literary pursuits generally. We read German. We botanized. We geologized. In short, we pursued each of the sciences, for an exceedingly short distance, of course; although a scrupulous regard for the truth in the matter prevents my recording the capture of any. It was all agreeable, very—but still I was secretly glad when the week was

ended—and the time for the Parson's return had arrived. I had not seen him for five years, and remembered him as an embodiment of intellectual and manly vigor. I had listened, spell-bound and awed, to the brilliancy of his conversational powers, when youth and diffidence made me only a listener. I could not conceal from myself the fact that his was the voice which first awakened tastes and aspirations, which had opened to me a life of intellectual enjoyment undreamed of before. I longed, therefore, to acknowledge the great obligation; to listen once again to the noble sentiments which fell from his lips; and to receive from him solutions to the bewildering problems of life, which, as yet, wore the stare of the sphinx for me.

On the appointed day the pastor returned. His reception of us was grave and chilling—to say the least—"As though we had come to his wake prematurely," Kate said. He seemed utterly prostrated, both in body and mind, and for several days we saw him only at table. I could not understand it. This was not his natural temperament I knew. Formerly he was agreeable, even facetious. I could not believe him thus grave-visaged and mannered from principle or hypocrisy. It must be the result solely of depressing circumstances.

The weekly lecture I attended with pleasure, hoping to find something of the former charm of his eloquence. But the sermon was cold and dry. I was disappointed and saddened, far less by any want of cordial attention to ourselves, than by a great change which I perceived in my friend.

The next Saturday afternoon, the Parson entered our cheerful sitting-room, some time before tea was announced, seeming unusually depressed. He complained of a distressing pain in his head. I think his misery had at last made him gregarious, and glad even of our poor society. Little was said by any of us, however; there seemed to be a "hush" upon us, to borrow Helen's ingenious excuse for unsociability: it was quite a relief when tea time came. At table, the Parson exclaimed, "Oh, my sermon! Saturday night and not one word written: not even a text chosen as yet! What shall I do?"

As he left the table, he said, "I think I will take a short ride, and if either of you ladies can endure my dismal presence, I should be glad of your society: I shall be at the door in ten minutes, and shall probably be too ill-natured to wait an instant."

"You must go, Kate," I said, after he left.

"No, indeed!" she answered quickly, and

then checking herself, added, "Willie couldn't spare auntie at bed time, could he? She must sing him to sleep." The little boy answered by a pouting lip and a sweet caress, and both Kate and Helen insisted that I should accompany the Parson.

I was secretly pleased to do so: it was the golden hour that I had wished for. I had so much of my own experience to tell him, so many questions to ask, there could be no better opportunity.

But every effort that I made to introduce any subject of conversation failed, or if he seemed to be interested for a moment, his mind soon relapsed into its old apathy.

After repeated efforts, which became exquisitely painful and mortifying to me, the idea slowly dawned upon my mind, that it was not intellectual entertainment that the Parson needed. This had become a weariness and satiety to him. He needed to be amused. Anything which changed the habitual current of his thoughts, and by soothing his over excited nerves, aroused a healthy flow of animal spirits, was what was required to renew the vigor of both mind and body.

Thus I reasoned. But what could I do to amuse the Parson?

I felt fully able to discuss with him the doctrines of "Predestination" and "Election," or the "Foundation of Moral Obligation," or even "Infant Baptism." I had my own views on the subjects of "Human Depravity" and the "Future State," which I should have been delighted to have presented to him. I was somewhat familiar with the ancient schools of philosophy, and the fundamental principles of the Chinese, and could repeat Emerson's "Brama," if not understand it. In history, both Sacred and Profane, I was passably well read, and there were none of the "Ologies" which I could not at least talk about. I could quote poetry also, if necessary; and of all schools, from Milton down. But of what avail was all this? Where-withal, could I amuse the Parson? For the first time in my life, I was obliged to admit to myself the unflattering truth, that a woman, whose mind was stuffed with poetry and inflated with philosophy, might not be able to afford all the companionship that an intellectual man might need; that there were mental conditions into which the highest and strongest might fall, when a warm flow of simple human affection, or a contagious vivacity of spirits, would be worth all attainable lore.

"Let us visit her grave," he said at last: and at the gate of the cemetery we met Helen and Kate.

Not one word was spoken by any of us, as we stood by the tomb. It was a high, smooth mound on which grew many white-blossomed plants, and, at its head, a simple, white slab bore the words: "OUR PASTOR'S WIFE."

The Parson leaned upon the railing, quite overcome with emotion, until we turned to go: then he laid his hand upon the turf above her head, with a movement of affection as though he were caressing her hair, and wept audibly.

After our return, Helen was attacked with a paroxysm of distressing pain, such as she was subject to, and, for an hour, Kate and I were at her bedside. When, at last, she slept, we returned to the parlor, and there sat the Parson, leaning his head upon a stand, a lamentable picture of suffering and dejection. He raised his head, saying, "You have come to a gloomy house, ladies; I regret that it is not in my power to make your visit a more agreeable one." Then he spoke of his dead wife, and of his grief for her loss. "There was a mingling of self-reproach in it," he said; "the welfare of his people lay ever nearer her heart than his own. She had sacrificed herself—he had sacrificed her to his church; and he felt that, but for this, she would have been spared years longer to him." And again he wept.

I must own that the Parson's grief did not touch my sympathies very deeply. I wished rather to reason with him: to tell him that the departed one would not wish his manhood to be destroyed in unavailing sorrow: that she would bid him emulate her own noble endeavors. I shrewdly suspected that his digestive apparatus was out of order, and desired also to recommend an alkali.

The Parson was no longer my ideal as formerly. He had violated one of my "Fundamental Principles," which is, that no human soul is worthy the sacrifice of the happiness and well-being of another. But I had somewhat less confidence in my philosophy than formerly. Having nothing else to offer, I was silent. But I looked up at Kate. She was weeping!

I could generally read Kate in her face. But I could not do it now. There was a strife in her heart, I thought, between inclination and some strong sense of duty. What could it be?

At last inclination yielded, and her sense of duty triumphed. Kate left her seat and went directly to the Parson. Without hesitation or timidity, she laid her soft, cool hand on his forehead, and said, quietly,

"You need care. Helen is sick, and I will take her place to-night."

Without waiting for a reply she brought his dressing-gown and slippers, and bade him put them on; then she found pillows for the lounge, and made him lie down upon them; and then she gave him some simple medicine, and bathed his head, mesmerizing it in the most soothing manner possible. When she spoke to him, it was in a dignified style, quite unlike herself; and he obeyed in a dazed, unresisting way, as though he had no power to do otherwise. Kate had never voluntarily spoken with the Parson during our visit: the awe in which she held him amounted almost to dislike. Hence the feelings which could have induced this change must have been exceedingly powerful.

There was no mistaking their character, however; for although every word and movement was gentle and solicitous, still it was plainly mercy and compassion for a suffering fellow-mortal, and not personal interest, that prompted them. I thought, as I watched her, of the "cup of cold water," of the "oil and wine," of the angel-troubled waters and the healed bathers; and I knew that she was one of those for whom the beatitudes were in reserve.

It may seem a small thing to some; but I believe that strong souls, inspired by the true martyr spirit, have gone shouting to the stake, with less reluctance and self-renunciation, than this timid girl went to her duty at the Parson's side.

After a little time the Parson seemed somewhat relieved, and then Kate left the room, returning soon with a dish of hot tea and a few tempting dainties, saying to her patient, "You took no supper to-night; now you must eat." He hesitated a moment. "You will feel better for it," she said. At this he resigned himself, and made a heartier meal than I had ever seen him take; after which he was permitted to return to the lounge, and Kate resumed her soothing attentions.

"Sing to me," he said, "and, perhaps, I can sleep."

"What shall I sing?"

"I would not live away."

Kate's voice was sweet and low, and when she had finished the hymn, the Parson was sleeping. He lay very still for a few moments, and then suddenly clasped one of her hands in both his own, exclaiming, "Oh! my wife! God bless you!"

A crimson cloud swept over Kate's face, and she disengaged her hand, saying, "You have been dreaming; it is only little Kate Berry."

The Parson was very much agitated, and Kate also; but she quickly composed herself,

and began singing that sweetest of all modern hymns:

"Shall Jesus bear the cross alone
And all the world go free?"

The Parson did not dream again. After some moments of silence he said, "Now read to me a chapter from the Bible; any one—no matter which."

Kate did not leave her seat, but repeated from memory that beautiful and appropriate chapter, beginning, "Let not your heart be troubled," etc. Truly, thought I, my simple-hearted cousin possesses the inestimable lore.

When Kate had finished, the Parson arose, saying, "I am quite relieved. My head is free from pain, and I am furnished with a text and a whole sermon also. My gratitude to the kind heart, which prompted these attentions, is greater than words can express. I shall never forget them. Good-night."

When we were left alone, Kate's self-control left her, and she wept like a child. I drew her head to my shoulder, and tried to soothe her, but it was with a painful sense of unworthiness, as though she were one "whose shoe's latchet I was not worthy to unloose." For I had caught a faint glimpse of that higher sphere of moral purity and excellence, to which no cultivation of the intellect alone can raise us.

Cousin Kate and I remained at the parsonage many weeks. Meanwhile, the acquaintance, so favorably commenced, progressed in sweet idyllic measure. By simple, unconscious wiles, Kate won him back to sweet attunement with all harmonies: to peace and health and manly aspirations.

A medical professor of my acquaintance frequently begins the first lecture of his annual course with this curt aphorism, "You will find, gentlemen, as you go through the world, that human nature prevails pretty generally!" To many weaknesses of this universal inheritance I am an heir, and I think I am relating no exceptional experience, when I say that the sight of the daily increasing love of the Parson and Kate awakened feelings, not wholly unmingled with pain and mortification. No person of either sex, conscious of attractions, sees them entirely ignored without similar emotions. But the Parson was not as formerly my ideal: so I said to myself calmly, "This ends my dream!"

One evening, as Helen and I entered the parlor, after our return from a short ramble, we found Kate and the Parson seated upon the sofa together. The latter rose, saying, "Come in, both of you, I have something to tell you."

When we were seated, he said very quietly,

"Helen, Kate has promised to be my wife. How will you receive her?"

"As a dear, welcome sister," was the reply, and Helen kissed the sweet, blushing girl.

Little more was said. As we sat in the gathering shadows, I doubt whether four hearts often beat together in silence, filled with more conflicting emotions.

The Parson's plans were very simple, and they were plainly told.

"You know, Kate," he said, "that in consenting to be a Parson's wife, you accept apostolic poverty and humble ways of life. We can spend one month at the sea-side, and then we must return to our duties here."

"But perhaps you do not know," said Kate, "that I have a small fortune of my own; I believe it is fifty thousand dollars; and you must leave your studies, for six months at least, while we travel all over Europe together, and then we will return here, if you wish."

A strange look broke over the Parson's face, one of surprise, regret, and self-depreciation, struggling together. He dropped the hand he had been holding, and said, "You are very rich, Kate. I never thought of that. It is too great a sacrifice, and you must take back your pledge to be a humble Parson's wife."

Kate put her hand to his, and said, "Whither thou goest, I will go; thy people are my people, and thy God mine!" And so it was arranged.

After we had left the parlor, Helen was as full of exclamation points as a brier-bush of thorns. "Who would have believed it four months ago! Kate Berry wed my brother! And in his own house too! Well, well, you or I may marry the King of the Cannibal Islands yet, for all anybody knows. What a funny little Parsoness she will make!"

When Kate and I returned, after our visit, aunt Elsie met me with her unfailing cordiality.

"Who caught the Parson?" she asked, with characteristic abruptness. "Kate," I answered, and nothing more was said about the matter.

I never make what might be called "heart disclosures," and had I wished a confidant, aunt Elsie would not have been chosen.

The following October Kate was married. Her preparations were so simple that no one

suspected their object. A few weeks previous, the Parson had announced his proposed trip through Europe and tendered his resignation, which the church refused to accept, no one, however, supposing that a wife was to accompany him. His parting with his people was very tender and affecting, particularly to the female portion of the church.

It is more than three years since my cousin's bridal. The married pair returned from Europe in due season, the Parson bringing back with him renewed health and vigor, both of body and mind; and I listen to his preaching and conversation with more than the old enthusiasm.

Kate also was changed upon her return. Perhaps not changed, only developed: the sweet bud had bloomed into a flower of even rarer beauty and fragrance than it had promised. I can but faintly express the change when I say that she seemed to have brought away from the solemn shrines and temples of olden art and religion which she had visited, the halo of the Madonna in her soul.

The Parson's second wife neither presides at sewing societies, nor at maternal meetings; nor leads in the prayer circles. But in spite of many prejudices against her, she has won to herself, by her sweet charities and consistent life, the hearts of all her husband's parishioners, and is, in the fullest sense, "Theodora," "a bearer of precious gifts to her fellows."

Even the old Parsonage has met with something like a rejuvenation. On the late cheerless walls the sunlight finds rare pictures, and about the room are vases of exquisite sculpturing. Where weeds once rankled, sweet flowers bloom. There is sunshine and fragrance for gloom; and for silence music and soft laughter. I see and feel a strange, weird charm and change in all.

And now I hear Kate's singing, as by Willie's little bed she rocks his baby sister. Hark! It is the same perfect hymn she sang on that evening when the Parson called her his wife in a prophetic dream. Is she thinking at this moment of that time?

Down in the cemetery the "Hunter's moon" lays broad, bright beams upon two graves; for by the first wife the sister sleeps. Oh! my best friend, my heart is lone and sore without you!

TO A FRIEND AFAR.

LULIE, where art thou now? where, dearest, where?
Art thou at home, amid thy garden fair?
Or art thou roving from the loved ones there?

Thine absence is to them like gloomy night,
When not a star sheds forth its cheering light,
And when the moon is clouded from our sight.

Like this thine absence—but, when thou art near,
Thy silent joy is sleeping in a tear—
Thy presence, love, to them is ever dear.

Lulie, I see thee not; thy placid brow—
Those soft, sweet eyes—that smile I see not now;
Lulie, I sigh for thee; where, where art thou? c. n. c.

BOUGHT.

BY CAROLINE S. WHITMARSH.

It was a day of shade and shine in early June. A dozen times had the clover blossoms in my neighbor Hyslip's pasture winked the rain-drops out of their eyes; and here was another quick, sudden shower, to bow the patient things again with its weight.

The hearse drove up to my door—that equipage which, sooner or later, stops at all our doors; but hardly on such an errand as brought it now to mine. It was the new hearse, the best one; there are twain in our town of Plymouth. The old was owned by the Episcopal church, high-church, and there were crosses carved on it—we had to obtain permits from wardens, vestrymen, and all that; we are plain Congregationalists, and wanted a plain hearse, free as air. So we bought one by subscription, with glass sides instead of the carving: more modern-looking, and some of the low-church people borrowed it. High-church remonstrated. They got up a famous quarrel: and ever since the town has been divided into two parties, new hearse and old.

You need not smile, nor shudder. What is a country town or a country church without its quarrels, little pleasant breezes that bring to the surface and blow away ill-feeling? Don't country people love each other better than city? Are they not kinder in sickness, more cordial in health, and yet are they not always fighting?

Queer human nature! I have seen wet eyes at funerals glance toward the door to learn which hearse it was, new or old. Queer hearts of ours that can turn, all at once, from great, deep thoughts of human tenderness and heavenly joy, to thoughts of some petty pique below here among the shadows! When our bodies shall be refined, "caught up" into heavenly glory, may they not have just such power of quick motion as the mind has now, and dart from here to Sirius, and down the unmeasured depths of the milky-way, in shorter time than we can dream, so tethered as we are at present by our clay!

The hearse opened—it opens behind, you know—and my cousin Matilda emerged. I thought she had gone to New York the day before yesterday. She entered the room blushing, laughing, and looking vexed. "I do believe," she said, "I've reached the worst now!

Don't ever tell any one, cousin, that I came to your door in a hearse. I was caught in the shower—was in dismay about my new bonnet and dress, gloves—everything new, you see! Mr. Wilkins offered me the ride, and with the big drops coming down on my ribbons I could not wait to deliberate; so in I crept, and entertained myself with crying to think I was driven to the alternative."

But we both laughed, as I brushed the hearse-dust from her new barege. "Never mind, Matie, some people only write down incongruities and absurdities; you were born to live them, I believe. Fate knows how sweet-tempered you are, or she would not tease you so. How happen you to be here still?"

"My usual luck. The letter I expected from my employer did not come."

"You don't seem much troubled."

"Troubled! Haven't I been disappointed in everything ever since I was born?—and haven't I borne all, and laughed at all, till my heart is cased in armor as hard as a crocodile's scale? I should like to see myself troubled about the losing an appointment as governess."

A knock at the parlor door, and my neighbor Hyslip, he of the clover-field, appeared, interrupting our conversation. The hearse had driven from my gate just as he approached it with his team; he had stopped to ask wherefore.

I evaded the subject with certain allusions to the village quarrel, and then evaded that; for talk of the paraphernalia of burial could not be pleasant to a man of Hosea Hyslip's age. But ah, when is a man old? Hosea should have been, yet he eyed Matilda's boot which she was drying at the wood fire; perhaps with wisdom of old he was mentally commenting on the folly of modern shoes! He measured her height, and looked in her frank, blue eyes—perhaps he was thinking of a fancy he had for her mother once. Matilda's mother had refused him as being too old by eight years. She had better not: she married a worse man, though younger.

I always liked Hosea as a neighbor. He was so hopelessly homely to look upon, you could not help regarding him with a feeling of sympathy. There is a point of ugliness beyond which disgust turns to pity, and Hosea was

more than one remove past that point. Then he had lost his wife: that added to my tenderness. And he was strong, practical, honest: a rich man, who never took more than six per cent; a prosperous man, who would go out in a cold night to leave wood at some widow's door; though in sooth it was part to save the expense of teaming, and part a sort of "t'other worldliness"—we must lay up some treasure in heaven.

"Mattie," said I, as Hosea left the room, "there is an honest widower, who has asked me twenty times to select him a wife. Suppose you take him, and become my neighbor—I'll teach you all about butter and cheese; and," drawing her toward the window, "look what a grand old pine that is in front of his house—a very harp of Æolus! and look at his clover meadow, the daily delight of my eyes"—the late afternoon light was streaming across it now—"an Aladdin's garden of emerald, diamond, and pearl—and then he has a tree of the best summer apples I ever tasted." What nonsense we utter sometimes just to hear ourselves talk!

"What a hand he has!" said Matilda, thinking aloud. "Is his character as gnarled and stubborn as his flesh? And I wonder why they left off the forehead and chin in making his face. Don't he remind you of the pictures of Gen. Jackson, with that bristling gray hair? Is one man so much worse than another?"

"There is a choice in the matter of personal charms," I said, smiling at the incongruity of the fancy she suggested—she, past thirty, to be sure, but with the beauty that time ripens—with spirit and sense, a color of health in her cheek, a lady-like delicacy and completeness in the proportions of her face.

"Not every one," she said, "can find a husband like yours, handsome as Antinous; and I tell you, cousin, I am nearly tired of being tossed about and thwarted by fate."

"Nonsense, Mattie. Come out to supper, and do not harbor such fancies. I'd as soon see Psyche married to Caliban."

We sent her afterward to the railway station; and heard no more of cousin Matilda for a week.

Meantime Hosea came again. His boots, being big enough for the giant-killer, were redolent of the barn-yard; and he shifted one over the other with an awkward restlessness.

"Who was that young woman stopping with you yesterday?" outspoke Hosea. "Wan't it one of Matty Holder's girls? I used to like Matty in old times."

"The very same."

"What a foot she has—smaller than her mother's; and what a good carriage! A healthy

girl, no doubt," as if he had been selecting a cow! "How would she suit me for a wife?"

"You had better ask her."

"That's a fact." My indignant irony was lost. "Just let me know when she comes agin. But I must go; it's milking time."

"Better stop and take tea with us," said my husband, entering.

"No, thankee; can't stop; and then I've got a piece of 'bacca in my mouth;" besides, significantly glancing at me with one eye, "I may as well wait till some subserkent opportunity, he, he, he!" And Hosea disappeared.

Cousin Mat came again in due time. Always welcome, but always unlucky. Her anticipated employer had failed in business, must dispense with the luxury of a governess for his children.

"I wish you could spend the summer with us, and teach Nellie music and drawing."

"Oh! I will, gladly—only for my board; and help you sew beside."

"But, dear girl, it is too late. My mother is coming to live with us, you know; and then we have more than company enough engaged to fill every corner. If we only had room for you!"

"Just my luck—no one has room for me! I mean to buy a traveling house of my own, like the daguerreotype men's. How unwise I was to be fastidious in my youth! I might have married a house and a man, as you did:—no, as you didn't; but a man who could earn a house in due time. Here am I, trudging about with my own carpet-bag, living in others' houses, taking whatever I can get."

"And receiving plenty of love and welcome, and escaping a hundred cares. Believe me, Mat, as many wives as spinsters carry carpet-bags. But suppose some prosperous old widower, with a house, were pleased with you?"

"Then I would marry him."

"Hosea Hyslip, for instance."

"Oh! cousin!" She clasped her hands till they were white where they met, and the color settled in deep spots over her face. "That scare-crow! Why, he is seventy! But I don't care, I would marry him."

I knew how to change that decision; at least so it appeared to me. I would send for Hosea about milking time, when he was most himself.

He came. He spoke tenderly to her as her mother's child:—there is something attractive in that old man, say what you will! Her hand touched his as a sparrow alights on a gnarled apple-bough. He ogled her. Oh! Hosea.

I would not leave them alone. He should not insult her with his offers beneath my roof. But Hosea was not to be thus baffled.

"Well, Miss Matildy," he said, after having rubbed his feet together and his hands, as though he expected to condense courage like electricity; "you see—eh—I knew your mother very well."

"In your youth and hers," said Matilda.

"Well, I suppose so—and—ah—I like you. How should you like now to come over to my house and live? I have got more money than I can use. Come, help me spend it. I've got first-rate neighbors, as you see; and yet I'm lonesome: there's no one at home to sympathize and be kind to me."

"You have not many more years to live," I interpolated.

"No; and then there'll be the widder's thirds, and, maybe, more—that'll depend on the futur. Say, Matildy, is it a bargain?"

"Thank you, sir."

"What? yes, and thank you too! Now I'm made! I'll have the fences white-washed to-morrow, and the wing finished—and—you couldn't be ready pretty soon, could you? I've put off the spring cleaning, hoping I should find some one to—to—well, no matter about that: there will be new carpets to pick out, and curtains, and setch—"

"And am I to clean house?" asked Matilda.

"Bless you! no, child! Not to lift your hand! I keep help, now, and a housekeeper beside. You may have as many more as you like. All I ask is your taste about the carpets, and wall-papers, and the garden. When did you think you could be ready—"

"Oh! don't finish!" said Mattie, with a sudden spasm of right feeling. "Any time."

"Not this week?"

"The sooner the better!" setting her teeth together as she spoke, as if she had resolved, by the sadness of her sin and sacrifice, to punish fate. "But we will wait a month."

"That is not unreasonable. Got all the money you want for your own fixing-up? Here is a purse my wife kept by her a life-time 'most: eighty dollars in gold in it. How she liked to save the bright pieces when I gave them to her!"

"I'd rather have bills—I hate gold! Indeed I don't want anything!"

"Oh! yes, yes! I'll give you bills enough, and you shall keep the gold to look at."

Matilda, with the ends of her white fingers, took the bank-notes which Hosea offered her.

He left us alone; and I, as an experienced elder relative, began to lecture.

"It is all useless to remonstrate," she said, laughing and crying. "Had you led my life you would do the same. It is respectable sin. People will call upon me just as readily. And I can buy books, pictures, a piano—and one day shan't I triumph on the 'widder's thirds! Ah! see that bill burning!"—she had carelessly let one fall in laying them on the mantle—"I wish it were all of them—wish I had courage to burn myself up, rather than do this; but I haven't!"

So I helped select her wedding garments, and helped her sew them. Queer human nature! had I sewed white garments for her coffin, I should have wet them with tears; this was only the death of her better life, and all her faith in God. I thought of the earthly rest and returning—of the blessed name of home—of the great old farm-house, aired and warmed with cheerful fires; and Hosea consoled—maybe, at last, tolerated—maybe buried. Why should I shed tears now?

It is three years since. And many of my dreams and hers have come to pass. I think Matilda is so dutiful, or so depraved, as to like her husband a little. She has coaxed him to leave off chewing tobacco, and to build her a green-house, and enlarge the mansion so as to have "chambers in the wall," she says, for all the wandering spinsters she may wish to entertain. Her "team and kerridge," as Hosea calls them, are at every one's service; but on pleasant days, a little Hosea with stiff hair claims room on the front seat. She excels in sweetmeats and delicate cookery—I am proud of my pupil thus far. There is no more popular house in Plymouth, for spending an afternoon, than cousin Mat's.

But—

AN ANTIQUE MADRIGAL.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

I LOVE thee not for beauteousness,
Though few are half so faire,
But for an earnest hearte, and mind
With giftes so rich and rare.
As rugged cliffes doe placide growe
When starres upon them shyne,
So is my soul forever soothed,
Deare love! by looks of thine.

And thus alonge undying years
Oh! may it ever be;
For love has not its fullest bloom
Tyll in Eternity.
Not only for this fadynge life
Have we our troth-plight given.
But that the love of earth may growe
To perfect love in Heaven.

MY TWO LOVERS.

BY MARY H. CLARKE.

"A MAN who is unkind to his mother and sisters, will ill-treat his wife."

My aunt Hattie, who made this sage observation, was a shrewd, sarcastic old maid, who, for fourteen years, had filled the place of parent's friend and counsellor to her orphan niece. It had been no sinecure, this post of hers; for I was a frail child, and my position as heiress made her office of chaperon to my young ladyism an anxious trust.

"Auntie!" a trembling at my heart made my voice unsteady. "Auntie dear, of whom are you thinking?"

"Of two men, Edith, who are courting my niece. That's an old-fashioned word, dear; but I'm an old-fashioned woman. I mistrust Carroll Vaughn, my child. There is a tone in his voice, when he speaks to Mary, that sounds unnatural."

"Carroll Vaughn!" I cried. "Why, auntie, he is the pink of courtesy; and how beautifully he speaks of his duty to his widowed mother!"

"I mistrust him, Edie. I like John Myers better. He is rough, but frank. Hem! blushing, Edie?"

"Not a bit of it, auntie! Now, my sage monitor, tell me one thing. When a poor girl sees a man only as he chooses her to see him, in his company dress, and most fascinating manners, now can she judge of his domestic virtues? I cannot visit Mr. Vaughn at home, nor Mr. Myers either for that matter."

"Edie, will you do an errand for me?"

"Certainly, I will."

"I wish to inquire the character of a girl who applied for a place here, yesterday. She has lived with Mrs. Vaughn and Mrs. Myers."

"Auntie, I see."

"Do you? Run off for your bonnet then."

Away I went. I was some time dressing, and I took a mental survey of my two admirers while I donned my walking suit.

Carroll Vaughn was a handsome man, who dressed in faultless taste, and who had the most courteous and finished manners I had ever seen. He spoke of women as of creatures too bright and good for every day life, and treated me certainly as a being to be respectfully adored at a distance.

No words can express the deference with which he treated both my aunt and myself, and the loving devotion he had expressed in speaking of his widowed mother and sisters, had often brought tears to my eyes. I knew that he was poor; but I thought him talented, and capable of making his mark in the world, were the means of starting fairly within his power. This was my most ardent lover. Then—and here I felt my cheeks burn, though I was alone—I thought of John Myers. His honest, frank face was only saved from positive ugliness by the most brilliant pair of large, black eyes, and his figure amply atoned for lack of beauty in his features. It was tall and finely formed, and his carriage was erect and manly. Reserved and almost bashful in his manners, he had never spoken one word of love; but there was a softness in his tone, and flush on his brow, when he spoke to me, that told the tale without need of spoken words. Others might seek the golden treasure my father's will had left to me; but if John Myers spoke ever of love to me, I felt sure no sordid hope of winning an heiress would prompt him.

"Her name was Margaret O'Neill," said my aunt to me; "be sure to inquire if she is a good ironer, Edie."

"I will. Good-by."

I went first to the house of my handsome beau. It was early in the day, ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, when I rang Mrs. Vaughn's bell. The servant showed me into the front parlor. I merely said that a lady wished to inquire the character of a servant, and, drawing my veil closer, I went into the room.

While waiting for Mrs. Vaughn to come down, I heard a familiar voice on the stairs. I say familiar, though the gentle, winning tone it had always assumed in my presence was changed for a high, discordant, scolding one.

"Where the—" (I omit the oaths,) "is my breakfast?"

"I am coming, Carroll," said his mother; "but there is a lady waiting to see me."

"Let her wait."

"Did you see Mr. Lee, Carroll?"

"No," (another oath.)

"I am afraid you will lose that situation."

"Well, it don't matter. I intend to get the situation of husband to an heiress!"

"Very vague, Carroll."

I mentally assented.

"Where's Mary? Why the thunder don't *she* get my breakfast?"

"She is making Miss Jones' collars. She is in a hurry. If you would see Mr. Lee, Carroll, your mother and sister need not work so steadily."

"Mary might as well get used to it, for neither she nor Pattie are going to loaf on my wife's money. I suppose we *must* take you; but the girls must shift for themselves."

I had heard enough. From the sound of the voices, I knew that the speakers were in the kitchen; so I softly crossed the entry and made a quick exit by the front door.

Should I go home? Somehow the thought that I might hear a similar conversation at Mrs. Myers' gave me a sick feeling, but I conquered the nonsensical weakness and turned into G—— street. The front door stood wide open. I know it was wrong, but I went into the house, unannounced, and, crossing the entry, went to the library; the sitting-room was next it, and there I knew I should find Mrs. Myers, who was a friend of my aunt's.

As I opened the library door, Mrs. Myers' voice fell upon my ears.

"My dear boy, you are right. You must indeed go."

Go! Where? I stood still.

"It is a lucrative situation, and will enable me to give you and the little boys many of the comforts you have wanted since father died."

"But we shall miss you sorely, John."

"It is best for me to go, mother dear. I have not told you before; but I had better leave the city for a time."

"John, you have not done anything wrong?"

"No; but—but, mother, I love where my love would appear, if spoken, a mean seeking for wealth. I cannot woo an heiress. To live upon my wife would be revolting to every feeling of manhood. No; were the case reversed, and were Edith Hart poor, and I rich, she should know how deeply and truly I love her; if she remains single till I can win position and fortune she may know it later; but now——"

Was it indelicate, unmaidenly? I know not; but I passed the threshold between the library and sitting-room, and said,

"Now, John, she——"

And here, like an idiot, I began to cry. Crying as a general thing is not becoming; but John seemed rather to admire it.

There was a general sobbing and embracing; and when aunt Hattie, two hours later, came to find her lost niece, she could only say,

"Well, my dear, I always liked John, and I think he will make you very happy."

Carroll Vaughn, some time later, married an heiress after all, a widow lady with a son two years older than her bridegroom. His sisters, Mary and Pattie, take in sewing, and his mother keeps a boarding-house.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

BY MARGARET A. B. SCOTT.

AWAY! ere the Spring blossoms flicker
The hill-sides with russet and gold,
Ere the song of the birds in the May time,
We lay thee, sweet friend, in the mould!
In the dew of thy morning, the Master
With tenderest pity stoop'd down,
He sought thee to brighten His chaplet,
To wear thee a gem in His crown.

Gentle and loving! He called thee,
Go at His bidding, nor fear,
Bright in the land of Immortals
Opens thy beautiful year!
Sleep peacefully, love, it is over—
The brief, silvery ripples are still.
And the sheen of thy presence shall hover
To hallow all joy and all ill.

Attuned to new rapture, she heareth
Strains wondrously sweeter than ours,
So swift from our bleak Winter passing
She trod on unperishing flowers!
Her pinions have lighten'd the valley,
And lifted the thickness of gloom,
For, ajar through the portals, a zephyr
Drifts back from a billow of bloom!

Not for thee! but for us be our sadness,
The weight of life's burden to bear—
Thick studded with dangers to baffle—
A fetter so weary to wear!
Safe sheltered forever thou sleepest!
No harm to thy pillow can come.
The Father, with gentle compassion,
Hath tenderly taken thee Home!

THE BROKEN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER VII.

THAT evening we had a number of visitors from the town, and so much gayety that it quite passed from my mind to speak with Mr. Lee concerning the call upon young Bosworth. Indeed, I was not in the parlors much of the time, for he came to me and asked if I would sit awhile with Mrs. Lee, as he could not leave his guests, and she was so much more nervous than usual, he did not like leaving her with Lottie.

I felt grateful to him for remembering her, and went away at once. As I passed toward the hall, I saw Jessie at the piano surrounded by a group of gentlemen, Lawrence nearest, turning over the music and talking to her at intervals. Mrs. Dennison was flitting about like a gorgeous butterfly, making merriment and pleasant conversation wherever she passed.

Her quick eyes detected me as I passed the music-room door. She moved along, smelling careless of her flowers, the sight of which made me sick; they were the roses the sleeping wife had seen.

"Going to preserve your bloom by an early sleep, Miss Hyde?" she asked, pleasantly.

"I am going to sit with Mrs. Lee," I replied, coldly enough, I dare say. I was not accustomed to dissimulation, and when I disliked and doubted a person as I did her, it was very difficult for me to conceal it.

"You are quite the guardian angel of the house," she returned, so sweetly that no one except a suspicious old maid like me would have perceived the covert insult under her words; "I expect every day to see you unfold your wings and fly off."

"This is my home," I answered, quietly, "so I shall not fly very far from it in all probability."

She laughed in her charming way; but there was an expression in her eyes which would have startled me, had I not felt that she was powerless to do me any injury.

"And a pleasant home you have," she said, with a sigh; "you can't think, Miss Hyde, how

delightful it seems to a tired worldling like me."

I was in no humor to listen to sentiment, and I replied curtly,

"Not tired, Mrs. Dennison, or of course you would forsake it."

She shook her head patronizingly and smiled, oh! such a sweet, sad smile—she must have practiced for days to have attained such perfection in it.

"How innocent you are!" she said; "I envy you, dear, kind Miss Hyde!"

How I longed to fling back her affectionate epithets with the scorn they deserved, but, of course, that was impossible; so I made a movement to go on, trembling all over with repressed indignation."

"You are running away from me as usual," she said, reproachfully; "I never get a moment now of your honest, sensible conversation."

"You must suffer from the loss," was all the answer I made.

I know I am not very wise, I do not deny having my share of little vanities, but Mrs. Dennison had not found the road which led to them.

"So I do," she replied; "I see you do not believe me."

"You have not an exalted opinion of my courtesy, Mrs. Dennison."

"Ah, now you are going to be sarcastic—oh! my dear Miss Hyde, that is not in your way."

She added a few more playful words, then I was resolute to go. I left her standing there in one of her graceful attitudes, pulling negligently at her roses.

Once in the hall I glanced back; the widow had changed her position—she was stationed by a window—I saw Mr. Lee approach her, and they began an earnest conversation. I turned and went up stairs, growing always sadder and more sick at heart.

Mrs. Lee slept quietly nearly the whole time, so that I had ample opportunity for my sorrowful reflections—more than I desired, since

dwelling upon the things which troubled me only increased my restlessness, without bringing me any nearer a conclusion that could have been of the least assistance.

After Mrs. Lee had gone to bed, I went into my own room and saw no one again that night. When it was too late, I remembered that I had not spoken to Mr. Lee; but consoled myself with fancying that Jessie would tell him, or that I should have an opportunity in the morning.

I was disappointed both ways. When I went down to breakfast, I found that Mr. Lee had been obliged to ride over to the iron works. He had gone before any one was stirring, and would not return until late in the afternoon.

While one of the servants was giving me that information, Mrs. Dennison passed through the hall. She hurried on with a smile, but I noticed that the hem of her dress was wet with dew; I felt certain that she had known Mr. Lee's intention, and had gone out to meet him and hold one of her private conversations.

Before she appeared again, Jessie joined me in the breakfast-room.

"How late we all are!" she said, "it is too bad."

"I quite overslept myself," I replied; then I remembered my thought of last night. "Oh! my dear, did you ask your father to go with us this morning?"

"I had no opportunity," she answered; blushed crimson and added, "I am afraid too that I half-forgot it."

I knew the reason of that, Lawrence had been talking to her all the evening.

"It does not make much difference," I said; "I will go with you."

"I am sure papa would be willing," she observed, looking troubled at the idea of the visit.

"I spoke of it to your mother; she desired you to go."

"Very well then," replied Jessie; "suppose we start after breakfast, we can get back before mamma will want us in her room."

"I shall be ready; we can walk across the fields."

"Yes; then Mrs. Dennison need not know anything about it."

"Hush!" I said, "there she is."

Mrs. Dennison came in airy and graceful as usual; I noticed that she had changed her dress. She kissed Jessie with as much affection as if she had not seen her for a week, and began discoursing with great volubility.

"I was up before either of you," she said; "I have been out in the garden, ruined my

white dress, and raced among the beds to the great astonishment of the old gardener."

"You look as fresh and charming as possible," Jessie replied.

"Of course. But don't pay compliments, Miss Hyde does not like them."

"If they are sincere, I do," I said.

"Ah! then you must like mine. Indeed I should be afraid to tell you a story—I am certain those honest eyes of yours would detect it at once."

I disclaimed any such valuable peculiarity for my poor eyes, and the widow rattled on to something else. She always went from one subject to another in a rapid, graceful way, like a bird hopping about in the trees.

"Why, where is Mr. Lee?" she asked.

"Gone out," said Jessie; "he went early."

"How ungallant!" she returned; but she looked so very innocent, that I was more than ever convinced she had seen him before his departure.

One thing I could say for Mrs. Dennison, she never troubled her hosts to entertain her. So, soon after breakfast, she went as usual her own way, and Jessie and I were free to start upon our expedition.

"We had better go at once," I said; "there is no telling when she may dance in upon us again."

"You don't like her, aunt Matty," replied Jessie; "I am sure you don't, yet she is very charming."

"Never mind; there is no time to discuss my fancies," I said. "Get your bonnet, Jessie."

She trembled and grew a little pale, but complied at once. We were ready in a few moments, and, passing through the garden, went down the path by the grove and took the way across the fields to the old house.

Jessie was very silent during our walk, and I was so much occupied with my plans and my fancies, that I had little time to break the thread of her painful thoughts.

When we reached the gate that led into the grounds, Jessie stopped.

"Oh! I am so frightened!" she said.

Poor child! she was very pale, and shook from head to foot with an agitation that reminded me painfully of her mother's nervous excitements. I did my best to soothe her, but, in spite of her efforts, it was some moments before she could go on.

"You will not mind it after the first meeting," I said.

"I am very foolish, I know! There, I can go now."

As we turned into the avenue, I saw Mr. Lawrence pass along the road on horseback. He gave a sharp, quick look, and went by. I said nothing to Jessie: it was useless to agitate her farther. His passing at that time might have been mere chance.

Jessie clung to me as we went up the steps and entered the hall. I did not speak, contenting myself with a reassuring pressure of the hand, for I knew from experience that in such cases of nervous dread, one is only made worse by persuasions and cheering speeches.

We were shown into the room where I had before waited for old Mrs. Bosworth, and very soon I heard the rustle of her dress in the hall.

She came in with her stately manner, but I could see that trouble and watching had had its effect upon her, and it seemed to me there was a smothered pain in her eyes when she greeted Jessie. But she was exceedingly kind; so gentle and caressing, that the girl soon recovered from her fright and began to look like herself.

"You will excuse my daughter's absence, I hope," the old lady said; "she is lying down; she is not very strong, and watching has quite worn her out."

"But you think your grandson better?" I asked.

"Much better; yes, much better!"

There was a thanksgiving in her very voice! Jessie said tremulously,

"We were very sorry to hear of his sickness."

"Thank you, Miss Jessie; I was sure you would be."

The old lady's fingers worked nervously; I knew, in spite of her pride, what was in her heart. She longed to take Jessie in her arms, to beseech her to speak the one word that would bring her boy back to life and happiness.

"He suffers less with his head, I suppose?" I said, breaking the little pause which would soon have proved awkward.

"It is quite easy this morning; indeed last night he slept for several hours undisturbed. He is so patient," she continued, "so gentle, but that is his nature."

I knew she was glad to have that opportunity of praising Bosworth; she felt as if it was indirectly doing something to interest Jessie in his favor.

"It was very kind of you to come, Miss Lee," she said. "I thought you would be willing to humor a sick man's fancies, and he did pine so to see all his old friends," she added, quickly, with her customary tact, for the color began to sicken on Jessie's cheek.

"My father would have come also," said the girl, talking rapidly, "but he was obliged to go out very early; and you know my mother seldom leaves her room."

"It is sad that she should be so great an invalid," said the old duchess—I must call her so. "My daughter and I go out very little; but we have often wished to see more of you, our nearest neighbors."

"Mrs. Lee is fond of company," I said. I longed to do all I could to draw the two families together.

"Ah, if that is the case, we shall call frequently upon her;" she looked at Jessie as she spoke.

"Mamma will be so pleased," she said, quite firmly; "it is very monotonous to live always shut up in her room."

"So it is; but I pity the young most! If I could only have taken my poor boy's illness in his stead."

She was checked by the entrance of one of the old servants, who whispered something in her ear.

"Will you go up stairs?" she said, turning to me; "my grandson knows you are here."

She took Jessie's hand softly and led her away, and I followed. Jessie bore up like a little Spartan, but I could see what an effort it was—I pitied her far more than any one else.

When we entered the sick room it was worse. In spite of all I had said, she was not prepared to find Bosworth so changed. They had put a dressing-gown upon him, but its gay colors only increased the ghastliness of his face, already wasted and worn by fever.

He was so happy to see us—so like a child that fears to give pain by its own pleasure. I think Jessie took heart after the first few moments; and I could see the old lady watching her in secret, as if she thought that unless she were only a beautiful piece of marble she must be softened now.

"It was very selfish of me, Miss Jessie," he said, "to call you away from your amusements to visit a poor, sick man."

"I was very glad to come," she replied; "my mother is so anxious about you, she could not rest till some of us had been here."

"She is very kind," he said, with the touching smile of illness.

At last we fell to talking quite cheerfully. I did my best to prevent the restraint we were all under becoming perceptible; I dare say it was blunderingly done, but it succeeded tolerably well.

Bosworth made Jessie tell him all about her

new flowers—he was a great botanist—and I chimed in with a wonderful history of a nest of young birds I had found, and really made him laugh at my nonsense.

But he was so weak that he grew weary—I saw it and made Jessie a sign to go.

“Not yet,” he said, as we rose; “stay a little longer, please.”

So we sat down again, but I saw by his eyes that his senses began to cloud a little.

“What is that hymn you sing, Miss Jessie?” he asked, suddenly; “it has been running in my head all the morning.”

Jessie could not speak, she was trying with all her might to keep back her tears, so I said,

“You mean that little one of Mrs. Hemans—‘Child Amid the Flowers at Play.’”

“Yes,” he replied, “that is it. Won’t you sing it for me?”

It really was heroic, the way that poor girl struggled with herself and forced back her composure. She turned her face a little from the light and began to sing; her voice was very low and tremulous, but I never heard it sound so sweet; Bosworth lay back on his pillow and listened with a happy smile.

“Thank you,” he said, when she finished; “I can sleep now—you were very kind to come.”

He tried to take her hand, said a few more broken words, and then we went away. I saw that Jessie could endure nothing more. Old Mrs. Bosworth detected it too; she must have felt for the girl and been grateful to her for that visit. She did not accompany us down stairs, and I was glad to make our farewell as short as possible.

The moment we were out of the house, Jessie gave way completely, and sobbed and wept as I never before saw her.

“Do you think he will die, aunt Matty?” she asked.

“I do not; he is certainly better.”

“But he looks dreadfully; I never saw anybody altered so much.”

“You are not accustomed to fevers, my dear. I am, and he will get better; I am glad you have made this visit; it will do him good.”

“Then I am glad, too,” she replied, wiping away her tears. “Oh! if anything had happened, I never should have forgiven myself.”

In reality there was no blame to be attached to her; she had been guilty of no encouragement or coquetry, but I could not bear that she should brood over his illness until she accused herself as the cause, and really grew horrified at what she might fancy her own wickedness.

“He is in God’s hands,” I said; “either way it would have been as He willed.”

“Then you do not think that any trouble—any—”

“I think he would have been sick,” I replied, seeing her unable to go on; “he has not looked well for some time past, and his grandmother told me that he had always been somewhat subject to fevers.”

Jessie breathed heavily, and looked relieved.

In our absorption we had passed from the grounds into the high road, instead of taking the by-path.

“We must strike into the clover field at the turn,” I said, when I observed our error; “it would make too long a walk to follow the road.”

Jessie did not answer. I heard the tramp of horses’ hoofs, and looking up saw Mr. Lawrence riding rapidly toward us. He did not check his horse—he lifted his riding-cap, gave a low, stately bow, a quick glance at Jessie’s tear-stained face, and galloped on.

I heard Jessie utter a smothered exclamation, but she did not speak a word.

“Mr. Lawrence seems in great haste,” I observed, but she did not answer.

I was confident Mrs. Dennison had been besetting him again, for he was deadly pale and looked strangely enough.

“Here is the path,” said Jessie, suddenly.

We turned into it and walked rapidly home, scarcely once breaking that unusual silence.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN we reached the house, Jessie went directly up to her room. I did not attempt to detain her; I knew that she would be much better alone.

I went to my chamber, likewise, but I was not left long to my sorrowful meditations, for Lottie’s quick tap sounded at the door, and in she danced in the peculiar manner which always betrayed great excitement.

She closed the door carefully, and stood before me with her hands folded behind her back.

“I told you how it would be,” she exclaimed.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Why, you’re flying out at Babylon; she’s mad, and you’ll take the consequences.”

“I do not imagine they will be very terrible, Lottie.”

“That’s as a body may happen to think. There’s been a great time since you started.”

“What has happened?” I inquired, quite losing all scruples as to the manner in which Lottie might have obtained her information.

"In the first place we had Lawrence——"

"Was he here?"

"No, no! Babylon went out to walk for her health—you see Babylon needs exercise. After you went away, I had my eye on her——"

"Why, you did not see us go."

"Oh, didn't I?" she demanded, ironically, nodding her head with great wisdom. "I was at my window, Miss Hyde, and I always keep my eyes open. Howsumever, I wasn't watching you; I'm above such tricks, unless I feel it my duty."

"Did she see us, too?"

"I don't know; but she knew where you were going."

"Why, how did you find that out?"

"Heard her tell Mr. Lee, to be sure."

I was so angry that I felt myself growing pale. Lottie saw it and tittered.

"You would like to choke her, now wouldn't you, Miss Hyde? What a pity! it's agin religion and the law. I should just like fixing her myself."

"For shame!" I said, but I am afraid it was only because I thought it was my duty to check such expressions; not from any lack of sympathy with them.

Lottie tossed her head; but she was in too great haste to communicate her intelligence to be indignant.

"After you'd gone I watched her; she went about very uneasy for awhile, then she put on her shawl and streaked off to the grove. I wanted some wild grass as I went along, but Babylon didn't see me. She waited in the grove till Mr. Lawrence rode by, when she hailed him.

"Where are you going?" said she.

"He stammered a little and said something about it being his custom to ride every morning, and at that she laughed right out in her tantalizing way."

"You'd better tell the truth," says she; 'you didn't believe what I told you last night, and you've been to see with your own eyes. Did you meet them?'

"Miss Jessie and her friend have just entered Mrs. Bosworth's gate," he replied, dreadful solemn.

"Of course," says Babylon; 'I tell you he is her lover. It was to be expected she'd visit him during that sickness brought on by jealousy.'

"He shook in his saddle like a leaf, but she hadn't any pity, and went on at an awful rate about all of you. Then she tried the old dodge—she was his friend—he might trust her! She

went up to him and reached up her hand, but he didn't seem to see it.

"I must go," said he.

"She tried to stop him, but he wouldn't hear a word.

"When will you come again?" she asked.

"God knows!" was all he said, and rode off like a whirlwind.

"Babylon watched him as long as he was in sight, then she gave way to the awfulest mad fit I ever see. I really thought she'd break a blood-vessel. She danced and kicked and screamed, then all of a sudden she started for the house on a breeze run. I ran after her, and as I got into the garden I saw Mr. Lee ride up. She followed him into the house.

"I went and stood on the verandah, picking roses and humming 'Katy Darling,' only I chose all the low parts and heard quite comfortable.

"That was wrong," I said, "very wrong."

"Oh! I didn't listen to him," she replied, "but I had to keep watch of Babylon."

I may as well confess my weakness. I longed to ask Lottie all she said. However, I did not have to wait long for the communication.

"Jessie has gone out," said she. He asked her where, and she put on such an innocent face. 'You must know,' says she, 'your daughter would not have taken such a step without your permission. No, no, I understand Jessie's womanly prudence too well.'

"He just stared at her; then he asked in that voice he has when he's angry, what she meant. She hemmed and hawed and put him off; said he knew, and wouldn't speak.

"Mrs. Dennison," said he, 'what does this mean? Where has Jessie gone?'

"She put on the innocent look again; she really did it beautifully.

"Don't you know?" she asked; 'don't you, actilly?'

"She worked him up almost into a fit. Goodness knows what fancy he got into his head.

"I have seen no one this morning," he said; 'there were none of them down when I went away. Where has Jessie gone?'

"Then she pretended to back out; she had been wrong—it was doubtless an innocent little secret of Jessie's—she ought not to have spoken—she was so frank and indiscreet—she would rather bite her tongue off than tell what Jessie wanted kept private, and all that. He fairly foamed at the mouth and grew white as death; you know nothing makes him so mad as to think there's any mystery in the house or anything going on he don't understand."

"Mrs. Dennison," says he, 'if you won't speak I must go to my wife.'

"Don't, don't," she said; 'she is so feeble; don't agitate her.'

"Then you tell me," says he.

"Then she went all through the old performance, but at last it came out—Jessie had gone by appointment to visit Mr. Bosworth. Lord, how mad he was! She told him you was with her, said she didn't blame Jessie, guessed it was all one of your old-maidish romances, and made him furious against you."

"How did it end?" I asked.

"It didn't really have no end; some man called him off on business, just then you and Miss Jessie came up the steps, and I came to tell you. Babylon—she set down to the piano and went to playing a jig; she likes the fun. I tell you she's all right when there's a row. But I'm going to Mrs. Lee, she must want to get up by this time. You're in a hobble, Miss Hyde."

Away she danced, trying to hide her uneasiness, but at the door she stopped and exclaimed,

"I can't think what ails my head, I'm so dizzy."

She staggered and would have fallen, but I caught her; she was deadly pale. I gave her some water and she soon grew better.

"Are you sick?" I asked.

"No, I guess not; but lately my head feels so queer every morning. Yesterday when I went to get out of bed I actually fell flat on the floor like a great awkward lobster."

She laughed, but I was very uneasy about her; but she declared she was well again, and hurried away to her duties; for, wild as she was, she was an orderly little thing, and always punctual.

I sat and thought for a time, but that did no good, so I went down stairs. As I entered the lower hall I met Mr. Lee. He gave me a look such as I never before saw in his face; it so increased my indignation, that if it had not been for Jessie's sake I would have walked out of the house that instant.

"Miss Hyde," he said, in the low, measured tone his voice always took when he was angry, "will you step into the library for a moment."

"Do you wish to speak with me?" I asked, rebelliously.

"If you have leisure."

I swept before him into the room. I am afraid I did not look amiable; every drop of blood in my veins tingled as if on fire. He followed me and closed the door.

"How does it happen," he began, "that you

and Jessie went upon an expedition like that of this morning, without consulting me?"

I did my best to answer quietly, although his manner aggravated me almost beyond endurance.

"Simply because you were not here to consult," I replied.

"But you could have told me last night."

Then I flashed up a little, and said,

"Mr. Lee, I am not a school-girl to be stood in a corner and catechized."

"Madam," he returned, "I think I have a right to know everything connected with my daughter—I will permit no mysteries in this house."

"There have been none on my part or Jessie's," I replied.

"Then be good enough to give me an explanation of what, I own, seems to me a singular proceeding in a woman of your age and discretion."

Now, I knew very well that I was an old maid, I jested about it myself, but I did not like to have it turned into an insult.

"It is easily done," I answered, still remembering Jessie, and so remaining reasonably calm. "Yesterday old Mrs. Bosworth sent for me; her grandson is very ill—he has brain fever. He begged to see you and Jessie. I came home and told your wife; she said Jessie should go to-day. We expected you to accompany us. Last night there was no opportunity to speak with you. This morning you were gone, but as I had her mother's permission I thought it no harm to start. A visit to a sick, almost a dying man, can never harm your daughter, Mr. Lee."

His face flushed at once.

"I was mistaken," he said.

"You must have been," I replied, coldly, "when you could address me as you have done."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hyde," he returned. I granted it with a poor grace.

"Who told you where we had gone?" I asked, bluntly.

He hesitated, and I followed up my advantage.

"No one knew of it but Mrs. Lee," I said, "you have not seen her to-day. Yesterday you reproved me for sending Cora out of the hall—sir, she was listening while I told Jessie, and repeated it to her mistress. I don't know what you may think of such conduct on the part of a guest; but to me the idea of trying to make trouble in a house where one has been hospitably treated seems very contemptible."

"Miss Hyde! Miss Hyde!" he exclaimed, "I

assure you Mrs. Dennison did it thoughtlessly—she had no idea of my ignorance.”

“Excuse me,” said I, still on my stilts; “my mature age, of which you reminded me a moment since, renders me capable of forming and holding my own opinions—it is a right I shall not readily relinquish.”

I am sorry to say we very nearly had a serious quarrel; but I was so dissatisfied, so indignant that a man of his sense and refinement could be duped in the way he was, that I could not control my tongue.

We parted civilly enough, however; and when I went up stairs, Jessie knew all about the affair; Mrs. Dennison had been to her crying and begging for forgiveness. She had thoughtlessly repeated to her father where she had gone, and he was angry.

“I dare say she meant no harm,” added Jessie, “she is so giddy.”

“Pray, how did she know?” I asked.

“She fancied it, she said.”

“She told a falsehood,” I retorted; “Cora told her—I knew she was listening yesterday.”

Jessie was as much shocked with me as her father had been. With their exaggerated ideas of the duties of hosts, they considered it little less than a crime to acknowledge that a guest could have any fault.

“Oh! aunt Matty!” she said, “I never knew you unjust before.”

I had to go out of the room—my anger was over and I must cry. I chose to indulge that weakness in solitude. I passed a very uncomfortable day. Jessie and her father came to an understanding; Mrs. Dennison soon had them both under her spell again, and I knew they blamed me exceedingly.

I loved them too well to be indignant; I was broken-hearted at the idea that that woman could come between Jessie and her love for me.

There was company at dinner—I spent the evening in Mrs. Lee’s room—the first comfortable hour I had passed since morning. She did not know that anything had gone wrong, pitied my head, and by her sweetness and tender kindness made me somewhat more reconciled to life.

I sat in my own room after I left her, but did not retire until very late. I heard the guests go away—heard the different members of the family pass up to their rooms; but still I sat there. At last the clock struck one. I rose, startled into common sense again, stopped staring and, closing my window, prepared for bed.

Suddenly I heard a noise—very slight, but my nerves were wonderfully acute that night. I opened the door and looked into the hall; as I did so, I saw a figure clad in white glide out of Lottie’s chamber, and disappear down the passage.

I fairly thought it something supernatural at first, then I ran out, but there was nothing there. I stole to Lottie’s room and looked in, she was sleeping soundly, so I went back to my own apartment. That incident, added to the excitement of the day, kept me awake for hours. I tried to convince myself that it was only one of my ridiculous fancies: but it was all in vain; I knew that I had seen that white shape steal by—it was no delusion.

I determined to say nothing. I felt certain everybody would laugh at me, and I knew that it was silly, but I could not drive away the terror that chilled my heart. Everything had gone so wrong of late, that quiet house was so changed, that the least thing disturbed me more than events of importance would once have done.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

BY EDNA CORA.

Oh! he was lovely! Every day
New beauties would appear,
Till earthliness had ebb’d away
And left a seraph there.

Was it not best at early dawn,
When heart from stain was free,
To take away thy precious son,
A holy one to be?

He was so lovely, and so fair—
But more angelic now;
His golden curls of silken hair
Waved round his childish brow.

No more at eve thou’lt pause to hear
His little footsteps light,
Or see him there beside thy chair
To kiss and sleep good-night.

Drink of the cup, but look above,
From God’s hand it was given;
He took thy Willie from thy love
To His bright home in Heaven.
Fond mother, weep, ’twill ease thy heart—
Thou canst not weep for him;
He dwells in Heaven, from earth apart,
Among the cherubim.

MR. DOBBIN AND HIS CLOCK.

BY M. LINDSAY.

MR. DOBBIN'S room was next to mine. Indeed, in my opinion, it was a part of mine, ordained to be so from the first plan of the house, and so built according to plan and purpose. But the convenience of a later time had divided it off by the thinnest of all board partitions, which partition, as if conscious that it was an interference, had managed to crack itself from top to bottom in two or three places, so that Mr. Dobbin's room and mine, though assuredly not one and the same, were very much in common. His gaslight would spoil all my darkness; and I do believe his little room, or his part of my room, must have been entirely warmed at my expense. But if he had the benefit of my coal, I had the benefit of his clock; I could hear its every tick through the day, every tick through the night, and was almost wholly indebted to it for information as to the progress of time. Through its influence, indeed, my old and trusty watch was quite neglected, and nearly fallen into disuse. I have spoken of Mr. Dobbin's room; perhaps I ought to have said Mr. Dobbin's clock room, for the clock was really more the inhabitant of the place than Mr. Dobbin himself; it was always there, and very much at home too, making everything so comfortable, so social and lively. It had the merriest of all voices, and, if you'd listen in the right way, you could hear it say distinctly, "Courage now, cheer up; I'm always cheerful. On, on; never stop, and all will come right."

Notwithstanding I have said so much in praise of Mr. Dobbin's clock, I fear you may not have an entirely correct idea of it. I feel bound, therefore, in consistency with its own truth and exactness, to tell you that it was only a wooden clock, and a very small one too, as I saw when Mr. Dobbin's door was left ajar. But, wooden as it was, it was very pretty, a darling of a clock, a bachelor's pet, a household treasure. It was even merrier to look at than to hear; its hands so constantly going, and yet so even and true in motion, never a twitch or jerk; and then it had such a neat cottage shape, sloped off at the top like a roof with little turrets and chimney. But the best was the picture it was always showing of a happy home, the father and mother

watching the gambols of two beautiful children, the grandmother by the fire, the cat asleep on a cricket, and a clock on the mantle. I don't know how Mr. Dobbin could have looked so much at this scene, as he must have done, and still remained a bachelor as he did; unless it was that the clock made him so happy and cheerful, and lent such wings to his fancy, that he actually believed himself to belong to the group before him, that the pretty wife and promising children were his, and the clock in the picture the real one whose tick was in his ears.

My story is about Mr. Dobbin as well as his clock. Mr. Dobbin was a little Englishman, five feet five inches in height perhaps, perhaps not quite so tall, with one of the happiest, merriest faces you ever saw. I could never quite settle it in my own mind whether his clock made him so merry, or he made his clock so merry, or whether they made each other so merry. Merriment was Mr. Dobbin's one and constant expression, which swallowed up everything minor, and made everything major subsidiary. I will, however, add for those who like details, that he had a small mouth, a straight nose, soft black hair, softer and blacker eyes, and an immensely disproportionate expanse of forehead, the disproportion resulting from an overgrowth and monopolizing tendency in the organ of benevolence. I don't think I ever knew what Mr. Dobbin's nominal business was; I am only certain of this, that it was the doing of good in some way, probably in that best suited to his taste and aptitudes, or he would not have been so thoroughly merry as he was. My greatest interest in him was always in connection with his clock. The clock was so much to him, and he was so much to the clock. As soon as he was within sight of his room, she ticked him a welcome, and he began to hum a response. When he entered it, she ticked louder, and he broke into full song. He would, no doubt, have been glad to dance a measure with her, would she have given him a hand; but she was such a work-a-day body she would never stop for it. All the service which she ever wanted was the winding of her strings, and this Mr. Dobbin faithfully performed before going to his slumber. It was his loving "good night" to her;

and, when it came, she would sound out the funniest chorus you ever heard. It was a real frolic for her.

There was a young servant girl in the house, for whom there was some strong attraction in Mr. Dobbin's room. I could not understand how she could find so much work to be done there, or how she could be so long in doing it. At first, I thought she must stop there to read, but there were books in other rooms, and she never noticed them. Then she was always running to find out the time by Mr. Dobbin's clock. Why didn't she consult the clock in the dining-room? Had she no confidence in it? Every one else depended on its accuracy. At last, I began to fear that Mr. Dobbin himself must be a favorite with Kitty. How foolish! She was young and pretty, and Mr. Dobbin, though his hair was still black, was certainly old enough to have been her father. Then he was no more of a beau than—why no girl could ever think of getting in love with him. It was quite out of the question. Kitty was very modest too; and if she was really in love with Mr. Dobbin, would she not show it by avoiding him, rather than by putting herself in his way? So I reasoned. But not so the housekeeper. She was sharp-eyed and had observed all that I had, perhaps more, for she could look through key-holes, an art I never learned. It was manifest for some time that Kitty was losing favor with her; all her efforts to give satisfaction failed, and I felt certain that the day of her discharge was at hand. I was right. The fall of a waiter, and the consequent breakage of some crockery, brought such a storm of accusation and upbraiding on poor Kitty's head, as none but abused servant girls and step-children can conceive of. Kitty's shameless love for Mr. Dobbin, and her disgraceful conduct toward him, her frequent and protracted visits to his room were proclaimed and condemned in such loud and emphatic tones as to reach every ear in the house. I thought the poor girl must wither with shame, must sink to the earth in her helplessness. I was, therefore, surprised to hear her quietly say, "If you'll please, ma'am, to listen to me. I am not in love with Mr. Dobbin, though he is a fine gentleman and very kind to every one. It is not for one like me to think of him, ma'am, and I did not. I only cared for his clock, ma'am."

"What nonsense! What *will* girls pretend next? So you weren't in love with Mr. Dobbin, only with his clock! That caps all."

"I could explain it to you, ma'am, if you'd hear me."

"Hear you! I've heard enough of your trash; out of my house with you, bag and baggage!"

The grocer's boy with a bill was announced, and Kitty, crying bitterly, went to her room to prepare for departure. I heard her steps on the stairs and called her to me. I had promised to direct for her a letter to her brother at sea, and I made this the pretext for getting her into my room, though my real object was to speak a last kind word and try to soothe her wounded feelings; for, though I could not understand her conduct, I pitied her, and could not believe her what she had just been represented to be. Then I wanted to know what she meant when she said, "She only cared for Mr. Dobbin's clock," whether she had become infatuated with it as Mr. Dobbin was. When I spoke of it, there was a change in her countenance. Her expression softened, and there was some relief from her discouragement and despair. It was such a privilege to her to be allowed to explain herself.

"Oh! ma'am," she said, "I am so glad you asked me about the clock. I did not want any one to think me such a person as I have just been called. Why, ma'am, I love that clock so! I can't call it Mr. Dobbin's clock, for it is to me, and always will be, my mother's, and oh! you can't tell how dear it is! No one can that hasn't looked at it in many a dark day of trouble, and always found it kind as I have. It has been a charm to me in this house. When I first saw it here, I was so surprised and pleased that I could not help crying all day. Whenever I've been homesick and felt as if I could not live, I've just gone to that clock and it has put the life into me. I know I have been in Mr. Dobbin's room too much on account of it, but it was my old friend, and all the friend I had too. Oh! ma'am, when everybody that loves you is in the grave, or across the sea, you grow so fond of what belonged to them once; anything that they ever handled, or even looked at, is dear, and all the more because they will never handle or look at it again."

"You call the clock in Mr. Dobbin's room your mother's?"

"Yes, ma'am, for it was my mother's."

"It may be like hers, but it is hardly probable that it is the same."

"Yes, ma'am, it is the same. I know it by a mark on the back—K. M.—I put it there myself."

"What does it stand for?"

"Kitty Martin; my mother's name and mine, too. I marked it very deep in the board, so

that it couldn't be rubbed out, whatever might happen. Shall I tell you all about it, ma'am?"

I signified my desire to hear her, and she went on.

"My father was dead and my mother was very sick. The money was all gone, and no one to earn any more but me, and I could not leave my mother and the children. I never saw food look so good as the coarse loaf I bought with our last bit, and yet I could not taste a morsel of it myself; it was all there was to keep the life in the others. I made it hold out as long as it would, and when it was gone, I didn't know what to do. Mother was faint and restless, Jenny was crying with hunger, and I was clear discouraged, though I said nothing, except to hush Jenny. My mother looked up.

"He feedeth the young ravens, Kitty, trust to him," she said, and I saw her eyes were swimming with tears. Then she turned herself and lay very still, but in my heart I heard her tears falling on her pillow. After a time she called me to her. "Kitty, there is but one way, now. Take the little clock to the pawnbroker's, and get some money on it. The things will have to go. You must not starve."

"The clock, mother?" I asked.

"Yes, Kitty."

"But we all love the clock so, and it's such company to you when you can't sleep."

"Never mind that, Kitty."

"Why, the clock is the happiest thing in the house; it's such a comfort," I pleaded.

"It can best be spared, though."

"Why, it was your own father's gift, mother."

"Say no more, Kitty; everything must go in turn."

"I said no more, but took the clock down from its shelf, marked it as I told you, so that if I ever saw it again I could be sure it was the same, and started on my doleful errand. The children gathered about me to take a last look of their old friend. Johnny kissed the children, and Jenny stroked pussy's fur in the picture on its face, but my mother never looked up nor spoke a word. It was best not, for I knew well enough what she was thinking. Nor did I say anything. I carried my old companion in my arms as tenderly as I would have carried a baby to its cradle, and it was something that I could show my feelings in this way. But when I came to the pawnbroker's, it was too hard to trade it off. I could as easily have sold my hands. And then I could get so little for it, and it was worth so much to my poor mother for comfort and memory. I did my best to raise money on it, and yet I blamed myself that I

could do no better. I could not part with it so. I kept my hands on it till the pawnbroker laid down his ticket and the money, and taking up the clock set it back out of sight. I never saw it again, though I was often at the pawn-shop till everything we had was sold—furniture, clothes and all; I could never get a glance at it. And to my mind, it was like what people feel to see the dead come again, when I saw it in Mr. Dobbin's room, and I never thinking of such things, but trying to forget them, for it weakens and breaks me up to keep going over what has been. So that's the matter of the clock. I was foolish like about it, but not so much after all as one might think who didn't know, for when I looked at it, it took me straight into our old home, and brought my mother and the children about me so kind; and when I heard it tick, I could hear them laugh and sing. I never saw another clock like that, ma'am. I wonder if it's anything to Mr. Dobbin! But I'm staying too long, ma'am, I must be going." And Kitty rose.

"Come and see me again, Kitty," I said, "and when you have a home of your own, as you no doubt will have some day, I'll try to get that clock to keep you company there."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am; but I'll never have a home. Everything is against me, ma'am; it was always so. I thought I was in such good luck for once to get with the clock, and now it seems it was an ill-luck."

"Keep a good heart, Kitty," 'cheer up, and all will come right,' as I've often heard the clock say."

Kitty thanked me again, and took her leave. Mr. Dobbin was in his room all the time Kitty was telling her story, but he was so still (probably he was listening to it,) that I never should have suspected it, had he not opened his door just as Kitty was going through the hall. They exchanged a "good-by," and then I heard him say something in an undertone about her boarding-house. I could not hear Kitty's reply for the clock. It ticked on so gaily and merrily its "Cheer up, cheer up—on—on—cheer up," not in the least subdued by the grief of its old acquaintance, but urging its one continual lesson, that the steady, unflinching performance of duty will bring the best result at last. And Mr. Dobbin seemed just as cheerful as ever, when he next returned to the clock, and sung for it just as glad a response as if Kitty had not gone away from it a few hours before in disgrace and heart-break. There is so little sympathy in the world. I did not expect the clock to exhibit much change, but I thought Mr.

Dobbin would certainly have some feeling for the poor girl; but if he had any, I could not perceive it. He seemed to sing louder and merrier every time the clock welcomed him home, so that I began to fear his noise might prove a serious disturbance. One day he was almost boisterous, and I was considering the expediency of a complaint or an expostulation, when I heard him remove the clock from its place. I was alarmed. What could it mean? His wits must have deserted him. Was he safe? I heard him giving orders for the removal of his furniture. I opened my door. Mr. Dobbin was there, looking the same as usual, only very much merrier.

"Are you going to leave us, Mr. Dobbin?" I asked.

"I am, madam."

"You have found a more agreeable boarding-house, I presume?"

"I go to housekeeping, ma'am."

I thought there was a little more triumph in this announcement than was quite becoming, since it was addressed to an unwilling boarder, and it was what I could not have anticipated from Mr. Dobbin, of all men. But my indignation was softened down somewhat, when he most courteously and cordially invited me to visit him in his own house. I had not had time to shape my acknowledgment of his kindness, when he added, "Mrs. Dobbin will be very happy to see you."

"Mrs. Dobbin——" I was awkwardly stammering, when he again came to my relief.

"Mrs. Dobbin. My wife, ma'am."

"Ah, then, I have to congratulate you, and I should sincerely congratulate the lady of your choice, had I the good fortune to know her. May I ask her name?"

"Kitty Martin, ma'am. I think you have the good fortune you speak of."

"Ah, indeed! little Kitty Martin who loved the clock so!"

"The same."

Mr. Dobbin saw, no doubt, a little surprise in my expression, for he added, "I'll tell you just how it was. Kitty loved the clock, and so did I, and I tried to think the clock loved us. Kitty wanted the clock, and so did I; and I could not see any way to settle things which seemed quite so satisfactory to all concerned as for me to marry Kitty, and now we can both have the clock."

I laughed at this very philosophic disposition of a difficult matter, and Mr. Dobbin laughed louder, he was so entirely confident of the wisdom of his arrangement; and bidding me "good morning," took the clock in his arms and went off humming one of the gayest tunes, which I recognized to be "Come Haste to the Wedding," the clock meanwhile never varying from its old tick; joys and sorrows, weddings and funerals, the same to it, all being constituent parts of human life, and all good in place and time.

AFTER THE RAIN.

BY M. ANNE LADD.

After the rain, how pure the air!
How earth reblooms in hues more fair,
While breaks the burdened spirit from its weight of deep despair.

'Twas long ago, that Summer day
I walked beside the busy way,
When June was robed in all her beautiful array!

The fountains of the upper main,
O'erflowing with reviving rain,
Had bathed the town, then smiled the golden sun again.

Upon my ear in music, stole
The voice which ever woke my soul,
And held each trembling chord hushed with its strange control.

I could not raise my drooping eyes,
My heart grew faint with pleased surprise—
Like a timid bird that knows not why it fears or flies.

How strangely sweet my name was grown,
Linked with his deep and tender tone!
Down to my inmost heart his warm soul-glances shone!
Oh! might we two thus side by side,
Explore life's labyrinth wild and wide,

I deemed 'twould be earth's crowning bliss, my joy and pride!

I walked beside him, still and calm,
As streams that flow beneath the palm
Of Southern climes, that proudly wave in airs of balm.

I knew his heart drew nearer mine,
And mine enclasped his like a vine,
That round the stately palm its tendrils might entwine.

Alas! we never met again,
As after that sweet Summer-rain;
For chilling pride grew fast and strong between us twain.

If, 'mid the present's hopes and fears,
I sometimes shed regretful tears—
'Tis but—it keeps still fresh that dream of other years.

And, like the sunshine after rain,
Dear memory smiles o'er all again,
And wins the pleasure back, and leaves behind the pain!

We met not vainly—though we roam,
Each from the heart's true rest and home,
Alone to brave the surging tide, where breakers foam!

My barque glides on nor heeds the blast,
If, when the storm-swept waves are passed,
We both may reach the Heavenly haven, and meet at last!

CROCHET PINCUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS is formed of two rows of stars similar to the one given on the next page. There are nine in the upper row, which forms the top of the cushion, and twelve in the lower row, which lies as a frill all round.

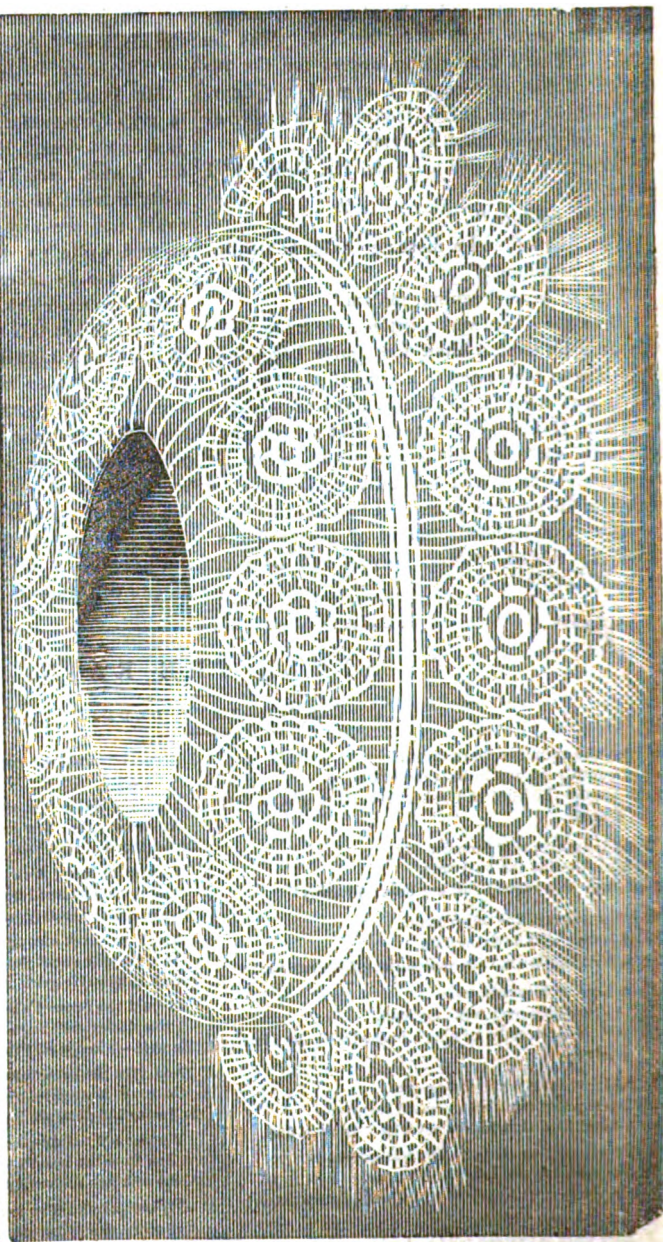
The two rows are joined together with chains of crochet; the top edge is carried over within the circle, which is left open for either a scent-bottle or vase of flowers.

A ribbon is laced in and out between the two rows of stars, and serves to draw the crochet tight over the cushion, and finishes with a bow.

The following are the instructions for forming the stars, a pattern of one of which, of the full size, is given on the next page.

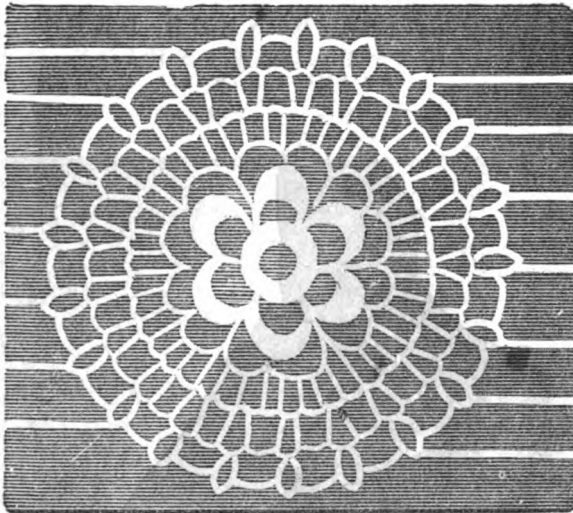
Make a ring of fifteen stitches, on this work 25 double stitches; chain 11, loop in, leaving 3 stitches between, repeat 6 times; 2 single, 9 double, 2 single on each of the 11 chain; 1 double, 8 chain, loop in to the center stitch of the 9 double of last row, repeat all round; 1 double, 3 chain on every other loop all round; 2 double, 3 chain, 2 double, 8 chain between every other double stitch of last row; 1 row over the last, with 3 double, 3 chain, 3 double.

A knotted fringe tied into every loop forms a



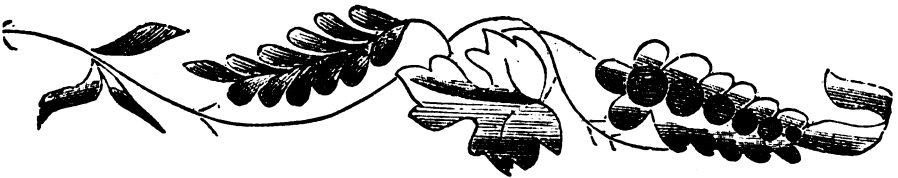
pretty finish to this very ornamental pin- in color. Crochet cotton, No. 16, is a suitable cushion. size. The Pincushion, when finished, makes

The silk lining and the ribbon should match one of the prettiest things of the season.

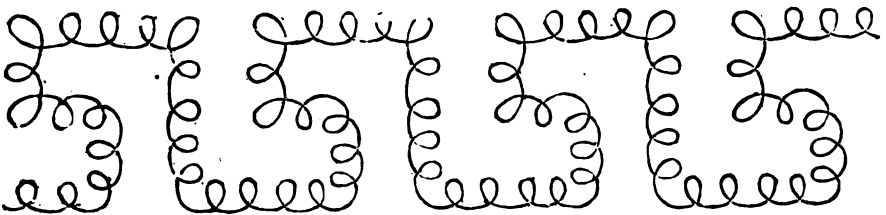


STAR FOR PINCUSHION.

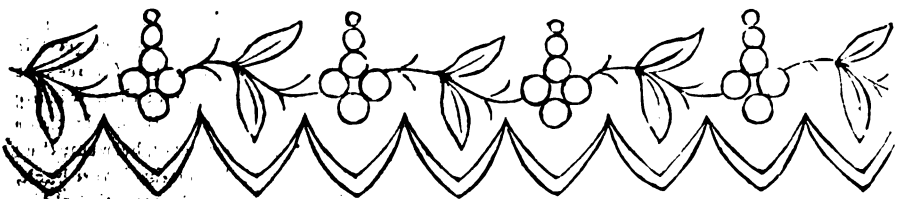
VARIETIES.



IN SILK EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



EDGING.

POLONAISE DINNER DRESS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THIS new and fashionable dress is to be made of silk. On the next page we give diagrams, which, when enlarged, will enable any lady to cut out the dress. These diagrams represent half the dress.

No. 1. FRONT.

No. 2. SIDE-PIECE.

No. 3. SIDE-BACK.

No. 4. BACK.

No. 5. GORE FOR SKIRT.

No. 6. SLEEVE.

No. 7. GORE FOR SLEEVE.

As we have already observed, there are two

fronts, two side-pieces, two backs, etc. But there are six gores for the skirt, or one to go between every seam, except the seams down the back and up the front. In putting the pieces together, join the front and side-piece at D D, as far down as X X, at which part insert the gore, No. 5, putting in the fullness at the top, in a large box-plait, and then joining the gore to the front down to B B. In the same manner, insert the other gores, between the side-piece and side-back, the side-back and back, and so around. Join, under the arm, the side-piece to the side-back, at E E as far as X X, where,

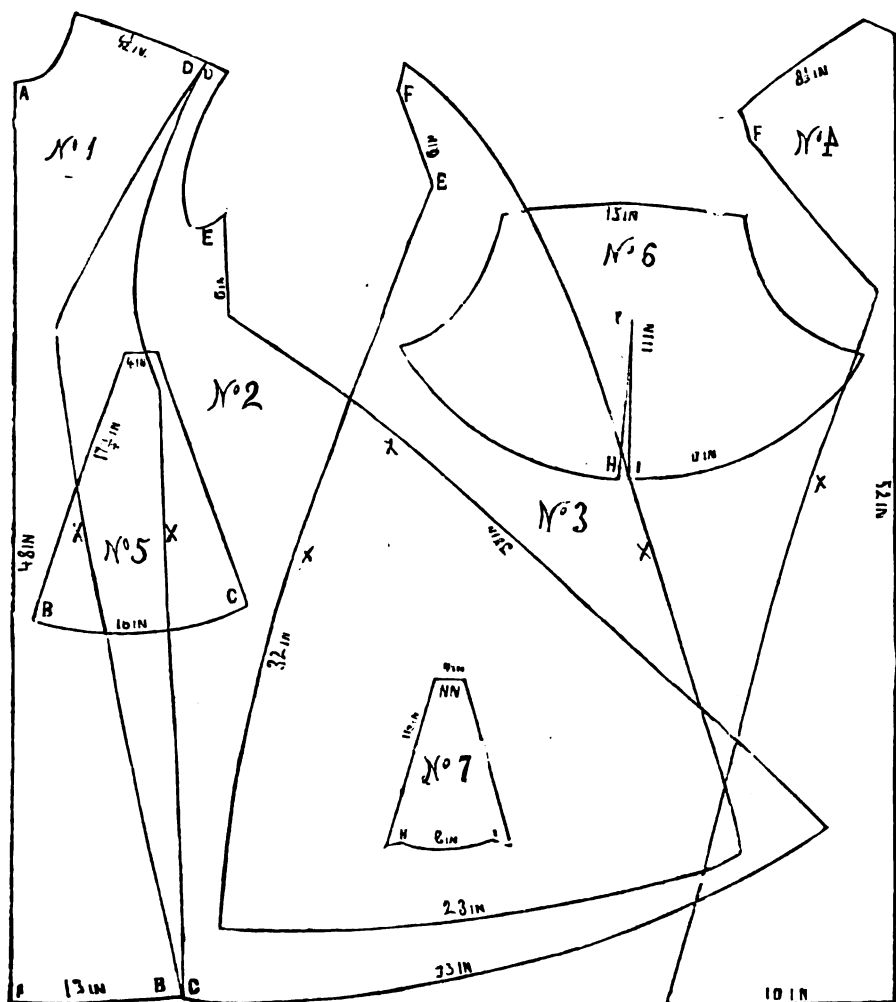


DIAGRAM OF POLONAISE DINNER DRESS.

as we have just said, another gore is put in. Join the side-back to back at F F, as far as X X, where insert a gore as before.

This completes half of the skirt. The length of the skirt is to be determined, of course, by the size of the wearer. The diagram is prepared for a person of ordinary size.

To make the sleeve, insert the small gore,

No. 7, at Y Y, with a box-plait, and continue the seam to H H, on one side, and I I on the other. This gore comes on the back of the arm, in the center of the sleeve.

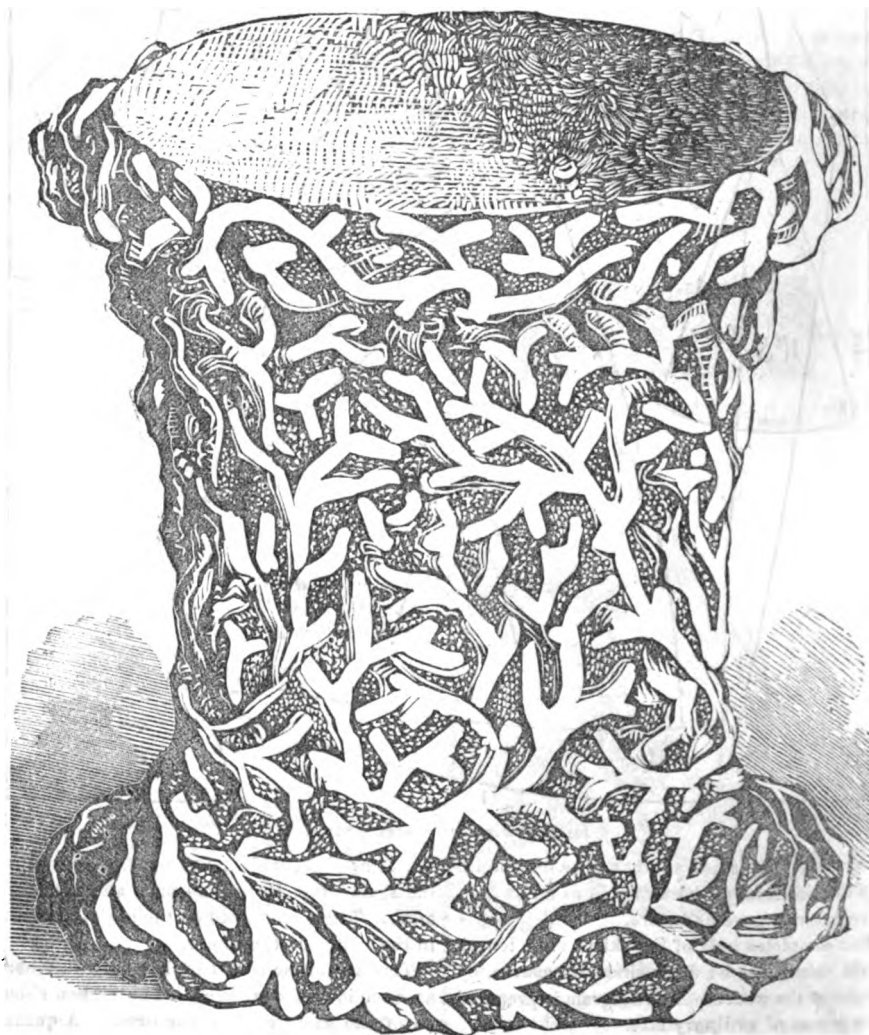
This Polonaise is to be trimmed with ribbon, as seen in the engraving. The ribbon should be of the same color as the dress. A quilling of ribbon is put on around the sleeve.

NUMERALS FOR MARKING.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

CORAL CASE FOR FLOWER-POTS.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



SOME short time back we gave a pretty design for a Coral Shell Stand, executed in a similar way, and intended to form a set of the same ornaments. The shape must be formed of strong covered wire, and it is commenced by twisting the wire into a circle, from whence rows of irregular loops are formed by linking it through and giving it one tie, making the loops rather larger in each round, to allow for the spread of the flower-pot toward the top, and making the last row the largest, so as to bend back in the way of a rim. Having finished the upper part, recommence again at the wire circle at the bottom, and work a wider piece sufficiently large to spread over the flower-pot saucer, giving it a sort of arch for that purpose. When this framework has been thus far advanced, fit it on to a flower-pot, so as to give it perfect regu-

larity of shape, in the way of a mould, bending the rim back in the desired curve, and fitting the lower part over an inverted saucer of the required size. After this, short lengths of cotton cord are to be tied on to some of the more open parts, so as to give the irregular appearance of the coral branches. All this being done, some white wax is to be melted and a sufficient quantity of Chinese vermilion mixed in, so as to give it a rich color, and this must be poured on the wire framework with an iron spoon, holding it up and down and every way until the whole is perfectly covered. After having

thus given the first coating, the ends of the cotton cord may be bent out in various positions and finally arranged, and a second coating of the wax be added, to give the thickness of the coral. In making these coral cases, the framework of wire must be fitted on to a flower-pot two or three sizes larger than the one which it is intended to accompany, both because the wax partially fills in the interior, and also to have space for a lining of the green moss, which is to be introduced between the earthen pot and the coral case.

TATTING.



Cast on eight stitches, purl one, eight more,

and purl until there are thirty-two; then draw up closely. Continue until the tatting is as long as is required, then turn back and make eight stitches, purl one, eight more, and join to the center purl, and continue so until completed.

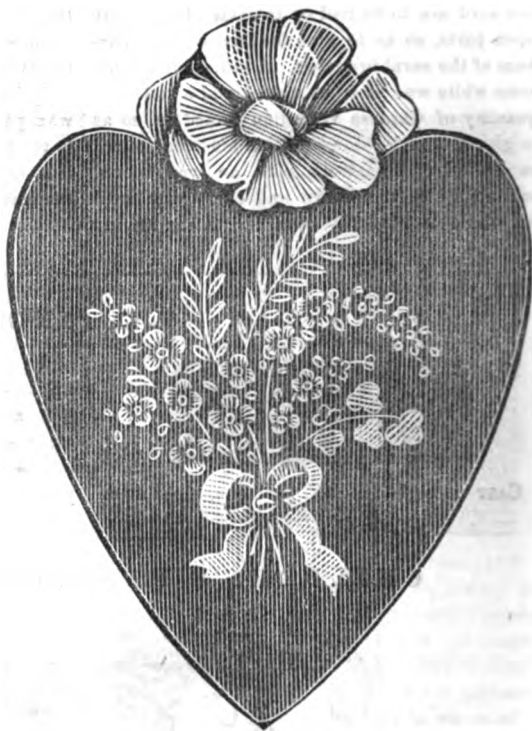
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE.



HEART-SHAPED SCENT-SACHET.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

THESE pretty little sachets should be made by every lady, to be scattered through her drawers, so as to impart a general fragrance to the various articles of her wardrobe. The trouble is very slight, and the material no more than any trifling remnant of silk of the size shown in our illustration, and three-quarters of a yard of ribbon to form the bow. The little group of flowers which we have given is to be embroidered on the sides as lightly as possible: the two parts are to be laid face to face, and stitched together with accuracy to their shape, leaving an opening at the top; after this they are to be turned and filled with fine cotton wool, impregnated with any perfume most agreeable to taste; after which the aperture is to be closed, and the rosette of ribbon laid upon the place. Ladies who are not inclined to undertake the embroidery may take any piece of fancy silk, or even such as are quite plain, and make them up in the same way, without this decoration.

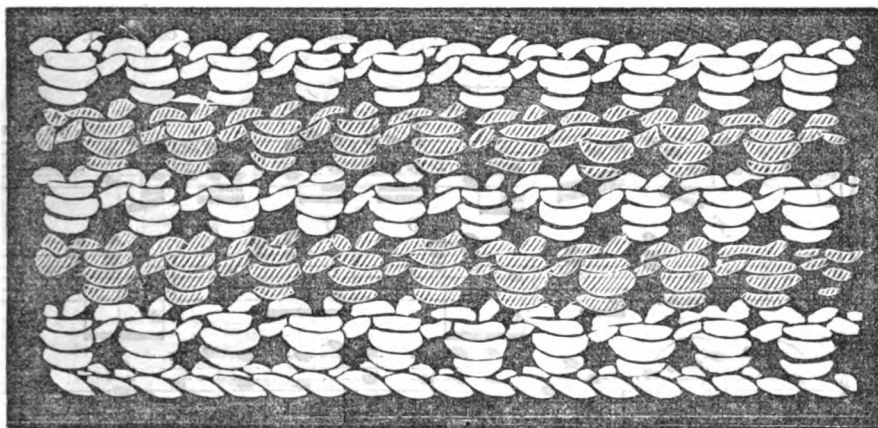


ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



CROCHET FOR CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

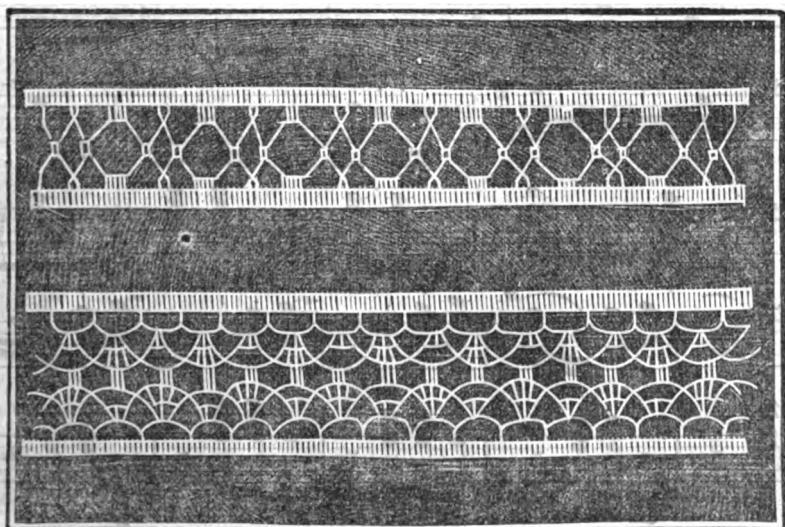


THIS must be done in bands, the wool must be broken at the end of each band. If one wishes to make lamp-mats, the work must be begun by several chain-stitches joined in a circle, augmenting the ball at each row without breaking the wool.

Turn the wool three times around the needle, take your stitch in the third stitch, it must not be tightened; keep a good hold; draw your crochet, drawing at the same time the ends of the wool above it. Make a plain stitch; begin again in the second stitch, turning the wool three times around the needle.

Do a row of chain-stitches to begin the work.

IN CROCHET.



THE TRIUMPHANT POLKA.

COMPOSED BY AMELIA M. ESCHER.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF S.E.P. WINNER, PROPRIETOR OF THE COPYRIGHT.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time, featuring a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, beams, and slurs. Dynamics are indicated by 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano). The score begins with a decorative horizontal line with four dots. The first system starts with a treble staff containing a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass staff with chords. The second system continues the melody in the treble and accompaniment in the bass. The third system introduces a new melodic phrase in the treble, marked with a 'p' dynamic. The fourth system features a more complex melodic line with slurs and a 'p' dynamic. The fifth system concludes the piece with a final melodic flourish in the treble and a corresponding bass accompaniment.

THE MERRY WIDOW
 by **FRANZ LEHÁR**

PIANO

8 va. loco.

cres - cen - do. f

D.C.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

LADIES AND BOOTS.—We remember, some years ago, when the first pair of boots was worn, in public, by a lady, in Philadelphia. We mean long boots, such as gentlemen wear. It was before the era of gum-elastic boots. A sensible woman said to us, "I have a mind to have a pair of boots, to wear in wet weather; thick soles alone are not sufficient; for the skirts get sloppy, flap against the ankle, and so give one a cold sometimes, even when the feet keep dry." We encouraged the idea. But the first time she wore them she was almost mobbed. Even the medical students belonging to our world-famed University, (who would have been thought to be better-bred,) seeing her passing, one stormy day, cried out, audibly, at the spectacle. But she continued, like a wise woman, to wear her high boots; and now the fashion is almost universal. All this happened, as old-fashioned story-tellers say, "once upon a time"—more years ago than we care to tell.

Boots, generally, little as well as big, are now patronized to a great extent. There is the long boot we have spoken of, the Balmoral, the Congress, the ordinary gaiter, etc., etc. Boots have become, indeed, essential portions of outdoor costume, even in the very finest weather. Further than this, they have been for some time fashionable in the ball-room. "Dancing boots," as the shoemakers call them, are found more convenient and durable than the pretty little satin slippers, with their neat sandals crossing over a maze of dainty lace-work on the top of the foot, that, when we were young, glanced before our eyes as we watched the progress of the whirling waltz. We liked those little slippers. We had a regard for the sandals. We had an admiration for the cobwebby stockings that fitted so beautifully over delicate insteps, and twinkled in and out beneath swelling folds of gauzy drapery. Yes, we liked the slippers, and duly watched for their appearance. But now, as we sit in our quiet corner at a party, instead of the pretty little slippered feet, no feet at all, but only boots—dull, opaque, and white, traditionally supposed to contain feet, but this must be taken upon trust—present themselves to our inquiring gaze. So we hereby enter our protest against ball-room boots, with or without elastic sides, regarding them in the light of unreasonable innovations upon a long established right.

As to Balmorals, we rather like them, military heels and all. We think that the mania for science in a mild and diluted form, prevalent of late years, has had something to do with them; for how could young ladies sally forth through miniature forests of wet grass to gather moss and ferns, or how could they venture among sea-side pools to inquire into the domestic habits and modes of education prevalent among the marine tribes, unless they were provided with some such defence as the Balmoral boot? No, depend upon it, boots and science have some immediate connection, and certainly at the present time it is gratifying to think that women number among them so vast a phalanx of *high-soled* individuals.

One word more about ladies' boots. They should always, on all occasions, be in perfect order, fit nicely, and be exactly laced. A hanging boot-lace is an abomination. At all hours, and on all days, a woman can, if she likes, be "fit to be seen," dressed as becomes her occupation and her position. Let this word suffice to the wise; as to the incurables, the hopelessly untidy, it were indeed a *bootless* task to talk to them; in this country, at least, we believe them to be few and far between.

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A NEW VOLUME WITH JULY.—A new volume of "Peterson" will begin with our next number. *This will furnish a good opportunity to subscribe.* We have several new contributors, whose stories will appear in this next volume. Altogether, "Peterson" will be far better, hereafter, than it has ever been before. The series of embellishments we have in hand for the coming six months, will surpass any series we have ever given. Our colored pattern, in the July number, will be something quite new and superb. The enormous edition we have attained, and the fact that we do a cash business entirely, enables us to publish a monthly that is unequaled anywhere for the price. *This is the Magazine for the times.* We advise everybody to secure the coming volume. Either clubs, or single subscribers, may begin with the July number, or any other number they please. Those who desire it can be supplied with back numbers from January. The fact that this is the *cheapest Magazine in the world*, ought to introduce "Peterson" into tens of thousands of homesteads where no magazine has ever been before.

GOSSIP ABOUT GLOVES.—It is generally supposed that gloves are modern inventions. They are not. The Anglo-Saxons even wore gloves. The most gloves come from France, which appears to have been celebrated as a glove-making country from a very distant era, if we may judge by the following extract from an old English ballad:—

"He said he had his gloves from France.
The Queen said, 'That can't be;
If you go there for glove-making,
It is without the G!'"

The subject of gloves brings to mind an anecdote of Shakspeare, which we remember to have met with in some record of antiquity. He was acting in one of his own plays in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, his part being that of a king, which he played to such perfection, that her majesty resolved to try whether she could make him forget the illusions of the stage, and accordingly dropped her glove at the moment that he passed her. He stopped at once and picked it up, but without departing a single lock from his royal role, and he handed it to her with the words, "Although bent on this high embassy, yet stoop we to pick up our cousin's glove."

Those among us who can look back some thirty years, and call to mind the aspect of a ball-room (a singular aspect, be it observed, according to our present ideas), will remember those very prolonged gloves that didn't know where to leave off, but crept up to their wearers' elbows, apparently doing their best to make up for the absence of sleeves. It is hard now to persuade ourselves that these appendages could ever have looked pretty or becoming, but no doubt they fascinated many spectators in their day, and rested daintily on the soft white arms beneath them.

All gloves are said to be made of kid. Yet it could be demonstrated that there are not goats enough in the world to furnish the material. Rat-skins are used extensively as a substitute.

OUR COLORED PATTERNS FOR THIS NUMBER.—We give, this month, four colored patterns, printed on a double-sized sheet. This is what no other contemporary does.

JUNE ROSES.—This is one of the most beautiful engravings we have ever published. But that for July will be even more beautiful.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.—The newspapers, everywhere, pronounce "Peterson" *the best and cheapest of the magazines*. Says the Paterson (N. J.) *Guardian*:—"If we were called upon to select the magazine best suited for the home circle, and for the ladies particularly, we should unhesitatingly select Peterson's Book. We think this Magazine unrivaled in the field in which it performs so useful a part. Radiant in colored fashion-plates, rich in patterns of all sorts, and entertaining and instructive in its literary department, each number seems to surpass the preceding one in value and interest." And the Monmouth (Ill.) *Review* says:—"Among all the magazines we receive, there are none we hail with more delight than Peterson. The steel engravings that embellish it, and the highly finished fashion-plates that are sure to attract the eye, besides the numerous other engravings, are not excelled by any other magazine published. The matter it contains is from the pens of the most gifted authors, and of a strictly moral and elevating character. The heads of families would do well to place a Magazine like Peterson's in the hands of their children, instead of allowing them to pore over the trashy novels that are purchased for ten cents."

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.—Never abandon hope. The most sorrowful life has its hours of happiness. In proportion as we have endured ill-fortune, just in that proportion is the chance of improvement. It cannot rain forever. A little trouble, occasionally, does us good. Uninterrupted success fosters selfishness, hard-heartedness, weakness, and many other vices. The sailor, nursed in the tempests of the great Atlantic, is hardy, brave, and vigilant, while he who only crawls along the sunny shores of Italy, succumbs to the first hurricane. Is fortune adverse, is the future gloomy? Look up; go boldly forward; hope for the best. Nothing is impossible to a stout arm and a resolute will. Brighter days are in store for you. Have faith. All will yet come right.

THE "QUEEN OF THE MONTHLIES."—So the Sheboygan (Wis.) *Journal* calls this Magazine. It says:—"The number starts out with a beautiful engraving, which is worth the price of the number. It contains a steel fashion-plate, which is far superior to any we have ever before seen. It is replete with first class literature, and is far ahead of any other magazine of the kind in the country. Indeed, we know of several ladies in this vicinity who have discontinued the three dollar magazines and commenced taking 'Peterson's'—not because the latter was the cheapest, but because it was the best."

CHARITY IS THE GREATEST.—"Faith, hope, and charity," says the apostle; "but the greatest of these is CHARITY." Only the All-Seeing Judge knows the hearts of men. Let us not be too hasty to condemn. Who has not felt the sting of misrepresentation? Do unto others, therefore, as you would be done unto; and have charity for all. Even in reference to the criminal, disavow and condemn the sin, but pity the offender.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life and Career of Major John Andre, Adjutant-General of the British Army in America. By Winthrop Sargent. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The author of this work is favorably known as a historical student. Nor is this his first essay as a writer for the public. On the whole, his present volume, though not without defects, is a valuable addition to our historical literature. Its merits are that it tells us many things of Andre not generally known before, and that it gives us graphic pictures

of society in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston in 1776. Its principal defect is the constant repetition of facts almost universally known, and which, moreover, have little, or no connection with the main subject. It was proper, for example, to describe the Meechianza at length; but why go over, and in such detail, the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth? Another fault is, that, in his effort to discard prejudice, Mr. Sargent seems to us to have become almost the apologist of Great Britain. He nowhere directly assails Washington, or the cause of the colonies, but the general tone of the book is more or less depreciatory of both. We do not think Mr. Sargent can be conscious of this himself. He will, probably, be surprised at such an accusation. But as his work has produced the same effect on others, in this respect, as on self, we think it our duty, as a critic, to mention the fact at least. In narrating the events of Andre's arrest, and in discussing the propriety of Andre's execution, Mr. Sargent is quite voluminous: indeed he may be considered to have exhausted the subject. His verdict is that Andre suffered justly; that Washington could not but hang the unfortunate young man; and that, after all, fortune has made amends to the victim, by securing to him a fame he might otherwise never have enjoyed. Of Arnold Mr. Sargent writes with more charity than most of our historians have written, though he does not, in the least, extenuate the baseness of the traitor's defection. The volume is printed quite neatly and contains a portrait of Major Andre.

Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi. By A. Hayward. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Every reader of Boswell's Johnson is familiar with the name of Mrs. Thrale, subsequently Mrs. Piozzi. At the country-seat of Mr. Thrale, an eminent London brewer, Dr. Johnson was long a welcome guest, and consequently few of his cotemporaries saw as much of him socially as Mrs. Thrale. This lady was a wit, almost a blue, and figures continually in Boswell's Johnson. After her first husband's decease, she married an Italian singer, named Piozzi, a match which drew upon her a good deal of opprobrium, which appears, however, to have been undeserved, for she was far happier now than when Mrs. Thrale. She had a handsome income, fortunately, which permitted her to consult her wishes; nor does she seem to have sunk, ultimately, in the social scale, as her friends prophesied she would. Mrs. Piozzi lived to the age of eighty, dying in 1821; and retained her vivacity and love of approbation to the last. While there is much in this volume of comparatively little value, there is a good deal also worthy of preservation. It will be found particularly interesting to readers familiar with the literary gossip of the last half of the eighteenth century.

Twelve Sermons. By Horace Mann. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The chief features of these sermons are their clearness of thought, and their terse, logical style. It is to be regretted, we think, that they touch, here and there, on disputed points of theology; for their general tone is so liberal, their ethical teachings so just, that it is a pity their audience should be at all circumscribed. Besides, do not Christians often differ more in terms than in fact? We call things by different names, when we mean substantially the same. Or we are so constituted, by organization, that we realize certain aspects of religion more forcibly than others do. Mr. Mann himself, in one of these sermons, dwells particularly on this fact. There are some persons, who, on account of the theological proclivities of the author, will be prejudiced against the volume. But, after all, why should they? Let them separate from the wheat, what they think the chaff. Even they, however, will find but little chaff, and will be amply repaid by the sterling sense, the sound ethics, and the wide Christian brotherhood, which characterize the book.

Currents and Under-Currents in Medical Science. With other Addresses and Essays. By Oliver Wendell Holmes.—Dr. Holmes, having established his claim, by his "Autocrat," his "Professor," and his "Elsie Venner," to be the greatest of magicians, living or dead, is naturally desirous that the world should not forget that he is also a first-class writer on science, especially medical science. Accordingly he has collected, in this volume, certain essays, already well known among savans, but which will now, we trust, become familiar to the public at large. Truly a wonderful man is Dr. Holmes! Wit, essayist, lecturer, poet, good-fellow, philosopher, man of science, he is, so to speak, "the admirable Crichton" of this nineteenth century. We suspect, too, that he belongs to what we may call the school of "muscular literature," and that he could hold his own in a boat-race, in the saddle, or behind a fast trotter; there are chance passages, at least, in his works, which show him to be familiar with these and other manly sports. Of the several essays in this volume, all excellent, we have been most interested in that on the "Mechanism of Vital Action." There are many readers who will not like the doctor's attack on homeopathy.

The Alchemist. From the French of Honore de Balzac. Translated by O. W. Wight and F. B. Goodrich. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—This is the story of an Alchemist, who, in his mad search after the Philosopher's stone, not only melts down his estate, but also sacrifices his wife's affection. The character of this wife is exquisitely drawn. But all the characters are depicted with unusual force: the daughter, the lover, the old servant, and the Alchemist himself, rise before the reader as realities. Indeed, there are few writers of fiction, who rival Balzac in the subtle dissection of human nature. This makes the third of these novels translated by Messrs. Wight and Goodrich.

Macaulay's History of England. Vol. V., 12 mo. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.—The late Lord Macaulay left, as is well known, a partial continuation of his history, in manuscript. This fragment his sister, Lady Trevelyan, has just issued from the press. Of several editions, which have appeared on this side of the Atlantic, that of Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. has the merit of containing a sketch, by E. Austin Allibone, of the historian's life and writings. A complete index to the entire work is also a feature of this volume. The history, with all its faults, is fascinating reading, and even this fragment, therefore, will be eagerly perused.

Chambers' Encyclopedia. Vols. I and II, 8 vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This work, the republication of which was begun by D. Appleton & Co., of New York, has passed into the hands of J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, who will continue to issue it in numbers, simultaneously with the issue abroad, until it is completed. Twenty-six numbers have already appeared. The work is one of very great merit, and it is reprinted in excellent style. We wish, indeed, that the New American Encyclopedia, which is now being published, had type and paper as unexceptionable.

Theaetionica; or, The Model Church. By H. L. Hastings. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—This is a sketch of primitive Christianity. Mr. Hastings is favorably known as the author of "The Great Controversy between God and Man," "Pauline Theology," etc., etc. The work is well written.

RECEIPTS FOR PRESERVING.

Cherry Jam.—Stone four pounds of cherries, and put them in a preserving-pan with two pounds of fine white sugar and a pint of red currant juice. Boil the whole

together rather fast, until it stiffens, and then put it into pots for use.

Gooseberry Jam.—Stalk and crop six pounds of the small, red, rough gooseberry, put them into a preserving-pan, and, as they warm, stir and bruise them to bring out the juice. Let them boil for ten minutes, then add four pounds of sugar, and place it on the fire again; let it boil, and continue boiling for two hours longer, stirring it all the time to prevent its burning. When it thickens, and will jelly upon a plate, it is done enough. Put it into pots, and allow it to remain a day before it is covered.

Blackberry Jam.—In families where there are many children there is no preparation of fruit so wholesome, so cheap, and so much admired, as this homely conserve. The fruit should be clean picked in dry weather, and to every pound of berries put half-pound of coarse brown sugar; boil the whole together for three-quarters of an hour or one hour, stirring it well the whole time. Put it in pots like any other preserve, and it will be found most useful in families, as it may be given to children instead of medicine; makes excellent puddings.

To Preserve Barberries in Bunches.—Take the stoneless barberries, reserve the largest bunches; then pick the rest from the stalks, put them into as much water as will make a syrup for the bunches, boil them until quite soft; then strain them through a sieve, and to every pint of juice put one and a half-pound of loaf-sugar; boil and skim it well. To every pint of this syrup put half-pound of barberries in bunches, boil them until they look quite clear, and put them into pots or glasses. Tie paper over them. They are only used as a garnish for other sweet dishes.

Composition Sweetmeat.—Take two pottles of ripe red gooseberries, two of red raspberries, two of strawberries (the pines are best), and three pints of ripe red currants; bruise and mix them together in a deep dish, and to every pint of the fruit put three-quarters pound of sugar, pounded pretty fine; then boil it for half an hour, stirring it all the time it is on the fire. Cherries may also be added, first taking out the stones; measure them with the other fruit for the weight of sugar.

Currant Jelly.—Take of red and white currants equal quantities, or all red, tie them down close in a jar, put them into a kettle of water over a slow fire to boil for two hours, or into a slow oven; strain the liquor through a fine sieve, but do not squeeze the currants hard; then to every pint of juice put three-quarters pound of loaf-sugar; set it over a very slow fire until the sugar is dissolved. Let the scum rise thick enough to be taken off at once; then let it boil up quickly for twenty minutes, or until it jellies.

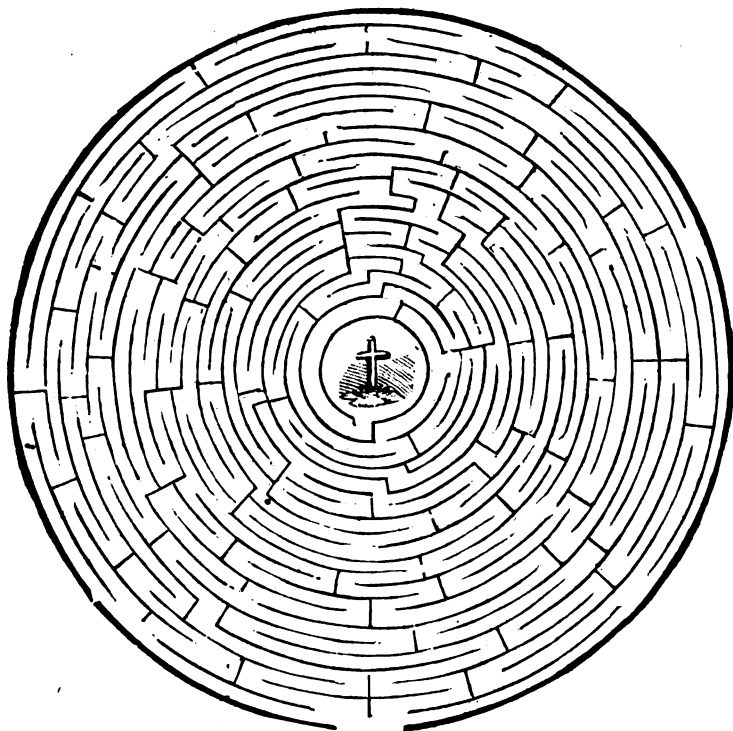
ART RECREATIONS.

MR. PETERSON.—Dear Sir—Will you please inform your readers that we have not sold out our business of publishing Pictures, and Importing and selling Artists' Goods? That our Mr. J. E. Tilton disposed only of his local retail trade in Salem, at the time of removal to Boston, some three years since, our facilities are greatly improved of late for the supplying of all Artists' Materials, including all materials used in any of the styles taught in "Art Recreations." We shall be happy to hear from our friends who want but little for a beginning, and from those who want large quantities to sell again.

We have ready a NEW PRICE LIST of all materials used in our "Art Recreations," etc., including that for Painting of all kinds, Drawing of all kinds, Wax Flowers and Fruit, Paper Flowers: in fact, all fashionable arts. It will be sent free to those interested who will write us for it.

Very truly yours, J. E. TILTON & Co.
161 Washington Street, Boston.

PUZZLE MAZE.



KEY TO THE MAZE.—The "Maze" must be entered at the opening at foot. The Traveler will pass between the lines, taking care not to pass over a black line; passing to the inner circles only where there is an opening. He is not to attempt to pass from the center to the circumference, except when he has arrived there in the legitimate manner.

RECEIPTS FOR DESSERTS.

An excellent Apricot Pudding.—Have twelve large apricots, give them a scald till they are soft; meantime pour on the grated crumbs of a penny loaf, one pint of boiling cream; when half-cold, add four ounces of sugar, the yolks of four beaten eggs, and one glass of white wine. Break the apricot-stones, take some or all of the kernels, pound them in a mortar, and mix them with the fruit and other ingredients; put a paste round a dish, and bake the pudding half an hour.

Baked Apple Pudding.—Pare and quarter four large apples; boil them tender, with the rind of a lemon, in so little water that, when done, none may remain: beat them quite firm in a mortar; add the crumbs of a small roll; four ounces of butter melted, the yolks of five and whites of three eggs, juice of half a lemon, and sugar to taste; beat all together, and lay it in a dish with paste to turn out.

Or—Put the pulp of the apples in the center of a baking dish, surround it with custard, and bake it until brown.

Or—Take three-quarters of a pound of the pulp of the sharpest apples you can get; add six ounces of pounded loaf-sugar, the same of butter (melted), the grated rind of one lemon and the juice, a glass of white wine, a little nutmeg, the yolks of eight eggs and the whites of four, well beaten. Mix these well together, and bake in a dish lined with paste.

Fruit sliced into Batter makes an excellent and eco-

nomical pudding, and is considered much more digestible than when put into paste. A little of the batter should be put into the dish, and, if apples are used, they should be pared and carefully cored, then cut into slices, and a little sugar and grated lemon-peel strewed between them, the dish filled three parts full with the remainder of the batter.

To make Batter for Fruit Puddings.—Put half a pound of flour and a saltspoonful of salt into a pan, add very gently half a pint of milk; if mixed carelessly, the flour will remain in lumps; beat up the whites of four eggs, strain them to the batter, and beat it well with a wooden spoon. The whites should be beaten, separately, to a solid froth, and not added till just before the batter is used. For fruit, the batter should be rather thicker than when plain, to prevent the fruit sinking to the bottom of the dish or basin, as it is equally good baked or boiled. It must be brought to a proper consistency by adding milk.

Baked Gooseberry Pudding.—Stew gooseberries in a jar over a hot hearth, or in a saucepan of water, till they will pulp. Take a pint of the juice pressed through a coarse sieve, and beat it with three yolks and whites of eggs beaten and strained, with one ounce and a-half of butter; sweeten it well, and put a crust round the dish. A few crumbs of roll, or four ounces of Naples biscuit, should be mixed with the above to give a little consistency. Raspberries and currants may be used instead of gooseberries, and are equally good.

Damsons.—Take a few spoonfuls from a quart of milk, and mix into it, by degrees, four spoonfuls of flour, two spoonfuls of sifted ginger, a little salt; then add the remainder of the milk and one pound of damsons. Tie it up in a cloth, wetted and well floured, or put it into a basin that will exactly hold it. Boil it an hour and a-half, and pour over it melted butter and sugar.

Carrot Pudding.—Boil a large carrot till tender, bruise and mix it with a spoonful of bread-crumbs, four yolks and two whites of eggs, a pint of cream, a ratafia, a large spoonful of orange-flower water, half a nutmeg, two ounces of loaf-sugar. Bake in a shallow dish lined with paste, and when it is turned out strew sugar over it.

Or—Four ounces of bread-crumbs, four ounces of suet, four ounces of grated raw carrot, one tablespoonful of brandy, beaten up with an egg, and flavored with cinnamon and nutmeg. Boil three hours.

An excellent plain Potato Pudding.—Take eight ounces of boiled potatoes, two ounces of butter, the yolks and whites of two eggs, a quarter pint of cream, one spoonful of white wine, a morsel of salt, the juice and rind of a lemon; beat all to froth; sugar to taste. A crust or not, as you like. Bake it. If wanted richer, put three ounces more butter, sweetmeats and almonds, and another egg; or if plainer, omit the wine.

An Economical Pudding may be made of half a pound of flour, half a pound of currants, half a pound of suet well chopped, and four ounces of treacle, with milk sufficient to mix it well together into a stiff paste or batter, the stiffness of boiled rice. Butter a basin, and let it boil five hours. When cold it may be sliced and browned.

Hasty Pudding.—Boil one pint of milk, stir two ounces of flour into it till it be thick and stiff; put it into a basin and add half an ounce of butter, with a little nutmeg, and sugar enough to sweeten it. When cold, mix in three well-beaten eggs: line a dish with thin paste, and in the bottom of it put a layer of marmalade, or any other preserve, and bake the pudding in a moderate oven for half an hour. It is good without paste, and may be baked in a Dutch oven.

Or—Boil one pint of milk, stir into it as much flour as will thicken it, letting it boil all the time; pour it into plates, and eat it hot, with cold butter and sugar, or, if butter is objected to, a little cold milk and a little nutmeg.

Wiltshire Pudding.—Three well-beaten eggs, one pint of milk, sufficient flour to make a thick batter, a little salt; beat it some minutes, stir in gently a large teaspoonful of picked currants and half that quantity of red raspberries; boil in a cloth for two hours, turn it out on the dish and cut in thin slices, but do not separate them; put between each butter and brown sugar.

Bath Pudding.—Half a pint of cream, a quarter of a pound of butter, boiled together, the crumbs of a two penny loaf, lump sugar and brandy to your taste, four eggs. Bake them in small cups three-quarters of an hour.

Chichester Pudding.—To the grated crumbs of a French roll, mixed with the grated rind of half a lemon, add four ounces of sifted sugar, the same of butter, the juice of half a lemon, the yolks of four eggs, the whites of two, both being previously well beaten; stir it over the fire till it is the thickness of cream; then pour it into an open tart-paste and bake it in a moderate oven.

Yorkshire Pudding.—Put one pint of boiling milk to the crumbs of a penny loaf, four eggs, a little salt and flour; put it in a tin and bake it under roast beef or mutton.

A Welsh Pudding.—Let half a pound of fine butter melt gently, beat with it the yolks of eight and whites of four eggs, mix in six ounces of loaf-sugar, and the rind of a lemon grated. Put a paste into a dish for turning out, and pour the above in and nicely bake it.

Gloucester Puddings.—Weigh three eggs in the shell, take their weight in flour and butter; take twelve bitter almonds and five ounces of pounded sugar; beat all together for half an hour, and put the mixture in pudding-cups, filling the cups only half full. Bake them half an hour.

Oxford Dumplings.—Of grated bread two ounces, currants and shred suet four ounces each, two large spoonfuls of flour, a great deal of grated lemon-peel, a bit of sugar, and a little pimento in fine powder. Mix with two eggs and a little milk into five dumplings, and fry of a fine yellow brown. Made with flour instead of bread, but half the quantity, they are excellent. Serve with sweet-sauce.

Apple Dumplings should be made of one large apple quartered and cored, then put together, covered with a thin paste, and boiled till the fruit shall be done enough.

Or—The apple is best not cut, but the core scooped out and the center filled up with a piece of butter and sugar, according to the tartness of the apple. The paste should not be rolled out, but a lump of the proper quantity taken, the apple placed upon it, and the paste carefully pressed round it, bringing it to a point which is easily closed, so as to keep in the juice and butter. They have a pretty effect if boiled in nets instead of cloths.

RECEIPTS FOR SALADS.

The Mixture or Dressing.—For four persons bruise only the yolk of one hard-boiled egg (leaving out altogether the white), with some salt, and make it into a paste with two large teaspoonfuls of French mustard; or, if obliged to use common mustard, add to it a drop or two of *asafoetida*, which will impart to it a slight flavor of garlic. Then add oil and vinegar in the following proportions, without using so much as to make the sauce thin, and taking care to have the finest oil and the very strongest species of real French vinegar: namely, to every one spoonful of vinegar add two of oil; one spoonful of the vinegar being impregnated with chillis, which will add warmth to the salad, much more agreeably than cayenne. A little of tarragon may be an improvement, and a spoonful of Quilb or walnut ketchup is not objectionable; but mushroom ketchup will destroy the pungency of flavor, and both may be left out without inconvenience. When this is done, mix the sauce well, but lightly, with the salad, to which a few slices of boiled beet-root, and the white of the egg sliced, will be a pretty addition.

Some people, particularly the French, eat lettuces without any other sauce than oil and vinegar, and, when eaten in that simple way, a little sugar is certainly an improvement.

The excellence of a salad consists in the vegetables being young and fresh, and they should be prepared only a short time before they are wanted; the salad mixture being either poured into the bottom of the bowl, or sent up in a sauce-tureen, and not stirred up with the vegetables until they are served.

In *summer salads* the mixture must not be poured upon the lettuce or vegetables used in the salad, but be left at the bottom, to be stirred up when wanted, as thus preserving the crispness of the lettuce.

In *winter salads*, however, the reverse of this proceeding must be adopted, as thus: the salad of endive, celery, beet, and other roots being cut ready for dressing, then pour the mixture upon the ingredients and stir them well up, so that every portion may receive its benefit. In doing this it should likewise be recollected that the spoon and fork should always be of wood, and of sufficient size to stir up the vegetables in large quantities.

Chicken Salad.—Pull the meat off the bones of a cold fowl or chicken, put it into a small pan, with a shake of oil

FIRESIDE AMUSEMENTS.



TO MAKE SHADOWS ON THE WALL.—Arrange your fingers as seen in the engraving, between a candle and the wall, and the result will be the shadow of a goose's head and neck.

in thin slices, a few sprigs of parsley, and a tablespoonful each of oil and tarragon vinegar; season the chicken well with pepper and salt; let it soak for about three hours. Boil three eggs hard, cut them in four pieces, lengthways; chop two anchovies, six olives, and a dessertspoonful of capers; take three lettuces, reserve the small hearts to garnish with, cutting them in four, shred fine the other leaves that are white, and cut roughly some small salad; put a layer of salad on the dish, then the chicken, sprinkle the chopped anchovy, etc., then more salad and chicken, until you have used up the whole of your materials; then mask it with a thick mayonnaise sauce; garnish it round the bottom with the lettuce-hearts and eggs alternately. This salad is much improved if the dish can be placed on pounded ice whilst it is being prepared. The remains of *veal and white poultry*, when minced and left cold, instead of being fricasseed, will thus be found an excellent addition to the dinner of a summer's day, with added slices of cucumber.

Lobster Salad.—Break out the meat from a lobster; slice the tail half an inch thick. Marinade it in oil and vinegar for two hours; have some lettuce and small salad shred; make a layer at the bottom of the dish; put over that a layer of the lobster, seasoned with pepper and salt, repeating it until the dish is piled up. Make a border of hard-boiled eggs, cut in quarters, round the dish, interspersed with sliced beet-root and cucumber, and a few fillets of anchovy. Pour over the top, when sending to table, some mayonnaise sauce.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. 1.—DRESS OF PINK AND WHITE STRIPED ORGANDIE.—The skirt is trimmed with two flounces, put on in festoons some distance from each other, and finished by a row of narrow white edging. The body is high, with pieces crossing over the front and shoulders, giving the effect of a square body. Sleeves trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Bonnet of white straw, trimmed with pink roses.

FIG. 2.—A DINNER DRESS.—The skirt is of apple green silk, made quite plain. The body is of white muslin puffed, the puffs separated by bands of black velvet. The sleeves have a jockey of black velvet, below which are two small

puffs. The lower part of the sleeve corresponds with the body. Waistband and bow of black velvet.

FIG. 3.—BLACK SILK MANTILLA, from Benson, 310 Canal street, New York, composed of gogram silk, fitted loosely to the figure. Box-plaits of black satin ribbon three inches wide, commenced at the bottom of the side seam, sweep up the front and extending over the shoulder, form a round cape at the back, which has a collar edged with platings of narrow satin ribbon. Pockets ornamented with lappets of silk, edged with narrow ribbon, and fastened at each end with a small button. Large sleeves, with quilting of narrow ribbon down the back, extending round the lappet in front of the sleeve. The lappet is fastened with three large buttons of jet and silk. An ornament of black crochet and jet finishes the top of the sleeve. This is one of the most elegant and fashionable mantillas of the season.

FIG. 4.—PLAID CIRCULAR SHAWL MANTILLA, from Benson, 310 Canal street, New York, fitted to the neck by three large plaits, and looped up on the arm by two similar ones, which are fastened by buttons of jet and lace. Cape of guipure lace, square in front and back.

FIG. 5.—A BONNET OF VERY FINE LEGHORN, from Beekman's, 85 Chambers street, New York, is edged with gimp of the same material. A band of lilac ribbon is drawn plainly over the top, the end of which is also embroidered with Leghorn gimp. The trimming inside is of white flowers and purple grapes, with tulle ruche; lilac strings, embroidered with gimp like that on the bonnet.

FIG. 6.—A CHIP BONNET, from Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, New York, with serpentine crown composed of bands of chip; lace cape edged with three bands of chip, one wide and two narrow; rich fall of blonde over the cape extending up the left side, and terminating with a cluster of half open blush roses mixed with grass and mignonette. The face is lined with a puffing of white crape, edged with black lace, and finished inside with white blonde lace, which extends in a band across the head, and is ornamented with a bow of grass, white moss rose-buds and mignonette.

FIG. 7.—INFANT BOY'S HAT OF LEGHORN, from Genin, 513 Broadway, New York, with ruffled brim, edged with white velvet and straw cord. A band of white velvet round the crown; loops of white velvet and straw cord on the left side, with a long ostrich feather half encircling the brim. The cap is of blonde, intermingled with knots of narrow white

ribbon. An exceedingly tasteful and becoming hat for a child.

FIG. VIII.—GIRL'S HAT, also from Genin's, 513 Broadway, is of black and white straw, with white crown and black brim. The right side has a rich white feather; on the left is a heavy torsade of black velvet, fastened at each end with a large jet button. A plain band of black velvet surrounds the crown. White strings, with bows of black velvet, decorated on either side with pink and white rose-buds and green leaves.

FIG. IX.—NEW STYLE SKIRT FOR MORNING, from Douglass' & Sherwood's, 51 and 53 Whitestreet, New York. The center has ten Bayadere puffs alternated with tucked bands of cambric; on each side of which are four puffings running lengthwise, also separated by tucked bands. A full ruffle two inches in width extends round the bottom headed by a tuck, and completes the beautiful effect of this skirt, which is one of the greatest marvels of sewing-machine work. Skirts of this design are rapidly taking the place of the embroidered ones which had grown so common.

FIGS. X. AND XI.—ITALIAN BODY.—Back and front views of a silk body. The sleeve is trimmed from the shoulder down with a row of rather wide black lace, and narrow puffings of black lace ornament the side-bodies, shoulders, and the front of the body.

FIG. XII.—RUSSIAN BODY.—This body is made square in the neck, and is composed of puffings of white muslin and rows of Valenciennes insertions. The sleeves correspond with the body, and have shoulder knots and ribbon of the color of the waistband.

FIG. XIII.—UNDER BODY FOR A ZOUAVE JACKET.—This body is composed of white muslin, and fits quite closely to the figure. It is trimmed with a puffing of muslin, edged on each side with a narrow ruffle. The pockets and wrist-bands are formed in the same way.

FIG. XIV.—SHAWL MANTILLA OF THIN WHITE MUSLIN, trimmed with rows of white muslin ruffles, simply hemmed.

FIG. XV. SACQUE MANTLE OF THIN WHITE MUSLIN, trimmed with a quilting of white muslin.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The variety of material for traveling and walking dresses is wonderful, still the color is always some shade of gray, or black and white. There are stripes, chenes, small black and white plaids, etc., etc., of all qualities, from eighteen and three-quarter cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents a yard. The black and white plaid is by no means confined to persons in mourning; in fact, some of the most fashionable and stylish dresses of the season are made of it. Silks of this description are very much in demand; and one of the most beautiful organdie dresses made is of a black and white stripe, with narrow ruffles, bound with currant-color ribbon. India silks, which for several years have been unattainable on account of the Eastern difficulties, are again to be bought. These light, soft silks make the pleasantest articles to wear imaginable, and they have the advantage of being as washable as white muslin.

ORGANDIES, LAWNS, AND GRENADINES, etc., are usually made low in the neck with capes, and long sleeves that can be added to the short sleeves at pleasure. In place of the capes like the dress, pretty black or white capes or *schus* may be added, giving a more tasteful air to the toilet. And in place of the long sleeve like the dress a white sleeve may be worn.

WHITE BODIES are becoming very fashionable, the latest novelty being the Russian body like that in our wood engraving; though some prefer the high neck to the square one.

THE FORM FOR DRESSES is as nearly as possible the same as it has been for some time past. The skirts are invariably full, and the custom recently introduced of cutting gores from the top of the breadths, to render the skirt less

ample at the waist than at the lower part, is now very generally followed for silk dresses.

SKIRTS still continue to be trimmed around the bottom, three ruffles put on in festoons being rather newer than any other style; though every one follows their own fancy in the matter of trimming.

BLACK LACE is very generally used in trimming, and is even put on some of the darker colored organdies. Some of the white bodies of which we spoke above, have sleeves puffed from the shoulders to the wrist, the puffings separated by a band of black velvet, edged on each side with a row of straw.

WEDDING DRESSES are beginning to be trimmed with swan's-down. This is particularly beautiful on white satin, or in fact on satin of any color.

MANTILLAS are in great variety, the white ones being usually in the style of those in our wood engravings; whilst the black silk, which are worn by many all summer, are generally loose sacques, called the "Chesterfield," and trimmed to suit the taste of the wearer: though as a general thing they are only corded either in black, purple, or white. There are also some large round, circulars with round, full hoods, and a few made with two deep box-plaits at the back, which make the mantle hang like a clergyman's gown, or somewhat like the "Queen Caroline" dress in our April number.

BONNETS are larger than they have been, and are usually trimmed on the top near the front.

HEAD-DRESSES are still worn, the latest style being the coronet form. One of the prettiest which we have seen was made of ruched white tulle, with black velvet heartcase, embroidered in gold, mingled with the ruching. Two lap-pets were fastened by a very large heartcase also embroidered in gold, which formed a cache-peigne behind. A plain black velvet coronet, pointed in the front, and with a single stud or ornament in the middle, is a very stylish coiffure, and very becoming to some faces. Black velvet coronets, with gold wheat-ears, make pretty head-dresses, and may be worn in slight mourning.

FANS.—The fashionable fans consist of lace. White and black lace is manufactured expressly for these fans, and is placed over colored silk. Fans of white lace are mostly lined with pink, lilac, or orange silk. White silk is generally used for fans of black lace; but for these colored silk is also often employed. The handles of these fans are formed of mother-of-pearl, and many of them are very richly set with jewels. A fan of black lace over white silk, and mounted on a handle of mother-of-pearl, unadorned with any ornament of gold, is in the best taste. Several very pretty fans, though less *recherche* than those just mentioned, are composed chiefly of white, pink, or black crepe, spangled with gold or steel, and fringed with marabout.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF PINK BAREGE.—The skirt is trimmed with four rows of black velvet. The body is square in the neck, with a belt and braces of black velvet. The front of the body has a diamond pattern of black velvet. Sleeves puffed lengthwise with bands of velvet between the puffs. Straw hat, with the crown white and the brim turned-up with black; it is trimmed with black velvet ribbon and long white cock's plumes.

FIG. II.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF BUFF Pique on MAB SAILES.—The skirt is trimmed with six rows of black braid. Above the rows of braid are small figures also braided in black. A white plaited body is worn under the Zouave jacket, made of the same material as the dress, and braided in the same way. White sleeves puffed on a band. Black and white straw hat, trimmed with a fall of lace, and a bow of black velvet.



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AT NANTUCKET, ILL.

THE NANTUCKET, ILL. 1850.



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COLORING ENGRAVINGS.

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The "Stars and Stripes" Bed-Quilt.

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WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

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August Number, Seventy-Seven.

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December Number, Seventy.

MUSIC.

The Oory Nook.

First Love Redowa.

Eduard Schott's.

The Fascination Schott's.

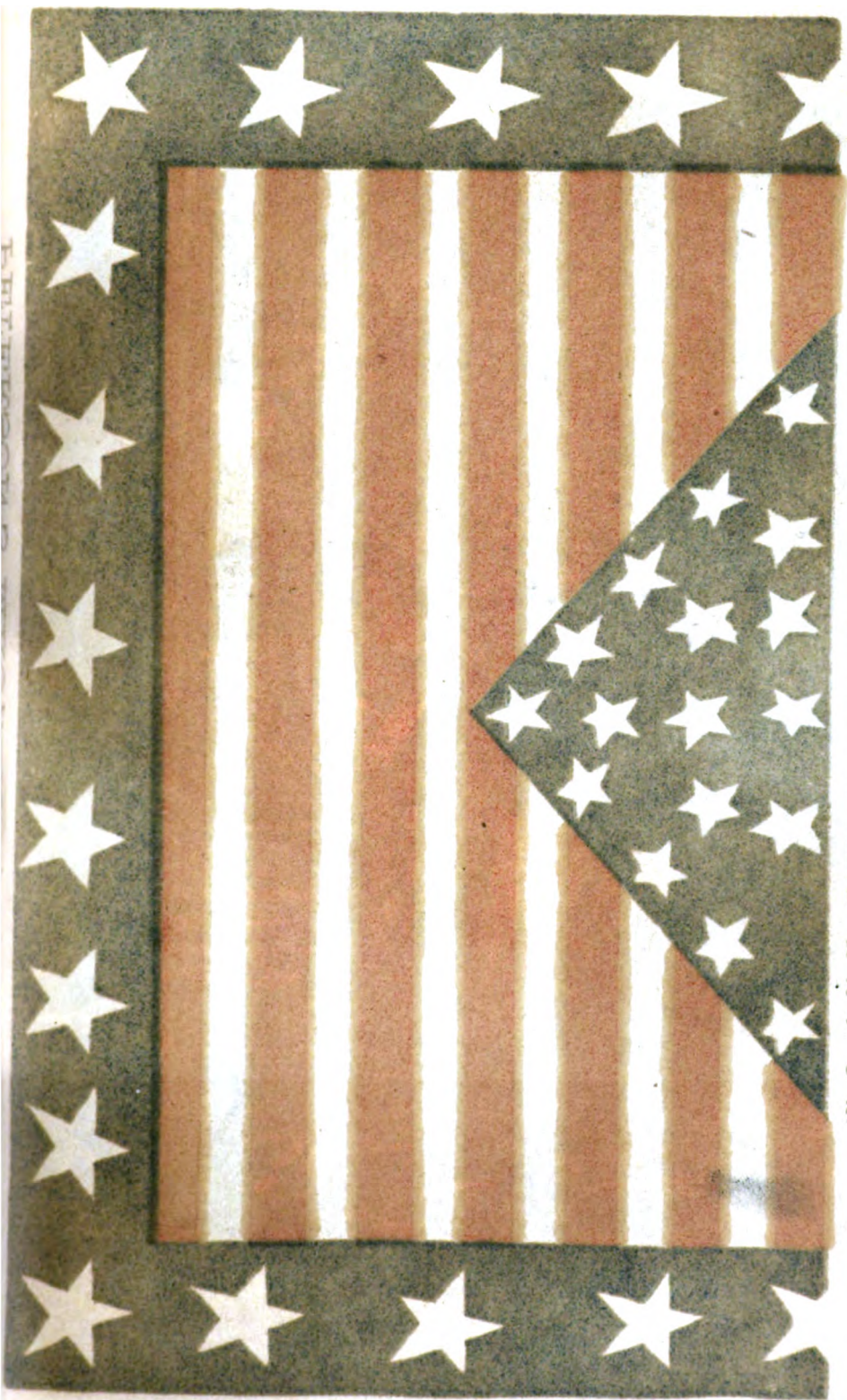
"Bis Me Good-By."

"Sliding on One Finger Waltz."





THE "BLAZE AND BURNER." RED-CRAFT. HAIL THE GUN.

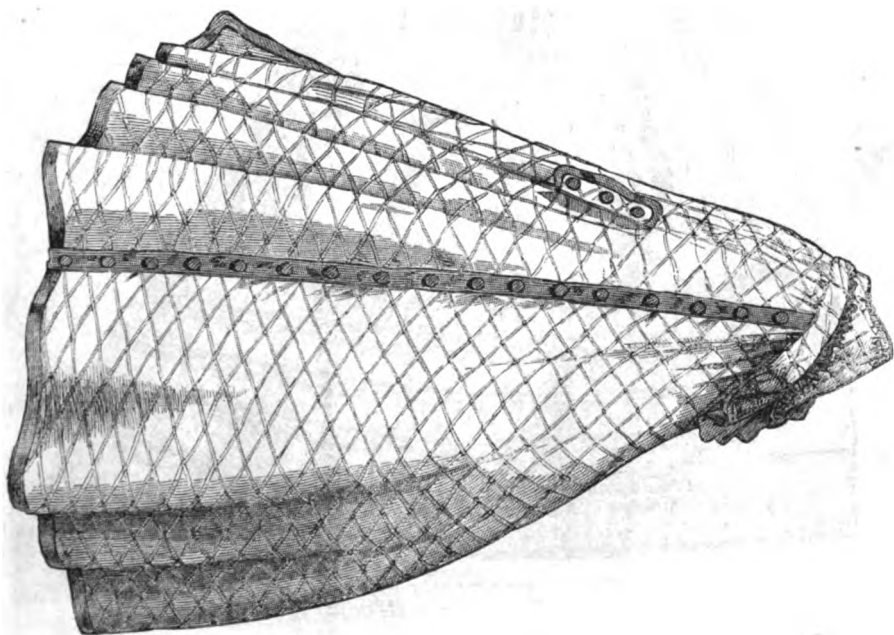
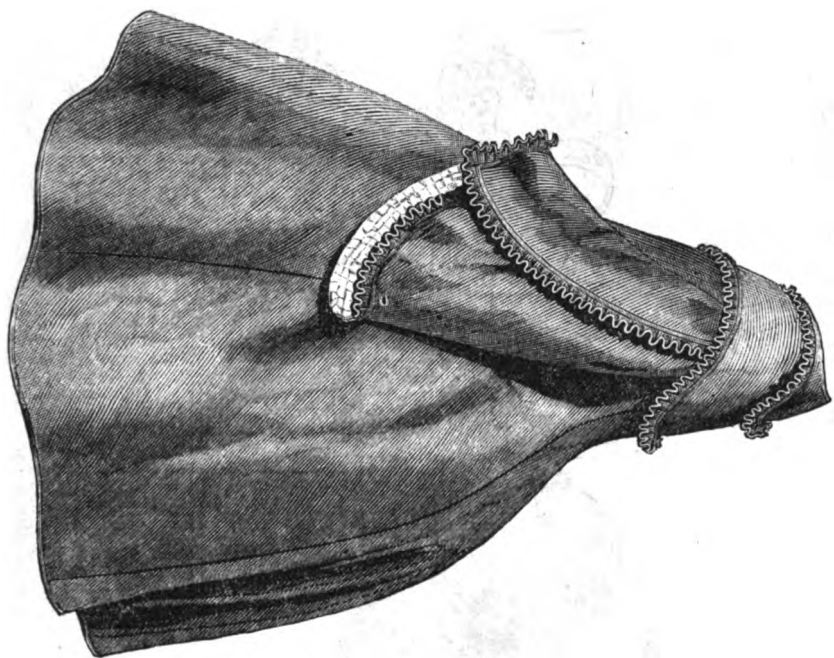




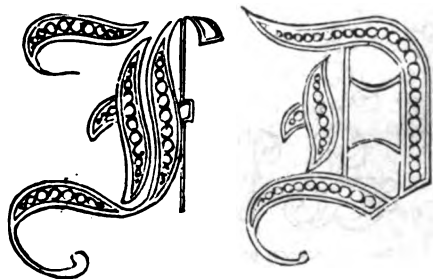
THE "STARS AND STRIPES" BED-QUILT. Half the quilt.



SUNNY MOMENTS.



LATEST NEW YORK STYLES FOR CLOAK AND MANTLE.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.



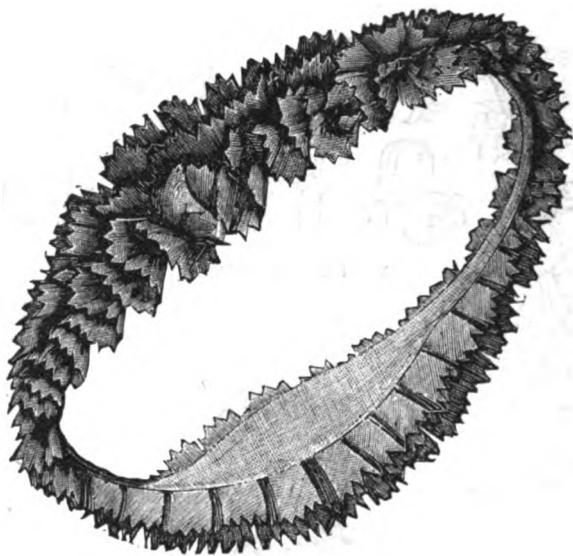
THE DUCHESS



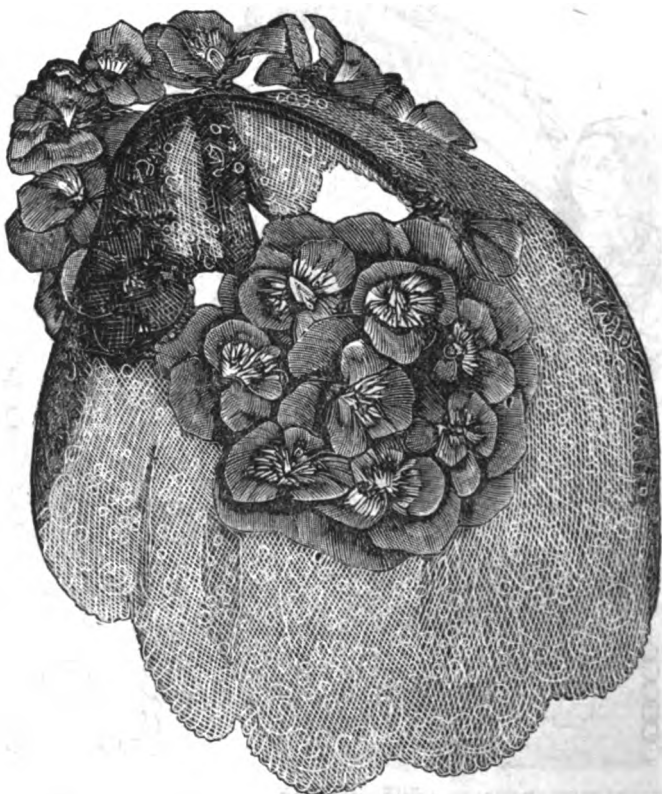
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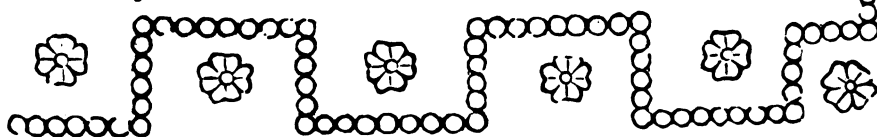
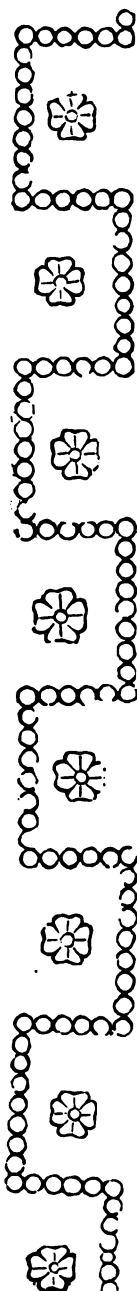
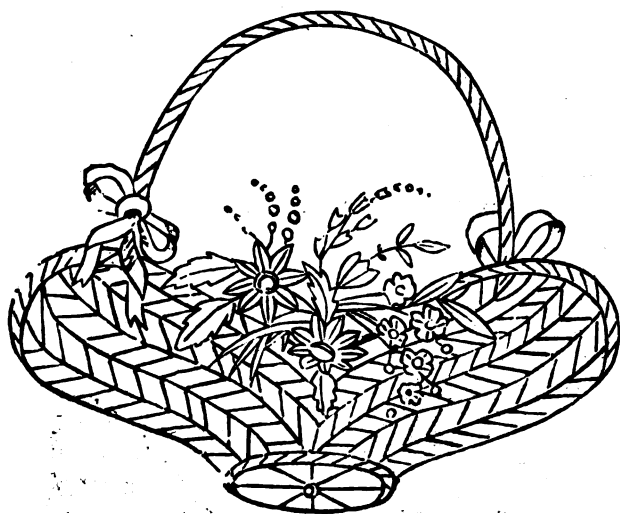
THE CHRISTIAN.



HEAD-DRESS: NO. I.



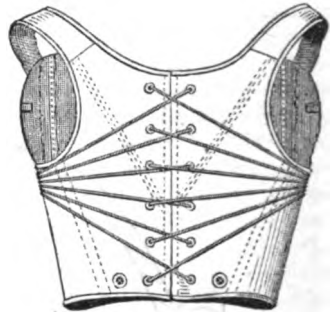
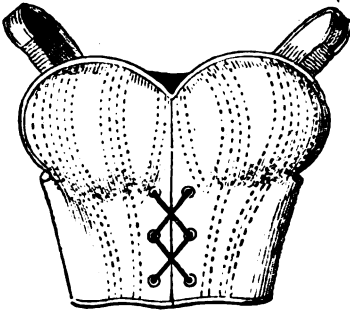
HEAD-DRESS: NO. II.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER AND CORNERS: IN RED OR BLUE EMBROIDERY.



CHILDREN'S AND MISSES HATS.



CORSET: BACK AND FRONT.



LADY'S HAT.



GIRL'S HOOD.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXX.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1861.

No. 1.

COLD AS MARBLE.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"BEAUTIFUL indeed, but cold as marble."

My companion spoke in reply to my exclamation of admiration, as my eyes fell, for the first time, on Leonore Bache. I see her now as she stood under the large chandelier of Mrs. Willett's parlor, the full light showing only beauties, revealing no defects. She was very tall; the black velvet dress, which fitted her superb figure to perfection, fell in heavy folds to her feet, unrelieved by one inch of trimming. It was closed to the throat with diamond buttons, and a small diamond star fastened the soft lace collar. Her round, white arms were bare, without any bracelet to break their pure outline. Her hair, black as midnight, was simply parted from the forehead, gathered into a heavy knot behind, and fastened by a silver arrow studded with diamonds. But the face; how can I describe her face? Pale as marble, the regular features were perfect as those of a statue; the eyes were large and black, and full of intelligence. When I looked at her, she was leaning against a tall marble pedestal, upon which stood a basket of crimson flowers, and their vivid coloring heightened the effect of her pale beauty.

"Who is she?" I asked.

"Our new belle, Miss Leonore Bache. She is the rage just now; don't you see how the ugly girls ape the simplicity of her dress? Sometimes it is white satin, black or white lace, but always high in the neck, and in that style of rich simplicity."

"But who is she?"

"The most stately, cold, unfeeling piece of statuesque beauty in the world. With all her stately airs, she is an arrant flirt; drives the men crazy with her music, her wit, her intellectual powers, and, above all, her beauty."

"Introduce me!"

"Willingly! Guard your heart."

Vain warning; it was already gone, and an

hour's conversation, revealing the mine of rich thought under the impulsive exterior, only fascinated me still more.

Weeks passed, and found me still the ardent lover of Leonore Bache, yet without one ray of hope that I could ever touch her heart. Always gentle and courteous, she seemed cold, hard, and impenetrable as marble. Nothing touched her. I had seen her escape death in a frightful form, by just missing a heavy stone which fell from an unfinished house; and her eyes never moistened; her step was still firm and steady; and her hand did not tremble on my arm. While my whole soul sickened at the thought of the fearful peril, she continued her quiet flow of conversation, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt it. I had seen her firm hand raise from the ground a little child, whose cries of pain, from a severe fall, filled the air; and while her musical voice soothed it, no touch of pity, no softening glance came into those dark, melancholy eyes. If merriment was all around her, she smiled a cold, forced smile with her lips; but it was evident her heart was not in it.

Cold as marble she was called, and my heart echoed the universal sentiment. Her small fingers drew music from the piano; she made every eye fill; yet her color rose not, and the softening influence of the sweet sounds never seemed to touch the musician.

To me, this torturing coldness became, at length, almost maddening. I dared not speak my love, for her wit was often sarcastic, and I dreaded a stinging refusal.

One evening, shall I ever forget it? I found her at home, alone. It was a rare privilege, and I was tempted to give voice to the love filling my soul. The piano stood open, and I took the vacant stool.

"Do you play, Mr. Lee?" she asked.

"Only by ear. Shall I sing for you?"

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She left her seat and came slowly to the instrument. Leaning upon it and facing me, she said quietly, "Yes, sing!"

I remembered an old-fashioned love song that I had found amongst my mother's music, and, after a simple symphony, I began to sing. My whole heart went forth with the tender words, and I sang fervently, passionately. My eyes were fixed on her face, and, for the first time, I read deep feeling there. Paler she could not be; but the full lips became ashy white; the large eyes dilated with some deep terror or horror; and the whole frame shook with violent emotion. I finished the first verse before she spoke; then in a hoarse whisper she said, "Stop! do not sing any more. Stop, for pity's sake!"

Clasping her hands together, she stood erect, and then fell forward upon her face. I sprang to raise her, but she slowly rose herself, motioning me back. Staggering to a chair, she beckoned me to come near her. I took a low seat at her side.

"You love me," she said, in a low voice. "I have known it for a long time, and I have earnestly tried to chill your unhappy passion. I can never be your wife; I can never, never love you. You are wrong to let that look of grief come on your face. Rather thank God that I am frank with you."

"In time——" I began.

"Never! Yet I will trust you as a friend, for I know you are good and noble. I will tell you the story of my life. Two short years ago, I was the merriest, blithest girl of my circle of friends; then I loved——"

Her voice became firm again; but oh! the wailing agony that shone up in her eyes.

"I cannot trust myself to speak of the man I loved," she continued, "but I gave him all the passionate devotion of a young, warm heart. More, more! Oh! how I loved that man! Lawrence! Lawrence!"

Her figure rocked back and forth, and her hands clenched with her terrible passion.

"We were married! privately, for he was, he said, very poor, and I knew my father would not consent to our marriage; so we were to wait till I was of age before we owned our love to him. One night, one terrible night, we were together, and he was singing to me, singing the song you sang just now, when through the low window came a crowd of men, officers of the law, seeking my husband—a—notorious forger, who had escaped from the law in his native city, after murdering his own brother, whose name he had forged to the amount of his whole fortune. He resisted the men, fought desperately, and was shot dead before my face—falling at my feet—his death glance fastened upon me——"

After awhile she resumed,

"Go! leave me now. But when you hear of Leonore Bache, the cold, unfeeling girl, shut up her secret in your heart and pity her!"

I tried to speak; but she only repeated,

"Go! go!" And I left her.

The next day I called. She was gone. One year later, I saw in the paper an obituary notice of my beautiful idol, and I knew that the disease which carried her to the grave was brought on by the concealed fire, the broken heart hidden by the face "COLD AS MARBLE."

"NOTHING BUT FOLKS."

BY GENE PRATT.

LITTLE Frankie had recently heard people tell, That the poets would hold their next meeting at L——; And he could not help wondering what they would do; Whether poets were "live things," or if they just "grew;" While it was to his mind an unsettled surmise, Whether such things had feathers, and lived in the skies, Or if they were animals—something like those The school-boys had told about seeing at "shows." But great his delight, when he heard some one say, The poets would call on his mother next day; He at once thought he'd watch near the gate. If 'twas so, And see what they did look like, "whether or no." He waited, accordingly, long near the door; But wearied at length, asked his mother once more, "If it wasn't most time the poets were there?" "Why they came long ago—come and see them, my dear,"

Said his mother, in answer to his earnest call. Then he cautiously peeped through the door in the hall. Looked into the parlor—around every chair— Under sofa and table, but found nothing there. At length true suspicions brought tears to his eyes, And he said in a tone of disgust and surprise, "Now I know what a poet is—it is a hoax, For there isn't a thing in the parlor but folks!"

As poor Frankie grows older, this lesson he'll find Will apply wondrous well to the rest of mankind; More especially all such as "laugh in their sleep." If, in playing up greatness, they make some believe They're a shade more than mortal, while under their cloaks Of self-assumed glory, they're "Nothing but Folks!"

IN NEED OF A SERVANT.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Cousin Sarah Marshall was in despair.

Her cook had left her to minister to the wants of a rich brother; and cousin Sarah found herself, on the eve of "company expected," without a cook.

"What shall I do?" she asked, for the hundredth time, pausing in her labor of arranging the dinner-table—"what shall I do? Not a solitary servant in the house, except Tiny—and all those particular Carlmonds coming next week! I wish I could think of some way to get out of my perplexity!"

"Advertise!" suggested cousin Tom, from behind the paper he was perusing.

The idea seemed to suit Sarah.

"Here, Ellen," she said, addressing me, "write an advertisement, and Tom will leave it at the Herald office as he goes down town."

Accordingly the following notice appeared in the next day's issue of the Herald:

"WANTED—An experienced cook, who can give good reference as to character and ability. Apply, immediately, at No. 8 Elm street."

By sunrise of the following day, the door-bell of No. 8 was rung with an emphasis that called Tiny to the door in double quick time. Sarah and I were waiting in the parlor, for we had expected an early call—and the visitor was shown in. A large, red-faced woman, with a leer in her eye, not particularly indicative of honesty; and a green and yellow shawl, which bespoke a decided fancy for high colors.

"Plaze, marm," said she, dropping a curtsy, "I have called about the situation."

"What is your name?" queried Sarah.

"Bridget O'Mulligan, mar-rm, plaze ye—though in gentlemen's houses I am ginerally called Miss O'Mulligan." Biddy's air was that of an empress.

"Where did you work last?"

"Last, is it? Shure and I'm not in the habit of having questions asked. Me father was Mister O'Mulligan, of county Cork, second cousin to Tooly O'Mulligan that fit under Bruce the brave!"

"I do not care to know the history of your ancestors," returned Sarah, with some little impatience—"I asked you who was your last master!"

"Me last masther! me masther, indade! Och, mar-rm, yees must be onsolting me! I'm a young leddy that lives wid gintlemen and ladies as likes good cooking."

"Yes, we understand all that. But where are your references? I want to be satisfied as to your good character."

"Character! mar-rm. Do ye take me for a blackguard? Character! whin me own is as good as yer ladyship's gran'dam's this blissid day! And, mar-rm, before I conclude to be ingaged, I'd jest like to be shown round the house, that I may ixamine the convaniences. I niver ingage till I sees the kitchen and chambers."

"You can go," said Sarah, decisively.

The illustrious scion of the O'Mulligans left the room, muttering something about "two dirty bog-trotters," that we did not think it worth while to hear; and Sarah, having occasion for her note-book and gold pencil, which she had left on the hall table, stepped out to get them; but she had been forestalled by Biddy, who had pocketed the spoils and made her escape.

For the next hour, the tortured door-bell was "dinged" incessantly. Our parlor was filled with cooks, and the wonders which each and every one declared she could perform was legion. All had good characters.

But Sarah was particular, and one by one she examined the ambitious applicants, and sent them away. The parlor was vacant; not long to remain so, however.

Another ring at the door—long, loud, and imperative. Tiny ushered in a broad shouldered Irish lass, attired in a white *moire antique*, with blue crape shawl; and pink silk bonnet profusely ornamented with artificial flowers.

This representative of servant upper-tendom had, likewise, called about the "sitivation." She had read the advertisement, and had dropped in on her way to her dress-maker's, to see if she and the lady of No. 8 could make an arrangement. What wages would Mrs. Marshall pay? Sarah inquired what she had been receiving.

"Four dollars a week, mar-rm, and me Thursday and Sunday afternoons to meself. Me health is not very strong, and me docthor recominds my riding out on ivery convanient occashun! Me lungs is wake, marm. And Tim gits a shay and we go into the country."

"Tim! Who is Tim?" inquired Sarah.

"Who should he be but me brother?" returned the girl, tartly, flashing red as a ripe tomato; "seems to me ye're mighty inquisitive, marm!"

"What is your name?" interrogated Sarah.

"Kathleen Murphy is me name; but they call me Katie—K-a-t-i-e, not t-y."

"Are you a good cook, Katie?"

"I flatter myself I is. But before we go any further, ye will be so obleeging as to onsur a few questions yerself. I never ingages wid a mis-thress as I know nothing about. How many have ye in family?"

"Six, besides company," returned Sarah.

"May I inquire if the masther expects meat on Sunday?"

"Sometimes he does."

"Then, marm, I'm afraid that we will not agree. I allers has my Sundays to meself! Jinteel people niver ate meat on Sundays. Is yer wather in the house?"

"Yes."

"Have ye a domb waither, and a rejuvenator for the ice?"

"Yes, we have all the necessities for house-keeping."

"Ye will excuse me, but I must inquire if yees will expect the cook to scrub the kittles?"

Sarah's patience gave out at this, and she showed Miss Katie the door, greatly to the surprise of that lady, she having considered herself as good as engaged.

The next applicant was a widow, Mrs. Judy Naughton. She was, also, concerned about the "situation." Sarah asked for her references, and received for answer a couple of strips of dirty paper—one of which proved, on examination, to be a doctor's prescription for the rheumatism; and the other the receipt for a board bill at "Michael O'Flanagan's Illigant Ateing Sayloon."

The receipt spoke highly in Mrs. Judy's favor; but still the good woman shared the infirmities of human nature, and was not perfect.

She seemed greatly amazed when Sarah told

her that the pieces of paper were not what was required.

"Shure, marm," she said, "I had no idee that folks in Ameriky could read, barring the priests!"

And Mrs. Naughton left the house in high dudgeon.

Poor Sarah was in despair—just her condition at the commencement of this sketch—and declared that she would engage the very next cook that presented herself. She adhered to her resolution, and "caught a Tartar."

Margaret Vine was an institution in herself; and during her stay with my cousins she was emphatically the head of the household. We all had to ask her permission to every act of importance; and Sarah would as soon have thought of committing suicide, as requesting Margaret to perform an iota more than her allotted share of work.

Margaret enjoyed her liberty finely. She oiled her red hair with the exquisite "essentials" of the Misses Carlmonds; scented her handkerchief with their Florimel; dressed herself in Sarah's best clothes; went out to make calls on her friends; and gave *petite soupers* to her admirers below stairs.

Sarah, at last, arose in her indignation, and gave her a discharge; and on examining the kitchen premises, we found that Margaret had appropriated to herself most of the silver which had been left in the kitchen closet.

A valuable castor, five silver forks, three dessert spoons, a china tureen, and the silver soup ladle, were among the things that were not.

This accounted for the singular clattering in Margaret's basket, which she had assured me was caused by the collision of two bottles of paregoric, that she had got for toothache.

Cousin Sarah has since engaged and discharged nine "experienced cooks," and now she is as at the beginning—wanting another.

Providence only knows what will become of her, and of all other unfortunate ladies who are forced to depend on the class miscalled SAVANTS.

ADVICE TO WIVES.

BY JENNY GRAY.

Love is fickle, sages say;
Beauty cannot hold him;
Love will steal himself away,
Maldens, if you scold him.
Love, he will not live with strife—
Even turns from beauty,

If the lady plague his life
With her household duty.
You can have him in your power,
Ladies, if you try it;
Use him as you won him first—
Love, he can't deny it.

NAOMI'S VOW.

BY AGATHA FIELD.

ONE hundred years ago, a life was lived, rare as the inimitable green depth of our great cataract, wonderful as rose-light on a snowy mountain.

It was that sweet season of the year when apple-blossoms glorify the orchard, lighting up the crooked trees like smiles on withered faces. These pink and white buds opened for an old, red homestead: for that also the straw bee-hives were lined with clover-scented honey.

The elms, with their feet buried deep in the grass before the house, gave a grand air to the homestead, overshadowing it in an aristocratic way, as much as to say that Seymours lived under that roof. On each side of the garden walk stood a stately row of old-fashioned flowers, and near the conical hives, contrasting prettily with a gray-stone, moss-grown wall, a few choice tulips looked queenly in their kingdom of grass.

Over the spacious wood-shed of the homestead was a rambling room, fragrant with the odor of unpainted wood; the bare rafters were not cobwebbed like an unused garret, and the floor was daily polished, chiefly by the light feet of Naomi, for this was her especial province. The greatest charm of the room was a western window reaching to the very floor, and a low stool whence the young girl saw memorable sunsets, and dreamed many dreams. A spinning-wheel was the great glory of the place, and this was the ostensible reason that Naomi haunted the room; she more frequently stole there to indulge in maiden flutterings of soul, and romantic outbursts, which she could not reveal to her unsympathizing mother.

Naomi watched from her sunset window the pretty spring pictures, she saw her four strong brothers obedient to their father in the duties of the farm-yard. Little David drew water from the clear depth of the moss-lined well into a stone trough for the patient cows; while Simeon, light-hearted, tossed in the air fragrant hay for the oxen and horses; Josiah, of grave mien, talked with his father of the summer crops; Benjamin, the pet, alone was idle, he chased the dog around the yard, shouting in the joyous exuberance of May.

Naomi knew she must run to her mother's help, yet one more look she gave at the farm-yard flooded with the sunseting glory. The

tea-table was already set in the clean kitchen, Mrs. Seymour was moving about in a dignified way; even in her manner of cutting bread and cold meat, her birth was shown: she belonged to a "good family," and never forgot the fact. Cleanliness held a large place in Mrs. Seymour's creed: indeed, in respect to the two virtues she was most scrupulous. Her kitchen had an imposing neatness, and her family had the reputation throughout the parish of being remarkably "well brought up." Naomi found her work all done, so she ran into the flowery orchard and brought down a shower of petals. In her chestnut hair she twisted the prettiest buds, and adorned her bosom with a spray. Now her brothers spied her, and ran with grave politeness to escort their only sister through the rustic gate.

When the boys were duly washed and brushed, the family gathered in the early dusk around the well-spread table. The mother, never forgetful of the strictest propriety, dispensed tea in shallow blue cups, covered with ugly Chinese figures and designs.

The father looked complacently on his four hungry, rosy boys, full of manliness and promise; his eye lingered on Naomi, perfect in feature and figure, possessing woman's most dangerous gift, an unusual and surpassing beauty. From the village choir her face shone forth as an exotic amongst weeds. The apple-blossoms looked pale and faded in comparison with her color, soft as the heart of a blush rose; the brown twigs were dull contrasted with her richer hair. The boys clustered around Naomi admiringly. She sang in the twilight verses of hymns, varying the tune to suit her fancy; the brothers could not imagine anything more beautiful than the singer, or her song. When the blue dishes were settled in their places again, and the milk-pails were emptied and airing in the moonlight, they drew around a little table and heard other music. Mrs. Seymour had an old copy of Shakspeare, well-printed and valuable, she read aloud to her children admirably, with wonderful varieties of voice and intonation, until no one could have supposed that this woman washed the daily dishes and served her family skillfully.

This was their library, with Shakspeare and

their Bible the mother was perfectly content. At an early hour, Mr. Seymour read in a strong, impressive way an evening psalm, and prayed an Hebrew prayer, filled with adoration and praise. In their clean, soft beds, the boys slept refreshingly; Naomi imagined herself many a heroine before she closed her eyes. The busy hum of Naomi's wheel was heard in the morning; already her cedar chest held goodly store of linen, white and lavender strewn. It was her mother's ambition that Naomi should exceed all the maidens in the neighborhood in the piles of linen she possessed.

Meanwhile housewifery was not forgotten. The young girl was summoned by her mother to knead the bread for the household, while she superintended the process. The house in order, the mother and daughter sewed together, taking tiny stitches in the fine linen, and fitting the parts with exactest care.

Outwardly their lives were flowing in a calm and safe channel, Naomi was growing versed in all womanly and thrifty ways, she learned readily, and satisfied her mother's strict standard of thoroughness. The old oak kitchen had no ornament save this beautiful young girl, and the flowers she invariably wore; sometimes the mother paused in her work to watch Naomi's marvelous grace of countenance and movement. She was too precious to be ever trusted out of their sight, her father went with her to the singing-school, and elsewhere she was seldom allowed to venture. Mrs. Seymour's pride would not admit of intimacy, so Naomi was principally known by stray glances in church, all acknowledging her extraordinary comeliness.

Like June amid the other months, Naomi stood, one Sabbath morning, when the air could not be more delicious, in the singing-loft. Simply dressed in a gown of airy white, and a straw hat which threw the softest shadow over her radiant face, Naomi played with the roses she held, sweet as their breath.

Very proudly, from their conspicuous seat, her parents gazed on her, when the choir rising to sing, her clear voice was heard, leading them from one height of melody to another. It happened that day that an officer in the army strayed into the village church, as a resting-place after a summer ramble.

Quite unlike the farming-men he looked in his showy uniform, his military air invested him with interest. Even sober matrons and God-fearing men watched the glitter of his epaulets. A few seconds sufficed for him to understand every simple, honest soul gathered

within those walls: on them he did not bestow a second glance, he had seen the rose in the choir. At first, stealthily, he dwelt on her charms, then bolder grew until her delicate color turned to a more decided carmine. Nevertheless, she felt every look, and did not like to miss one, except by a shy casting down of her eyes. Every time she raised them, he was waiting for their violet softness, more beautiful after this momentary sinking, as the swan rises fresh from a plunge in the cool lake.

Naomi sought her sunset window in the sacred twilight, but she did not notice the bloom on the clovery hills, nor the heavenliness of the drifted clouds: dark eyes were smiling on her meaningly, a haughty mouth melted into gentleness for her. Again Naomi was spinning in the empty room, while fancies, new and strange, danced through her stirred heart. Later in the day, the young girl, neatly dressed in a homespun frock of quaint style, that seemed a worthy setting for her many gifts of beauty, was alone in the large kitchen, her fingers stained crimson with strawberries, brought from the home-meadow by the four brothers. They were filling their baskets anew far away in a distant corner of the lot, while her mother, every household task performed, was visiting an infirm neighbor.

There came a decided rap at the kitchen door. With trembling fingers Naomi lifted the worn latch. When she saw the scarlet uniform without, her cheeks burned redder than the glow on her finger-tips. He had come to rest himself, to ask for a draught of cool water; he would stay and taste her strawberries. When Naomi presented the fruit smothered in cream, he rewarded her by kissing her stained fingers. By his looks and words her heart was completely thrilled. Never again would the maiden, watching the gay uniform down the grassy road, forget the impression of the parting, unforbidden caress.

The proximity of the old, red homestead was surely haunted. Naomi, spreading a web of homemade linen on the grass, felt that every movement was watched: she played coquettishly with the folds, and lingered long away from her mother. If she was weeding in the garden, a voice was heard dangerously near, making every moment precious. Sometimes, concealed in a hedge of tangled bushes bordering the garden, this strange presence drew her to the densest shade, where hours of the golden summer were drowned in the sweet consciousness of being loved. Very artful Naomi grew, in covering her absences, and accounting for sudden heart-beating. A dreamy softness enveloped her during

these summer days: the household could not complain, and yet this only daughter was surely changed. The spinning-wheel was seldom heard. Naomi felt oppressed in the house and sought the lonely woods, where she walked not alone. The dear pine trees, the silent balsam firs, the quivering, sympathizing aspen, the whispering alders grew familiar with her secret. With a deep joy in her hushed voice, with a mysterious light dancing in her eyes, Naomi would spring back again out of the forest glades, startled as a deer if a leaf stirred behind her. Josiah missed his sister's confidence, and little David longed for her music.

One hundred years ago, the summer glided away like a pleasant visit from one you love, just as it does now; one hundred years ago flowers budded, unfolded, and alas! faded as ours do now-a-days. Perhaps still more frequently, young girls, nurtured in the inner heart of a loving family, guarded from every thought of evil, were frost-smitten in their very unfolding. So the pleasant days of this summer hurried away, and brought its burden of trivial joys and sorrows to the old, red homestead. The four boys grew as fast as the tasseled corn: Naomi reached the very height of her loveliness. The midsummer days began to be too short for the shadow ever haunting the homestead; then followed stolen twilight walks, meetings in deep recesses, and then moonlight strolls when the unsuspecting father and mother feared no evil. They could not dream that their darling was in danger. Shadows darkened the moonlight, it never shone so bright again on the grass creeping to the very door.

The reign of the flowers was over; they faded and shriveled in the garden; on the hill-sides, frost-touched, their heads were bowed to the earth. Naomi too drooped and languished in the autumnal air. There were no more walks in the forest, in the silvery radiance of night; no more brief meetings in the waving corn, or in shadowy nooks. Only their sweet, yet bitter remembrance remained for Naomi. As the night-blooming cereus, that moonbeam amongst flowers, exhales its beauty in one brief opening, so transient was Naomi's maidenhood. Forever quenched was her girlish laugh, her smile of tranquillity. There remained for her a living death, an agony from which there was no deliverance, a life of misery in exchange for one summer of bliss. The flames of martyrdom would have been preferable to Naomi's confession, at the feet of her inexorable, unforgiving mother. No tears of grief fell on her young face, no pitying hands smoothed her hair: stern

and silent Mrs. Seymour could only motion her away, before she indulged in the inexpressible anguish of her proud soul. Her course was soon determined. She would guard her daughter's disgrace in the inmost fibre of her heart; the world should never know Naomi's fate.

In the most quiet and private way, the poor mother arranged the spinning-room for the abiding-place of Naomi. The young girl, regardless of her future, hopeless of peace, assumed a solemn vow that she would spend her life in this solitude, worse than a cloister to a self-sacrificing nun. Hereafter, no human being, with the exception of her mother, should be aware of her existence on earth. A few arrangements were hastily made; the window darkened by a heavy curtain; the fire-place opened for use; a cot introduced; a few straight-backed chairs placed along the rough walls. Even here a mother's hand was visible. A rug covered the cracks before the hearth, and a low chair promised comfort for the exile. The spinning-wheel was thrown far back into the shadow: nothing could be more repulsive than banishment to this comfortless desolation. Entirely careless of what should befall her, Naomi entered on her strange, expiatory life.

A dreadful evening of rain and moaning wind followed the first day of Naomi's disappearance from her father's house. In the kitchen a sorrowful silence prevailed: the four brothers looked at each other with beseeching, meaning glances. The mother's voice broke the stillness.

"Never again," said she, in clear, commanding tones, "let the name of your sister be mentioned in our family. She has left us forever: forget that Naomi ever lived." With bitter sobs and wild weeping, the four boys heard this decree, which they presumed not to question. The natural buoyancy of boyhood was gradually restored to them: it was superficial, however; underneath lay constantly a sorrowful longing for their beautiful sister.

The care of this locked and guarded room became an essential part of Mrs. Seymour's existence. In the earliest dawn, she restored brightness to the fire-place, and piled a store of wood for the day's need. Not unlovingly she dragged Naomi through the necessary habits of living. Food, choicer and more dainty than the rest enjoyed, was brought regularly to her loathing lips; in moments never missed by the household, busied with out-door labors, the bare room was made to wear a homely grace. Thus the long, stormy winter passed away. Naomi heeded not the terrors of Arctic winds and snow.

Icebergs gathered around her heart, she spent the interminable months in looking at the fire, never warm, never cold, she sat immovable, utterly forlorn.

Meanwhile an awful, inexplicable mystery enveloped Naomi's name: like the swift falling of a silvery star she sparkled no more on the village sky. No one dared to approach Mrs. Seymour on Sundays when alone she was seen: a Roman mother could not have worn a more determined, impenetrable face. Not a quiver of agony disturbed her countenance, even when she saw the vacant seat in the singing-gallery. Composed and attentive, the inwardly crucified mother went through the Sunday services, returning at night-fall to the homestead and its never-forgotten secret.

The story of Naomi's beauty became a legend in the settlement. At length they ceased to wonder over her translation to some other sphere.

The most courageous blue violets had always before breathed their sweetness on Naomi's breast: this year they perfumed their little dells ungathered. Spring came without its charm to the four boys, mindful of the homestead's lost glory. April, the tenderest of months, awoke in Naomi a gentler experience. Sometimes she crept to the window and watched the unbending of the earth, the springing of the cheerful grass. She studied most eagerly the faces of her father and brothers. A withered and miserable little life struggled into this rude nursery, before the apple-blossoms wondered why Naomi did not again adorn, with their fragrant beauty, her brown hair.

Without one smile of joy, Naomi's baby began his clouded and unnatural existence. In Naomi's heart welled no mother-love for the still, peculiar-looking child. Mrs. Seymour dressed the little boy in baby-linen made for his mother: no one had the heart to take a stitch for this unwelcome guest. Doubtless it was well for the child's happiness that its mind was destined to remain undeveloped, its soul latent. Naomi did, ere long, care for her baby in a fashion of her own; she tended it night and day, and hushed its low moans, for it never cried outright. It was touching to hear the tiny creature sob, as if a louder wail would betray his mother's hiding-place. It was still more pitiful to see the two women stealing forth in the dim evening, through by-roads, for the sake of lengthening out Naomi's life. Mrs. Seymour's powers of endurance were most astonishing. When she stood in the dairy-room before the freshness of the morning air was dimmed, and changed the creamy pants, it did not

seem possible that the unworn, elastic woman had been already, with thoughtful care, making her daughter's Siberia more tolerable.

The healthful June air swept through a white curtain, and flowers tried to cheer their old friend. A lovelier picture was never seen than this girl-mother in her triumphant beauty, holding the marble-like child on her lap: the dusky wood-work of the room made Naomi's fairness more apparent. One year of seclusion had ground out its bitter, painful days, and still Naomi did not shrink from the vow she had taken. When she saw her brothers, gleeful and innocent, in the yard, occasionally her soul would be poured forth in exhausting, unalienating tears; her burden did indeed seem heavier than she could bear: a thousand times she had prayed that this imprisoning room might be her sepulchre.

Life began to flow with a fresher tide through Naomi's veins. Often now, on opening the door that shut away so much beauty from the world, Mrs. Seymour found the ruddy glow of the fire shining on a floor, so clean that the grain of the wood was plain as in a tree cleft open by the woodman's blow. It reddened the polished chairs, and bronzed the dark beams overhead; it flushed the white linen of the cot, and made Naomi look like an angel of light. The poverty of her surroundings, the awkward, blue woolen dress could not hide her undimmed fairness. Naomi no longer suffered her mother to straighten and smooth the masses of her hair, rippling, as she sat in her low chair, even to the floor. Now she crowned herself with the gold-inwoven braids, and gave an air of elegance to her coarse raiment, daintily clean. In strange contrast was the pale child, always lying on her knees, or in the wooden cradle; his features were ivory-like in their clearness, his skin of waxen hue: but the mother cradled a soulless boy. His eye never met hers responsively. He was always looking restlessly: but never were the pictures painted on the retina of any use to his dormant brain. Sleep was his kindest friend and only solace. In a dreamless, overpowering lethargy, the unfortunate boy spent his childhood, unconscious of his secret home and his captive mother.

In that old time, a century ago, houses were unchanged in their details; generations used the same furniture, the same dishes, and missed not our books and graceful ornaments. In the homeliness of the homestead kitchen, the four boys were attaining a goodly stature, and a corresponding growth of mind. Their souls were filled with generous impulses and gentle

affections; this repressed love for their missing sister was like a hidden spring, sending forth little streams capable of fertilizing a mountain. In the five years, during which the name of Naomi had never trembled on their lips, no change had occurred in the household, not even a trivial alteration of furniture, or addition of comfort, marked the lapse of these suffering months.

Could the daughter have joined the family once more, the kitchen would have been again transformed and worn its wonted grace.

Yet at the end of five years, Naomi had no disposition to repent her vow: her pride had not abated. For five years she had watched her child's body with a mother's solicitude. He was daily bathed and dressed in white, then rocked for hours in her untiring arms.

The mother-love slowly developed in her soul. She learned to feel for this sleeping boy the most lavish and tender self-forgetfulness. To him the years were given, and from him she received nothing in return. Often the stolen looks at her four brothers, swiftly tending toward manhood's splendor, awoke in her heart remorseful and unreconciled longings. Her man-child could never be moulded into symmetry and nobility of life. He was the embodiment of a terrible, tearful, anguish-crowded experience.

Never once did Mrs. Seymour's hand tire of performing kindly offices for her child. The labor for this second household was ungrudgingly given; by many womanly manoeuvres she fed her treasures with tempting food, served to them daily like the fresh manna. Without a thought of anxiety, Naomi and her child received the bread and honey of the mother's providing. Apparently these toilsome years did only whiten, by degrees, the elder mother's hair: far down in her heart was crowded her life-long woe.

On the child's fifth birthday, his feeble lamp of life flickered and suddenly went out. Naomi felt a mother's grief. For the last time she bathed his marble body and dressed him in spotless white: then waited for the moon to rise. The night was calm and warm. The two mothers bore between them the last pleasure of Naomi's life; far down in the forest they went to the rendezvous of that fatal summer. There Naomi held this reminder of that dreamy episode, while her mother dug in the wood-mould a child's grave. They laid him softly in the fragrant earth, shrouding his body with a web of linen spun by Naomi in her happy girlhood.

The earth was full of violet-seeds and germs

of flower-beauty: in the spring they would take care of the little unknown's burial-place. Meanwhile the two mothers strewed the disturbed ground with forest-leaves, and went away speechless. Back to her dreariness Naomi came. At first, listless and idle, she wept the days away; indeed the winter was in remembrance as a sea of tears.

With nature's resurrection came to Naomi a more hopeful mood. In the very earliest dawn of a Sunday morning, when the sky was barely pink as the lining of a sea-shell, Naomi crept from her hiding-place, and sped along the village road, disguised by a bonnet and thick veil, if by any chance a stray wayfarer should see her; to the village church she hastened. The door, never locked, yielded to her touch. Familiar with its dark vestibule, she groped her way to a niche in the steeple; a dark, never-entered corner, into which, as a child, she had sometimes peeped. Here she pressed herself in the narrow closet and stood without weariness, until she heard the assembling of the flock, and the clear tones of the pastor's voice.

Her thirsty ear caught greedily the blessed words. Every note of music fell like dew on her grateful heart. Until night she endured the narrow limits, the stifling air; then hurried back through the darkness to her lonely room, bearing in her heart a cordial. Until the snow came, betraying her foot-prints, Naomi stored in her niche balm for her sorrows. The meditation and prayer of the winter were not lost. Naomi greeted the spring time in "newness of life." Again the sound of the spinning-wheel was heard; Naomi spun linen for her brothers about to leave the homestead for their chosen life-work. Her clever hands cut out the needed garments, and her needle wrought the pieces skillfully.

To her mother were consigned piles of linen and knitted stockings, to be produced from the depths of the cedar chest, for the two boys bound for college. Henceforth Naomi willingly applied herself to the sewing, knitting, and mending of the household. By magic the wants of the family were supplied, and still the spinning-wheel soothed Naomi with its busy hum.

Naomi awoke thoroughly from her trance of agony. Now she craved light and knowledge. The old Shakespeare was brought into the garret room, and that was Naomi's teacher. For the winter he sufficed; then followed an intense desire for books brought by her mother from various sources. Old books of theology and dingy school-books were alike welcome; even from a torn and dilapidated dictionary Naomi

gathered many sheaves of wisdom. Through the magical power of these friends, Naomi left the dull limits of her dwelling-place, and blue seas crossed, enjoyed the pleasant vicissitudes of foreign lands. Under Italian skies the rafters of her low room were forgotten. So familiar did she become with the long succession of English poets, that she could repeat, in her intervals of solitude, unnumbered verses, and made the bare room ring with the sublime measures of Milton's song. Those old, yellow pages, dented with ill-formed letters, yielded their treasures of genius, more delicious to her, in her starvation, than the dainties we sip from illuminated volumes.

This English wealth of story, history, and song was not enough. The Roman tongue was made to tell its mysteries of heroes and gods; nor was Naomi content until she had spelled from the Greek symbols the ever fresh secret of her growing happiness, her calm repose of soul. Surely if the dead authors from their dusty graves could know how they comforted and beautified this one woman, they would feel that they had not lived and sung in vain.

The beauty of Naomi now assumed a higher type; through her face shone her cultivated and enlarged mind, her clarified and spiritualized soul. Often her mother's heart smote her when she turned the key on this polished jewel, shining with such soft lustre in the gloomy spinning room. For many years, Naomi's throat had refused to sing. She began to hum under her breath the Sunday tunes until the spell was broken: and again her sweet voice, transfused with a deeper melody, thrilled her mother. It penetrated the cracks of the walls and floated over the farm-yard of the homestead. Little David, now tall and ruddy, heard the far-off music, and fancied that unseen angels, hidden in the feathery clouds, were thus enchanting him. Little David alone remained of the four brothers to till the homestead meadows. He had no one to tell about this melody which sometimes floated around him, sweet as the smell of new-mown hay wafted by a stray breeze. Sometimes the mother, in her dairy, hearing the notes full of pathos, would turn away her stern face from the barred window and let large tears fall on the stone floor. The brown and dingy rafters were translucent, the music stealing through could soon penetrate the upper air.

If Naomi had possessed colors and a brush, she might certainly have caught a picture gallery from the small panes of her one window. Artist like, she studied the shadows of the land-

scape: the grouping of the clouds; the tints of the sunset; the minutest changes of season; the varying processes of nature were well known to her watchful eye. In the vacations of the college boys, she sat by the kind window, ready to store away every look, every gesture in their memory. How little they imagined that the violet eyes of their lost sister were observant of the slightest changes in their youth!

The tie of suffering had drawn Naomi and her mother inseparably together. They were bound now by the stronger tension of love, human and divine. Mrs. Seymour felt like a miser going alone into a dungeon to count his glittering gold, when she saw the riches of her daughter's maturity. The tears almost fell on the poor mother's hymn-book every Sunday, when she remembered that standing in the musty, tiresome closet, was one listening eagerly to words which other souls around her heard with dull and careless ears. The years melted away, until Josiah, versed in college and theological lore, came home to preach in the old pulpit; then Naomi felt stifled in her coffin-like closet, and choked down the sobs that she might not lose one syllable.

Occasionally the four brothers, tall and vigorous, gathered in the homestead. Simeon, brilliant and versatile, was taking a high rank as lawyer, poet, and musician in the largest town; while Benjamin, striding through the initiatory steps of mercantile life, saw the gleam of the approaching gold.

Naomi knew them all thoroughly. She read their characters from her curtained window, and smiled benedictions on their manly heads. The sister, the choice center of the group, alone had been blighted; the boys gathered around the vacancy she left, and her remembrance undertoned their lives. While they were busy in the world, living not in vain, Naomi kept her vow. Here she too achieved her destiny from the harsh roughness of her isolated life: Naomi wrought a living poem, a perfect harmony.

The desert room became a temple where the vestal fire was ever burning: she was the priestess of the holy flame. Through the wilderness she wandered, like the people of old, for forty years before she was able to leave her pilgrimage. Meanwhile her father bowed his head and meekly died. Naomi, in the stillness of night, gave a last kiss; for twenty years she had not seen him so near, or embraced him before. Meanwhile wrinkles made the four brothers older, and threaded silver strands in Josiah's hair.

Otherwise the homestead was unchanged. Still the apple blossoms whitened the orchard, and the bees hummed in the picturesque hives. Over Naomi the ocean of life had indeed rolled. She was concealed amidst the sea-weed and shells, glittering uselessly in the depths below. Yet when the sea gives up its dead, she will arise also, clothed in incorruption. As the water of that unexplored deep is said to render imperishable the human body: so may Naomi, from her depths of woe, rise immortal in glory. The forty years of tears, of prayers, of peace, and triumph were ended, and Naomi left her beautiful form empty in the spinning-room. She was released from her vow in the third heavens; angels shall look on her forgiven soul; the sinless shall see her "face to face."

A wondering throng filled the homestead at the end of those forty years. Naomi's absence was explained now: the old mother had sent for them all to see the mystery solved. In the spinning-room they pressed in groups to look once more on this glorified face, wearing a smile of infinite satisfaction. The four brothers found the lost one, and gazed in awe at the exalted beauty of their sister. They could not mourn for her going forth from this captivity; they sorrowed still for the early romance of their boyish recollection.

Naomi's mother could not leave her now. So very soon her humble and contrite soul sought her child, not to minister unto her, not to smooth the weary road, but with her to walk in white through golden streets.

CONQUERED.

BY EMILY HEWITT BUGBEE.

THROUGH all my life I have been the king
Of my heart, my head, my hand;
I have fought my way where few would fight,
And stood where few would stand.

I have conquered foes ere they dared to shape
A barrier in my way;
The dreams of others are real to me,
Their toll has been my play.

I have climbed the heights of the Appenines,
And trod Italian vales,
And watched from the brows of dizzy cliffs
The sea with its snowy sails.

I have taken my chance in the rushing crowd,
I've looked from cot and throne,

With clear, proud eyes and folded arms,
Saying, "I am my own—my own."

But where is my kingly power to-day?
Why does my spirit brook
The calm "thou shalt" that lingers in
A touch, a word, a look?

What means this faltering in my voice—
This flushing on my cheek?
Who would clasp manacles on my strength?
Unmask, my captor, speak!

Two white hands lifted a cloud of curls,
Two starry eyes above;
Two red lips parted into a smile,
And softly whispered, "Love."

THE REVERY.

BY E. G. JOHNSTON.

A MAIDEN sat beneath a tree,
With elbow resting on her knee,
And head upon her hand;
Looking upon the flowers sweet
That clustered round her dainty feet,
And spread o'er all the land.

For 'twas the pleasant Summer time,
And luscious blooms were in their prime,
Exhaling rare perfume
Forever through the sunny air.
Like pure-souled vestals breathing prayer
Unto the throne of doom.

And little birds, from tree to tree,
Went warbling incessantly
A song of utter joy;
While golden rainbows spanned the streams,
Among whose evanescent beams
Gay butterflies did toy.

And yet the maid heard not the lay,
Nor saw the Summer's bright array;
But sat in reverie,
And thought on him she loved the best,
Who lay with hands across his breast
In death's cold apathy.

COWPERTHWAIT.
A SEQUEL TO "KATYDID."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

March 13th.

KATE and Mr. Cartwright were married last evening, and right royally did the bridegroom look and carry himself toward his trembling little bride. "Laud!" Mrs. Kennedy said, when some one spoke of this to her; "'e'd eat 'er alive, 'f 'e could!" And well he might be both fond and proud of one so tender and sweet in her nature, so indescribably lovely in her appearance, in the expansive white satin gown, the veil of rich lace, the delicate ornaments of pearl, all his gifts. Once, in the course of the evening when I was standing with her, Mr. Cartwright was called away with inquiries about some exquisite mantle ornaments in *bisque*, brought away by himself from Paris, and just presented to Mrs. Trumbull, Kate's eyes followed him, rested on him a few moments, as he stood talking; then withdrawing them, she said proudly, lovingly, "He's my king! He was when I used to battle him so; as long ago as that; but it wasn't like this!"

Cowperthwait, who came on, not with Mr. Cartwright, (*he* has been here several days,) but alone, in the afternoon train yesterday, was first groomsman, "stood up," as Mrs. Kennedy says, with Kate's sister, lately home from Troy, where she has been the last two years at school.

Fatigued with the long standing, the sight of so many shifting forms, the hum of so many voices, I went into an out-of-the-way corner and sat down on the comfortable sofa. Pretty soon, Cowperthwait, whose nerves, "protruding at every pore," get many a painful brush in any large company, came with deprecating eyes, saying, "Let me come and stay here awhile. Hu! I'm tired!" and throwing himself into the lounging attitude he loves. "It's enough to kill a fellow to go through a job like this," he added, smiling, his eyes on the married pair. "Enough to kill me, at any rate; Cartwright gets along with it. He's used to it; not used to being married, I suppose; but used to being —why, to being a man, and I a'n't; that makes a difference; you've no idea what a spoony I am. I should be glad to tell you; I think it might do me some good; I haven't any mother,

or sister, or cousin, or anybody that I feel like owning up to. Would you *like* to hear how many times I've made a fool of myself, been as angry with myself as I could be for doing it, threatened myself with a monk's cell and short-comings and actual, downright pinchings of my flesh for doing it?"

"Yes, tell me."

"Thanks! The last time was about Kate. Did you know I've been in love with her? That's the way I've been flaring up ever since I was a little chap so high"—showing me with his hand—"and I suppose it was because I hadn't anybody of my own. I've got an uncle and aunt, but their hearts are dead, in a way; a great sorrow killed them. So I've had no steady, firm friend but Cartwright, the man I would—for a little while—have been willing to drown that day at the lake!"

"Why would you?"

"Oh! because I had just found out that it wasn't I that was going to get Kate, but he. It upset me for an hour or two, there. And I can't say that I don't now, once in awhile, feel it a loss."

His voice grew low, he fell to picking a fingernail nervously, and was silent a few moments, until I said, "But you bear it like what Mr. Cartwright called you that day, 'a good fellow.'"

"Do I?" looking up with his engaging ingenuousness. "It's balm to hear you say it! And I think I do. I should be a wretch if I didn't, after having what good Christians call 'the light of the other world' shine out on affairs, as it did that day as I died. For I did, in a way, die. It was the last I should have had to do with *this* world"—speaking with a shudder—"if he hadn't run that tremendous risk to save me. As it was, it wasn't death, but baptism. I never knew until then what baptism does for some. Now I feel as if I knew all about it; as if I that day was baptized to the end of all time; and since, I *believe*. A reversal of the order, you see, but I feel as if God accepted me. I guess He does."

He was speaking with emotion, with moist eyes, full veins, but with the smile that is like a baby's in its sweetness, and the idea of purity it raises in one's mind.

"You see," he added, after a pause, in which he looked fixedly at vacancy, "I've had a rough-and-tumble, lonesome sort of life as ever a fellow had. My father and mother both died when I was so young that I don't remember anything about them. I was three, I believe my nurse says. (*She has kept my dates for me. They would have been lost without her, birth-date and all, together.*) I went with nurse to stay in my uncle's family. They had a little girl about my age, a little younger, and had no other child. She was a willful, half-spoilt little creature. I suppose I was willful and half-spoilt, too. Nurse declares I wasn't, but, at any rate, we quarreled like two monkeys all the time we were together. This wasn't long; for one day her nurse, a new one, took her out to walk in the square, she said, and we never saw either of them again. My uncle and aunt were distracted, of course. My uncle was wealthy; he did everything that anybody could do, but she never was found. This altered everything at my uncle's; Rose has always lain there, dead; it has been like that; they've never buried her down in the peaceful earth and felt her spirit was safe, as we do when we see one die. I've always called their house 'home,' but it never has operated on me as I imagine a real home does on one.

"Nurse married a little Dutchman and settled down over in Brooklyn, as soon as she could be sure that I was old enough to keep out of fire and water; that's, Mrs. Kennedy," speaking to that lady who now stood before us, "was when I was not far from eight years old, I believe."

"Needn't tell us 'bout bein' so't ye could keep out o' water when ye was eight year old! We ha'n't got ter that, yet!" They laughed heartily together. "I'm goin' out there ter tell Kate an' Mr. Cartwright what I wish 'em, now the rest 've got cleared off a little. I'm goin' ter just tell 'em I hope they'll have sixteen children, an' I do. My gran'mother had sixteen, an' she allers said 'twa'n't one too many, an' I don't think 'twas."

And on she jogged. Mrs. Kennedy, by-the-by, has no children; she naturally regards them as the *summum bonum* of life.

Cowperthwait's eyes followed her out into Kate's neighborhood, where they rested awhile; then withdrawing them, "How is it with Kate's sister?" he inquired. "I believe she isn't quite so pretty as Kate; but she's fine-looking."

She had a fine character, I told him.

"She's large," he went on. "I like a large person."

Ida was in sight, in her becoming bridesmaid

attire, her eyes bright, her whole appearance animated, but serene as a cloudless sky. This is her habitual aspect. Her whole interior life is as symmetrical, is rounded to the same perfection as her healthful, almost faultless *physique*. This was what the pale, nervous, impulsive, but generous, high-minded Cowperthwait saw in her; was what made it, as he would have said, "balm" to him, sitting with his eyes on her movements, her looks. While they were still so resting, he said, "I suppose I should have been at the very gate of matrimony, if not married, by this time, if some queer things hadn't turned up a year ago to put a stop to it. I would like to tell you about it, if you aren't already tired hearing me talk. I'm afraid you are! No? then it is all because you have an abundance of patience. I told you my nurse settled down over in Brooklyn. She lived in a house that you must remember if you've ever been in that part of the town—little and low, like some of your farm-houses here in the country, and worn out to a dark wood-color; it used to be dark red, or dark yellow. It is back from the street, in a corner, settled down in a nest of green grass, old currant bushes, the low, old-fashioned red rose-bushes, burdocks, catnip, and an old knotty apple-tree; the grading, that is, has risen and surrounded it and left it in its nest, a little piece of the country held on upon by nurse's husband, who owns it and won't let it be touched. I run over often when I am at home. One time there was a sick woman in some chambers near nurse; the rooms were hired for the woman to die in, by some benevolent ladies on Clinton avenue, which isn't far off. Nurse found the woman out, and kept doing something; she's a pitiful soul. One day she met a young lady, (it's coming now!) daughter of one of the benevolent ladies there. They came away together; and when she (the young lady, I mean,) saw the nest and the low, old-fashioned red roses blooming, she made exclamations about it, over the gate, and would come in and smell the old-fashioned roses—just like some she saw in the country once and liked! When she got where the roses were, and was already kneeling to them and begging for some of the buds, she saw me—no great affair to see; but I was then tipped back against the stem of the old apple-tree, reading an old leather-bound book that nurse used to have in her trunk when I was a child—'The Arabian Nights.' Somehow she seemed to me, in one minute, like one I had known all along. We got into a chat somehow; she was curious about my book, having never read it, having a long time wanted

to. When she was ready to go, I went to open the gate of old palings for her. I told her where I lived, (I think she asked me; it's my opinion she did;) she told me where she lived, and her mother's name. Looking back at the gate, she called it a cosy place; said I was fortunate in my nurse's living in such a quiet place, sighed lightly, bowed slowly, and was gone. She was very pretty. I didn't care so much for this though, as I did for the little, half-stifed sigh, the look and bow, as if she were half-loth to go. I thought her mouth very beautiful; 'twas nothing to Kate's though; nothing to Miss Ida's for character."

His looks, full of friendliness, were again fixed on Ida. "It was easy for me to meet the girl again; (her name was Lily Graham;) for my aunt also was a benevolent woman, was always doing something, and had a good many acquaintances among that class of people. Some of them knew Mrs. Graham; were intimate with her; and so, in a week, Lily and I were sitting together in her mother's parlors, on the same sofa, looking at the engravings in the same book, quarreling about the portraits. We were friendly, we were glad to meet, both of us, but we were always disputing and calling each other abusive names. I don't know, I am sure, what put the thoughts of being married into our heads; but they got there. We said we supposed it must be that we were made for each other; but we got into a dispute the same hour, I remember, about some things that had been said there that evening by a visitor. I suppose I am older than you think I am. I am twenty-five; I was twenty-four then, and independent, as we say, in every respect. We didn't talk about our engagement; I don't think we either of us thought much about it. We disputed the same as before, so it never seemed to come into anybody's head that we were in love"—looking up with a light curl in his delicate lip. "Our families knew it, of course, and a very few others."

Here he paused, watching Ida's passage among the guests. When she disappeared, he looked back, saying, "How old is she?"

"Eighteen, I believe."

That was all. He gathered up the threads of his story and went on. "So as the ordinary visitors at Mrs. Graham's knew nothing about the daughter's engagement, it happened that one of them, a Clemens of Westchester county, wanted her; got into a tremendous heat and flurry about it; tore his hair some, I believe, when he learned her engagement to me; and then at this pass came a woman, who, as Lily

told me, when she first appeared, had always been bothering about, once in awhile, wanting to see her, though what for she (Lily, that is,) could never make out; and pestering her mother's life half out of her. She was pestering it half out of her now, it seemed; for that lady came forth pale as a dead woman, after each private interview with—the hag; that is what Lily called her then. Before long it all came out, the whole shameless, miserable proceeding. Lily, poor girl! was the child of this low, bad woman, whose husband left her destitute when Lily was a little thing. The woman was obliged to go out, (to some sort of service, I mean,) so she put Lily into some institution where children are left to be given away. There Mrs. Graham, who was one of the patronesses of the institution, found her. She had no daughter, her only son was at a German University with his two cousins, while her husband, who was an officer in the army, was off nearly all the time on the south-western frontier, where the Indians were troublesome, so she adopted the child, who, according to all accounts, was wonderfully beautiful and piquant. The hag was called in at the adoption. Her story then was, that the child was given to her by the child's mother, at dying, the father was already dead. They were French, she said, but had been in this country several years struggling with poverty and sickness. They were well-born, she said, and had property in France, from which the husband and father was driven for some political offence. This was the lie, (or, if it was the truth, as is possible, she nullified it a year ago by the new lie.)

"The hag showed papers, proving that the child was hers by the gift of the mother. New papers were drawn, transferring the gift to Mrs. Graham. The child was to take Mrs. Graham's name; the hag was never to meddle with her, or come near her, which latter she promised of her own accord. But as she sank lower every year, she began to come and get things out of Mrs. Graham—clothes, money, and to insist on a sight of Lily. So it went on until a year ago, when she came to help Clemens. She said she was his nurse and had never forgotten him; this was the reason she tried to help him now. Her threat was (in hag-like diction) to make Lily's real parentage public, unless I was dismissed from the house, and Clemens at least treated respectfully whenever, wherever they happened to meet him, until the time came (and she should expect it to come soon), when he could be admitted to the house as Lily's declared lover.

"I have never set eyes on Lily since the hateful story was told her. (Hag got into her way and told it to her herself.) She wrote me a short note, calmer than anything I had ever known her to say before, with tongue or pen, saying—in short, saying that it was all up between us; that she should never see me again, should never go into society again. Society had been very kind to her, because society believed her to be of honorable, although poor parentage. She could not now tell society the whole truth, she couldn't do that! but it should not be imposed upon one moment by her presence under false colors; she and Mrs. Graham would travel through the summer, and, in the fall, join Capt. Graham in Florida. So, adieu.

"That was all. They didn't go to Florida; but Capt. Graham came home; they 'pulled up stakes,' as Mrs. Kennedy says, on Clinton avenue, and bought a place in the south part of the state.

"I saw Clemens one day in the street, after I went home from here. His looks were altered; his blood-shot eyes sank at meeting mine. My aunt hears from the Grahams occasionally through some common acquaintances. They have a fine estate, which they are every day making finer. They are talking of going to Europe this season. I don't know how hag carries herself, or where she is. Isn't it a miserable story?" drawing himself up out of his sunken condition. "I've made myself blue, telling it, and I guess I have you, too. If I have, I ought to be ashamed of myself! See! there comes Mrs. Kennedy. Mrs. Kennedy, I'm glad to see you."

"I'm glad ter see you! I allers am." Then, stooping so as not to be heard by others, she asked him "if he'd noticed the flutter-budget out there?"

"The flutter-budget, Mrs. Kennedy? Where is it—or she?"

"It's *she*. She's got on a blue gown, orful low on the shoulders fer one of her age. She frisks, she minces," illustrating with little frisky, mincing attitudes. "She come yesterday ter stay awhile with Mr. Lancaster's folks. She's some relation ter the Mr. Parker that's lately married Mr. Lancaster's sister, they say. Her name is Parker. Guess, Cata-raugus, what I heerd her say 'bout you ter Jenny Lancaster, the fust of the evenin'!"

"I can't guess, I'm sure! What was it?"

"She thought ye were marster han'some, an' she said she was goin' ter tackle ye. She'd ben askin' afore 'f ye was engaged, an' Jenny told her she believed ye wa'n't. 'Sh! there's a girl,'

tipping her forehead out toward Ida, who now was approaching us, "that's wuth a hundred thousand' of 'er, any day, in 'my mind. I shouldn't wonder 'f she was in yourn. Good-by!"

Ida came and sat with us. Cowperthwait's looking at her and then at the vacancy he was making between us, brought her. I felt her contact a refreshment, as I thought Cowperthwait also did. At any rate, they sat, talking with voices of deep contentment about schools, studies, scenery, paintings, new books, the magazines, until it was time for Ida to go and help "speed the parting guests."

CHAPTER II.

Friday, 15th.

MR. CARTWRIGHT and Kate left yesterday morning. Kate was a little choked up with the tears she pressed lids and lips together to keep from breaking forth; her chin shook with the pain of her parting; but she looked up to the kind, firm face, the wide, protecting form beside her, and after that she could more easily finish her adieus.

Kate was a brave little thing; she would not let Ida accompany her; she would leave her at home with the parents and little Jack. They are all to visit her in the summer.

Cowperthwait, shrugging his shoulders when asked whether he was to accompany them, said he thought not; he thought it would give him no pleasure to find himself altogether *de trop*. He laid his arm across Mr. Cartwright's shoulder at the parting; he was touched; I saw that his eyes were moist; and immediately upon their starting, he escaped to his hotel. I have not seen him since. Ida says she has not. He has a faithful heart; a tender, loving heart, which must take its time of mourning for the loss (in a way and degree the loss) of his strong, superior friend.

Ida thinks, in her womanly way, that he is the most agreeable person she has ever met. She don't think of excepting Mr. Cartwright, I find, cordially as she admires that gentleman.

CHAPTER III.

Saturday Evening.

HE was blue! everything was blue—but the sky, that was leaden! Cowperthwait said, calling here this afternoon. Would I like to take a drive? Did I suppose Miss Ida would go?

I did suppose she would go and be glad to, as I would.

He went to see; went with chilled looks, but returned speedily with brightened countenance, ran up the steps to say that she would go; would be ready in ten minutes, if I would! And in ten minutes we were careering over the hills, where the roads are excellent with the snow still left of the great winter supply, and melted and trodden down hard and smooth as ice. The afternoon was fine. The cattle were lowing in the paths, or chewing their cuds with sleepy looks in the sunny barn-yards. All the farmers' hens, pretending affright at seeing us, cackled suddenly at first, then crowed and talked about it, as they saw the danger pass by. We drove round two squares, and home by way of Mrs. Kennedy's. We wanted to see her, wanted to give her the pleasure of seeing us, so we drove up to her door.

"Here ye air! Cataraugus, Susy, and Mt. Idy!" Mrs. Kennedy exclaimed, joyfully, shaking hands with us.

"Mt. Ida, Mrs. Kennedy? What put that into your head? you've been reading Homer!" Cowperthwait said it gravely, as if accusing her.

"Ha'n't touched Homer! don't know Homer from Job; but this is what Flutter-budget called Idy t'ther evenin' at the wedd'n." "So that's Mt. Idy," she said, ter one o' the Lancaster girls, arter she'd ben lookin' at you two settin' there talkin' together on the sofy. She tried ter laugh, but didn't make out much, I thought."

We called her Mt. Ida after that. We came home in a glow; so, to say the truth, did Col. Moore's horse. The day was warm, the horse was reeking with perepiration and with the snow-water. Ida will never allow him to drive so, if she takes her place at his side for life. She will teach him to drop his hurry; will teach him to know by heart this excellent proverb of the Spaniards—"Be not in haste; be not excited; he that is in haste and he that is excited, dies." (Dies hair-breadth by hair-breadth, before his legitimate time, through the wear and tear of the excitement and haste—so the proverb means.) She, with her moderation, her good sense, her depth of principle and affection, will do him a world of good; he, with his quickness of intelligence and honor, his generosity, his warmth of appreciation and attachment, will do quite as much for her. Will, that is, by-and-by they are united, as Mrs. Kennedy is sure they will be.

CHAPTER IV.

The 20th.

"He runs in every day or evening. Sometimes he comes in, in the evening when he has

already been in, in the day time; and we're glad to have him, we miss Kate so!"

Ida said it with great shining tears gathering to lie on the heavy lashes. She has eyes that surprise you anew with their splendor, whenever she lifts the deep, slow lid and lets them beam on you. Her voice charms you, lulls you in the hearing; and a hundred times it returns to you to float musically across your memory, in the next twenty-four hours after you have heard it. For the rest, you can hardly say she is beautiful; nobody can; but she is womanly and noble. You are glad there is in the world such a young person, to come forward into life, to ennoble and delight her husband, to give birth to children and raise them to manhood, womanhood, to hallow her home and bless her neighborhood, by the depths of her quiet intelligence and goodness, her steady attachment.

"We all like him," she continued, busy with her fine white needlework. "Father and mother think as much of him as I do—and perhaps more," looking up with a smile.

Perhaps she would not sit and praise him like this, if he were faultless. She knows well enough he is not; knows his impulsiveness and his want of a steady self-mastery, through which the trait shall be turned wholly to use, to ennoblement and comfort. So she sits and praises him, with a sort of mild persuasiveness in her tones, lending them a new pathos, a ten-fold sweetness.

"He brought me in this book to-day," showing me Ruskin's "Modern Painters," "and brought this to mother," now showing me an elegant copy of "Favorite Authors."

"Did he ever tell you," Ida said, "how young he was when his father and mother died, and how lonesome he has been nearly all the time?"

"Yes, dear, he told me all about it."

"Didn't you pity him? I did. I think everybody ought to be particularly kind to a young man like him, so sensitive, so good-hearted, so talented—for I think he's very talented, don't you?—and who has nobody to know where he goes, or what becomes of him. Kate says he is very wealthy—has a large property, that is—Mr. Cartwright told her so. And this makes it seem all the sadder—that he should have so much and be so agreeable, and nobody to care anything about it. I pity him, don't you?"

I told her I did; that he was a precious boy to me. Then how her eyes beamed out on me! with what gratitude!

Now, she pities him; she will love him in a day or two, and thus the poor boy's earthly happiness will be secured, whatever else may

come—unless it be a lack of deserving. Of this I have not a shade of fear.

CHAPTER V.

The 25th.

COWPERTHWAIT wants to know if I believe a girl like Ida, one who "hasn't a bit of nonsense in her," can "care anything about a fellow like him," one that has been through so much, and has got so many bruises on him for her to help heal.

I didn't know, I told him.

"I don't see how she can. And this is what makes me try so hard to get out of my head a foolish notion, that, with all my brow-beating, sticks there fast, and will!"

"What is it?"

"Why—that she does, all out of her own angel-like goodness, like me—why—better than anybody else does, at any rate, unless it's Cartwright. I should be ashamed to say it, if my gratitude didn't carry me above shame. If she does ever like me as—as I want her to, as I'd give three-quarters of the blood out of my heart to have her. I ought to live on my knees at her regal skirts! I think so, actually! There isn't her equal, for me, anywhere! and think what a spooney I've been! I told you! But 'tisn't strange, made as I was, alone and terribly, terribly homesick and friendsick as I was, that I should be always looking for somebody to lay my—to—lay—the—treasures—of—my—heart—upon," laughing at himself unmercifully, "or that I was cheated a few times thinking I'd found her; especially as I didn't know anything about love, what it felt like, or anything about it. I begin to think I do know, now," his eyes on his finger nails, the ingenuous blood rising and spreading over the high, beautiful forehead. "I feel something I never felt before, at any rate; something that would—I don't know but it would melt me down into my boots, if I thought it would do to let it go on. Most of the time I think that it won't do, and am desperately blue." He stuck his feet out before him, on the supple limbs, a gesture he has when his torment rises high.

My heart was aching with its tenderness toward him, but of this I said nothing. I cheerfully bade him "trust in Providence and work hard," upon which he laughed, rallied, sprang to his feet, saying he was "going over to see her! *Au revoir!*"

The 27th.

"I've been inter Squire Trumbull's. Cata-raugus was there, an' guess what I said to

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him? He was helpin' the women-folks git that great iron thing they keep their plants on, out inter the hall, so't the blossoms might see the sun shine an' breathe some fresh air. He done a'most all on't. They couldn't do much for their hoops!" (*En passant*, Mrs. Kennedy is tremendously disgusted with hoops.) "We told 'im 'e'd break 'is back. He said 'e felt 's strong 's Sampson terday. I told 'im 'e'd better not break 'is back 'f 'e was strong 's Sampson an' Agonistes, too, an' I thought 'e'd better not. Don't you think so? I thought 'e seemed to feel very much ter home there, 'n' I guess 'e did. I guess 'e was. I guess they all felt 's though 'e was, 'specially Mt. Idy. But my old man's waitin' inter Burnham's store. He wouldn't scold any 'f I made 'im wait all day, 's I know of, an' this 's the reason I don't never like to make 'im wait. I feel diffrunt 'bout plaguein' 'im from what I should 'f we had children. I think I like 'im more. I guess 'e likes me more. I s'pose this 's the way God makes it up ter us. Shall I tell my old man ye said yer respec's? It'll please 'im."

"Yes, do!" I said; and away she ran, threading her way between the horses, and sleighs, and men, and boys, and dogs at the store door and in crossing the busy street.

CHAPTER VI.

The 29th.

COWPERTHWAIT came here from the post-office this morning, wretched as he could well be, with a letter in his hand for me to read. He "wanted to show it to somebody!" he said, throwing himself into a seat, sinking into it more and more. He crumpled the letter in his hand, twisted it in his fingers and then gave it to me. There is nothing to hinder my transcribing it to this page; for he left it in my hands when he went away, saying he didn't want it!

It runs—"Ned, dear! they have gone! Hag and Clemens, I mean—the latter to Sing-Sing! (A sublime ending of a lover, isn't it?) He committed forgery. He is Hag's son, but, *Io triumphe!* I am not her daughter! You must come and hear whose daughter I am. I'm a little sad for somebody's sake, (not yours, not mine,) and yet very proud, after this time of deep humiliation, to feel as I do this day, that by my birth I am your peer. Come at once, please. So prays your impatient friend,

LILY."

He should go this afternoon, he said, and know the worst.

"And the best," I suggested.

"If there is any best. I don't expect there is. I expect the hag's first story is true; that she—Lily, is really the daughter of a lady; and that she and all her friends expect me to do the thing I promised to do a year ago. If they show that they do, I shan't have strength and courage to stave it off, and I'm killed!"

I suggested his sending up for Mr. Cartwright to come down, to advise him, help him. He listened to it, a little encouraged. Not much, however. By the next words he spoke, and his manner of speaking them, I knew he had given Ida up, and was mourning her as if she were dead.

"And she called me brother, and said—when I had been running myself down—how many times she had wished, since I came here, that she had a brother exactly like me in everything. I got hold of her hand, at this—the dear, firm, but soft hand—to thank her for the words that seemed to build me up and make me worthy of that she had so generously accorded my unworthiness. I thought I was made! I went to bed last night, thinking I was made! got up this morning and came out less than an hour ago, thinking so; because, besides the words, so much in themselves, there was that in her tones and in her looks, that made me believe I was, if anything, dearer to her than a brother. I don't know that I was; but this is the way it seemed to me, only one hour ago. It all seems like a dream now. I have the miserable feeling—and it clings to me fast—that the fellow who held her hand, and looked into her mild eyes and listened to her voice, was one, and the luckiest dog alive, while I who sit here with this broken-down, wretched feeling, am another, and the miserablest dog alive. But I must go. If she asks you anything about me"—he paused, while a look of deepest pain crossed his features—"you must do the best you can for me. Of course it will smash everything!"

He had risen; but now again threw himself into his seat, as if too weak to stand.

I should simply tell her that important news had suddenly called him home, I answered, but that he would write to me in a few days—he would?

"Yes, if he had life enough. Yes, he would, anyway." And that when he had adjusted certain important matters to his satisfaction, he would return—he would?

"Yes, if he did or could adjust them to his satisfaction," he said, adding, a little brightened, that he believed he would telegraph from

this station, before starting, for Cartwright to meet him in New York to-morrow morning. By this decision he was greatly revived.

Did I think it best then, he asked, not to tell her the nature of the business that called him?

Yes, I thought it best. I would leave it for him to tell her before he made proposals.

"Bless her!" said he. "She shall know everything if that time ever comes. There would be nothing but comfort in owning all one's follies to her, in having the right to, and the duty. He believed he would run up to the door a minute, on his way back, and see her face and shake hands with her and say good-by—the last time, perhaps"—his animation suddenly sinking again.

Ida comes now slowly up to the door.

Evening.

"He called at the door, but didn't stop a minute!" Ida said. She wondered a little what could take him so suddenly away, what made him look so pale and low-spirited; was herself in rather low spirits over her crocheting. (*Aprapos*, she is the most diligent young creature alive. One hardly ever sees her, when she has not in her fingers some piece of needle-work, crochet-work, or a bit of tatting on which she keeps her eyes, only occasionally lifting them, and on which she is almost constantly, with more or less activity, but never with hurry, employed.)

CHAPTER VII.

April 2d.

"DEAR MADAM," so begins the letter I received to-day from Cowperthwait. "I suppose I have said as much as once in your hearing, that everything that I had had given me, (as presents, my cousin Kate,) was soon taken; that this was my fate. Hear what has befallen me now, and say if I shan't be justified in whining like an ill-used spaniel, all the rest of my days on this 'terrestrial globe.'

"I was sick enough to drown myself, coming on—car-sick, sea-sick, life-sick. I suppose I was all the rest, because I was, in the beginning, life-sick. Didn't sleep a wink all night; couldn't; tumbled out to see to my baggage when the boat was in, was tumbling round among porters, hackmen, and passengers, too weak to keep my legs from getting twisted together, when a little thing in all manner of ribbons and things, ran up before me, got hold of both my hands and kissed me heartily on my cheek. She was laughing, she was bawling, she kept shaking my hands (shaking

me all over, in fact,) with both hers, her great tears shining on the uplifted lids, her laughter going, the laughter and the tears together being almost too much for such a little body, especially as she got no help in either, or in anything, from the tall fellow before her, who stood there neither laughing nor crying, returning neither the kissing nor the hand-clasping, the hand-shaking. I was killed, that was all, seeing the little bunch of joy before me and thinking of majestic Ida. 'Come!' she said, again shaking my hands in hers, and tugging at them to start me. 'Got your baggage? no? Where is it? Got your check? porter got it? that it?' pointing with her bit of a hand in a tight-fitting glove, to my trunk dragged just then to my feet. 'Come! I'm in a carriage! you'll go with me!'

"She beckoned to a man in liveries, and then we all went trooping out where several carriages were waiting, and were conducted by the man in liveries into the newest, handsomest of them all. Having shut us in, he mounted and we were driven off. I, meanwhile, being already dead, as I have told you, was now going through my burial. Deeper and deeper every minute, was the sod piled above me. I saw her eyes question mine a moment, a few times, but the most she did was to laugh and watch our whereabouts. I never saw a creature get such fun out of nothing. I could have set the toe of my boot against her! I could actually! I longed to throw her out; I was growing 'savage as a meat-axe,' as Mrs. Kennedy says, toward her. I don't know whether I spoke once during the drive, except by cross nods, and waves, and monosyllables, when she asked me some of her lively questions. These were over, as, with the measured paces proper to West-endom, but tantalizing in no small degree to her hot impatience, we came near our destination, though I still heard such exclamations as these—'Oh! I'm in a hurry! I wish they'd drive faster! but John wouldn't if the house was on fire! he'd still observe the proprieties. No! don't look now!' clapping both hands over my eyes as I was about using them to see the time we were making. 'You mustn't see yet! pretty soon you may!'—pretty soon—her hands still covering my eyes, although the carriage was stopping. 'There! now you may see! look!' pointing joyfully up the steps, down which were already descending—my uncle and aunt, the latter crying (as so many women do, and I can't say I blame 'em) for joy.

"So it was my lost coz, you perceive. I don't know how I got up the steps. The first

thing I remember is dancing with Lily in the hall and hugging them all, even my big-boned uncle. 'And see who else is here,' said Lily, breaking away and running to meet the captain and Mrs. Graham, as they now approached from the parlor. Hugging their hands, she led them forward, saying, 'We got them over! We all wanted to see you so! So now we can't be married, and so can't spat it a hundredth part so often as we'd like to, can we?' said Lily, when we had got settled down a little. 'Too bad, isn't it?'

"But we all called on the Grahams to-day; and when I saw the son, who has returned from Germany a learned, grave, dignified professor, but who, grave as he is (perhaps because he is grave), is never so well pleased as when Lily is 'cutting up her pranks' (*vide* Mrs. Kennedy) close to his ears and his nose, then I knew that it wasn't too bad, and that Lily did not think it was.

"Hag, as you have guessed before this time, was the nurse that went off with Lily. (She was christened Rose, a better fitting name; but they call her by the name she has borne longest.) She had got rid of her own child, (Clemens, you've heard of him,) under terms of considerable advantage to them both. That is, he had been adopted by a wealthy, liberal-hearted man, who not only allowed him a plenty of pocket-money, (the boy was ten or a dozen years old then,) but allowed him the largest liberties everywhere. Hag used to go up, when she was out of place and was 'short,' used to watch for him somewhere about the grounds, or near his school, and pick his money away from him, and go home loaded with the articles he, with her instructions, stole from cupboard, store-room, and wardrobe. As he grew older and wanted all his money himself and began to despise his hag of a mother, she held him to his loth allegiance by threats of exposing his parentage to his school-fellows and the servants at the house. It was known, by-the-by, that his mother was a widow, but not that she was a hag.

"I suppose it was the success of her game here, that led her to try it in another quarter. Or, perhaps it was the downright devil tempting her in both games and in all her harassed, wretched life. She thought it was, in her last days.

"What she did with Lily, what terms she made with Mrs. Graham, and how she outraged them, you know.

"Her son, having broken with his benefactor, and become a cheat and a liar, by her instructions and his own bad blood, has of late been

leading her a haggled sort of life it seems, that has worn her out. From a wretched hole at the Five Points, where she got at last, she sent for Mrs. Graham. Mrs. Graham went to her and found her near her last gasp. With difficulty, gasping breath, she told her all she had done, and afterward, with wild eyes, streaming hair and clenched fists, she started up, asking if there was any hope, or help, (in the other world, she meant,) for one who had lived such a life in this.

"Mrs. Graham, who is one of the angels, with her own hands bathed the poor head, brushed the wild hair back beneath a neat cap, provided her smoky, shattered room with comforts, found her a pious nurse who had suffered with patience, came over every day to comfort her, and at last (it was yesterday) the poor creature died in peace, blessing God with her last breath.

"The funeral over, Mrs. Graham is going up to Sing-Sing with this story of his mother's repentance and death to the wretched man shut up there. I believe I must accompany her. I want to speak to him just once more, while he and I live, and ask him if he knows that God is good. I don't suppose he does.

"Cartwright, good fellow, came down at once. He don't say anything about being happy, but his looks are equal to a mild spring sunset. I am to run up and see them for a day; then I shall probably soon leave for the oracles of my fate at 'Mt. Idy.' I am by no means such a blockhead as to feel undisturbed certainty. On the contrary, my courage goes up and down, and I am much of the time in a most dubious condition. This does not, however, by any means, prevent my being, dear madam, all of the time,

Yours,

COWPERTHWAIT."

CHAPTER VIII.

Wednesday 8rd.

TO-DAY I received this little note from Ida.

"If you are out to-day, I wish you'd call and see me, although I have no business to ask it, I'm so stupid!

IDA."

I found her in her shawl, her face swollen, her eyes uneasy; and, coming soon to her ailments, she said, "My throat is sore; my head aches; I feel miserably!"

She was in her chamber, so we sat alone. "I suppose I have taken cold," she added. "I went into Mr. Lancaster's last evening. I was foolish to go out when it was so wet walking; but I had heard that Miss Parker was talking

about it to everybody because I hadn't called on her, so I thought I'd go in. But I was sorry I went; for it seemed as though all she got me there for, was to prick and sting me all the evening. She said one thing I don't believe. She said Cowperthwait is engaged to a beautiful young lady in Brooklyn, and that he went home on purpose to be married to her. This may be true, but she says they are probably married by this time, and this don't seem very likely. I wouldn't ask her how she got her information; but, without my asking her, or expressing the least doubt about what she had said, she went on to say that she knew the story was true, because she had heard it by letter from a friend whose relatives live in the house that is owned by the young lady's father. The family (the young lady's family, that is,) had been away from Brooklyn some time, but they have lately returned and claimed their house for themselves. And it was well known in that neighborhood, why they and the young man had, at the same time, returned. Her friend had seen the young lady several times, Miss Parker said; and she was very beautiful, and her family was a very wealthy one. This may all be true; but I don't see why she should say it to me, in so disagreeable a manner, and keep saying it and dwelling upon it, without my saying one word. One word about that, I mean. I tried times enough to introduce other subjects; and so did the girls. They don't like her! Do you suppose the story is true?"

No, I told her. No doubt he had had his engagements, his fancies; perhaps a half dozen of them, in his instinctive need of a true woman that he could love, honor, confide in, repose upon; but I had heard from him.

"You have? Have you had a letter?" her eyes kindling, the clouds dispersing from her features.

Yes, I answered; and he was going up to see Kate and Mr. Cartwright for a day; he was coming then back to New Hampshire—to Mt. Ida, I believed. It was what he thought of doing, at any rate.

Her color came, but her indignation toward Miss Parker flashed out. "She didn't care if she had been told it was so! she had no business to get her in there and then sit and sting her with it a whole evening! malicious thing! I feel better," she added, when I was coming away. "It has done me good having you come in."

The 4th.

Ida has been in to-day, her throat muffled, a little of the anxiety still left upon her features.

I think she was in hopes I would show her his letter, but this, as the reader knows, I could not do. Upon her adverting incidentally to Miss Parker's story, I told her I dared say that Miss Parker had said no worse things about him, than he would confess to her about himself, when he came.

"I'll venture it! It isn't anything for me or anybody to lay up against him, if he has missed it a hundred times, in one way and another. I guess we all have, as many times as that; and it is enough to know, as we do, that he is good! I know this! If he himself tried to shake my faith in his goodness, he couldn't! I shouldn't believe him! I should know what he is!"

CHAPTER IX.

The 9th.

COWPERTHWAIT has come. He has been here; he was going from here to Mr. Trumbull's. If it was true, he said, that "faint heart never won fair lady," (he supposed I had heard the saying,) his chance was but a bad one; his heart was faint enough.

The 10th.

"I told you I knew he is good!" said Ida today, opening her tatting, although she had only thrown her shawl back far enough to free her arms, without removing it. "He told me the whole story about his cousin. I suppose this is what Miss Parker had in her head. I listened and let him go on, and was so calm about it, I imagine he thought I was indifferent about him and all he said, about everything he had ever done. For, after he had finished and we had both sat perfectly still a few minutes, he got up in his quick way, and began to walk

from the table to the piano, and from the piano back to the table again; he took up a book and then threw it down on the table, a music-sheet and threw it down on the piano; then, walking toward the door he said, in a voice that sent such a sadness to my heart as was never there before, 'I must go!'

"No, don't!" I said, walking out toward him. "I'm so lonesome! Father and mother are gone, Jack is asleep and no Kate!" I did feel lonesome as death when I saw him with his back turned toward me to go.

"I suppose he knew how I felt from my voice, and from my face when he turned round and looked into it. At any rate, he came back and met me, and—and—I can't tell you what he said, but they were things I like to remember, and I shall as long as I live. I wouldn't have believed that I could have heard anything that would—why, that would so unite me to him, forever, *forever!* as the few first words he said to me standing there, looking into my face, holding my hand. We both found out that we were not afraid to take each other, faults and all, but that we are thankful to do so. He made one great mistake; he said he wasn't worthy of me! There was never a greater mistake than this, and I told him so; for I have no talent, or beauty, or anything to recommend me to a person like him, nothing but the constancy with which I will love him and seek to promote his happiness. I don't believe he will ever, ever see me fail in this. And I suppose this goes a great way in a wife. He thinks it does, at any rate. He thinks he will have a good deal besides—beauty, for one thing! Isn't it funny that he should think me beautiful? But I really believe he does!"

IN HEAVEN.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

I SEE thee only in my dreams

My angel sister. Thou art gone

To starry realms of peaceful rest,

To mingle with the ransomed throng.

Thy hands have clasped the golden lyre,

Thy feet have pass'd the pearly gates;

And we with weary, fainting hearts,

Press onward, where our darling waits.

Up to the golden sunrise hills

Our eyes are turned with anxious gaze,

Till half unheeded are the thorns

That meet us on life's toilsome ways.

For these we know an angel waits;

Her beck'ning hand we almost see,

Though Heaven be fair, it could not keep

My angel sister's love from me.

Alas! I cannot see to-day,

Because the blinding tears will fall,

The roses blooming 'round my way,

Nor His dear love who watches all.

For we are weary. They who walk

Near to the sunset of life's day—

Even they whose morn hath seen no moon—

Are growing weary by the way,

Weary and fainting by the way.

Yet there we know our angel waits;

Her beck'ning hand we almost see,

Though Heaven be fair, it could not keep

My angel sister's love from me.

HARLEY BROOKS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Frank Lee Benedict, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

AUNT QUINTARD had seen fit to honor me with a visit, that is to say, she had a party of friends whom she wished to entertain, and so had taken possession of my house, according to her frequent habit in such cases.

They all came quite unexpectedly. Aunt Quintard only thought it necessary to send me word a couple of days in advance, so that I and my little staff of domestics were kept busy enough. Luckily I had learned her ways, and always kept my dwelling in a sort of readiness for her and her friends, during the summer months; else I should have been in a state of confusion and dismay beyond the power of remedy.

As it was, I had much ado to keep Jael, the old woman who had managed my house ever since I had one, in any sort of reasonable temper; and between dread of her outbreaks and trying hard to make everything comfortable, I worked myself into one of my tiresome sick headaches, and could not go down to dinner the night the party arrived.

I scarcely had an opportunity to exchange a dozen words with Amy, my step-daughter, who had returned with the others, for every time she stole up to my room for a little conversation, she was sure to be followed and hurried away by aunt Quintard. She was my sister-in-law, for all I give her that name; I got the habit from Amy, and sometimes so far forgot myself as to call her so to her face, a misnomer which always received her severe condemnation.

I never could feel quite at ease with aunt Quintard. She had such an uncertain temper, and a cool way of saying the most disagreeable things which quite bewildered me. I felt that, in a degree, she looked down upon me still, for all I was the widow of her brother, just as years before she had done when I was a poor girl and earned my living as a daily teacher.

She must have been a very old woman, but she was as fond of society as a child of sixteen, and always lived in a tumult and excitement. She had an excellent position, although she was not very rich, and people always invited her and went to her house; but I think almost everybody was a little afraid of her notwithstanding. She

knew the secrets of every family back as far as the Revolution; and if any one offended her, she was so unscrupulous in her remarks, that it would have been a very bold person who could have endured it.

After all, I used to pity her; it seemed to me that in spite of everything her life must have been a very lonely one. She had no children, and she seldom went to church; and I sometimes thought there was more bitterness than scorn in the sneers she wasted upon me for reading morning prayers to my little household.

I did wish that she would paint so like a Frenchwoman; and I would have been glad if any one could have induced her to wear high-necked dresses, but I could not venture to speak about it; although I knew that the very people who courted her laughed behind her back at such folly.

She had always governed everybody that came within her reach; I suppose except for her I never should have married her brother. He was an old man, afflicted with a painful disease, which must soon prove fatal, but so kind and gentle that I could not help but love him. Then little Amy was such a sweet child, she needed some one to take care of her, and aunt Quintard said that it was my duty.

I did marry him. Well, after all, I was very happy, and sorely grieved when he died. I am sure he did not marry from the feelings which influenced aunt Quintard—I could not have believed that any one would have indulged them, had I not heard the words from her own lips. She was talking to one of her friends, not long after our marriage, and she said that it had been a wise move on her part—she could not take care of a sick man—I was an excellent nurse—would be a good governess for Amy, and the slave of what I called duty; after all, it was cheaper than hiring servants; and as for the will and the fortune, she could take care of them.

She was spared that trouble, at least; for only a few years after our marriage he lost all his property, except the house in which I still live. That he had deeded to me without his sister's

knowledge. I cannot tell what we should have done—only I knew that God would have provided for us—had not a relative of mine, from whom I never expected anything, left me seventy thousand dollars. The income made us very comfortable, and I was able to help aunt Quintard whenever she had extra bills.

It was a thing I never could understand, but she seemed annoyed about that legacy; and if by any chance she was obliged to ask a favor of me, that was the very time she appeared most indignant and treated me worst.

Luckily, I never had what is called a high spirit; I am not very quick to notice slights; and if people will say rude things to me, I can only feel sorry on their account.

But I am foolish even to think of such things in connection with my married life, for my husband did his best to make it a pleasant one. He lived ten years; but he was a great sufferer. I thank God that he died blessing me—it has been a shield between me and all trouble, that has come upon me in the years that have since passed.

Well, at twenty-eight I was a widow! My daughter Amy was not quite sixteen, a dear, lovely girl she was. I was a little grieved to find that by her father's will she was to spend the greater portion of each year with her aunt; but I consoled myself by thinking that he had made that stipulation before he knew me so well as he learned to do afterward. After all, it was only right that Amy should see something of society, and her aunt was in a good position to introduce her. Of course I was seldom invited. Bel said I was too much of a hermit for gay doings—my duty was to provide Amy with everything she needed—hers, to show the child life as it really was.

The first year after her father's death, Amy had still been kept at school; then aunt Quintard said that it was time for her to leave baby days behind, and as Amy wished it, too, I could not refuse, although I gave her up to her relative with many misgivings. I dare say it was wrong and impertinent of me, for aunt Quintard knew much more about the world than I did; still it pained me to think that my blossom might lose the sweet innocence which made her so charming, and so different from most of the girls of her age whom I encountered during my rare visits to the city.

But two years had gone by. Amy was almost eighteen, and I could but acknowledge that she was greatly improved. Oh! what a lovely creature she was: and, better than all, she was the sweetest, gentlest nature, only with a strange

pride at the bottom which I could not comprehend.

Aunt Quintard was seldom cross with her. She worshiped her beauty, and besides that, Amy had, when she chose to assert them, a quiet independence of character and cool haughtiness, which were more than a match for Bel's powers.

Amy loved me; neither her aunt or any one else could have changed that affection. Bel kept us apart as much as possible, and seldom left us alone, so that I was pained to think I could not get nearer and closer to my darling's heart.

How happy I was to have her at home again! The gay winter in town, the summer at Newport had not in the least dimmed her beauty; but she had grown so self-possessed and so elegant, that I should have been almost afraid of her, had it not been for the long embrace, and the whispered words which gave me such sweet assurance.

I was always an early riser; and the morning after their arrival, I went down stairs long before anybody was stirring, except the servants.

The first person I met was the woman, who, as I said, had managed my house so long, Jael. She received the queer name from her Quaker parents—was a prejudiced, wrong-headed old thing, but devotedly attached to Amy and me; though she was determined to rule in the lower regions, whoever might queen it above stairs.

Mrs. Quintard disliked Jael, and Jael in return detested her with all the energy of her nature. Jael had opinions of her own upon every subject, which she sometimes expressed a little out of season, although with no intention of disrespect, to me at least; but with her likings and dislikings I never ventured to interfere.

Indeed, I could well bear with Jael's peculiarities; and I should have been an ungrateful woman not to have done so, for she had been faithful and most kind during my husband's long sickness, and had saved and economized as if the money had been her own.

She it was whom I first encountered that morning. She had been sweeping the verandah, and was just then occupied in frightening with her broom, a score of sparrows that I often fed there, and which had come down before it was time to receive their accustomed crumbs.

"Good morning, Jael," I said.

"Morning to you, ma'am," returned Jael, clipping the sentence as short as possible after a fashion she had, and turning toward the door

a little ashamed of having been caught in her ill-natured act.

"What are you doing to the poor little birds?" I asked.

"I hate to have things bobbin' about," said she; "the house is full of all sorts of critters, and the lawn is always covered with birds a jumpin' round."

"But I like them, you know."

"Then they'll have to stay, I 'spose; don't understand nothing of such tantrums and whimsies myself."

"But you always liked these birds, did you not?"

"It's a bad world, anyhow," pursued Jael, without noticing my question; "mean world, dirty people in it."

"Never mind the world, Jael; you have not answered if you like the birds."

"Answered afore, dozen times; 'taint my way to answer folks."

"Oh! Jael, Jael, you are cross!" I said, laughing in spite of myself; "fie, Jael, such a bright morning, too."

Jael rubbed her nose and looked somewhat penitent.

"I ain't," said she, and stopped, convicted by her conscience and quite incapable of deceit. "I am," she added, "and I know it, and that's the end of it."

"I am going to gather some flowers," I said, anxious to turn her thoughts from the track I knew they were pursuing; "they make the house so cheerful."

"You have got some sense!" exclaimed Jael, leaning her elbow on the broom handle and nodding approval.

"Thank you," I said. Praise from Jael was a rare thing for any mortal to receive.

"Needn't; don't want you to! I like to see folks get up—but that's neither here nor there! I'm goin' to see to breakfast; I'll bet I ring that bell afore long so it'll wake the whole kit of 'em. There's Miss Amy, she never used to lay a bed long after sun up—'spose she learned that amongst other fine things of her aunt—"

"Jael, Jael!" I interrupted. I felt confident that she was going to apply some unpleasant name to Amy's relative.

"Well, I cannot help it," returned she; "it does make me mad to see that woman go on! Why, you ain't her slave, be you? Way she acted last night you'd thought she owned the house. Don't like it. Comes across me I'll teach her better."

"Hush! hush!"

"Very well to say hush; Lord knows I wish

she'd hush! I hate to see you so imposed upon, that's what I do! You've worked like mad all winter managing and saving. I wonder what Miss Amy would think if she knowed you and I lived alone to save money for her and that old dragon to waste?"

"I would not have her know it for the world, Jael."

"Nor I either," retorted she, as sharply as if I had threatened to reveal our secret. "But who wants to be turned topsy turvy and stood on their head without warning? I don't like it—you don't like it!"

I looked so entreatingly at her, that she rubbed her nose again in a violent manner and was silent.

At that moment, a pleasant young voice sounded on the stairs, and my own darling bounded out of the hall and kissed me in her sweet fashion.

"Dear me, mamma," she said, "how young and pretty you look! Don't she, Jael?"

The sight of her bright young face had made Jael smile at once, but she puckered up her mouth and did her best to hide it.

"My eyes arn't good," was the only answer she vouchsafed.

Amy threatened her with her pretty hand.

"You have forgotten to go to the honey-pot," said she.

Jael laughed outright at that. It was an old jest of Amy's on her crossness, and it never failed to amuse the oddity.

"I'm past sweetening," she replied.

But in spite of her assertion, after being talked to by Amy for a few moments, she went into the house with her face and manner so completely changed from those she had worn when I first met her, that it really seemed as if she had been essaying my mischievous girl's recipe.

Then Amy and I went down the steps, and walked to and fro among the beds of early autumn flowers and the belated summer blossoms, which shone out among them. Of course she had a great deal to tell me that she had not been able to write; and I gathered even more plainly than I had from her letters, that they had been very gay indeed, and that she had greatly enjoyed herself.

But I could see the old heart still through it all, and that satisfied me.

"Oh, Amy!" I said; "as long as you look like that I shall be contented."

She laughed gleefully.

"I wonder what aunt Bel would give for your color or mine this moment!" she exclaimed; "it

would be as acceptable a gift as the philosopher's stone! Ah, there goes the old bell—Jael does not mean them to complain of not having been awakened."

I saw our visitors at breakfast; they were very like the generality of aunt Quintard's friends—very dressy and fine, the sort of people with whom I always felt shy; not that I was timid, but my mode of life was different from theirs; we had scarcely a thought or opinion in common.

That morning Bel chose to breakfast in her own room, so that I was not exposed either to slights or incivility. Still with Amy to assist me, I should not have dreaded them so much, for she had a way of looking aunt Quintard into silence, which I never saw any other mortal able to do.

During the forenoon, my sister-in-law sent for me to go up to her room, as she had risen and desired to speak with me.

"I declare, Jane, you look as poky as ever," was her first salutation when I entered; "I believe you were born a hundred years old at the very least."

I was well enough acquainted with aunt Quintard to understand such speeches; I was perfectly aware that I appeared very young for a woman of thirty, and her speech showed me that I must be looking better than usual; not that I cared greatly for such things, but I suppose every woman likes to know that she is pleasant to look upon.

Aunt Quintard gave me a venomous scowl when she saw that I only smiled, and began finding fault with her breakfast, as if I had been a lodging-housekeeper.

She grew tired of that at length; tired too of saying ill-natured things to me, and finally began to talk of Amy. That was a subject upon which we were not likely to disagree, and I listened with interest while she told me how much she was admired, and what a success she had had in society.

"I want to see her well married," she said, suddenly.

"She is very young yet," I ventured to reply; but aunt Quintard cut me short at once.

"That's all you know about it; none too young, and married she must be; I am getting too old to have my life worn out chasing a girl about."

"I shall be glad to see her married," I replied, "if she can find a husband whom she respects and loves and who can make her happy."

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed aunt Quintard,

wrathfully. "You always were a fool, Jane; I can't expect you to mend at your age."

"I can see no folly in what I said."

"As if people ever talked in that way, except in old novels! Respect and esteem—humbug! What Amy wants is a rich man—a handsome house, a carriage, and an opera-box."

"Oh! Mrs. Quintard," I said, "do you think it requires only those things to make a life happy?"

"Of course, to a sensible woman, and Amy is sensible when she is out of reach of your ridiculous sermons. Now there is one thing I want to tell you: don't you go to putting any of your outlandish, methodical notions into her head, for I won't have it."

"Her father never thought I taught her improperly——"

"Oh! you did well enough where lessons were concerned," she interrupted, contemptuously. "Please to remember that since she has been introduced into society she is under my charge; I flatter myself, Mrs. Elder, that I am a more competent person than you to guide her now."

I was foolish to feel hurt at anything she said; but, in spite of that thought, I had considerable difficulty to keep the tears back.

"I have no desire to interfere with you," I replied; "you must own, aunt Quintard——"

The unfortunate appellation came out unconsciously. I stopped in great confusion under the fire of her gray eyes.

"Upon my word!" she exclaimed. "Since when have I the honor to claim Jane Morris as my niece?"

"I beg your pardon," I said, "I am so accustomed to hear Amy call you by the name that I forgot."

"Then you had better improve your memory; a woman of your age calling me aunt. Really, you are the most ridiculous person I ever saw in my life."

I was accustomed to being snubbed and scolded by her, but that time she was more violent than usual; it took a good many moments to make her forget the indignity I had thoughtlessly put upon her.

We got back to Amy's affairs at last. I saw she really had something on her mind, or she would never have let me off so easily.

"If you can behave like a sensible woman for once in your life," she said, "I will have Amy splendidly married before next spring."

"What am I to do?"

"Oh! there's little enough in your power; I am sure you ought to be grateful for an oppor-

tunity to be of service to the child of the man who took you out of poverty."

"Amy is my daughter; and——"

"Don't talk trash to me, Jane; I know step-mothers! But no matter; we were talking about what you could do."

I did not answer; I had no desire to rouse a scene; I was always ill after one of her outbreaks.

"Anything that I can do you know I will."

"So far so good; remember that! I am dreadfully out at the elbows—for myself I don't care, I could live on a crust and be happy; but I won't see Amy mortified in silence. The fact is, Jane, we want more money—the paltry sum you dole out is ridiculous—you must give Amy ten thousand dollars this winter."

"That is breaking at once into my principal——"

"Now don't talk like a Jew money-lender—I understand nothing of such calculations! You profess to have Amy's interest at heart, to love her, and so on; now sentiment is all very well, but I want proof! Amy loves show and luxury in spite of all your humdrum teachings—I can't quite ruin myself and end my days in the poor-house to gratify your miserly disposition."

"Oh! Mrs. Quintard, do not accuse me so hastily. You know I would give all I have in the world to gratify her."

"Give ten thousand dollars and I shall be quite satisfied. Amy hates boarding, and if I take a house I will live in good style; now with that money, which I am sure you don't want, I can get a furnished house and let the child go on like a Christian."

"I will do it, if that is Amy's wish," I replied. "You know I am only saving money for her."

"She does wish it, although she will not tell you so."

"Then she shall have it. I have tried to live on the interest of my property, so that if she married a man who was not rich——"

"Are you crazy?" cried aunt Quintard, in great wrath; "just tell me if you are, Jane Morris, and I'll send for a strait-jacket."

I was so taken aback that I really could not speak.

"Marry a poor man!" continued Bel, raising her voice in a way that she would have denounced as extremely unladylike in another. "My niece! I believe you want to drive me out of my senses."

"Surely you would not have her marry merely for an establishment——"

"What did you marry for?" she interrupted, insolently.

"Because I thought it my duty—you told me it was at the time—to take care of that motherless girl——"

"Then give her money and show you are willing to do your duty," she interrupted, turning the tables on me at once.

"I have told you I will do so."

"Very well; and mind you don't talk to Amy about love and such nonsense! She must have wealth and position; she was born for them. I tell you that ten years from now she would hate us both if we allowed her to rush off with some girlish idea."

She was so violent that I began to wonder if Amy had some fancy which was displeasing to aunt Quintard. I determined to find out; weak as I was, I would not sit by and see her wreck my child's peace.

I said nothing to her, however; there would be time enough, and unless Amy was more changed than I believed, I should learn the truth from her.

We settled all our affairs quite amicably at last; and when aunt Quintard had obtained all she wanted, she dismissed me with as little ceremony as if I had been a servant.

"You may go now," said she, "and just send my maid; I will dress and come down for luncheon."

I went away, and in the course of an hour aunt Quintard appeared in a dress that I should have thought youthful even for me, and made herself so witty and agreeable, that I really felt as if she must be another person from the skinny, wrinkled old woman who had berated me that morning.

CHAPTER II.

We went out to drive late in the afternoon; Amy and the other young lady accompanying us on horseback.

I believe I have not even said who our visitors were; but I am so unaccustomed to telling a story that you must excuse my awkwardness.

There were three, Mr. and Mrs. Levitt and their daughter, very wealthy, fashionable people, aunt Quintard said; although—I am quoting her words—the parents were extremely ridiculous, and the young woman a most remarkable fool. She used to laugh at them unmercifully behind their backs, and tell how the old couple began life in a grocery store over in the Bowery; but they were rich now, and the daughter an immense heiress, so aunt Bel courted them.

She always had some scheme at the bottom of every act; I found out what the one was in

connection with them. She had a young scamp of a relative who was coming on from Cuba in the winter; she had set her heart on his marrying Maria Levitt, and so commenced operations betimes.

As far as I could judge they seemed nice people enough; and though the old couple did talk a great deal about money, and not always in the most choice English, I liked them a great deal better than many of Bel's friends. The young lady was very showy-looking, and dressed beautifully; she was somewhat taciturn, and I believe a little deaf. I pitied her very much for that misfortune, but aunt Quintard quizzed her dreadfully. She would say the most affectionate things to her in a tone that she could understand, and end every sentence with some ridiculous speech, inaudible to her ears, which made both Amy and me indignant; though she, child-like, could not help laughing at the drollery of the remarks.

We drove down to Moss Hall, a favorite resort of Amy, and indeed of mine, for it was one of the loveliest spots I ever saw.

The road ran through an old pine woods, and in the very midst of the grove that beautiful cascade came tumbling like a sheet of silver over the moss-covered rocks, and fell into a deep pool at the road-side, from whence the waters wandered away in a little brook, which, to my ears, sang more gleefully than any bird. There was not a rock or stone but was covered with a thick coating of velvet moss, about the pool tall ferns nodded and waved, in the spring wild flowers grew there in great luxuriance, and the place was so still that it seemed completely shut in from the whole world; nothing broke the quiet but the flash of the waters and the murmuring of the pines—to me those sounds only increased the stillness.

Even silent Maria Levitt was roused to admiration by the beauty of the scene, and after that I felt a greater liking and respect for her. I knew there must be something loveable in the character of a girl who was moved by any charm of nature.

The girls dismounted and danced about like wild things; even Mr. and Mrs. Levitt followed me when I left the carriage, and appeared pleased in their quiet way. I was a little sorry to hear a remark the lady made to her husband. "It looks just like a scene at the theatre," she said. But, after all, perhaps, with her peculiar ideas she could not have paid the spot a greater compliment.

Aunt Quintard kept her seat in the carriage, declaring that she could see perfectly, and

adding in her laughing way that she preferred to look at pretty things in a comfortable place. I dare say she was afraid of getting her feet wet and so bringing on an attack of rheumatism, but Bel seldom gave her real motives for anything.

Amy was in high spirits, chasing Maria Levitt about the pool, laughing and singing, while we all looked at her with undisguised satisfaction, and it was pretty to see how much her young friend admired her beauty and grace.

Then nothing would do but I must sit down on the rocks, have my bonnet taken off, and allow the glad girls to dress me up for a wood nymph in her grot. Of course the conceit originated with Amy. Mr. and Mrs. Levitt laughed heartily at that, though the old gentleman observed in a puzzled way that he never had supposed "an imp" was so pretty. Nobody would have taken any notice of his mistake except for aunt Bel. I suppose she thought it very foolish of me to conduct myself in such a manner, and by way of reproval said several sharp things, but Amy stopped her by exclaiming,

"Aunt Bel, you must have forgotten your drops; you are never yourself without them."

Mrs. Quintard was very angry, although she did not venture to reply. Nobody but one understood the force of the remark. During my dependent governess days I had too often administered laudanum to her not to understand. I was sorry Amy made the speech, but she could not bear to see me annoyed, and I really was grateful to her for forcing Mrs. Quintard to leave me and my little follies in peace.

But I got away from the girls' wreaths as soon as I could and moved toward the carriage, as aunt Quintard began to look very black, and affected to shiver with cold.

The rest were still standing by the pool, and as I reached the road I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and looking up saw a young man riding quickly by.

Aunt Quintard saw him at the same moment, and I heard between her clenched teeth an exclamation which sounded more like a curse than I hope ever to hear again from the lips of any woman. I was so shocked that I stood and stared at her in silence, while the gentleman rode up to the carriage and extended his hand to her, saying gaily,

"Is it possible that this is you, Mrs. Quintard, or has some river goddess assumed your shape?"

She was somewhat appeased by that compliment, still she looked displeased at seeing him, and held out the tips of her fingers very stiffly.

"What brings you here?" she asked. "Did you know we were in this out-of-the-world place?"

"I had not the slightest idea there was so much delight in store for me," he replied. "I am stopping with a client in the village yonder."

"Humph!" said aunt Quintard, giving him a sharp look.

I saw his gaze wander beyond her to the spot where Amy stood. I caught the light which flashed over his face and illuminated his eyes; but before any one could speak Amy turned and saw the stranger.

I could not tell why I watched her so closely, but I did, and for an instant there was an expression in her face which I never observed there before. She was calm in a moment, spoke to her companions, and they all moved down into the road.

He sprang off his horse, flung the bridle to the servant who was holding the girls' horses, and walked toward her. Aunt Quintard turned in her seat and eyed them closely. She saw nothing remarkable, that is certain, for they both appeared shy; but, commonplace as it was, she looked blacker than ever.

In an instant he released her hand and greeted the Levitt family, who received him with great cordiality.

They all came up to the carriage and began to talk. Amy remembered me in a moment. I suppose she saw by my silence that Bel had not thought proper to present the gentleman.

"Aunt," she said, "did you introduce Mr. Brooks to mamma?"

"He has not stood still long to give me an opportunity," replied Bel, frowning at me as if I were to blame for some unknown fault.

Then Amy presented the gentleman to me: Mr. Harley Brooks. The name struck my fancy at once; and as for his appearance, I am sure it would have pleased any woman.

I do not think he was a handsome man; but he was so tall and well-formed, his face had such a bright, honest look, and his clear, brown eyes met mine so pleasantly, that it seemed to me his countenance possessed a charm far beyond that of mere beauty.

I was shy and silent, as I always am with strangers. I dare say he thought me a very stupid person. I stood by while they conversed: Mr. Levitt asking all the news as if he had been absent from the city half a lifetime, and aunt Quintard looking blacker and more disagreeable every moment.

"Have you seen the fall, Mr. Brooks?" Maria asked.

"No; they told me of it, and I rode over on purpose."

"Oh! then, Mrs. Elder, you must do the honors of it," she said, turning to me; and as Mrs. Levitt bade us go, we three—Amy, Maria, and I—accompanied him up to the pool in spite of a shake of the head which I caught aunt Quintard bestowing upon me.

Mr. Brooks had not much time to admire the fall, for she called out impatiently,

"Really, good people, unless you mean to spend the night in that romantic place, you had better think of starting home."

So we went back to the carriage; and Mr. Levitt began asking Mr. Brooks where he stopped, as he must call upon him; and the whole family were so cordial, that I quite wondered at aunt Quintard's ensconcing herself in her frozen zone of dignity.

"Do you stay long in the neighborhood?" she condescended to ask.

"Only a couple of days, I think."

Her manner began to mollify somewhat, and she said with a better grace,

"Oh! then, you must call on me before you go."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Levitt, "I am sure you oughtn't to go away, Mr. Brooks, the young ladies need a gallant."

"And I have an immensity of business to talk with you," observed her husband.

"Spare us, spare us!" exclaimed Bel. "Don't be deluded, Mr. Harley Brooks; stay your appointed time and go away; fortunes are not made by allowing people to urge you out of your course."

His face flushed a little at the uncivil speech, and I saw Amy looked annoyed. I really longed to do something to make amends for Mrs. Quintard's rudeness, so I plucked up my courage.

"Pray, ride home with us to tea, Mr. Brooks, if you are not engaged, then you can satisfy all these exacting people."

He accepted as gracefully as possible, and looked very happy over the blunt invitation; Amy gave me an imperceptible nod of approval; but aunt Bel—I really thought her eyes would scorch me. She said not a word, however. We entered the carriage; the others mounted, and home we went.

Mrs. Quintard never addressed or noticed me during the drive. When we got into the house, she followed me up stairs, and as soon as we were beyond the hearing of our guests, she opened her batteries in a terrible manner.

"Upon my word, Jane Morris!" she said, "this is pretty conduct! How dare you take

it upon yourself to invite people to meet me? A pretty piece of work—a man you don't know from Adam——”

“I thought he was a friend of yours.”

“It's like your impudence to think so! A scamp of a young lawyer without a dollar to bless himself! A nice reputation for a girl to get that she has such chaps following her up.”

“I did not——”

“Now don't answer! Perhaps you want to take to flirting on your own account! I never was so shocked in my life.”

“You forget this is my house,” I said, stung into a retort. Then I remembered that she was the sister of my dead husband, and checked the bitter, wrong feelings which her words had roused.

She was so astonished by my show of spirit, that she stood staring at me in silence, and before she could speak Amy entered.

“Change your dress, mamma,” she said, “and look pretty.”

“Mamma!” repeated aunt Quintard, with much scorn. “Are you a baby, Amy? More over, she is not your mother—her name is Jane.”

Amy drew herself up in that proud way, and looked full in her aunt's eyes.

“She was my father's wife,” she answered; “my own mother could not have reared me better, or have been dearer to me—Mrs. Quintard, you forget yourself.”

I was quite alarmed at the prospect of a quarrel and begged Amy to stop; but for some reason Bel did not think proper to make a scene with her.

“That's right,” said she, pretending to laugh;

“fly out at the old lady! I know I am cross; but I got chilled through in that wood. Nonsense, Amy; Jane, don't mind.”

So we were all reconciled, and aunt Bel went off to her room. Amy would not leave me until I was dressed to her satisfaction; then she made me go down stairs with her.

I did not know why, but that evening I was much more shy and nervous than usual. They all laughed and talked; but Harley Brooks, if he thought about me at all, must have considered me the most inoffensive and stupid of all mortal women.

Bel, I knew, was silently grinding her teeth to keep back her wrath; but she covered it with a smile, and allowed the young people to chat, and sing, and enjoy themselves.

Mrs. Levitt told me all about our visitor. He was a young lawyer who had already made an excellent reputation, and was well received in society, although he was poor. He was nearly twenty eight years old, she said. His age, of course, did not concern me, and yet I heard the announcement with a degree of satisfaction which astonished me.

He conversed remarkably well; he parried Mrs. Quintard's ill-natured jests with perfect equanimity; and I did not wonder that Amy appeared pleased with his society, for I had never met a man so agreeable.

Whether she had other feelings I could not divine, she appeared composed enough. I wondered about it all a good deal after I went up to my room, and sat far beyond my usual hour for retiring, thinking, conjecturing, I fear even dreaming, in a manner that was very silly for a woman of my age. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

Let me go to my home in the far, distant West,
The land of my fathers, the dearest and best;
Unloosen these fetters, fling open this door,
Oh! tell me the season of bondage is o'er.
Like an eagle I pine 'neath the conqueror's chain,
Oh! give me the blessings of freedom again.

My brothers are launching their painted canoes
In the glittering waves of the rapid Yazoo,
Their lips are o'erflowing with musical song,
As they glide in their safety so swiftly along;
Their pathway is free from the track of the foe,
Their home is with freedom wherever they go.

Their course, like the winds, is unfettered and free,
O'er mountain and valley, on river and sea.
The deer bounds away from his shaded retreat

When the forests re-echo the sound of their feet;
And the fiend in terror has hastily fled
At the sound of their “swift-flying arrows” o'erhead.

Then let me go forth from the cell of the foe
To the land of my fathers—oh! there let me go
Oh! sunder the links of the conqueror's chain,
And bid me rejoice with my people again.
A captive, I pine in my loneliness here,
Oh! give me the trophies of freedom to bear.

The Summer is fading, the roses are gone,
The chase on the mountain my brother has won;
The grapes have been gathered, the tent has been spread,
The “Flower of the Forest” another has wed.
Then sunder these fetters, fling open the door,
Oh! give me the blessings of freedom once more.

CAUGHT BY A BLUE-STOCKING.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

"SISTER LIZZIE, don't ask me to play the agreeable to your expected friend; for, of all living beings, I abhor a literary woman, and I beg you will absolve me from dancing attendance on this paragon of perfection, whose presence here you are shortly to be favored with!" exclaimed Frank Arnold to his sister, as the two sat in the pleasant breakfast-room at Heathdale one pleasant June morning. The latter had just received a letter containing news of the long-expected visit of an intimate school friend, which tidings she had joyfully communicated to her brother.

"Why, brother Frank, I'm ashamed of you to talk so of my friend!" exclaimed his sister. "Nellie Brandon is a lady possessing good common sense, as well as the talent of an authoress, and quite pretty withal; and I'll venture to say, that, before a week's acquaintance, the heart of my fastidious brother will be won in spite of himself, and——"

"Stop, stop, Lizzie!" interrupted Frank. "don't prophecy any further—for my heart (a question if I have any!) will never be given to a strong-minded woman—one who prides herself on seeing her name paraded before the public! No, no, sister mine; don't invite your friend here, thinking to entrap your handsome brother into the noose matrimonial! I warn you in the beginning against any such designs!" and Frank complacently stroked his moustache.

"Well, Frank," replied his sister, laughingly. "just look out for your heart, or 'the place where it ought to be,' for I still persist in asserting that, before a week's acquaintance with Miss Nellie Brandon, you will be *minus* that important item in a young gentleman's make-up, and before a fortnight passes I'm much mistaken if you don't sigh for the regard of the 'strong-minded blue-stockings,' as you are pleased to call her! Now mark if I am not a true prophetess!" said the merry girl, as she glanced at her brother, who had risen from the table, and stood idly gazing from the window upon the pleasant pages of Nature spread out before him in the light of the early summer morning.

"Pshaw, Lizzie, I took you for a more sensible girl!" he exclaimed, petulantly. "Don't set your heart upon anything of the kind, for

you'll certainly be disappointed if you do! But here comes Dick Falmouth, and I must vacate the premises, I suppose. So good morning, sister mine! I'll be home early, and we'll take a drive after dinner," and Frank Arnold sprang out upon the verandah and bent his footsteps down the lawn.

Frank and Lizzie Arnold were the only children of Judge Arnold, a wealthy and indulgent parent. Mrs. Arnold had long since died; and Lizzie, now nineteen, and six months home from boarding-school, was fast becoming an efficient housekeeper of her father's mansion. Frank, seven years the senior of his sister, was handsome, talented, and fastidious in his tastes. He had already attained some eminence at the bar, and bade fair to attain a share of his father's fame, who had won a high legal reputation before he resigned the cares of a public life, a few years before, and retired to his country-seat on the outskirts of the city.

As the young man left the house, his sister looked after him with a merry light in her brown eyes.

"We'll see, brother mine!" she murmured, "if my words don't prove true; for, of all the girls of my acquaintance, Nellie Brandon is the one I would have my brother wed; and, in spite of his distaste to 'literary women,' he cannot resist her smiles nor graces. But, my dear friend Nellie, I would not have you know, for the world, what estimate my brother sets upon your merits; for, after all, it is just possible that I *may* be disappointed and Frank *may* prove ungallant. So I'll keep Nellie in ignorance of my plans, for she never would come to Heathdale, much as she loves me, if she imagined I was conspiring against her freedom or turning match-maker!" and Lizzie here ceased as the sound of footsteps met her ear, and, turning, she blushing welcomed her affianced, Richard Falmouth.

That afternoon, as Frank Arnold drove round to the door for his accustomed ride with his sister, he beheld a handsome traveling carriage just drawn up before it, from which emerged a tall, noble-looking gentleman, who then assisted a lady to alight, in whom, from the affectionate greeting bestowed upon her by his sister, he felt

assured he recognized Miss Brandon, her expected visitor.

"The paragon has arrived!" he mentally ejaculated, as he turned his horses away and drove back to the stable; and, mounting his own black Selim, he cantered off at hot speed into the open country road, inwardly resolved that Lizzie and her guest should see that he must not be expected to break through his accustomed routine of pleasure for them.

Two hours later, at sunset, he rode back; and, throwing himself from his horse, fatigued with his long excursion, he sought his own apartment, whence the sound of the supper-bell soon after summoned him to descend.

"What a bore," he exclaimed, "to be obliged to dress for company this hot evening! But, perforce, I must exert myself and go down, or sister Lizzie will think me a perfect bear!" and, so saying, he hastily brushed his hair, recurled his moustache, and settling his collar, descended to the dining-room where supper was spread.

Frank Arnold had fully made up his mind to behold, in his sister's friend, a tall, thin personage, with light gray eyes and long ringlets spread sparsely over a high, angular forehead—the usually accredited description of a "literary woman." What, then, was his astonishment, when, on entering the room, his eyes rested upon a perfect picture of loveliness standing beside his sister at the open west window, with the last rays of the sinking sun bathing her figure—a rounded, *petite* form, perfect in its proportions; soft, rippling golden curls; eyes of violet-blue, with lashes long and silken; lips like the heart of the June roses that blossomed outside the lattice; and a voice of low sweetness as she conversed merrily with his sister.

"Aha," thought Frank, as he glanced sideways into the mirror to see that nothing was amiss in his hastily completed toilet. "Can this beautiful creature be the lady my sister was expecting? Can such a fairy indeed write prosy themes and dissertations, and talk learnedly as a professor? There must be some mistake! She certainly never wielded a pen to dabble in 'light' or 'heavy' literature!"

But his meditations were quickly cut short as his sister advanced with: "This is my brother Frank, Nellie; and Frank," here she looked at him archly, "this is my *literary* friend, Nellie Brandon!"

The young man stammered out a few words expressive of pleasure at making the lady's acquaintance, as he rather awkwardly touched the fair hand which Nellie had extended to him, while she exclaimed, "Mr. Frank Arnold, I must

confess that I am very happy to meet Lizzie's brother, of whom I heard so much at school. Of course we shall be good friends while I am here, for I intend to enjoy every moment of my stay."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Judge Arnold and Nellie's father from the garden grounds, whither the judge had been walking with his guest.

Mr. Brandon was a noble, dignified-looking gentleman, an old classmate of the judge's—and he had accompanied his daughter on her visit, to renew the old friendship which had been interrupted in the years that lay between their college days.

During supper, Frank found himself left pretty much to himself; for while, on the one side, his sister and her friend were chatting merrily of school-days and girlish freaks, on the other, his father and Mr. Brandon were recalling youthful reminiscences; and, after all, Frank felt that his presence was not quite essential to his sister's and Miss Brandon's enjoyment; and very inconsistently (young gentlemen are apt to be inconsistent sometimes) he grew provoked because it was so. At length Lizzie asked,

"Where did you ride this afternoon, brother Frank? I saw you as you cantered away upon Selim. You seemed to be riding rather fast for this warm weather. Was there a client in waiting at the end of the road, Frank?"

"I merely rode for pleasure," he answered, somewhat shortly.

"Oh! I know," exclaimed the tormenting Lizzie, "you rode to escape a disagreeable client. Well, 'discretion is the better part of valor,' and 'forewarned is forearmed,' so, brother Frank, there is no fear in your case."

"Do you then always flee from the disagreeabilities of this life, Mr. Arnold?" asked Nellie Brandon, as she lifted her blue eyes to him.

"Sometimes, I must confess to the weakness," he answered, smiling, and his good-humor returning, "as in this instance, when they are greater than I can endure!"

"But my brother most always finds that disagreeabilities cannot be outridden—they await him on his return!" exclaimed his sister, roguishly. "Now, Frank," she said, "I am going to expose you. You needn't look so black at me; for know, friend Nellie, it was from you he was running away, for when I told him I was expecting you, as he had often heard me speak of your being a young lady of 'literary' talent, he at once set you down as adopting the 'pencil style' of expression, and so forth, and said

ever so many naughty things about 'blue-stockings' and 'strong-minded women.' And so, when he saw you had really come, he finished by putting spurs to Selim and galloping out of sight. There, Frank, I've exposed you, so make your peace with Miss Literary, or she'll retaliate by 'taking notes' of you and 'printing 'em' too!"

"A truce with your slanderous tongue, Lizzie!" said her brother. "If, by your picture of Miss Brandon, I mistook her for a veritable blue-stocking, for whom, in general, be it confessed, I certainly have no partiality, then I most humbly crave her pardon for the offence, for I find myself most happily disappointed. Will the lady grant me absolution for my ill thoughts, and allow me to become a 'good friend,' as she expressed her wish at the commencement of our acquaintance?" and he held out his hand as he spoke.

A merry light shone in her blue eyes as Nellie Brandon took his proffered hand, saying, "So then you took me for a 'strong-minded' woman? I suppose I ought to feel highly complimented for the picture your vivid imagination conjured up; but, frankly speaking, I am glad you are agreeably disappointed, Sir Lawyer. Who knows but I may need you yet as my legal adviser? So we'd better keep friends."

As he held her hand for an instant, Frank Arnold said, "Your words give me a great deal of happiness, Miss Brandon, for I deserved to forfeit your friendship by my cowardly behavior and ungallant remarks."

The next morning, Mr. Brandon departed homeward, leaving his daughter for her visit; and the young people were left to themselves.

A fortnight, passed away very happily to the two girl friends in *equestrian* excursions, sails upon the adjacent river, and long walks in the pleasure grounds around Heathdale, in which they were often borne company by Richard Fal-mouth and Lizzie's brother.

Before the end of those two weeks, Frank Arnold found that his sister's words were being verified, for his heart told him that Nellie Brandon was becoming very dear to him. But she, apparently all unconscious of the feelings with which he regarded her, talked and laughed as free and merrily as the summer breeze sported amid the fragrant flower beds at Heathdale.

"Ah," thought Frank, as one sunshiny morning she gaily challenged him to a horseback race, saying, as she mounted her palfrey, "Take care, Sir Lawyer, that you are not beaten by a 'blue-stocking,' for she'll be apt to characterize you as a laggard knight in a romantic sonnet if

you come in behind!" and the merry girl drew rein and cantered gaily down the avenue. As her companion quickly followed, he thought he had never seen so lovely a being before. Her golden curls, escaping in careless grace from her small riding-hat, fell over her shoulders; the dark plumes shaded her fair face; and she was clad in a close fitting habit of dark blue, which set off to advantage her perfect figure. She was certainly very lovely; and, as she urged her horse to his utmost speed, Frank Arnold silently drew rein and looked after her in admiration, as she rapidly disappeared from view in the narrow path bordered by a thick growth of trees.

"I will ride on slowly," he said to himself, "and see if, when she finds I am not following, she will turn back. If she thinks aught for me, she won't care to ride many miles alone!" and so he rode leisurely along for some time; but at length, finding that she did not turn backward to meet him, he hastened to overtake her.

"Well," thought he, as he galloped on, "I suppose the witch will be at the appointed goal, lying in wait to laugh at me for a laggard in not attempting to win; but I'll prove her thoughts wrong and outride her fast enough in a homeward race!" and, touching his horse with his riding-whip, he shortly reached the appointed place—an old elm which stood at the fork of the road.

But no laughing Nellie Brandon met him there. "She has doubtless taken the other path home," he said, "to tease me for my dilatoriness. Well, I will overtake her yet!" and he turned and rode rapidly in another path, which wound along by the bank of the river that foamed and rushed onward below.

He had proceeded but a few rods, when a thrill of fear shot through his heart. "I must overtake her before she reaches the bridge!" he exclaimed, "for, but yesterday, I heard it was unsafe since that late heavy rain. Good heavens! I must overtake her before she attempts to cross it!" and with renewed speed he urged on his horse.

But how great his horror, as he turned a curve in the path and came to the spot where the little bridge of logs should have spanned the river, to find it gone, and the waters whirling furiously along! Rapidly his eye swept down the river's course; a few rods below floated the logs of the bridge, and struggling in the black waters a little farther down the stream, whose rapid current was fast bearing them downward, was Nellie's horse, whose efforts to stem the current were unavailing,

with his helpless rider, whose heavy riding skirt, filled with water, dragged both down!

But a moment sufficed for Frank to spring from his horse, and then into the dark, rolling water. In another, he was beside the almost exhausted girl; and, with quick hand, disengaged her foot from the stirrup, and bore her to the shore. The horse, now freed from his burden, gave a few quick plunges, and, with a joyful neigh, regained the bank from which Frank had sprung.

Tenderly chafing the girl's white temples and hands, Frank soon had the satisfaction of seeing her restored to consciousness; and, as she lifted her blue eyes to her preserver, he thought he read in their depths, while she attempted to thank him, something more than gratitude.

Save a complete wetting and severe fright, Nellie Brandon was not injured; and Frank Arnold soon assisted her to mount her horse which he had secured, and, springing upon his own, he rode by her side and assisted her trembling hands in guiding her rein as they returned to Heathdale; where he resigned her to the care of Lizzie, who, with frightened look, met them at the door and assisted her to her room, while she listened to the story of her preservation from Nellie's lips. Frank sought his own apartment, and thought over that look which he had seen in Nellie's eyes, as she first opened them upon her preserver, after he had rescued her from her perilous situation.

But that night, at supper, all Frank's newborn dreams melted away into thin air; for Nellie declared her intention of returning home on the morrow, and to all Lizzie's earnest endeavors to dissuade her, she only made promise to remain till the day after, when the judge offered to take her home himself. So Lizzie resigned herself with a real pang of sorrow to the thought that, after all her plans and hopes, they were doomed to be met with failure; for she could read in neither face, as they sat at table, what was hidden deep in their hearts.

The next day Nellie, who appeared a little feverish, reclined upon a sofa in the drawing-room; and suddenly Lizzie, who had been with her all the morning, was called away on some domestic duties. Meeting her brother in the hall, she said, "There, Frank, I was just going to seek you! I must leave Nellie alone for an hour or more, and I wish, if it were not too great a task, that you would go into the drawing-room and make yourself agreeable to her. She has grown homesick, I fear, since the fright of yesterday. But, brother Frank, you are

pale! you are not well; you must have taken cold from yesterday's unexpected cold bath."

"Oh, nothing ails me! I am perfectly well!" he answered, quietly; "and if you desire it, and think it agreeable to Miss Brandon, I will do my best to entertain her;" and he proceeded to the parlor, while Lizzie stood gazing after him with a perplexed look on her pretty face. Then a gleam of the real truth dawned slowly upon her, and, with a happy heart and light step, she turned away to her duties.

When Frank Arnold entered the room, Nellie's face brightened up wonderfully for an instant, as she greeted him; then the flush died out and she turned indifferently away.

"My sister sent me in to amuse you in her absence," he said, as he took a seat at the table, and drummed nervously with his fingers upon it. "What shall I do to dispel your homesickness, Miss Brandon? Only lay your commands upon me, and I will gladly obey. Here is the last number of 'Peterson,' containing a story by a favorite author. Shall I read it to you? Perhaps your taste will lead you to admire the story. It is so different from the usual trash of love and romance, that I confess the author must be a person of remarkable talent," and, receiving her nodded assent, he proceeded to read the tale.

At its conclusion, Lizzie, who had entered the room during the reading, said, roguishly, "Well, Frank, how do you like Nellie's story?"

"Nellie's story!" almost gasped Frank. "Can it be that you are the author, Miss Brandon?" and he turned to her in amazement, for she had risen at the discovery, and, with a deep blush, was about to escape from the room.

But Lizzie had vanished, and they were alone. Never before had he thought of asking Nellie concerning her writings, and now he found that he had long read them with the greatest pleasure and admiration.

"Miss Brandon, Nellie," he said, as he detained her, "do not leave me, for I must speak now. It is true that I have long regarded your writings with more than usual interest; and that, now, I bow to the fair author with feelings of the deepest devotion, but without a hope of any reciprocation from her; and yet I feel that I must confess this. But I will not detain you longer, Miss Brandon," and he opened the door for her to pass.

But Nellie hesitated; and again he met, in her blue eyes, the same look which he had noted there once before, and he exclaimed, "Can it be that you do not hate me? May I hope, Nellie?" and he took her hand.

And of course Nellie did not hate him, and he dared hope; for, a half-hour later, as they sat together, Nellie asked, while a saucy smile played around her lips,

"So, then, you do not fear a 'literary woman' now, Sir Lawyer?"

"No, oh, no, little Nellie!" he answered. "I only fear I love her too much, and that is a good deal for Frank Arnold to confess!"

And a little later, as Lizzie entered the room, she exclaimed, merrily, "Caught at last, brother mine, and by a 'strong-minded woman!'"

In the golden autumn time, there were two happy weddings; when Lizzie became united to Richard Falmouth, and Frank Arnold, the fastidious lawyer, to Nellie Brandon, the "Blue Stocking."

D R E A M - L A N D .

BY MISS E. N. CAMPBELL.

A BRIGHT, kaleidescope world!
Where, in a strange confusion hurled,
The rainbow scenes of sunny life
Dance on, with joy and gladness rife;
And sparkling gems, and jewels bright,
Gleam out 'mid bowers of emerald light,
Which overshadow Lethe's tide,
Whose murmuring waters softly glide,
Reflecting back the golden beams
Of sunlight in the land of dreams.

Oh! blest are we, when weary day
Has from our vision passed away;
And softly, from life's busy strand,
Our thought-barque glides to bright dream-land;
Speeding along with flying sails,
On, on before its spicy gales—
Freighted with all that makes life dear,
And to our waking hours brings cheer.
A halo of strange beauty gleams
From out the mystic land of dreams.

Day hath its trials, hard and stern!
Life hath its sorrows, and we turn
With saddened eyes, and trembling move,
Life's rugged, thorny path to prove.
And when the night comes slowly on,

And day, with all its care, is gone,
We cast away these vigils deep,
And welcome sweet, refreshing sleep;
And drown our pain 'mid starry gleams
Of beauty in the land of dreams.

A strange and mystic world is thine!
Oh! land of dreams! for, at thy shrine,
Friends sundered far, by distance wide,
In mundane life, now seek our side.
We list the tone, and catch the look,
And clasp the hand we warmly shook
At parting, and forget the pain
Of their long absence, and no stain
Of sorrow dims the radiant gleams
Of beauty in the land of dreams.

Come to me, golden dreams! come oft!
Waft me to lands where music soft
Dies out on waves of sunny air,
Mingling with perfumes sweet and rare;
And bring the friends whose love I claim,
With voice, and tone, and look the same;
And every sweet, endearing word,
That fell like carol of a bird.
Oh! bring me these 'mid starry gleams
Of beauty in the land of dreams.

I N T H E B R I G H T E R D A Y S T O C O M E .

BY J. A. B.

In the brighter days to come
We shall forget the gloom
That falls around the weary heart
Like shadows of the tomb.
The sunshine then will brightly fall
Upon life's golden store,
And cares that throng our pathway now
Will come to us no more.

It is the dream of brighter hours
That cheers my heart to-day,
When roses, blushing through the thorns,
Will gladden all my way.
And if no starry crown be set
On life's unfading tree,
Hope whispers that a chaplet wreath
Is waiting there for me.

Alas! how many pilgrims here
Are watching long in vain
For brighter days of happiness
To come to them again.
They never see how cold and dark
The shadows round them lie,
For hope's bright star sends its pure ray
Athwart the frowning sky.

If here there never comes to us
The joys for which we wait,
'Tis that sweet voice that leads us still
Up to the pearly gate.
It is the angel Hope that comes,
A messenger of love,
To brighten all the hours of life,
And lead us home above.

THE BROKEN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 489, VOL. XXXIX.

CHAPTER IX.

LAWRENCE called upon us the next day: that is, he came to the house and inquired for Mrs. Dennison, without one word regarding the rest of the family. Mr. Lee was sitting in the square balcony when the gentleman rode up, and cast a meaning glance at Jessie, as if he felt certain that the visit was for her. She shrunk from his look with something like affright; and when the servant came up with word that Mr. Lawrence was in the drawing-room, waiting for Mrs. Dennison, she gave me a look of wild reproof, as if I had been the cause of his evident displeasure. Mr. Lee sat with his eyes upon her; and when Mrs. Dennison came from her chamber, the expression of his face became so like that which pained me in Jessie's, that I could not escape the idea that both suffered from the same cause. The shock of this thought made me tremble. It had never fastened upon me as a reality before. Why did I turn so faint? Why did my soul rise up in such bitter protest? God help me, I am not wise enough to answer; the tumult of trouble within me was something I had never, till then, experienced. Still the idea was a terrible one. How could a woman of right principles feel otherwise? Thus I explained it away, and soothed myself into a belief that any true-hearted person living in that family as I did must have felt like sensations.

These thoughts made me dizzy. When I could see clearly again Jessie was gone, and Mr. Lee sat a little more upright in his chair, looking hard at the floor over the top of his book. I was glad those stern eyes were not turned on me.

Mrs. Dennison came sweeping out of her chamber, leaving a scarcely perceptible perfume in the hall as she passed. She did not observe me, for I sat a little out of range from the door, and evidently was not conscious that Mr. Lee was looking after her. She caught his glance, however, in turning to go down stairs, paused abruptly and came back as if she were eager to explain something; but again she stopped short on seeing that I occupied a seat which commanded the balcony, and saying hastily,

"Oh! I thought Miss Jessie was here;" went down the hall again evidently discomfited.

Mr. Lee resumed his volume, but there were no signs of reading. He simply looked hard at the page without turning it over, and gnawing at his under lip with a kind of ferocity I had never witnessed in him before. I was getting sadly nervous, and felt a painful sensation in my throat; what was all this coming to? What did it mean?

I left the balcony and went up to Mrs. Lee's chamber; here everything was pure and quiet. The invalid lay upon her couch reading; one slender and almost transparent hand rested upon the opposite page to that which she was reading. It started like a frightened bird as I came in, and she turned her head with one of those heavenly smiles I have mentioned. But the face clouded over in an instant. Evidently Martha Hyde was not the person that gentle invalid had hoped to see.

I went up to the couch and sat down on the low seat at its head. She handed me the book with a smile, saying that it made her eyes ache. "Would I read a little till Mr. Lee came up?"

She said this languidly, and there was a strange look about her eyes as if they had been overtaxed. I received the volume, but fell into thought with it in my hand, forgetting that her eyes were upon me.

"What is the matter?" she said, touching me with her shadowy hand. "Has anything gone wrong? No bad news about our young friend, I hope."

"No," I answered, starting; "I have not heard from him this morning."

"Well, what is it then? You look strangely as if something had frightened you."

"Do I? No, indeed, nothing has frightened me."

"Perhaps," she said, with a little hesitation, "you are getting anxious about me; these heavy feelings that hang about my head in the morning are a little depressing, I don't really know what to make of them."

I looked at her anxiously, there certainly was

a singular expression in her eyes which made me thoughtful. She went on in a soft, dreamy way, as if talking to herself.

"Then I used to sleep so lightly. It was a great affliction—that state of semi-wakefulness which left everything unreal, but was not sleep; now I fall into such profound slumber, but it gives me less rest than the other state; and I awake with the sensation of a person who has been struggling hard through the night."

"But this may arise from opiates."

"Opiates! Indeed, you know that I never take them, Miss Hyde."

I answered with some surprise that I had accounted for the strange feeling which oppressed her, by the idea that it must be something of that kind; but omitted to say that Mrs. Dennison had bewailed to me the habit of taking preparations of opium which Mrs. Lee had fallen into.

The invalid seemed a little hurt by this suggestion, and said over and over again in her sweet way,

"No, no, Miss Hyde. It must be terrible pain which can force me to take these things; and thanks to Him and to all the loving care around me, I do not suffer greatly."

"Still you are changed, dear lady," I said. "How, I cannot explain; but in your face I find that look of struggle which you complain of."

"It is oppressive," she said, putting a hand to her forehead, "and I am afraid makes me but dull company; Mr. Lee is not here quite so much as usual: or is that a sick fancy, Miss Hyde?"

I answered with a tremor in my voice, for her earnest look troubled me, that we all thought quiet better for her even than the pleasant excitement which his company might bring.

She shook her head, and observed with one of her touching smiles, "That it did not help the flowers to keep back the dew when they thirsted for it."

I had no answer; all my petty evasions against her affectionate entreaties were like straw flung on the surface of a brook; I had no heart to attempt more.

She had fallen into silence, and lay shading her eyes with one hand, when Mr. Lee came in with a heavy, ringing step, and a cloud on his face. His wife started up, and her eyes sparkled as she held out her hand.

"Were you asleep? Have I disturbed you?" he said, abruptly.

"Oh! no, that is impossible, I think," was her gentle reply; "but—but you look troubled. What is it?"

"Troubled? Do I? Nothing of the kind. How fanciful you are, my dear! What should any of us have to do with trouble?"

"Not while we are together," she said, touching the seat I had abandoned with her hand, thus delicately inviting him to her side.

But he strode to the window and looked out. Just then I heard voices in the garden. It was Mrs. Dennison calling aloud for Jessie.

"Jessie, Jessie, darling, where have you hidden yourself? Here is some one wishes to see you."

The voice came ringing up clear and distinct; Mr. Lee heard it, and the frown grew lighter upon his forehead. Directly a light step came up the stairs, and Mrs. Dennison entered the chamber without waiting for her knock to be answered.

"Where is Jessie?" she cried, all cheerfulness and animation; "she is wanted, and I am quite out of breath searching for her in the garden, Mr. Lee. Dear Miss Hyde, pray help me to find her."

Mr. Lee came forward at this challenge almost smiling.

"Have you been to her room?" he said.

She answered him that she had not; but added something in a low, hurried voice. Guarded as it was, I caught the sense.

"There was a little misunderstanding between them," she said; "he wanted me to mediate, and is waiting for her in the garden."

Mr. Lee listened, and one of the rare smiles I have spoken of beamed over his face. He made a movement as if to go out with the widow; but seeing the anxiety in Mrs. Lee's eyes I went forward at once, saying as I hurried by the couple,

"As you are here to sit with Mrs. Lee, sir, I will look for Jessie."

The smile that crept across Mrs. Dennison's lips was like a reptile feeding on a rose.

"You are very kind," she said; "I had no idea of enlisting Mr. Lee; his duties here are too sacred for that."

I hurried on to escape the sound of her voice, for in any tone it filled me with loathing; but as the door closed after me that of Lottie's opened, and the imp thrust out her head and emitted a mellow crow, clapping her arms as if they had been wings, thus indicating that for once my conduct had met her full approval.

I could not keep from laughing; at which she put a finger to her lips and darted back of the door, closing it softly in the process.

I went up to Jessie's room, but she was not

there, nor could she be found in any part of the house. When assured of this, I went into the garden and found Lawrence walking leisurely toward the grove. He turned as I called him by name, and looked back with an expression of surprise.

"I have been searching for Miss Lee to inform her of your wish to see her," I said; "but she has gone out."

He drew his fine figure up proudly, and said with a smile that had more of irony than sweetness in it,

"I beg pardon; but my visit here was to Mrs. Dennison, and I was only waiting for her to return with her parasol, as she found the sun rather warm."

I felt myself coloring, but answered the moment I could find voice. "Then you did not inquire for Miss Lee? Did not ask Mrs. Dennison to go in search of her?"

"Not that I am aware of," he replied, with the same smile. "I might have supposed it more than probable that the young lady had gone to visit her sick lo— friend, over yonder. Heaven forbid that I should disturb an arrangement so full of delicate romance!"

I looked at him steadily. There was more of insult in his tone than these words conveyed. At first I was prompted to explain and defend: but wherefore? If he could distrust a creature like our Jessie, any attempt at exculpation appeared to me like a sacrifice of dignity, so I turned away in silence. He followed me a few paces, as if wishing to continue the conversation, but I hurried on burning with indignation. Why had those abominable people entered our pleasant homes? Why did they remain there making us all miserable? Oh! how I wished for authority to send them away together; for in my resentment, I, perhaps unjustly, coupled the gentleman with the lady, and forgot that he was her dupe rather than associate.

When Lawrence was yet almost on a level with me, the widow came out from the tower, looking flurried and anxious. She saw me apparently in conversation with her friend and turned crimson to the temples; but adroitly dropping the open parasol over her face, she came slowly on, concealing the agitation but too visible a moment before. Without heeding me in the least, she sauntered up to Lawrence, flourishing her parasol almost in my face, and said with careless insolence,

"Now, my good friend, with Miss Hyde's permission, we will go on with the history of that little affair."

So she swept him off, somewhat bewildered,

I fancy, and I went into the house detesting her more than ever.

Before entering Mrs. Lee's room, I opened the door of Lottie's little apartment, intending to inquire if Mr. Lee had gone out. The young girl was seated at a small gilded table, which had been broken in the drawing-room and mended by her deft hands, after which, of course, it became her property; an open letter lay on the table, and she was busy writing. When I opened the door, she started up, snatched at the letter and held it behind her, looking at me with a comical sort of defiance.

"Miss Hyde," said she, "if you'll just tell me what's wanting I'll come out; but this room isn't large enough for two. No, not if its owner had a twin sister wandering about in want of a bed to sleep in."

"Excuse me, Lottie, but I only want to know if Mrs. Lee is left alone."

"No, Miss Hyde, that thing don't happen while I am on hand. Mr. Lee's in there, and that angel of a woman is talking to him with tears in her throat, if they haven't got up to her eyes yet. I can hear the sound without listening, and I hope it will do him good."

I turned to go away, but she followed me to the door, still with one hand behind her, in which I could hear paper rustling.

"Miss Hyde, I can't help but say it if it does puff you up, that are dodge of yours was a crowner; I heard it and all Babylon said: my! isn't she a thing or so? For once you were too smart for her. Didn't her face blaze up when she saw you a walking with that chap? I couldn't a done it better myself. Now, mind I say that to encourage you, not to lift you on a high horse; so don't make a bad use of kindness."

"You are very kind, and I try not to be spoiled, Lottie."

"I'm your friend, out and out, and the friend of this family, if ever there was one. Never fear about that; but this thing is getting beyond me and destroying my usefulness. I wish you wouldn't give me no more lectures about listening and finding out things. True enough. I don't pay no regard to such old maids' notions; but then just as a creature gets nestled down under a bush, or fits her ear to a key-hole, comes the thought, 'Now Miss Hyde would call this mean,' and it drags your attention away from what's going on and takes all the relish off. I don't like it, Miss Hyde; such peaked notions do well enough for an old maid; but I ain't a going to be that, if there is a man cute enough to match me in all creation."

"Well, Lottie," I said, almost laughing, "as my preaching only annoys you, it is hardly worth while to repeat it."

"That's a good soul!" answered Lottie, with benign condescension. "You hoe your row and I'll hoe mine, we shall come out together at the end of the lot, never fear."

The next morning, when our man brought the letters from town, I noticed Mrs. Dennison examining one which she took from among those left on the hall table, with the keen look of a person whose suspicion had been aroused. In tearing it open, she examined the adhesive edge a second time, and apparently found it all right, for her face cleared up, and she put the letter in her pocket without reading it. Still she could not have been quite satisfied, for after that no letters of hers were ever left with those of the family to be mailed.

That day I resolved to go and see young Bosworth. At my age no one could find fault with this: if indeed any one cared enough about my movements to observe them when disconnected from the family. I had no heart to enjoy the walk; indeed it was a cold, raw day, with gloomy clouds floating along the sky, and gloomier shadows sweeping the earth. The dampness of a night succeeded by no sunshine lay upon the meadows; spiders' webs were stretched across my path; and a rain of moisture fell from the hazel bushes as my garments brushed them in walking. Still it was not absolutely stormy, and the gray shadows harmonized with my feelings so completely, that I had no wish to change them.

When I reached the house, old Mrs. Bosworth came to the door herself. She seemed a good deal disturbed, and I fancied, from the heaviness of her eyes, that she had been crying.

"Come in, Miss Hyde," she said, taking my hand. "He is not so well this morning. Indeed, indeed he is much worse. A letter came here last night, and I was foolish enough to let it go to him. One of your people brought it, and I fancied, perhaps, that it might do him good, for it was a lady's handwriting, and she was so kind that morning."

"You thought it was from our Jessie," I answered, in the first impulse of my surprise.

"Yes, it was a foolish thought, I dare say—but that was my idea."

"And have you learned whom it did come from?"

"No," answered the noble old lady. "He fainted and it fell from his hand; but I laid it under his pillow without even looking at it; it might have wounded him, you know."

"And is he so much worse?"

"Oh! Miss Hyde, the fever has come back; he is wild again."

"And had you no way of guessing the cause?"

"I think it was something about Mr. Lawrence, for he called for him till the house rang with his cries after the first dumb shock went off."

"Did Mr. Lawrence know of this?"

"He was away at the time; and after that your young friend's name was so wildly mingled up with it all, that I could not think it right to bring Mr. Lawrence to the room, it would have seemed like challenging his compassion."

My heart ached, for I saw that her penetration had discovered Jessie's secret, which she was protecting with so much delicacy.

"Besides he is our guest," she said, prompted by that old-fashioned feeling of honor which rendered the shelter of your roof a sanctuary, "and he might have construed my grandson's words into a reproach; altogether we thought it best to keep them apart."

There was a mystery about all this that baffled me. Who could have written that letter brought by one of Mr. Lee's servants? Not Jessie, I was sure of that, for she never could have taken a step of so much importance thus privately. Besides, save for the brief time of Lawrence's visit that day, when wounded and heart-sick, she had left the house, and wandered off into the thickest of the woods, she had not been absent from her mother's room scarcely a moment. Mrs. Dennison had seen her passing through the outskirts of the woods, or she had never ventured to call for her so loudly. All this I knew, but it was unnecessary; a thorough understanding of Jessie's character rendered all else quite superfluous. But who had written the letter? and what was its import? Of course, my suspicions fell on that woman; but what was her object? Surely she was not anxious to ensnare this young man also—her vanity could not be so insatiable as that. Perhaps it was Mr. Lee, his handwriting was exquisitely clear and delicate as a woman's; what if his displeasure against our visit had been expressed here? But no, Mr. Lee was not a man to rudely force his anger into a sick room.

Again my thoughts fell back on the widow; what unprincipled work was she doing here? What benefit could she find in sowing discord upon that poor young man's pillow?

Of course one thinks rapidly, and all these broken ideas took but little time in flashing through my brain. The old lady stood with one

hand on the back of her easy-chair, observing me with a troubled look.

"You think the letter was not from your young friend there?" she said, reading my thoughts with that subtle magnetism which is a part of true womanliness.

"I am sure it was not, dear lady!"

"Nor from her father?"

"Not if it gave him pain; Mr. Lee is incapable of that."

The old lady drew a deep breath as if infinitely relieved and sat down, spreading out her ample skirts mechanically after her usual dainty habit.

"Miss Hyde," she said, with a little tremor of the voice, and a movement of the hands, which fell into her lap and clasped themselves nervously, "Miss Hyde, I am sure you are my poor boy's friend!"

"I am indeed!" was my earnest response.

"And you know——"

"Yes, dear madam, all that an affectionate heart can learn of its own observation."

"I have thought, perhaps," said the dear, old lady, coloring as she spoke, "that Mr. Lee, with his enormous wealth, might have considered the modest property of my grandson insufficient, and for this reason have influenced his daughter."

I had nothing to answer. If Mr. Lee knew of this unhappy attachment, he had given no sign; but I told her that his general character was opposed to anything so mercenary.

"If this were so," answered the old lady, growing more and more anxious, "I think it would be easily remedied. My grandson, it is true, has little more than a handsome independence; but I, Miss Hyde, am perhaps richer than our neighbors think. In fact," she added, blushing, as if there were something to be ashamed of in the confession, "my income, if I chose to use it, would not compare meanly with that of Mr. Lee. When one spends moderately, with tolerably fair possessions, property accumulates rapidly at the end of a long life. I had intended to endow charities, perhaps; but the sight of my boy up yonder has changed all this."

I could only say, "You are very liberal, madam;" for I felt sure that the trouble did not lie where she supposed.

"If you could in any way make this understood, Miss Hyde, without bringing it prominently forward, I should be so grateful. I called you in here for this purpose. You have been so kind, so truly good to us."

"Oh! no, no," I protested.

"So delicate," she persisted; "and now when

his life is in such fearful peril, I am forced to take liberties—forced to think if anything can be done to save him, to beg for help."

"Oh! if I could help you," I exclaimed, feeling the tears rush to my eyes.

"You have, you can; already we are greatly indebted to your kindness. I am not eloquent to express thanks, sometimes feeling that silence is most delicate; but I feel all this, Miss Hyde, and so did he, my poor boy!"

Again I expressed the happiness it would give me to help her or him.

"I am an old woman," she continued; "very old, and require so little that property has become burdensome. If—if this thing can be arranged, all that I have, every cent, shall go to him; not after my death, but now, while I can see them enjoy it. They will remember my habits and my little wants, I am sure; and it will be very pleasant to have young voices around me again. Will you take an opportunity to suggest this to Mr. Lee?—not the young lady—my grandson must owe everything to me there; but with a parent these are important considerations."

I could not see her face for the tears that half blinded me. The feeling which could induce this fine old woman to give up all the appliances of her pride, all the power of her life, in order to purchase happiness for her grandson, was one of those noble outgushes of human nature that always make me weep. I could have kissed the hem of her garments, and felt ennobled by the act. It was no little thing to uproot the fixed habits of almost a century. With all that love of property which grows strong in age, from a sentiment of generosity another might have thought of dividing, but she was ready to give up all.

I had no heart to discourage her. Warmly and truly as my wishes went with hers, I would not uproot all hope in my own mind. Time, I whispered to myself, has many changes, and so has the human heart. So I took the old lady's hand in mine and kissed it with affectionate reverence. She smiled down upon me in her benign way, and called me "her dear young friend, her fair, sweet friend."

Oh! I am getting to be a forlorn old maid, or these words would never have swelled my heart with such throbs of gratitude. Have I indeed anything loveable or attractive about me which the old lady's deeper penetration has discovered, or is it only because I have been a little kind to her grandson? I wish it were possible to know about this, for since Mrs. Dennison has been at our house, I have begun

to doubt and fear about myself in a way that never possessed me before. Her overpowering elegance has put down all my little quiet claims to notice so completely, that it seems as if I never should lift up my head again. No wonder I cried and kissed that soft hand like a child. People don't think how much we of mature years require praise and petting, or how much of childhood runs from the cradle to the grave in every human life. It was very foolish and romantic in a woman of my years, but without at all knowing it, I had fallen on my knees by the old lady; and when she saw my eyes so full of tears she smoothed my hair, forgetting that there was a little gray in it, and called me a good girl. With this I laid my head on her lap, and begged her to let me love her always, telling her that sometimes I was lonely for the want of a right to love something. Then I grew ashamed and stood up, blushing through the tears that had betrayed me into such weakness, but her gracious look reassured me.

After this the younger Mrs. Bosworth came into the parlor, her eyes red with weeping, and looking weaker and more in affliction than ever. She had done everything, she said, dropping helplessly into a chair, and nothing would pacify him. There he was trying to read over a letter that he kept hid away under the pillow, that shook and shook in his hands till the whole room was full of its rustling, and it made her so nervous she was afraid to stay alone with him—muttering, muttering as if he were angry with her, that had been a good mother to him all his days; no one could say to the contrary of that, she was sure.

Another woman of a character so much above the level of that poor woman's, might have become impatient; but the old lady listened to her with great sympathy, excused her futile grief by half-implied apologies, and finally succeeded in persuading her to lie down on the sofa, while we went up stairs and watched by her son. He was indeed very ill, and entirely out of his head, and talking angrily to himself. The letter which Mrs. Bosworth had mentioned was crushed in his hand, and he was rolling it into a round ball between his two palms. While I stood looking upon him, thus troubled by some unseen enemy, and flung back upon a sick bed, it seemed impossible that any one could be cruel enough for such work, unless the heart of a fiend had somewhere taken human form.

I would have stayed in the sick room longer, for my poor talent for nursing was never more required, but the old lady seemed anxious to

send me home. Having done her utmost to relieve the unhappy situation of our patient, she was restless till her object was put in some state of forwardness; so I went away, leaving her rather hopeful, but very desponding myself.

As I went home, the clouds that had been broken and scattered were gathered into vast tent-like masses, and a slow rain began to fall, which gradually wet me through. I did not heed it; nothing could be gloomier than my feelings. It seemed to me as if I were going to a house of strangers, so completely had the machinations of that fearful woman shut me out from my old place in the family. So I let it rain on, without a wish to escape the discomfort.

When I was nearly across the fields, I saw a figure approaching through the gray mists, and would gladly have avoided it by turning into the woods; but a voice called me by name, and I stopped at once. It was Jessie, who had come out into the storm to meet me. Lawrence had called at the house and informed the family of young Bosworth's relapse.

"He is there now, I suppose," she said, excitedly; "but I came away, guessing where you had gone. I cannot breathe in the house when they are together, and he lying so ill and helpless."

I looked up at these words. The storm was beating in her face, but her cheeks were like fire underneath. It might have been all rain that flashed down the burning surface, but I thought not, for there were suppressed sobs in her voice when she spoke.

"Is—is your father at home?" I inquired, hesitating in my speech, I cannot tell wherefore.

"No; he rode over to town before the storm came on. They have the house to themselves."

She spoke bitterly. In truth, I scarcely recognized my own sweet Jessie, with those wet garments clinging around her, and that excited face. We walked on in silence, for she turned to retrace her steps at last. She said, abruptly,

"How is he, aunt Mattie? Does he suffer?"

"Greatly, I think, Jessie."

"No wonder he is ill," she said, passionately. It is enough to break down anything human."

"I am glad you can feel for him, Jessie."

"Feel for him! who can help it! But who feels for—for——"

She broke off short, turning pale and cold.

I walked on, distressed by this broken confidence, but knew well that Jessie was too proud for anything more definite.

As we came into the field bordered by the carriage sweep, a horseman dashed up to the gate, which had been left open, and was passing

at a swift gallop toward the house. It was Mr. Lee returning from town, and riding fast to escape the rain. He saw us dragging our way through the grass, and drew up, regarding us with a look so stern that it chilled me.

"He is angry with me for going out, I suppose," said Jessie, drearily. "Well, I could not help it."

After regarding us for a full minute with that hard look, Mr. Lee rode on, his horse tramping heavier than before, and sending back heavy flakes of mud, as if casting it purposely against us. He rode directly to the stables. Jessie and I slunk into the house by the back entrance, like culprits.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SLEEP.

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

WHERE dost thou wave thy airy pinions now?
Break'st thou thy balmy breath o'er mortal brow?
May I not charm thee forth from thy recess
And to my troubled heart thy shadow press?
Pass thy soft wing across this form, bent low,
And on the bruised reed new strength bestow!
Revive hope's faded light,
To gild grief's starless night,
And cheer the waste where heavy clouds now lower,
Betok'ning storms, full fraught with blighting power.

Come with thy soft embrace, fair, gentle Sleep!
Wrapping my stricken soul in slumbers deep;
Still the wild tumult which my being thrills,
And crush the care which oft my bosom fills
With agonizing throbs! Kindly conceal
Beneath thy veil the bitter woes, which steal
The sweetest joys away,
Shrouding life's sunlit day
Under a pall-like drapery of gloom,
Which folds the mind within a living tomb.
Clasp me within thy mazy vesture, Sleep!
And let me now a festal banquet keep
Of golden memories—of friendship's meed,
Yielded in days of yore. Oh! gently lead
My drooping spirits to those limpid streams

Where it shall softly glide 'mid wave-like dreams!
Each haunting gleam of love
Dispel, and far remove;

Then, heedless of the past, mine eyes will close,
Lulled by thy perfumed sighs to calm repose.

Come with thy wizard presence. Sleep! and bring
Unto my list'ning ear loved sounds, and sing
The melodies of old. Call from their rest
The beauteous forms which now their turf-beds press,
That I may gaze on each beloved face,
And fold them close in one fond, warm embrace!
Nor rudely break this spell;
But let them with me dwell

Until they drive black phantoms from my heart,
And in their presence madd'ning thoughts depart.

Oh! come, thou lingerer Sleep, into mine arms,
And quell all boding fears by thy pure charms!
Bring thy restoring power; fresh vigor yield
For the fierce combat of life's battle-field.
Haste thee, I wait, let me not call in vain,
Or by despair will this poor heart be slain!
But ah! thou com'st! I feel
Thy magic o'er me steal!

With grateful joy I welcome thee, fond Sleep!
And pray thee long thy blessed guard to keep.

THE TWO HOURS.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

WHEN first we spoke our parting words,
The flowers were bright and fair;
The forest birds from every tree
With music filled the air;
The soft and gentle violet
Had broke through Winter's sod;
And Nature's voice was hymning forth
The praises of her God.

When first we spoke our parting words,
Our hearts were pure and clear;
The past could bring us no regret,
The future had no fear.
Our love was true to every throb,
And steadfast, firm, and deep,
As if our souls were gathered up
Beneath the wings of sleep.

Again we met, and Winter's blast
Had withered flower and leaf;
The little brook was all congealed,
And Nature wept with grief.
The wild bird's song had vanished, too,
The clouds swept swiftly by;
And seemed to chase each other through
The darkened, gloomy sky.

But, oh! the hope that I had nursed
Within my inmost heart
Had vanished, and its memory
Was of the past a part;
Thy love had passed as swift away
As dew upon a flower;
And truth and love and hope were lost
In that dark meeting hour.

MAKING THE BEST OF EVERYTHING.

BY A. LEWIS.

THE home of Mr. Clayton and his two children was a small, wood-colored house, standing back from the road, on an eminence that sloped down to the brook that murmured through the orchard and meadows.

It was a fine location, and with good management and taste it might have been a charming place; but an air of unthrift and discomfort pervaded everything; and this was even more apparent in-doors than out.

The room where the family were now at breakfast wore a most cheerless aspect, in spite of the sunlight that streamed in at the high, narrow windows. The paper on the wall was dingy and soiled, so that it was almost impossible to tell what was its original color and pattern. The soot had fallen down in the broad fire-place, which was without a fire-board. The floor was littered and untidy. The buttery door was open, revealing a medley that beggars description. The table-cloth was much soiled, and the table was set with several kinds of dishes, and spread with the plainest fare; fried pork, boiled potatoes "with their jackets on," and bread and butter.

Mr. Clayton and Joe wore their working clothes, (blue skirts and overalls,) and Nellie's dress was soiled and torn, and her hair was uncombed and carelessly tucked behind her ears.

"Father," she said, as she poured the coffee, "you know Emily is coming to-day, and I hardly know what to do. I wish," she added, glancing around, "that we could live nicer; I wish we had a carpet and some better chairs. I remember how pleasant it seemed at aunt Mary's when I was there. They had nice carpets and pictures, and a great many things we haven't got; and I dread Emily's coming so."

"Well, my daughter," said Mr. Clayton, "I wish I was able to have things different, but you must make the best of it. If you want any groceries, Joe can get them for you when he comes from the field."

"I wouldn't care if I were in your place, sis," said Joe. "For my part, I don't believe I shall like her at all. I suppose she is proud and disagreeable, because she has been off to school, and all that; but I don't mean to mind anything about her."

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"Don't judge your cousin before you see her," said Mr. Clayton, "you may like her after all."

Nellie Clayton had been her father's house-keeper about two years. She was a plump little creature of fifteen, and would have been pretty, if she had taken any pains with her person. But her wavy brown hair was generally twisted into a careless knot behind, and her dresses, which she made herself, were usually scant and ill-fitting.

Indeed, poor Nellie was almost discouraged; and, when prayers were over and her father and brother were gone, she sat down in the doorway and cried, wondered what she should do, what she should wear, wished she was rich, and finally got a dish of crumbs and began feeding the chickens that came around her; and so she idled away half the forenoon before she set herself to work to clear the table and prepare dinner, after which she put the house in as good order as she could, and went up stairs to make her toilet.

She brushed her hair plainly back as was her custom, saying to herself, "It's no use taking any pains; for she hadn't anything fit to wear."

She selected from her scanty wardrobe a lilac colored print, which would have been very pretty if it had fitted her. Her simple toilet was soon completed. Just as she was pinning a black velvet ribbon around her neck, she heard the stage horn, and, running to the window, she peeped through the curtain, while her cousin alighted and came slowly up the walk.

Her cousin was a slight, graceful girl, tastefully and appropriately dressed; and as Nellie noted the long, ample skirt of the brown traveling-dress, the neatly gloved hands, and little brown veil thrown carelessly back over the plain straw bonnet, leaving the fair face with its bands of dark hair uncovered, her trepidation did not decrease. But go down she must, and the sooner the better. So trying to persuade herself that she didn't care, she went to meet Emily, whose pleasant, easy greeting rather reassured her.

Though Joe had declared his indifference to the expected guest, yet at tea his appearance was much improved.

"I am going to the village, you know," he

said, half-apologetically to Nellie, as he saw her glance at his linen coat and well-brushed curls.

The evening passed quite pleasantly; for though the dim light of the tallow candle did not improve the cheerless aspect of the room, nor admit of Emily's busying herself with her needle-work, yet she exerted herself to please the rest, and she was seemingly so unconscious of any superiority, that the restraint which Joe and Nellie had both felt at first soon wore off.

A week passed, during which time Emily had not been idle. She had helped Nellie about the house-work and sewing, had read to her uncle, had played checkers with Joe, and had made herself a general favorite.

One pleasant afternoon, the two girls were seated in the shaded porch at the front door: Emily with a book, and Nellie with a piece of needle-work that she was doing under Emily's supervision. Nellie wore the lilac print, which Emily's skillful fingers had remodeled; and her hair, which Emily had arranged in full, soft curls, fell over her neck.

Emily was reading aloud, stopping now and then to show Nellie about the formation of a leaf or flower, when the latter suddenly exclaimed, "Why, there's a carriage at the gate, and it's Fred Gray and Helen and Minnie Lee. I wonder what it means—they never come here."

Emily sprang to her feet, saying hastily, "They were my school friends at Rockland," and ran down the walk to meet them.

The visitors had accidentally heard that Emily was at Clayton Farm, and had rode over to invite her to spend a few days with them.

The party declined Nellie's timid invitation to walk in, and seated themselves in the porch. There was much laughing and talking, reminiscences of old times at Rockland, and discussion of events that had transpired since.

After spending a cheerful hour, the visitors took leave, having obtained Emily's promise to visit them the ensuing week. Nellie was included in the invitation, but, knowing it to be a mere matter of courtesy, she briefly declined.

After they had gone, she sat silent for some time, and Emily noticed that now and then a tear-drop fell on her work. At length, putting her arms around her, Emily said, "What is it, little cousin? Tell me all about it, perhaps I can help you."

Nellie laid her head on Emily's shoulder and sobbed that she was unhappy. "You know how we live here, cousin Emily. I have to work all the time, and father isn't able to get me books and a great many things that I want, and that other girls have. Nobody comes here that I

care about, and when you are gone, I shall be so lonesome. If I could only go away to school, I think, perhaps, I might, after awhile, teach as you do; but, as it is, I don't see any prospect of a change for the better."

Emily kissed her and smiled. "I am glad you want to improve, Nellie; but how is it that uncle is so poor? Don't he own this place?"

"Yes; but a part of the land isn't good for much, and father just keeps out of debt."

Emily thought a few minutes, and then said, "So you have no hope of better times: I have; but I think it depends, in a great measure, upon yourself."

Nellie looked surprised. Emily went on. "You have not enjoyed the training of a judicious mother as I have, and if you will allow me, I will give you the benefit of her teachings, as far as I can. If you will follow my advice, you may bring about a different state of things; but you must not despise the day of small beginnings, and you must learn to make the most and the best of everything. If we are not faithful with a little, how can we hope to be entrusted with more? Why, mother and I have only a few acres of land, and yet we live comfortably and pleasantly. Now if you'll try, Nellie, I'll tell you how to manage everything."

"How?" said Nellie.

"Go to the district school, in winter, for two or three years, and learn all you can. Do your best. And if, at the end of three years, you are not able to go to Rockland, I will engage to pay your expenses till you are fitted for teaching, when you can repay me. I am quite independent, you know, as my salary is large."

Nellie's face brightened. "Oh! cousin Emily," she said, "you are so good; I will do anything you tell me, if you will only help me." Emily smiled.

"Listen then," she said. "First of all seek 'the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow,' and without which you need not expect to be prospered in any undertaking. I usually retire early and rise at daybreak; if you will do so, you can easily secure at least an hour in the early morning for reading the Scriptures and prayer, besides having more time for other things than you now do. Do you remember the promises to Israel of old? You know how they were blessed when they were obedient. It seems so strange to me that people will live as if they believed there was no God now to control the affairs of men. But about yourself, Nellie, I want you to be neat, orderly, and industrious. Never be careless about your personal appearance at any time;

wear a neat wrapper in the morning, with a linen collar or muslin ruffle; and always brush your hair nicely before you go down stairs. Little things go to make up the great sum of life. I will show you how to fit your dresses; and as to books and other things, you can make a quantity of butter, and raise poultry this summer, and dispose of them in the fall. You can also dry a great many apples, and so not only replenish your wardrobe, but also purchase some articles for the house, such as wall paper, curtains, etc.; and get uncle to subscribe for a good agricultural paper. I think every one who has even a garden should take one, and to a farmer it is indispensable. We take one, and it is a great help about managing our little place.

"I have a shrewd suspicion that uncle might realize a great deal more from his land, if he understood the best way of managing it; and every lady ought to take a good ladies' magazine, not only for its literature, but its patterns and valuable instructions in various kinds of useful and ornamental work; I prefer 'Peter-son's' on that account.

"And, Nellie, I noticed a great many old clothes hanging in the wood-house; I don't think they look well there, and I would take them up stairs; and as you have time during the summer, could cut them up into carpet-rags, keeping the colors separate; and I will come in the fall and help you dye some bright colors; and you can get the carpet woven, and we will put it down on the sitting-room floor.

"I will show you all I can about economizing time, strength, and means, while I am here; and then I shall be quite anxious to know how you progress, and will come and help you as soon as the term closes."

The remainder of Emily's visit passed quickly. Nellie seemed inspired with new life. She tried to follow Emily's instructions to the letter, and though she sometimes found it rather irksome to apply herself, yet she persevered.

Mr. Clayton, glad to gratify his daughter, readily gave her permission to dispose of all the butter she could make, and to raise all the poultry she chose, and so the summer passed quickly and pleasantly; and when the autumn leaves were falling, Emily received a letter stating that the carpet-rags were all cut, the butter, eggs, and poultry disposed of, and more apples dried than Nellie had dreamed possible. "And now," wrote she, "I want you to come, dear Emily, as soon as possible, and help me select my purchases, and give me ever so much advice."

Emily soon responded to the call, and found Nellie impatiently awaiting her. The carpet-rags were first dyed and sent away to be woven, so that the carpet might be ready when they wanted it; then some light, pretty wall paper was selected, which Joe put on; Emily arranged some full white muslin curtains, so as to make the windows appear larger inside, and looped them up with blue ribbon; then Joe's assistance was claimed to make a lounge-frame, which they covered with some pretty chintz; and finally the new carpet was put down, making the room look so bright and cheerful that Nellie was in ecstasies.

Emily lighted the kerosene lamp, with a ground-glass shade, and placed it on the mat of bright worsted, which she had brought to Nellie, saying, "Tallow candles are detestable, and I think a good light makes a room look so cheerful. One thing more," she said, "and then call uncle to see the result of our labors;" and she produced a beautiful steel engraving in a gilt frame, which was soon hung in a favorable light, while Nellie ran to call her father.

As Mr. Clayton entered the light, pleasant room, the change seemed to him greater than it really was; and he stood silent, while Nellie and Joe both uttered exclamations of delight and satisfaction. "I never should have thought of it, if it hadn't been for Emily," said Nellie; "and it was all done so easily, too. It don't seem like the same room; does it, father?"

"No, my child," he answered; then turning to Emily he continued, "My dear Emily, you have taught us all a lesson which will be invaluable to us through life." Emily had sent Mr. Clayton the agricultural paper during the summer, and he had already begun to profit by it so much that he determined to subscribe for it himself.

Under Emily's skillful supervision, everything was soon arranged for the winter.

Nellie's wardrobe was comfortably though plainly furnished, and she had quite a little sum left.

They had made slippers for Mr. Clayton and Joe from some pieces of broadcloth, sewing on the blue and orange from a pattern in Emily's magazine; and Joe, at her suggestion, had procured the soles and sewed them on.

The evening before Emily was to leave them, Nellie put on the dress of soft, bright merino, which they had just finished, and which was the most expensive article she had purchased. Her brown curls fell in graceful profusion about her face and neck, her cheeks were flushed, and her dark eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"My darling little coz," said Emily, "do you know you are very pretty? I would not tell you so, if I did not think you had too much good sense to be vain."

And so, with new incentives to exertion, the winter was passing rapidly away at Clayton farm.

One evening as Nellie was poring over her algebra, Joe said, "I believe I must study harder, Nell; for you are really getting ahead of me, and you know I am going to be a scientific farmer. I can make this place a great deal more profitable than it has been. Next summer we'll have such a nice garden, with strawberries like I saw at Mr. Lee's."

It was even as Joe had said. The march of improvement went steadily on.

"There is something in theory, but more in practice and experience," she remarked to Joe, the next summer, as they were discussing their progress.

The next fall, when Nellie returned from a visit to Emily, she was agreeably surprised to find the house painted white, and the windows cut down to the floor, with green blinds.

Time passed. Nellie went to Rockland. But her plan of teaching was defeated, for on her return from school, Mr. Clayton would not consent to part with her again, until Joe brought home Minnie Lee, his fair young bride. Soon after, the eloquence of Fred Gray, now a rising young lawyer, persuaded Nellie to leave the old homestead and grace his city mansion.

MADALENA.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

MADALENA! Madalena!
Of the stately house Modena,
Radiant maiden, fairest daughter,
Of the famed Italian sky;
Blinded grope I in the brightness
Shining o'er thy spirit's whiteness.
Come, oh! love, with pinions downy
Let me in thy shadow lie.

Madalena! Madalena!
Pride sits regnant in Modena;
Tell me, canst thou scorn the teachings
Heard from lisping babyhood?
Gold nor jewel gilds my coffers,
Simple truth my bosom offers,
Sire and Church ban our espousals,
Canst thou turn from faith and blood?

'Madalena! Madalena!
Fitting child to leave Modena;
Love can build a fairer palace
Than a cardinal's wealth can buy;
And as light each moment passes,
Holy deeds shall be our masses,
And the fane wherein we worship
Heart illumined from on high.

Madalena! Madalena!
Sorrow wrapt thy house Modena,
And wild ocean chants a requiem
For the maid that o'er her fled;
To a lover's kisses flying,
In her cold caves she is lying;
Death was leagued with sire and priesthood,
But our souls in Heaven are wed.

UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

BY WILLIE WARE.

There's beauty in the rainbow
That arches o'er the sky;
There's beauty in the glances
Of a lovely maiden's eye,
There's beauty in the sunset
That gilds the glowing West,
When the day-god's parting beams
Dance on the ocean's breast.

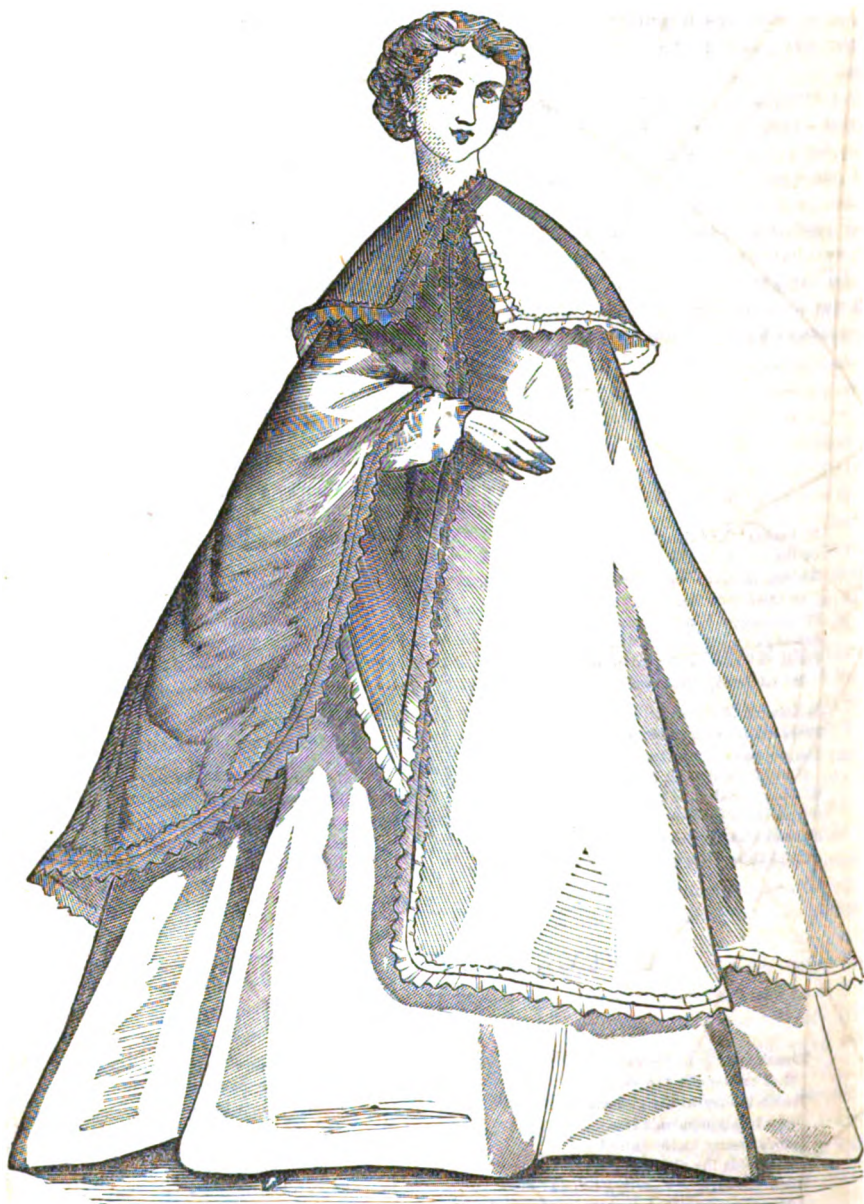
There's beauty in the dew-drop
That sparkles in the flower;
There's beauty in the sunshine,
"There's beauty in the showers."
There's beauty in the star-gems
That shine 'mid ether blue,
There's beauty in warm friendship,
And love that's fond and true.

There's beauty in the mountains
That glid the verdant lea;
There's beauty in the grandeur
Of the dark-blue rolling sea.
There's beauty in the river,
And there's beauty in the brook,
There's beauty in the sunshine
Of any pleasant look.

There's beauty in the shrub,
And beauty in the trees
That wave their peaceful branches
To every passing breeze;
There's beauty in the tiny blade
Of grass of emerald hue;
Ah! there's beauty, gladsome beauty,
In everything we view.

THE RUY-BLAS MANTLE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



This is made of a light fabric, of a white ground, with small stripes. The trimming may be either a ruche fastened by a narrow cherry velvet, or a small headed flounce with narrow velvets also.

The size of the page not allowing us to give the pattern of this cloak full length, our readers are requested to add ten inches at the bottom of the back and of the front.

No 1. FRONT.

No. 2 and 2 bis. BACK; the corresponding letters mark the places where the pattern joins the front. The middle of the back is cut on the bias and made without a seam.

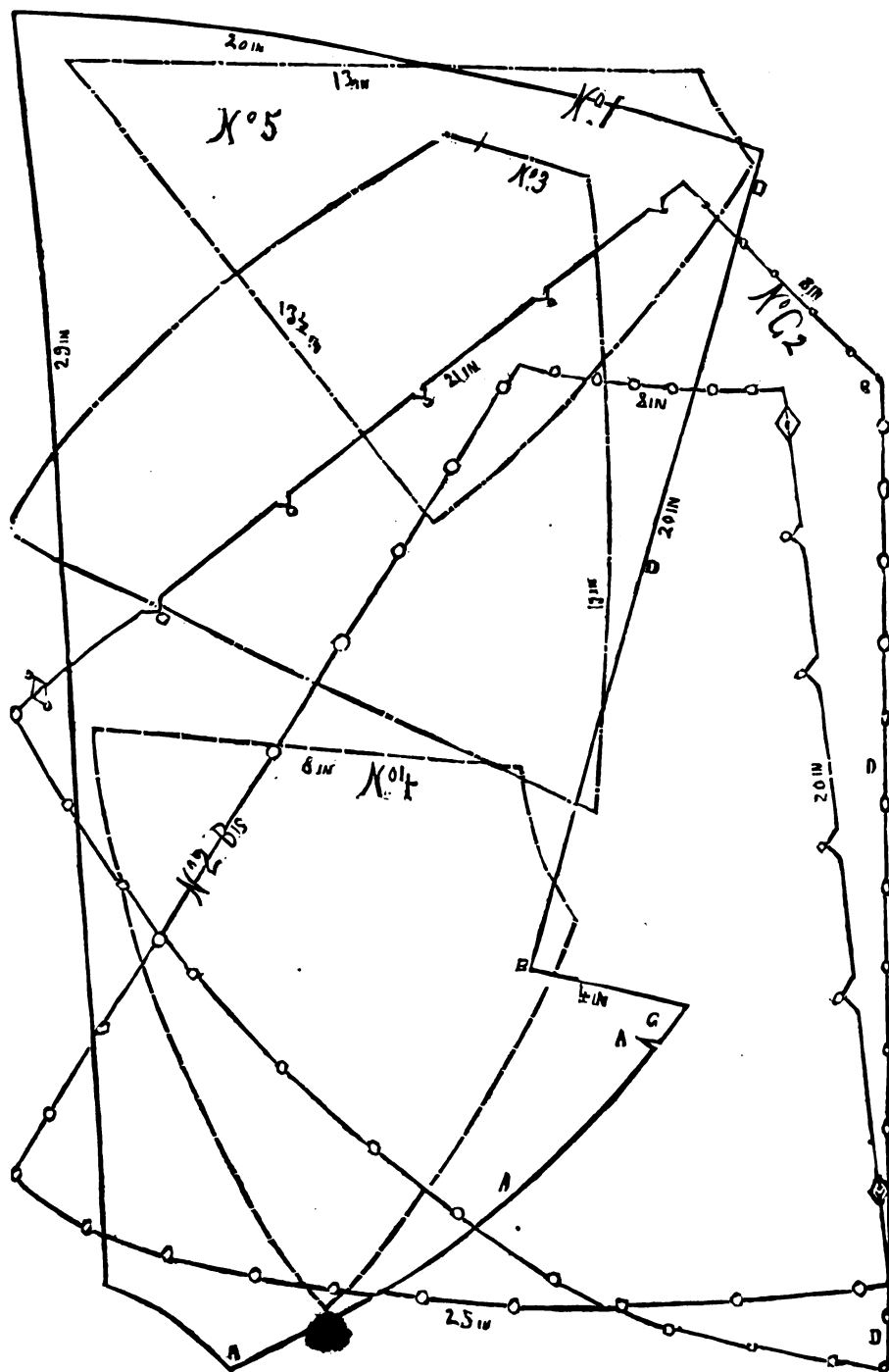


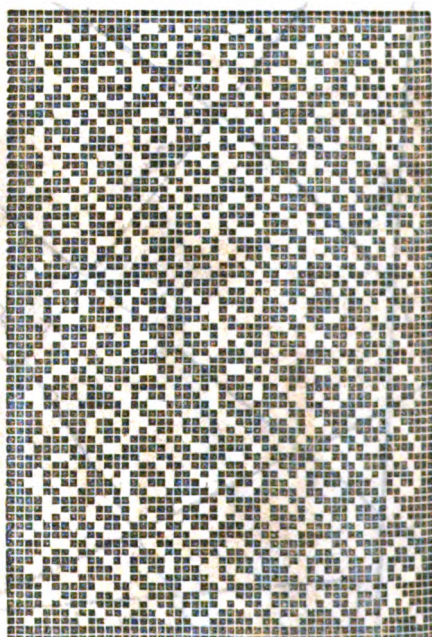
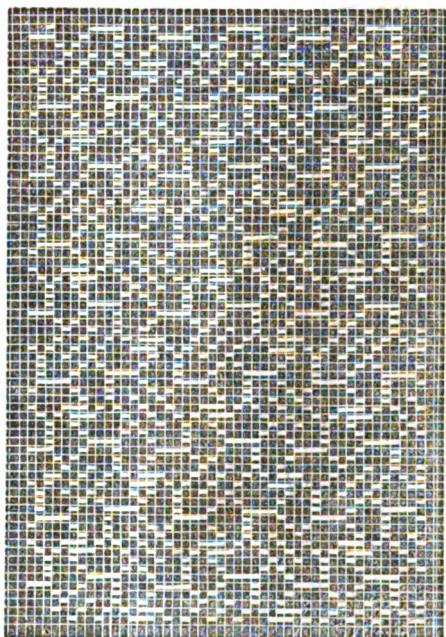
DIAGRAM OF RUY-BLAS MANTLE.

No. 8. PIECE OF THE BACK cut on the bias in
the middle and made with a seam.

No. 4. FRONT OF THE PELERINE.
No. 5. BACK OF THE PELERINE.

PATTERNS IN CROCHET.

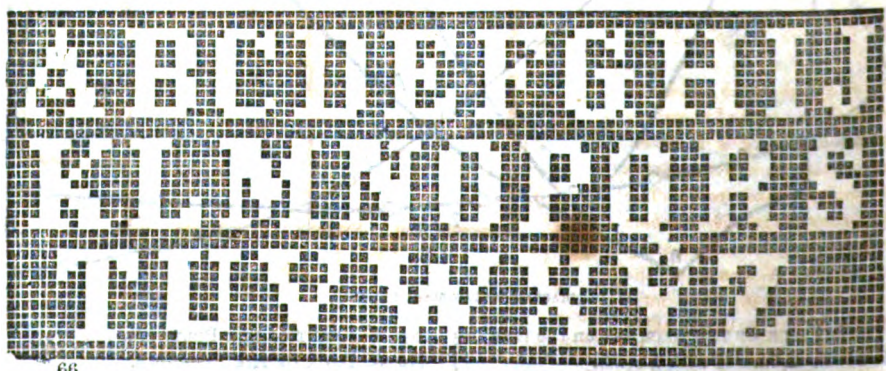
BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



We have this month given two patterns for the centers of either antimacassars, berceau-nette covers, or toilet mats. They are worked in solid and chain crochet, and are extremely durable, as well as pretty. The cotton used for working them should be about No. 10. They may be finished with either a fringe or a

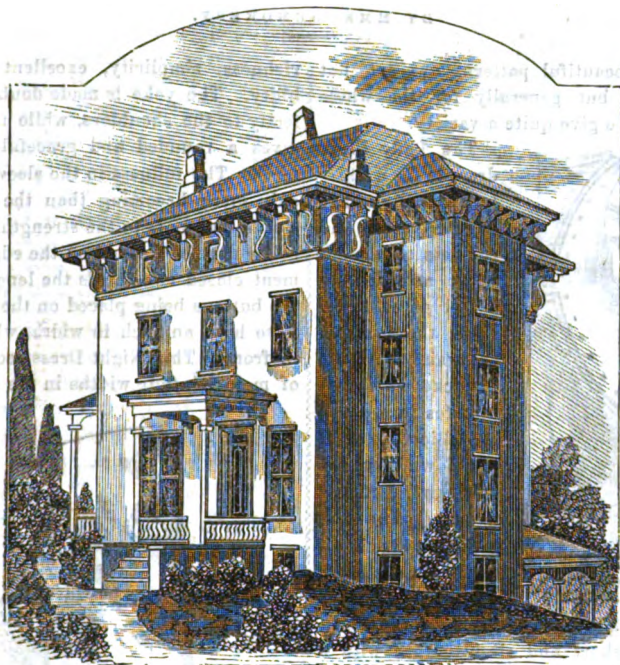
lace. A border round them, of a light, open description, can be added, if they are intended for drawing-room antimacassars; but they are more simple to execute if a square is worked of the pattern, and finished with a fringe tied in to every loop, a row of crochet being added all round for the purpose.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



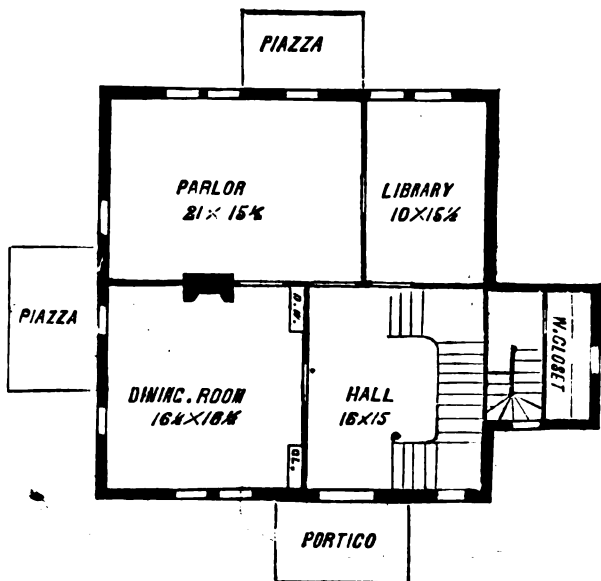
DESIGN FOR SUBURBAN RESIDENCE

BY ISAAC H. HOBBS.



This design contains many advantages over buildings usually of this size and cost. The building is thirty-four feet square, with a small projecting wing, and is built upon a slope of a hill, with basement for kitchen, pantry, cellar, heater, water-closet, and other conveniences. The principal story contains a parlor, library, dining-room, and a fine hall with large and easy stairs. The hall is of such a size and shape as to render it desirable as a place of resort for the family. There is a water-closet on this floor with private stairs to the second-story. The second-story contains four rooms and bath-room; the third-story four rooms. A house of the above design has been built near this city of painted rubble stone, in very substantial and correct manner, and has been generally admired; the accompanying plan at a cost of a fraction over \$4,000, and has gives the interior arrangement.

VOL. XXXX.—4



VARIETIES FOR THE SEASON.

BY MME. DEMOREST.

MANY very beautiful patterns are out, not only for July, but generally for the whole season also. We give quite a variety.



THE LADY ELGIN.

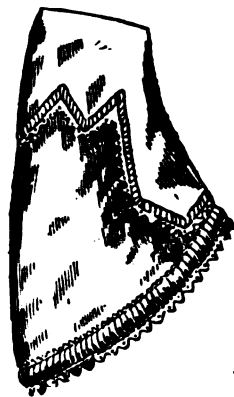
The dress is for a stately little lady of five or six years, and consists of a plain waist attached to a full gored skirt. Upon the front of the waist is a little fly jacket which terminates in a gored medallion, extending down upon the side skirt. A curved strap joins the jacket at the shoulder, and ornaments the back part of the body, terminating in pendent ends at the waist. The sleeve is short and slightly full, with a pointed cap. The dress should be made in some solid color, the trimming contrasting.



PLAIN NIGHT DRESS.

The above illustration of a plain Night Dress will recommend itself to our lady readers by its

richness, simplicity, excellent fit, and durability. The yoke is made double, and fits perfectly to the shoulders, while the curved front gives a rounded and graceful outline to the form. The fullness in the sleeve renders it not only more becoming than the plain, straight sleeve, but adds to the strength. The cuff and collar may be worked on the edge, and the garment closed two-thirds the length of the skirt, the buttons being placed on the upper side of a false hem, an inch in width, which is laid over in front. This Night Dress requires six yards of material, four widths in the skirt.



THE JULIE SLEEVE.

The "Julie" Sleeve is in the half-flowing style, which is just now so much in vogue. It is plain at the top, and has a pointed cap which extends down upon the front of the arm. It is very handsome made in silk or poplin, and trimmed with quilled velvet or ribbon.



THE SPANISH WAIST.

The Spanish Waist is a simple bodice, made in velvet or silk. It is cut very low in the neck, and runs over the shoulder just sufficiently to set in a small cap; should be laced in the back, and also trimmed in front with the cord in imitation of the back. A narrow lace is the prettiest finish for this bodice, which should be worn over a full Swiss waist.



COAT SLEEVE.

To be worn with knee pants or skirts, according to the age of the child. The prettiest shirt for this is linen cambric, simply gathered, with an embroidered hem, finished with a narrow ruffle. The skirt is laid in deep box-plaits, and sewed to a band, a sash of the same material as the dress, and simply knotted at the side, finishes the waist. The jacket should be quite short, a simple cut-away, prettily ornamented.



STELLA APRON.

Will require two and a half yards of material.

Has a sack front, cut rather full, and the yoke in the back is cut with the front; there being no seam on the shoulder, the back is fitted on at yoke and confined at the waist by a belt of the same material as the apron. Will fit a child from six to eight years of age, and requires two and a half yards of material.



STELLA: BACK VIEW.

The "Stella" Sleeve is a very simple and becoming style, particularly adapted to the fine French cloths, and English mixed poplins, which will be the popular spring wear. It has a double-pointed cap at the top, arranged so that the points of the upper cap fill the spaces of the one below, and a pointed cuff at the wrist. A narrow binding of silk and velvet, with a scalloped edge, ornaments the cap, and cuffs, and the hollows of the points are occu-



LAURA APRON.

waist has no back. The skirt is finished with a plain piece cut sufficiently circular to set well over the hip and joint as represented in the figure. A band finishes this at the waist. Suitable for a child seven years. Takes one and a half yards of material.

Willie's Apron may be made in linen or gingham. It is simple in shape, and laid in box-plaits—back and front—which are trimmed down the center with two rows of narrow braid terminating in a small flat button. Small bishop sleeves finished with a square cuff turned over, and trimmed with braid to match the body.



WILLIE'S APRON.



THE "PET OF THE PARLOR."

The "Pet of the Parlor" is a simple and charming style of low corsage for a Miss in her teens. It is equally adapted to silk, muslin, barege, or French calico. The waist is plain, with the exception of the puffings, which at the side cross the shoulder and extend down the back to the belt. The sleeves are composed of two puffings, edged with needle-work or lace, according to the material of which the dress is composed.

The "Venitienne" is one of the latest and most stylish novelties in lady's cloaks. It is of rich lustrous black silk, with gores of lilac silk inserted, ornamented with elegant crochet designs, with fine open centers, through which the color is distinctly visible. The sleeves are wide and box-plaited. The skirt is box-plaited on a tight-fitting waist, over which is placed a crochet cape, of the pelerine form.



THE VENETIENNE.

Any of these patterns, or patterns of any other description, cut in paper, full-size, may be had by addressing Mme. Demorest, No. 473 Broadway, New York. Letters, in all cases, to be post paid. The money to accompany the order.

SLIPPER PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

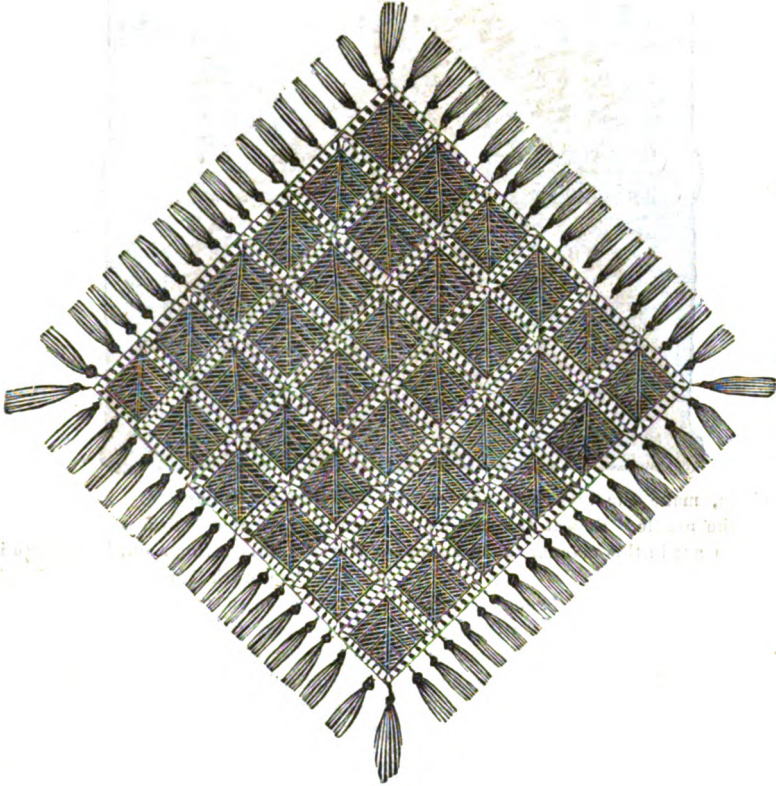
This slipper, given in the front of the number, is made of black velvet, with colored pieces in applique, and braided with gold braid. Cut some pieces of silk or merino, the same color and shape as indicated in the pattern, tack them firmly on to the velvet, run the gold braid neatly round them, and work the bars and dots in coarse purple-silk or twist. Our design shows the toe-piece and half the side, the other half being exactly similar. The easiest way to work this is to trace the pattern on tissue paper, to tack the paper on to the velvet, then the various pieces in their respective places, and so braid round them. The paper should then be carefully torn away, and the palms, crescents, etc., filled in with coarse purple-silk.

EDGING.



CROCHETED TIDY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Four spools white crochet cotton, No. 16; small hook.

Make a ch of 3 stitches, pass the hook through the last stitch and work backward.

1st Row.—Work in sc, widening by working 3 stitches in the center stitch.

2nd Row.—Work in sc, widening by working 3 stitches (as before) in the center stitch made

by widening in 1st row. Always observing to work into the under loop of ch made by previous row.

Repeat this for 80 rows; then work 1 row in dc all around; 1 ch between every dc stitch; 3 stitches at the corner. This completes the block.

When enough blocks are finished join with sc stitch. Finish with tassel fringe.

NEW DESIGN FOR AN AFFGHAN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

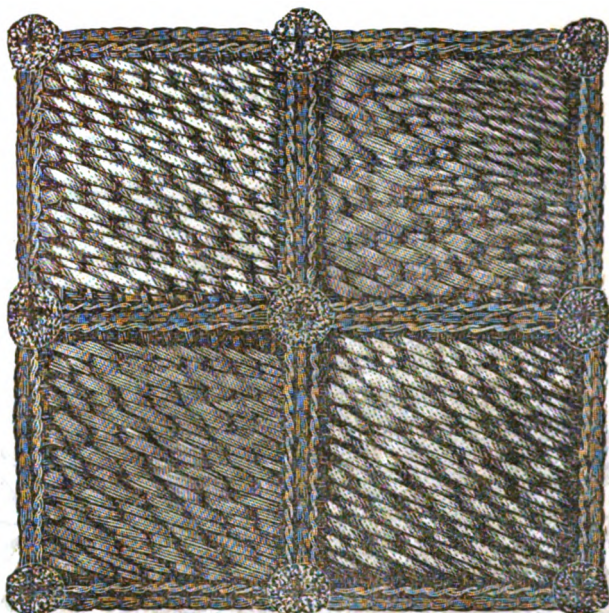
MATERIALS.—Double zephyr in eight colors, red, blue, orange, purple, green, brown, white, and black, half pound of each color. To be done in princess royal stitch.

The long crochet needle is used for this stitch.

This design is in blocks, which are crocheted together.

FOR A BLOCK.—Make a ch of 25 stitches as in common crochet.

1st Row.—Place the needle under the first



loop of chain, make the loop, retaining the stitch upon the needle. Repeat this until all the 25 stitches are in this manner taken up on the needle.

2nd Row.—Draw the thread through the first two stitches upon the needle; drop them, and retain the loop upon the needle. Repeat until all the stitches are in this manner worked off the needle, leaving the last loop upon the needle.

3rd Row.—Place the needle under the first long perpendicular loop, (made by 2nd row,) draw the thread through it, retaining the stitch thus made upon the needle. Repeat until all the long loops are in this manner taken up.

4th Row.—Same as 2nd.

5th Row.—Same as 3rd.

Work in this manner until a square is complete. Then work 1 row all round (with the black wool) in sc stitch.

Every block to be finished in the same way. The number of blocks to be determined by the size required. In the arrangement of the colors, care must be taken that they harmonize. Every alternate block to be white. The blocks are to be joined together with the black wool in sc; or if preferred, join with yellow wool. Finish with small balls of wool, white and black, as seen in the design.

PATTERNS FOR HEAD-DRESSES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number are two patterns for new and stylish head-dresses, the manner of making which we shall now describe.

HEAD-DRESS No. 1.—*Materials.*—Two shades rose-color silk, half yard each; some ribbon wire, and black net.

Cut the silk bias in strips four inches wide, point on both sides, then quill in double box-plaits. Arrange upon the head-piece as seen in the design. This pointed quilling has the effect of flowers, and is very easily made.

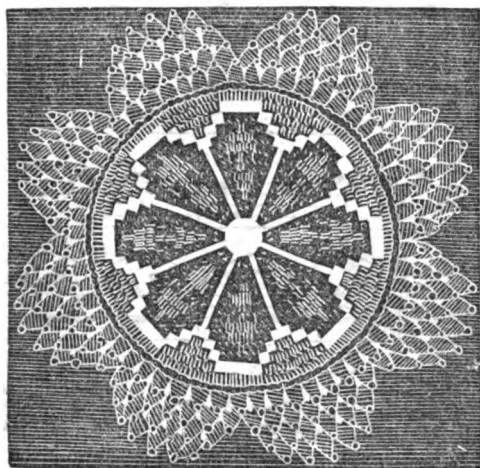
HEAD-DRESS No. 2.—*Materials.*—One yard

black trimming lace; two large bunches pan-sies, or soft-crushed roses.

Make a bandeau to fit the head large enough to come well on the head in front, passing under the knot of hair at the back of the head. Cover with black silk or velvet. Gather the lace, sew it upon the bandeau, letting the greater part of the fullness fall at the back. Cut a circle of black net, place it on the back of head-dress quite down upon the lace, plaiting it in as you would the crown of a cap. Cover this entirely with the flowers, reserving enough for the bandeau across the top of the head-dress.

TOILET MAT IN CROCHET AND BEADS.

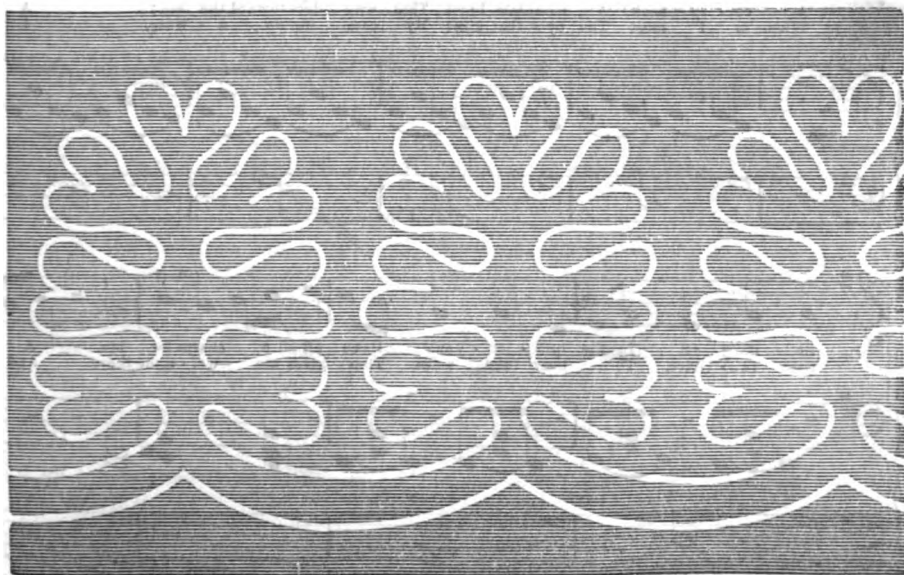
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a very pretty pattern, which can be ; description. It will be seen, easily, where the
worked from the engraving, without further ; beads are to go.

BRAIDING PATTERN FOR CHILD'S DRESS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE COZY NOOK.

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

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PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The introduction concludes with a repeat sign. The vocal melody then enters, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are provided for two versions: a first version and a second version. The piano accompaniment continues throughout the vocal parts, providing a steady harmonic foundation. The score is written on a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with the first version in a smaller font and the second version in a larger font. The piano part is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The vocal part is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The score is written on a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with the first version in a smaller font and the second version in a larger font.

1st. A co - sy nook, A mountain brook, That wan - ders toward the sea; A
2d. When'er I meet The eyes that greet My com - ing un - a - ware, I

lit - tle cot, In the qui - et spot, Have all a charm for me. A
then re - joice, To hear the voice That gives me wel - come there. And

THE COZY NOOK.

cool re - treat, And shade so sweet, With one I love, to share, Is
ev - ry day I wend my way, A - long the wind - ing brook, How -

Chorus.

to my heart The dear - est part Of life that knows no care. Where
ev - er sad My heart grows - glad To reach this co - zy nook.

e'er the spot, I care not what Its man - y charms may be. On

earth's wide space, With choice of place, This co - zy nook for me.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"THINGS MONEY CANNOT BUY."—A ship struck on the Jersey coast. It was night. A snow storm had set in. When morning dawned half the passengers were dead from exposure. As the gray light broke through the wild, hurrying scud, the waves were seen dashing over the whole length of her hull, while continually hapless beings, some of them women and children, were swept into the boiling breakers. The shrieks of the victims filled the air, and were heard even miles away. A crowd soon collected on the beach. But no one would go off: the attempt was almost certain death. A last fisherman arrived, who volunteered to go. A few others, stimulated by his example, agreed to accompany him. Three times, however, their boat was upset. But three times they returned to the task, and finally succeeded in reaching the ship. They were too late to save the whole, but all who came ashore alive, owe their escape to that brave fisherman. Was it lucre that tempted him? His own language, subsequently, is the best reply. "Sir," he said, "a man don't think of money when he sees women and children drowning before his eyes, and remembers his wife and little ones at home." And as he spoke, the tears were in his eyes.

A great war had broken out. Its usual concomitants of wounds, and camp fevers, worse than wounds, set in; thousands of soldiers were in the hospital; and hundreds died daily for want of needful assistance. In the most civilized age of the world, and in the army of the most civilized nation, men were dying like rotten sheep, through the neglect of salaried nurses, the ignorance of salaried surgeons, the inefficiency of salaried officials at home. In this crisis a woman came to the rescue. Not a woman who had been disappointed in life; who had lost her beauty; who sought, in some laborious and even repulsive task, to forget her shipwrecked past; but a comparatively young woman, the idol of her friends, one who had been bred in luxury, and whose future still glowed with golden visions. This woman, in her happy home, laid aside her sumptuous apparel, and banished herself to a distant land, in order that she might alleviate the lot of these sick, perishing, and neglected soldiers. Did lucre tempt Florence Nightingale to go to Scutari? No! It was something nobler. It was the sentiment of heroism, the principle of Christian duty. She is a living instance, her successful mission is an everlasting proof, that the best and most glorious deeds are those which money cannot buy.

It is the cry of a class that all men are utterly selfish, and that interest is in secret their ruling passion. The age of heroic sacrifices, we are told, is over forever. The Long Branch fisherman and Florence Nightingale give the lie to this base libel on the human race. If necessary, we might quote other instances in which noble deeds have been done, at peril of life itself, without a thought of lucre. The men who say that modern times are too cold and calculating for generous acts, prove only that they themselves are incapable of such things, and that they judge others by themselves. There is, in true manhood, a sympathy for the race, an instinct of universal brotherhood, which gives birth to deeds such as no money can buy, and which vindicate the diviner element of our nature. Money can do much, but it cannot do all things. It cannot purchase affection or heroism; it cannot wake up the really noblest elements of our nature; it is of "the earth, earthy." Thank God! the days of heroism are not past. Nor will they ever be, we trust, so long as men live.

HOW TO DRESS WELL.—It is a mistake to think plenty of money necessary for this. Taste is indispensable, but wealth is not. The Parisian women are celebrated the world over for their exquisite style of dress; but they do not expend half the amount on dress that American women do. For many years extravagance in dress has run riot in this country. India shawls, point laces, and hundred dollar dresses had become common in all our great cities. We were in danger of being vulgarized in our taste. The question "What did it cost?" was fast being substituted for the question, "Is it becoming?" It is well that a check is being put to this extravagance. If the times are hard, let wives and daughters practice economy in dress; and they can do this, yet look prettier than ever, if they will cultivate a true taste. Do not dress unfashionably. It is not necessary to look like a fright in order to save money. But of the many patterns for dresses that come out every month, select those which suit your style best, and which are the least expensive. Men are rarely judges of what a dress costs, but they are judges of its beauty. If we are told, in answer, that women dress, not for men, but for women, we reply that the sooner this feminine rivaling ceases the better, and that women are womanly in proportion as they despise it. But we may be told that the extravagance of a dress, in these times, consists principally in its trimming. Does it follow, however, that because the Empress Eugenie overloads herself with trimming, in order that her husband may be popular with the ribbon makers of France—does it follow, we say, that American wives should imitate her, when they only waste the money of their husbands by doing it, without increasing their own attractions? We saw a bonnet, the other day, made after one of the patterns published in "Peterson," in which every scrap of trimming was selected from old bonnets and head-dresses; and though it cost less than a fourth of what a new one would, it was one of the prettiest bonnets we have seen this season. With a good ladies' magazine for a guide, you can, if you choose, dress for half the money you have been spending; yet look as well dressed as ever. Taste and a knowledge of the fashions are everything. Money is of secondary importance.

AN EMPRESS AND HER COURT.—At one of the balls recently given at the Tuilleries, the dress of the Princess Metternich was greatly admired. It was composed of citron-color satin. The skirt, which was made with a train, was trimmed with Honiton lace and ruffles of tulle and blonde. The Princess wore a magnificent parure of diamonds. The dress of the Empress, on the occasion above referred to, consisted of tulle, and was trimmed with black velvet, on which were fixed ornaments in diamonds mounted in the form of a butterfly. Her majesty's coiffure was a diadem of diamonds, and she wore a necklace composed of a row of large diamonds fixed on black velvet. The fan, of late frequently used by the Empress Eugenie, is composed of black lace over white silk, the mountings being mother-of-pearl inlaid with steel. The pattern of the lace consists of an eagle, which occupies the center of the fan, and at the sides there are butterflies.

DRESS.—The beauty of dress consists in not being conspicuous; in neither distorting nor yet concealing the human form with unnatural additions. Dress ought to be simple, elegant, and becoming, without being too expensive for the wearer. Ridiculous fashions should never be adopted. At the same time singularity ought to be avoided.

A NEW VOLUME WITH THIS NUMBER.—The newspapers, everywhere, continue to speak of "Peterson" as the best and cheapest *Ladies' Magazine*. As a new volume begins with this number, now is a good time to subscribe. Remember! the price of this Magazine is a dollar less than other magazines of its class. Everything that can be had in a three dollar magazine, in the way of fashions, patterns for the Work-Table, Receipts, Music, etc., can be had in "Peterson" for two dollars; while the stories are acknowledged, by everybody, to be better. THIS, THEREFORE, IS THE MAGAZINE FOR THE TIMES. All we ask is that "Peterson" may be compared with others. To clubs our terms are even lower, as may be seen in the Prospectus. Two dollars invested in "Peterson," by the knowledge it will afford of Fashions, and the Work-Table Patterns it will furnish, will save ten times that amount in the course of the year. Tell this to your friends, and show them "Peterson." As some new subscribers may desire to end with the year, we will, for once, take clubs, for six months, at club prices: that is, we will send eight copies, for six months, for five dollars, or three copies, for six months, for two dollars and a half. *This is a golden opportunity!*

A WORD ABOUT "PETERSON."—Says the Central (Wis.) Republican:—"For over nineteen years this popular *Ladies' Magazine* has regularly made its monthly visits, enlivening and brightening many a dreary family circle, dispelling the gloom from many a sad heart, and adding its boundless stores of wealth to the intellectual treasures of the mind. Age has not dimmed its many charms, but imparted new luster, as time rolls by, to its varied beauties, till Peterson, charming PETERSON, now stands unrivalled, unexcelled by any of its numerous competitors. Each month brings with its varied blessings, this eagerly looked-for Magazine, laden with new morsels from the Elysian fields of literature; and the ladies for a time revel in its luxuries. Such a charming Magazine for the ladies, so peculiarly adapted to their fastidious taste, ought surely not to be denied them, and we advise our readers to subscribe at once." Another Wisconsin paper, the Montello Ledger, says:—"This Magazine is cheaper than any other work of the kind."

DRAUGHTS.—It is of the utmost importance to observe, in going into a strange bed, that no current or draught of air play upon any part of it, as this will be no less injurious than damp. Both together will, in all likelihood, insure to the traveler either a bad cold, or an attack of rheumatism or gout. In carriage traveling, also, particular care should be taken that no current of wind pass upon you from the window, whilst the feet ought to be kept dry and warm, and the ears protected.

SOMETHING BETTER THAN GARTERS.—Procure a sufficient quantity of cotton elastic ribbon. Make a button-hole at one end, and place a button on the other. Fasten a loop to the upper part of the stocking, with which to button on one end of the elastic. The other end may be buttoned on to the inside of the band of the drawers. The trial of this plan with children has given great satisfaction, and much improved the appearance of their stockings.

OUR "ORIENTAL SLIPPER."—We think we may claim that this is one of the most beautiful affairs we have ever published; second, indeed, only to the exquisite "Work-Bag Pattern," which appeared in our January number. In these patterns "Peterson," confessedly, has no rival.

"AT MAMMA'S TOILET."—Every woman, but particularly every mother, will recognize the spirit and truth of this capital embellishment. We predict that it will be the engraving of the July magazine.

GRASS ON WALKS.—Common salt sprinkled over gravel walks will prevent grass from growing on them; or a solution of lime and sulphur in boiling water will more effectually eradicate the plant.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

After Icebergs With a Painter. A Summer Voyage to Labrador and around Newfoundland. By Rev. Louis L. Noble, author of the "Life of Cole," "Poems," etc., etc. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—An exceedingly agreeable book. It is the record of a voyage made by Mr. Noble, during the summer of 1859, in company with a distinguished landscape painter, to Newfoundland and Labrador. The subject is fresh, which is much in these days of hackneyed travels; and the narrative is spirited, which is more. The author is a poet, and has seen his subject with a poet's eye. Several very superior illustrations, printed in tint, accompany the volume. We recommend "After Icebergs" as just the book for summer.

The Shadowy Lands, and other Poems. By Rev. Gordon Huntington, A. M. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: James Miller.—The principal poem in this volume is written in blank verse, and occupies one hundred and sixty pages. Another poem, or, to speak more definitely, a dramatic effusion, "The Guests of Brazil," fills ninety pages. This does really seem to be, as Snagsby says, "putting too fine a point on it." Only very great merit can reconcile one to such ponderous affairs; but to very great merit these poems cannot aspire. In his shorter pieces, however, Mr. Huntington has more success. But even in these he rejects, generally, the assistance of rhyme. He will have blank verse or nothing. The volume is quite neatly printed.

The Semi-Attached Couple. By the author of "The Semi-Detached House." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: J. T. Burnham.—This is the most sprightly novel that has appeared for a long time. In its skillful characterization it is not unworthy to be classed with Miss Austen's fictions. Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Tomkinson, Lady Portmore, Eliza Douglas and Col. Beaufort are all different and yet all hit off to the life. The hero and heroine, like most heroes and heroines, are, perhaps, the least interesting persons in the book; but even they are drawn with greater skill than is usual. The volume is very handsomely printed.

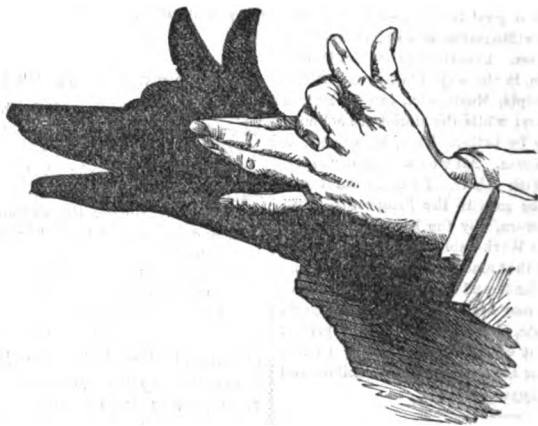
The Parlor Gardener. By Cornelia J. Randolph. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—This is a treatise on the house culture of ornamental plants. It has been translated from the French, but is adapted to American use. Several capital engravings illustrate the text. We have given an extract from the book in our Horticultural Department, which is a fair specimen of the whole. The work would be of great service to ladies interested in cultivating plants at home.

The Soldier's Guide. By an officer of the U. S. Army. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This professes to be a "Complete Manual and Drill Book for the use of Volunteers and Militia." It is a neat volume of sixty-three pages, and is retailed at the low price of twenty-five cents. The publishers advertise that they will send it, free of postage, for that sum.

Silas Marner. By the author of "Adam Bede." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is either an early work by Miss Evans, or, if a later one, it has been hastily executed. In no respect is it worthy of her reputation. The story is only one-third as long as "Adam Bede."

Susan and Frankie. By the author of "Sabbath Talks About Jesus," etc. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—A very pleasant story for children. It has an excellent moral, and is quite well written. The illustrations are good.

FIRESIDE AMUSEMENTS.



TO MAKE SHADOWS ON THE WALL.—Arrange your fingers as seen in the engraving, between a candle and the wall, and the result will be the shadow of a donkey's head and neck.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE TERRACE BALCONY.—We may consider as garden terraces those long and wide balconies, extending, if not all along the front of the house, at least for a sufficient distance to admit of our gardening there in a far less confined space than in the mere veranda of a window. Access to such balconies being had through windows reaching down to the floor, before each window an interval should be reserved, to allow you to approach the balustrade and lean on your elbows whilst looking out. Should it be your good fortune to occupy a lodging rendered at once healthy and agreeable by such an appendage as a spacious balcony with a good exposure, the side spaces, intermediate to those kept open in front of the windows, may be supplied with wooden boxes, longer than they are wide, painted green, and filled with good garden earth, mixed with manure. You have but to consider these boxes as the borders of a parterre, and proceed to garden there accordingly, as you would on the ground.

PLANTS FOR THE BALCONY GARDEN.—**WISTERIA** AND **VIRGINIA CREEPER.**—At each end of the balcony a box—its length equal to the width of the balcony—which two boxes have a special destination: it is there that you must plant a glycine of China—(*Wisteria*), and a bignonia, or *Virginia creeper* (trumpet flower), the running stems of which are to be trained parallel to each other along the balustrade. Thus, without encumbering the balcony, you will have, in the spring, the beautiful bunches of amethyst flowers of the *Wisteria*, hanging gracefully outside, and shedding an odor the most delicately sweet of almost any of the whole vegetable kingdom; and in autumn the flowers of the *Virginia creeper*, in bunches of a rich red, will renew the decoration. During the intermediate heats, the abundant foliage of these two plants will very advantageously protect the boxes of ornamental plants from the burning contact of the solar rays. You need not contrive any other shelter for them.

BUDDLEYA AND **CLIANTHUS.**—To procure still more shade, add to the above a robust plant of *buddleya* on one side, and a red flowered *clianthus* on the other.

The *buddleya*, attached to a solid stick, upward of a yard and a-half high, and left to itself from this height, will

fall in all directions, with as much grace as do the flexible branches of the weeping willow. At each extremity of slender and supple branches will open a long bunch of flowers, of a fine violet color. Should it so happen that some of these flowered branches, in the exuberance of their spirits, stray off so far as to pay a visit to your next door neighbors, these, especially whilst taking the air at their windows, will have no cause to complain of the intrusion.

The *clianthus*—to which you must give, as a support, four rods of white oser tied together—will very soon hide this support under its abundant vegetation, adorned with a profusion of flowers of the finest carnation color.

If these two shrubs occupied the middle of the balcony, they would take up too much room and prevent your seeing out; but, placed at the two angles, they give a little shade, fresh and perfumed, which contributes to render more delightful still those moments of the day that one likes to pass, book in hand, upon the balcony in the midst of flowers.

OTHER PLANTS.—The various ornamental plants of each season—the principal of which I have indicated to you as being suitable for making a show in the garden at the window, at the different exposures—can, of course, be made use of in decorating a balcony large enough to serve the purpose of a terrace.

RECEIPTS FOR PRESERVING, ETC.

To Make Jams and Preserves.—These may be made of any fruits that are attainable, and of rhubarb stalks, which can scarcely be called a fruit. The fruits should be either just full-grown and quite green, or else quite ripe. Three-quarters of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit, bulled until the juice is thick and syrup-like, will make a preserve that will keep until fruit comes again, provided it is put into clean, dry, and uncracked jars, and well tied over, and put in a dry and airy situation. Some persons make jams of mixed fruits; but we recommend the use of any one separately; and the more delicate the fruit, the more desirable it is to have white sugar.

Fruit Syrup.—Put six ounces of cream of tartar and four

ounces of tartaric acid into three quarts of spring water. To this put six pounds of red currants without bruising (or raspberries). Let it stand for three days, and then strain off the liquid, and to each pint of juice put one pound and a-half of lump sugar, pounded. Let it stand till the sugar be quite dissolved, then bottle it. In using the syrup for jelly, put about a gill of it to a pint of stock of calf's feet, or a suitable quantity of gelatine. Boil it a minute or two, and then pour it into a mould.

Cherry Jelly.—Have three-quarters of a pound of ripe red cherries, take the stones out, put them with the cherries into a basin, pour over them, boiling hot, a syrup made with a pint of water and five ounces of lump sugar; let them stand two or three hours, stirring gently once or twice, strain carefully through a muslin bag, taking care not to make the juice thick. Pour half of it over three-quarters of an ounce of Nelson's isinglass, let it dissolve and just boil, then mix it with the remaining juice; add a little citric acid, which gives it a beautiful color.

Strawberry Jam.—Bruise very fine some scarlet strawberries, gathered when quite ripe, and put to them a little juice of red currants. Beat and sift their weight in sugar, strew it over them, and put them into a preserving pan. Set them over a clear, slow fire; skim them, boil them twenty minutes, and then put them into pots.

Raspberry Jelly.—Put in a large earthen pan a gallon of the finest fresh picked raspberries, on which put two quarts of the best (common) white wine vinegar, stirring them well. Let it stand till the next morning, then strain it through a cream cloth into another pan, measuring off your juice, which should be about two gallons; then add ten pounds of the white crushed sugar, put it all together into your skillet, stirring it till the sugar is melted. Let it boil gently for half an hour, skimming it well, till it becomes a thin, clear jelly. When you think it is sufficiently boiled, try a little in a saucer, let it cool, you will then be able to judge both of the proper thickness and sweetness. When it is sufficiently cool, bottle it off, and the next day cork it closely and seal down. You can reduce the articles to make a smaller quantity if you prefer it. This jelly will keep for years, and will stand any climate.

Raspberry Vinegar.—To every quart of raspberries, put one pint of best vinegar. Stir them twice a day for three days, then strain off the liquor. To each pint put one pound of loaf sugar. Boil it half an hour, and skim it well; then bottle and cork it close.

Raspberry Cream.—Rub a quart of raspberries, or raspberry jam, through a hair sieve, to take out the seeds, and then mix it well with cream. Sweeten with sugar to taste; put into a stone jug, and raise a froth with a chocolate mill. As your froth rises, take it off with a spoon, and lay it upon a hair sieve. When you have got as much froth as you want, put what cream remains into a deep china dish, or punch-bowl, and pour your frothed cream upon it, as high as it will lie on.

To Preserve Rhubarb.—Peel and cut the rhubarb with a fruit knife, put in a preserve-pan, add a little water, and cover with vine leaves; let it simmer till tender, then strain the rhubarb through an earthenware colander. Add one pound of loaf sugar to one pound and a half of fruit; blanch half an ounce of bitter almonds, and add a little of them to every pound and a half of boiled fruit, and a little of the juice; then boil gently for half an hour. This is an excellent and wholesome preserve.

Rhubarb Jam.—To every pound of rhubarb add one pound and a quarter of loaf sugar, let the rhubarb boil gently quite an hour before the sugar is put in, and then well boil altogether for half an hour or more, until it nicely thickens.

To Make Mulberry Jam.—Pick twelve pounds of very ripe mulberries, which put into a preserving-pan, with

ten pounds of sugar broken into small pieces; place it over a brisk fire, keep them well stirred, boil it till the saucepan is covered with clear bubbles; drop a little on a clean plate, and if it sets, take it up and fill the jars as usual.

Gooseberry Fool.—Put three pints of gooseberries into a saucepan, with a very little water, only just sufficient to prevent their burning, and boil till quite tender. Beat through a colander and sweeten to your taste, then leave it to get cool. Beat an egg well and mix it with a pint of new milk, and boil, stirring it all the time. Let it get cold, and then add it by degrees to the gooseberries, stirring it in till all is thoroughly mixed. Gooseberry fool made in this way is as good as if made with cream, without being so expensive.

To Bottle Gooseberries.—Gather smooth-skinned gooseberries before they are quite full grown, pick them and put them into bottles, set them in a copper or boiler of cold water up to their necks, make a fire under them, and let the heat increase gradually; let them simmer ten minutes, but not quite boil, then take them out, and fill the bottles with water that has been boiled; when they are quite cold, pour a little oil on the top to keep the air from them, and set them in a dry, cool place.

Green Gooseberry Jam.—Scald the gooseberries in a little water and strain them through a sieve; take equal weight of sugar, half a quarter of a pint of water to a pint of sugar; boil the sugar and water, and when clear add the fruit; boil twenty minutes.

Currant Drink.—Strip from the stalks a pint of fresh gathered garden currants, boil them about ten minutes with a pint of water, then strain and sweeten to taste. A few raspberries, when attainable, are an improvement to the taste. In winter, a similar drink may be made, by gently boiling two tablespoonfuls of currant jelly in half-a-pint of water.

Red Currant Jelly.—Squeeze the currants, after picking from the stems, put them over a hair sieve to drain all night; then boil the juice ten minutes—one pound of loaf sugar (pounded, and warmed before the fire) to one pint of juice—then strain very quickly, and pour into glasses.

Black Currant Vinegar.—To four pounds of fruit, very ripe, put three pints of vinegar. Let it stand three days; stir occasionally. Squeeze and strain the fruit. After boiling ten minutes, to every pint of juice add one pound of lump sugar. Boil twenty minutes.

Blackberry Wine.—There is no wine equal to the blackberry wine when properly made, either in flavor or for medicinal purposes, and all persons who can conveniently do so should manufacture enough for their own use every year, as it is invaluable in sickness as a tonic, and nothing is a better remedy for bowel complaints. We therefore give the recipe for making it, and having tried it ourselves we speak advisedly on the subject:—Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon add one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight, and let it stand till the following October, and you will have wine ready for use without further straining or boiling, that will make lips smack as they never smacked under similar influences before.

Raspberry Wine.—One quart of raspberries to every quart of water; bruise, and let them stand two days; strain off the liquor, and to every gallon put three pounds of sugar; let it stand two months in a barrel, then bottle, adding to each bottle a tablespoonful of brandy.

Currant Jelly without Boiling.—Press the juice from the currants, and make it quite hot, but it must not be allowed to boil. To each pint of juice add a full pound of loaf-sugar, pounded very fine, and made quite hot in the oven, and then stirred gradually into the hot juice until it is melted.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Press Flowers.—Place them between new writing-paper, which must be changed every two days until the plants are quite dry. Be very careful to gather them on a warm, fine day, and let nothing induce you to put them between blotting-paper. Do not put a very heavy weight on tender plants the first day, and you will be successful. *Or*—Take two of every kind you wish to keep, lay them inside a sheet of blotting-paper, place them under a considerable pressure, and let them remain during the night. Open them the next morning, remove them to a dry part of the paper, and press them again for the same space of time. They may then be placed in the book intended for their reception, and fastened down with a little gum; or, if large, tacked carefully on the page with some very fine thread, with the alternate sides turned out, and the name written, with such other observations as the collector may think advisable.

How to Prepare Fulminating or Detonating Powders.—Mix together one drachm of sulphur, three drachms of nitre, and two drachms of carbonate of potash (all previously powdered), in a sheet of writing-paper. When properly mixed, put them into a small stoppered phial. An eighth or a sixteenth part of this, put into a fire-shovel of tin-plate, held over the fire for a few minutes, will explode: immediately before the explosion, a violet-colored flame will be seen to hover over it. *Or*—Take three parts of nitre, two of potash, and one of sulphur; all of these should be thoroughly dry; then mix them by rubbing them together in a warm mortar. If a little of this powder be exposed to a gentle heat in an iron ladle, till it melts, it will explode with a violent report. Neither of these mixtures is dangerous like the metallic fulminating powders, which explode with the slightest friction.

To Revive the Color of Black Cloth.—If a coat, clean it well, then boil from two to four ounces of logwood in your copper or boiler for half an hour; dip your coat in warm water, and squeeze it as dry as you can; then put it into the copper and boil it for half an hour. Take it out, and add a piece of green copperas about the size of a horse-bean; boil it another half-hour, then draw it, and hang it in the air for an hour or two; take it down, rinse it in two or three cold waters; dry it, and let it be well brushed with a soft brush, over which a drop or two of the oil of olives has been rubbed, then stroke your coat regularly over.

Spanish Salad.—Take whatever salad can be got, wash it in many waters, shake it in a small net, or in napkins, till nearly dry, chop up onions and tarragon; take a bowl, put in equal quantities of vinegar and water, a teaspoonful of pepper and salt, and four times as much oil as vinegar and water; mix the same well together; take care never to put the lettuce into the sauce till the moment the salad is wanted, or it loses all its crispness and becomes sodden.

A Receipt for Destroying Bugs.—When bugs have obtained a lodgment in walls or timber, the surest mode of overcoming the nuisance is, to putty up every hole that is moderately large, and oil-paint the whole wall or timber. In bed-furniture, a mixture of soft soap with snuff, or arsenic, is useful to fill up the holes where the bolts or fastenings are fixed, etc. French polish may be applied to smoother parts of the wood.

To Protect Trees from Mice.—Take sheet, or tea-chest lead (which can be bought for a nominal price), and cut it into strips eight inches wide, and sufficient length the other way to go round the tree once and a half or twice; then wrap it around the tree lightly, and it will stay without any further trouble. It can be taken off in the spring, and laid by for subsequent years.

Breast of Lamb.—Cut off the thin ends, half boil, then strew with crumbs of bread, pepper, and salt; and serve in a dish of stewed mushrooms.

To Polish Sea-Shells.—This requires much care and experience. The shells are first burned to get rid of the animal matter that remains in them. Their rough outside is next removed by mechanical means. They are then carefully treated—some with nitric, others with muriatic acid, according to their nature, until the proper surface is reached. This is then polished by friction, with leather and the hand.

Pastile for Burning.—Cascarilla bark, eight drachms; gum benzoin, four drachms; yellow sanders, two drachms; styrax, two drachms; oilbanum, two drachms; charcoal, six ounces; nitre, one and a half drachms; mucilage of tragacanth, sufficient quantity. Reduce the substances to a powder, and form into a paste with the mucilage; then divide into small cones, and put them into an oven until quite dry.

Italian Salad is made by picking the white portion of a cold fowl from the bones in small flakes, piling it in the center of a dish and pouring a salad mixture over, enriched with cream; make a wall around with salad of any kind, laying the whites of the eggs, cut into rings, on the top in a chain.

Cut a *Loin of Lamb* into steaks, pare off the skin and part of the fat, fry it in butter a pale brown, pour away the fat, and put in boiling water enough to cover the meat, a little pepper and salt, a little nutmeg, half pint of green peas, and a coss-lettuce cut lengthways; cover it down, and let it stew gently for half an hour.

How to Make Rose-Water.—When the roses are in full bloom, pick the leaves carefully off, and to every quart of water put a peck of them; put them in a cold still over a slow fire, and distill gradually; then bottle the water; let it stand in the bottle three days, and then cork it close.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Turkish Mode of Making Coffee.—The Turkish mode of making coffee produces a very different result from that to which we are accustomed. A small conical saucenpan, with a long handle, and calculated to hold about two tablespoonfuls of water, is the instrument used. The fresh roasted berry is pounded, not ground, and about a dessertspoonful is put into the minute boiler; it is then nearly filled with water, and thrust among the embers; a few seconds suffice to make it boil, and the decoction, grounds and all, is poured out into a small cup, which fits into a brass socket much like the cup of an acorn, and holding the china cup as that does the acorn itself. The Turks seem to drink this decoction boiling, and swallow the grounds with the liquid. We allow it to remain a minute, in order to leave the sediment at the bottom. It is always taken plain; sugar or cream would be thought to spoil it; and Europeans, after a little practice—(longer, however, than we had)—are said to prefer it to the clear infusion drunk in France. In every but you will see these coffee-boilers suspended, and the means for pounding the roasted berry will be found at hand.

Green Peas.—A delicious vegetable, a grateful accessory to many dishes of a more substantial nature. Green peas should be sent to table green, no dish looks less tempting than peas if they wear an autumnal aspect. Peas should also be young, and as short a time as possible should be suffered to elapse between the periods of shelling and boiling. If it is a matter of consequence to send them to table in perfection, these rules must be strictly observed. They should be as near of a size as a discriminating eye can arrange them; they should then be put in a cullender, and some cold water suffered to run through them in order to wash them; then having the water in which they are to be boiled slightly salted, and boiling rapidly, pour in the peas; keep the saucenpan uncovered, and keep them boiling swiftly until tender; they will take about twenty minutes, barely

so long, unless older than they should be; drain completely, pour them into the tureen in which they are to be served, and in the center put a slice of butter, and when it has melted, stir round the peas gently, adding pepper and salt; serve as quickly and as hot as possible.

Stewed Cucumbers.—Take two or three straight cucumbers, cut off one end, then take out the seeds, lay them in vinegar and water, and pepper and salt; have some good farce, and fill each cucumber with it; dry your cucumbers well out of the vinegar first, then dry them in a clean rubber; then fry them, if for brown; if for white, not; take them out of the butter, and put them to stew in some good stock, with one onion, a fagot of herbs, a slice of lean ham, until tender; thicken the liquor, and pass through a tammy; season with a little drop of vinegar, lemon juice, sugar, salt, and white pepper; glaze the cucumbers several times to be a light brown.

Asparagus.—Let the stalks be lightly but well scraped, and as they are done, be thrown into cold water; when all are finished, fasten them into bundles of equal size; put them into boiling water, throw in a handful of salt, boil until the end of the stalk becomes tender, which will be about half an hour; cut a round of broad, and toast it a clear brown, moisten it with the water in which the asparagus was boiled, and arrange the stalks with the white ends outward. A good melted butter must accompany it to table. Asparagus should be dressed as soon after it has been cut as practicable.

To Make Currant Cream, you should bruise some thoroughly ripe currants in boiled cream, taking care that the cream is almost cold before the fruit is put to it; or else it will be liable to curdle. Add some beaten cinnamon, and sweeten to your taste. Then strain the whole through a fine sieve and serve. Strawberries, or raspberries may be used in the same way, instead of currants; and it is considered best to sweeten the fruit before you put it to the cream.

Stewed Peas.—Take a quart of young fresh-shelled peas, and lay them in a stewpan with two ounces of butter, or three if they should be old, an onion cut in four, a very small sprig of mint, two tablespoonfuls of gravy, and one teaspoonful of white sugar; stew gently until they are tender, take out the mint and the onion, thicken with flour and butter, and serve very hot; a lettuce may be chopped up and stewed with them.

Green Pea Soup.—Shell a peck of peas, and boil them until quite tender in two quarts of water. With a little cold milk, stir two tablespoonfuls of flour, very smooth; add a little salt, black pepper, and a dust of cayenne pepper, and stir into the boiling peas, until the whole really boils again, and you will have a cheap and wholesome summer dish. Green pea soup may also be made by using broth, instead of the milk and water.

Salmon Cudlets.—Cut off from the salmon in the direction of the width of the fish, as many cross slices (of the breadth of the finger) as may be required; put them in scalding hot water, and let them boil ten minutes. By this very economical mode, there is none of that waste which generally results from the dressing of the whole fish at once.

To Preserve Milk.—We have heard that the following simple method for preserving milk from turning may be depended upon, and that by means of this process it can be kept sweet for a considerable time.—Take any quantity of really fresh milk, put it into a bottle well worked, and plunge into boiling water for a quarter of an hour.

Receipt for Tomato Sauce.—Cut six tomatoes in half, and having pressed out their juice, put to them some gravy, a bit of garlic, a little parsley, and a few drops of vinegar. These must be boiled together for a short time, and passed through a sieve.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE SILK.—The skirt is made quite plain, and the body low with short sleeves. A cape of figured lace and short puffed sleeves to correspond, complete this charming costume. The head-dress is composed of a wreath of blue, and blue velvet and silver cord.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN.—The skirt has one deep flounce, with a narrow ruffle as a heading. The body and sleeves are composed of fine tucks or plaits, and are finished with a narrow Valenciennes edging. The braces, sash, and pointed belt are of black velvet, trimmed with a gold braid. Head-dress of black lace and flowers completes this costume.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with narrow ruffles, put on diagonally to about the depth of half a yard. The mantilla is trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. IV.—THE DUCHESS is a beautiful summer dress, high in the neck, with round waist, and trimmed with five puffs around the skirt.

FIG. V.—GORED CIRCULAR, from Benson, 310 Canal street, New York, with arm-holes. The material is plaid summer cloth; the checks, about three inches wide, are purple, on a white ground, with small dots covering the square. The side seams are bound with purple silk an inch in width, fastened with purple and white silk buttons about three inches apart. The entire edge of the cloak is bound the same as the side seams. Full, round hood, inside also bound with purple silk.

FIG. VI.—GORED SACQUE OF GROOMING SILK, from Benson, 310 Canal street, New York, with cape and collar, which are trimmed with narrow plaitings of black silk, corded and lined with white. The sleeves are large and flowing, rounding up the outside of the arm; they are edged with plaitings like the cape, extending up the sleeve to the shoulder; the inside trimmed with a quilling of white satin ribbon. Oblong pockets, edged with quillings of black and white silk. The bottom and front of the basque are finished with three cords, two black and one white. This garment is exceedingly stylish and elegant, and is taking the place of the tight basques of last season.

FIG. VII.—A SHIERED TRAVELING BONNET OF BLACK AND WHITE CHECKED SILK, from Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, New York. The front is composed of three large shires finishing with a narrow one. The crown is covered with black lace laid over white crape; the cape bias and laid in plaits in the center, and joined to the bonnet with a plait of checked silk. The inside is edged with a quilling of black and white lace; on the right side is a bow of light blue ribbon with fringed ends, the string on that side reaching to the bow. The left is trimmed with a large white rose, which is connected with the bow on the right by a band of blue silk, covered with a puffing of white tulle; the strings are also blue. This is an unusually pretty traveling bonnet, and reflects new credit upon Mrs. Cripps' well known delicate and perfect taste.

FIG. VIII.—MISSISS' HAT, from Genin's, 513 Broadway, New York, called the Venetia, of white split straw with rolling brim. A long, white ostrich feather on the right side; on the left three narrow bands of white velvet, one extending round the crown, the other two fastened on the edge of the brim with a fancy straw button. The front is ornamented with a double bow composed of loops of white velvet with a fancy straw button in the center; ear lappets of white ribbon; on one side a pink rose, on the other a white one with green leaves; white strings.

FIG. IX.—THE CALLEDONIAN RIDING HAT, from Genin's, 513 Broadway, New York, of English straw with black crown and white brim. A long, black ostrich feather extends over the right side, fastened with a wreath of black velvet

separated with black and white beads; bands of black velvet cross the brim on the left in diamonds, each point fastened by a large black straw button. Black velvet ribbon ear lappets complete the trimming of the hat. Straw hats of this style are the most fashionable riding-hats of the season.

FIG. X.—A CHILD'S HAT OF WHITE STRAW, from Genin's, 513 Broadway, New York. This hat has a round brim, edged with white straw and sky-blue velvet. A long, white ostrich feather decorates the right side; on the left is a torse of blue velvet with straw ornaments; while bands of blue velvet extend round the crown. The inside has a ruche of white blonde interspersed with tufts of blue and white ribbon; ear lappets of white blonde, and blue and white ribbon and white strings.

FIG. XI.—A ROUND FELT RIDING-HAT, from Genin's, 513 Broadway, New York, with a turned-up brim, which is bound with black velvet. A black feather, fastened by a velvet rosette, sweeps around the right side of the crown. Two quillings of black velvet start under the rosette, extend over the left side of the brim, and are fastened with fancy black buttons. At the ears are two bows of black ribbon; the hat fastened under the chin with a black elastic.

FIG. XII.—THE COMBINATION CORSET, from Madame Demorest, 473 Broadway and 27 14th street, N. Y. We select from this favorite establishment for this month a new species of corset, already greatly in favor with ladies who dislike the stiffness of the usual style of corset. The bones are arranged nearly in the customary manner, but the corset only extends to the bottom of the waist, and buttons are placed at convenient intervals near the edge, so that it forms an excellent skirt supporter. The corset hooks in front, and the eyelets at the back are tightened by a single cord, thus obviating much inconvenience. Pads are introduced made of thin whalebone, curved into a graceful shape, and stitched between two thicknesses of cloth. It is our intention hereafter to give liberal illustrations of articles supplied to the fashionable world by this vast establishment, which is undoubtedly one of the most prolific of beautiful designs that can be found in the United States. When we say that in dress sleeves alone we have the choice out of thirty designs, all graceful and either original or directly imported from the best establishments of Paris, our readers will have some idea of the extent to which our fashion department can be carried out from original designs alone. Madame Demorest's establishments embraces dress-making and garments of every kind necessary to the wardrobe of a lady or child. The designs of all these garments, arranged in patterns of tissue paper, are to be obtained either at the head establishments of New York and Philadelphia, or at any of the numerous branches. Out of this vast assortment we shall select what appears to us the most desirable and elegant, giving each article fresh from the designer's hands.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Our remarks on the June fashions were so full and complete, that but little is to be said in July; in fact, there is nothing new. For all materials except the thinnest, the gored skirts are worn, and usually trimmed around the bottom with flounces put on in waves, or in some other style that the fancy may dictate. Gracelines, organdies, and lawns are also frequently flounced; and the two latter frequently have the ruffles edged with the old-fashioned "bobbinet footing."

Low BODICES are very desirable for summer, with capes of the same material as the dress.

SLEEVES are now generally made wide, and are often gathered at the middle of the arm, and puffed at top. When the loose pagoda sleeve is not liked, a short, full sleeve, like the bishop sleeve, is very popular; it reaches half-way down below the elbow, is gathered into a band,

and can be made to look quite "dressy" if finished by a fall of lace.

WAISTBANDS AND RIBBONS, matching the color of each toilet, will be worn this summer. These bands, which are still worn, at present are plain, and trimmed with open fringes or embroidered with colored silk, straw, steel, gold, or jet. Bands are also made of Venice point or with the crochet.

BERTHAS and black pelorines of gulfure or gimp are a very pretty addition to outer garments and silk dresses. With low bodies ladies still wear, and will wear still more in summer, fichus and pelorines of tulle, lace, and blonde. The Greek pelorine of a square form is surrounded by ruches mixed with small velvet loops. Peasantess, Charlotte Corday, and Marie-Antoinette fichus are round or pointed behind, rounded ends in front, and are often decorated with ruches and velvet forming lozenges. They most frequently present a mixture of white and black.

BLACK STRAW BONNETS are coming much into vogue, and are to be met with at all the principal milliners: they show off a tasteful trimming to great advantage. We have seen one decorated with roses *du roi* and black and red velvet; the cape was double, one part being of black silk and the other of black velvet. The edge of the bonnet is usually simple, without velvet or other trimming, and the strings are also black. Altogether, we must declare ourselves partisans of this innovation. The straw used in the manufacture of these black straw bonnets is of the largest description.

We quote the following from an English paper:—"It appears that colored stockings are to be the mode this summer; the petticoats seem to indicate that this fashion will be very general. Colored stockings, or white ones embroidered with colored silk, are, moreover, in harmony with the Swiss petticoats, or those in scarlet. For a country 'at home' it is already decided that these fanciful petticoats may be worn with a black cloth or velvet basquine; the effect of which, contrasting with the gay colors of the quasi-skirt, may be somewhat coquettish, but will certainly be pretty, not to say picturesque."

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. 1.—DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt is trimmed with four fluted flounces; the body is low and full, and the sleeves short. A sash of pink silk passes over the right shoulder and is tied at the waist.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The Zouave jacket is very much worn by little girls for an out-of-door covering during the warm weather, but the loose basque also continues in favor.

Several very pretty juvenile costumes have just been prepared. Among the dresses destined for little girls may be mentioned one composed of dark-blue silk, striped with very narrow horizontal lines in a deeper tint of the same color. The skirt is edged with black velvet, and a row of black velvet buttons passes up the front of the skirt and body. The latter is low and square in front, and has a berthe with ends trimmed with black velvet; the ends descending on each side of the row of buttons in the center of the skirt; the sleeves, wide and open, have revers edged with velvet. A muslin chemisette reaching to the throat, and under-sleeves also of white muslin, and close at the wrists, complete the costume. A little girl's dress of white and green striped silk has been neatly trimmed with pink green silk. On the skirt there are two broad bands of pink silk. The sleeves are short and the corsage low, with a berthe of plain green silk, edged with bias rows of the silk composing the dress. On each shoulder a bow of ribbon, and a sash of the same is tied behind in a bow and flowing ends.



THE WAGGON WHEEL AND THE WHEEL.





Engraved & Printed by Union Brothers

LES MODES PARISIENNES

AUGUST.

1861.

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THE NOSE OUT OF JOINT.

Published by the University of Michigan

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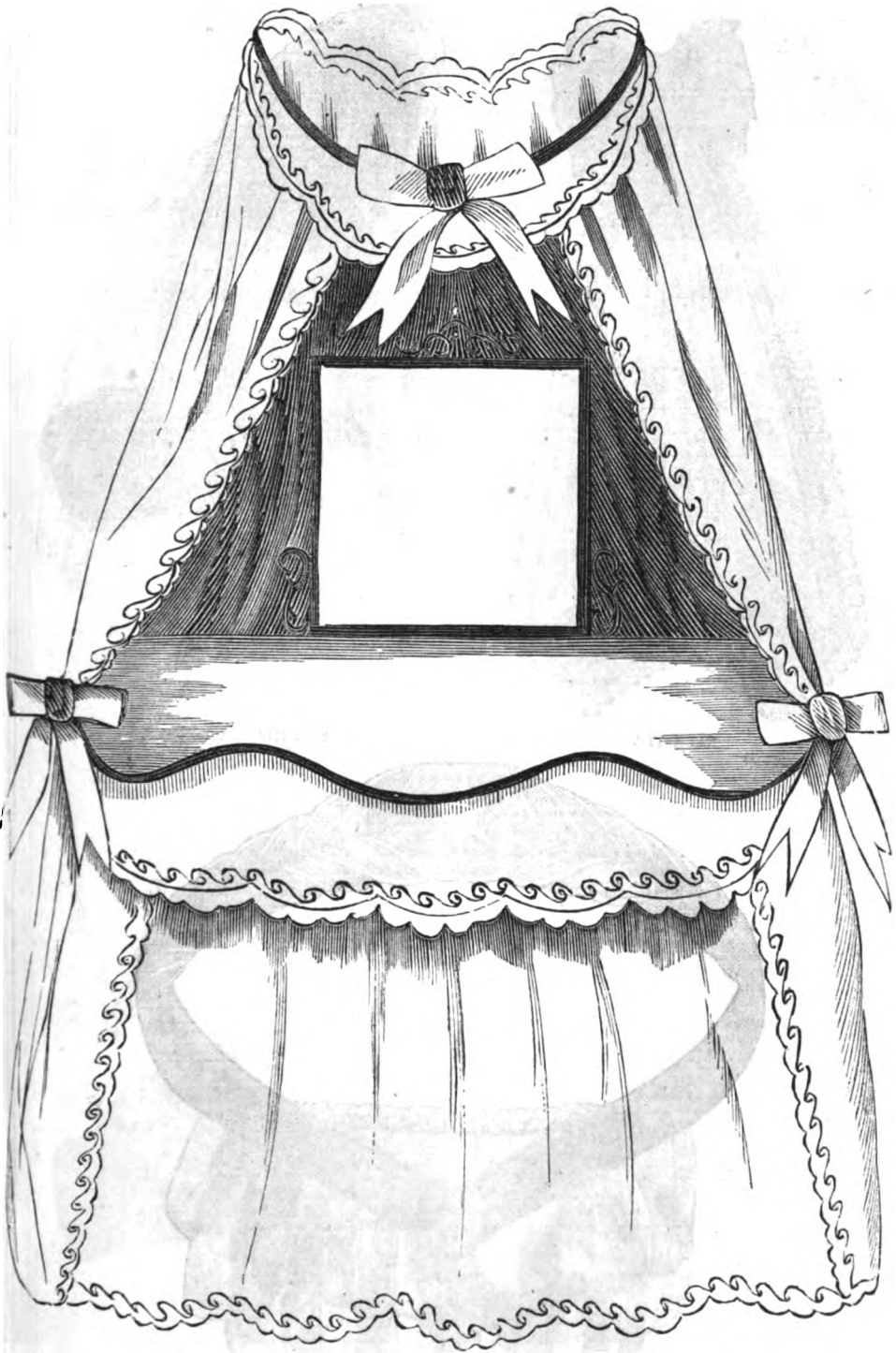
Engraved & Printed by James T. Smith



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER AND INITIALS: TO BE WORKED IN RED.



THE LITTLE RUSTIC.



COTTAGE TOILET-TABLE.



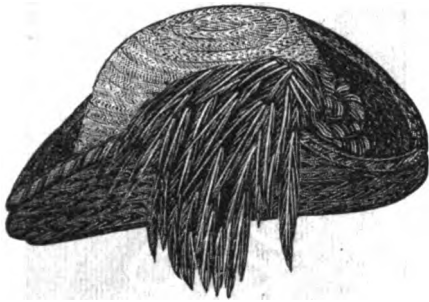
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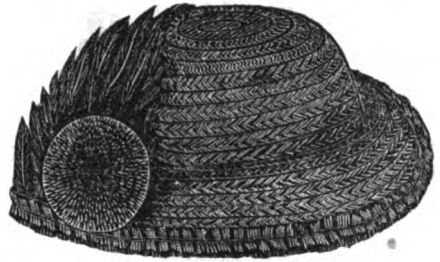
THE HELENA BONNET.



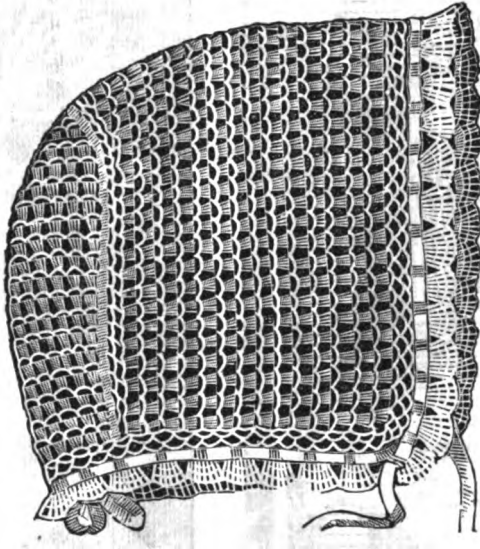
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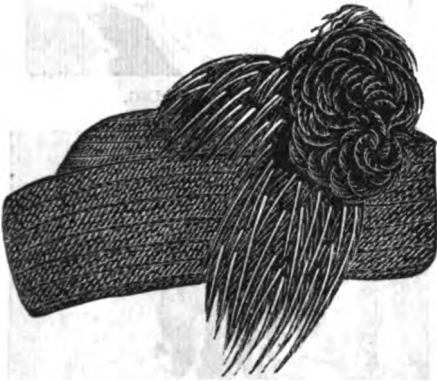
THE CALEDONIAN.



THE RINGOTE.



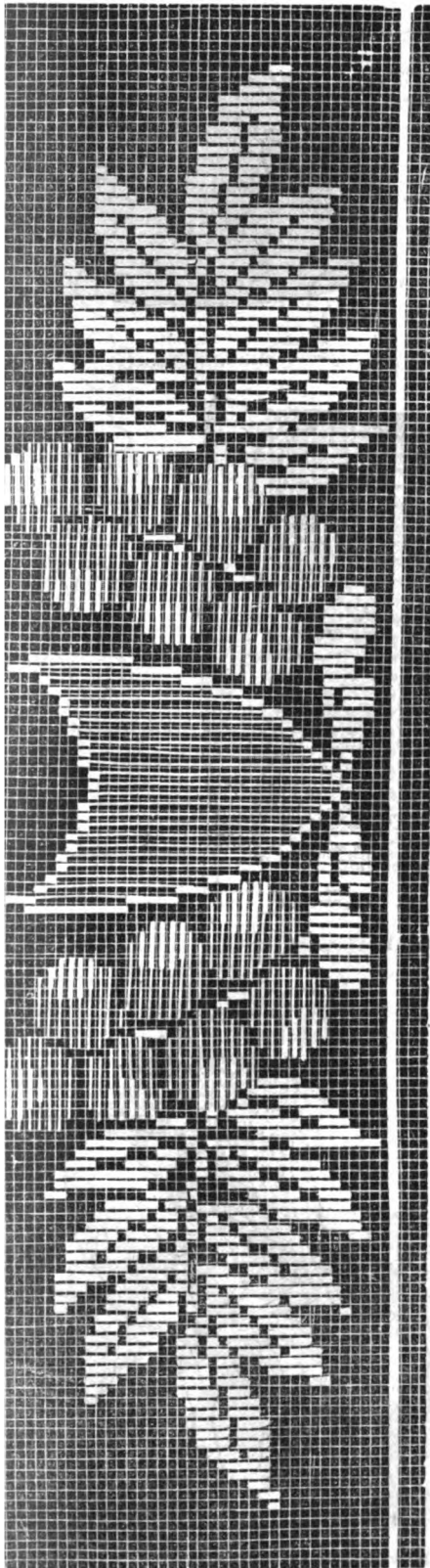
CHILD'S NIGHT-CAP IN CROCHET.



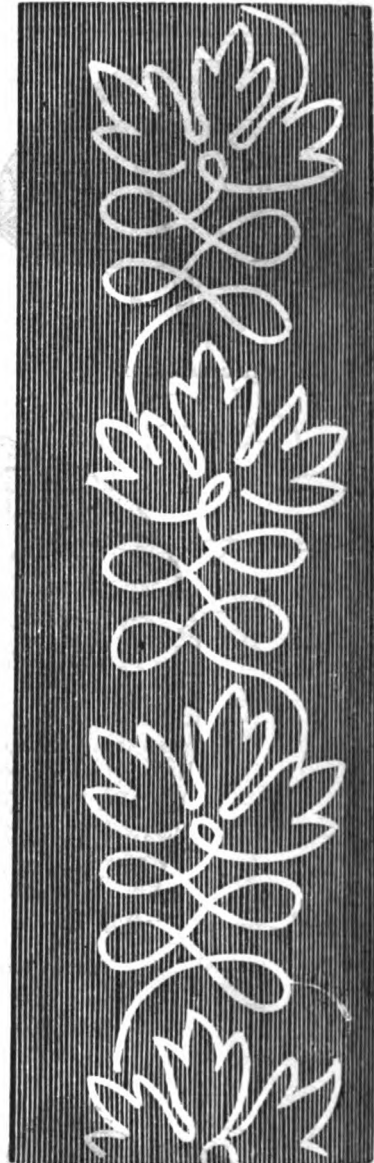
THE TUDOR.



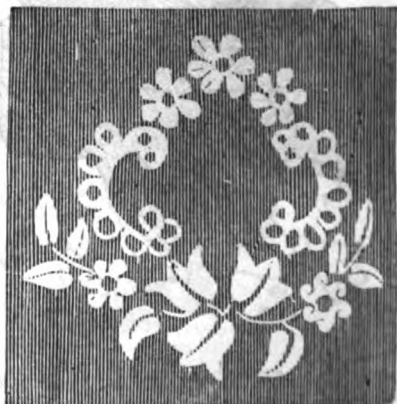
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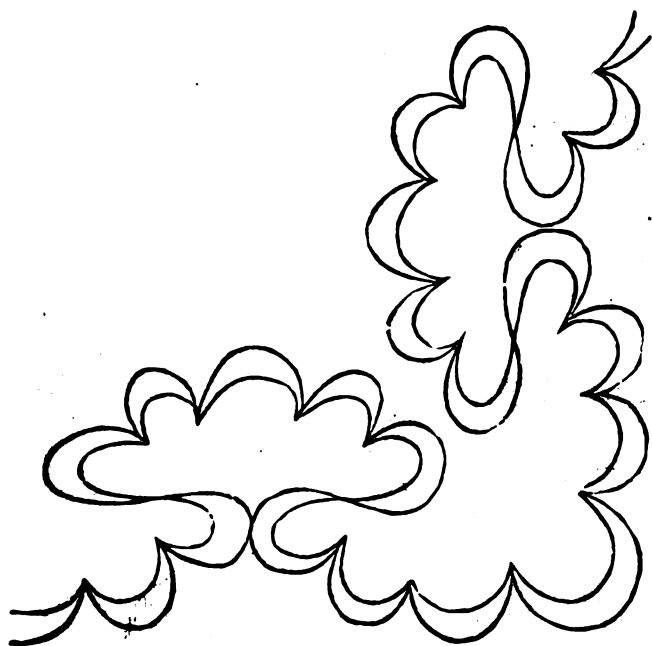
PATTERN FOR DINNER NAPKIN-RING.



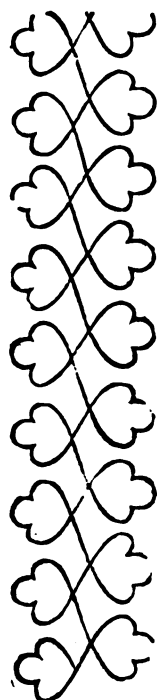
PATTERN FOR BRAIDING.



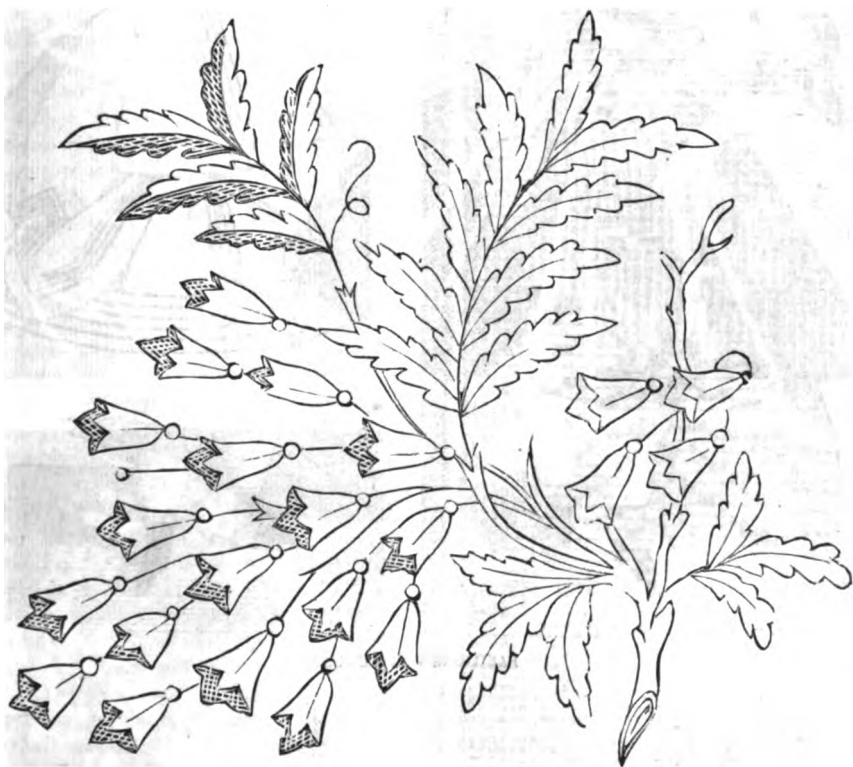
HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



IN SILK EMBROIDERY.



FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XL.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1861.

No. 2.

THE PREACHER AND THE STORY-WRITER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

He had been a close doctrinal student, and we may say, with no lack of charity, an ambitious one. Divinity he had chosen as a pursuit; chosen it, as law and medicine are chosen, with a view to position and usefulness in the world—position, as an end, in the first place; useful, as an end, in the second place. We make the distinction in no partial or prejudiced judgment of the case, but as a fact simply to be recorded.

From a divinity school, Edward Fanning, with the prefix of reverend to his name, passed to the town of Sweetbriar, and became the pastor of a church there. He was a handsome, intelligent young man; with a broad, high forehead, clear, strong black eyes, and an intellectual countenance. His bearing showed self-confidence and self-reliance; yet, chastening and hiding this, in a degree, was a pious exterior, which had been long ago assumed; not hypocritically, but conventionally, as the true exterior for one whose work embraced the salvation of human souls. This pious exterior was rather overwrought, in the beginning, as all assumed exteriors are apt to be; and habit now kept it on the extreme verge of sanctimoniousness. With many, this pious air was taken for what it seemed; others looked through it as we look through a transparent veil and see the countenance beneath; while others wrongly judged the young minister as a pretender.

Simply, he did not know himself. He was a clergyman, professionally; yet truly in earnest. He saw the world as a great harvest field, and he had entered his part of that field with loins girded and sickle in hand. In another view, he saw the world as a great plain of battle, with two armies in the heat of conflict. He grasped in one hand the shield of faith; in the other, doctrines as a sword. He felt strong and brave. He was fired with zeal. There was an invincible spirit in his heart.

But he had no deep spiritual experiences to

guide him. He had not risen by a succession of new births, after strong temptation, and the death of natural loves, into those clear intuitions which are as lights from heaven in the soul. He was simply a natural man, mainly ruled by natural affections; but with a pious seeming and professional zeal. This, and no more.

We are not speaking in disparagement of Mr. Fanning. We are only drawing his true picture. He was honest and learned. But he was young, and did not know himself. He was a minister in holy things, only doctrinally prepared for his office; and, in consequence, just so much a bigot as he rested in these doctrines as bounding the household of faith, use, and brotherhood. We present him as the type of a great company, some of whom, as years, trial, affliction, and broader contact with men and things, elevate them to clearer seeing regions, grow mellow and full of all-embracing charities; while others harden into intolerance and become jealous of all, who, except in their particular way, attempt the work of human regeneration.

Mr. Fanning, by the very contracting nature of his college experiences, had grown narrow in his range of thought. He knew as little of the real world as the distant, isolated countryman knows of a great city, who only looks at it through police reports and court calendars. He didn't believe in the existence of any good outside of church organization; and was only a little charitably hopeful in regard to the existence of saving influences beyond the boundaries of his own sect.

Such was the Rev. Mr. Fanning. Our portrait is finished enough for any one to recognize the likeness.

It happened, not many months after Mr. Fanning commenced his ministerial labors in Sweetbriar, that, while passing the evening in a small company, a lady asked him if he had read a certain story by a popular author, which had

lately appeared, and was attracting some attention.

"I never read fiction," he replied, in a grave, rebuking way.

"Why not?" asked the lady, who understood the young minister better, as to some things about him, than he understood himself.

"Because it is worse than a waste of time to do so."

"How worse than a waste of time?" inquired the lady.

"I regard fiction as a positive evil," said Mr. Fanning, dogmatically. "To read it, is, therefore, worse than a waste of time. It injures the soul."

"How does it injure the soul?"

"It gives false, or exaggerated pictures of life. It deals mostly with the world, its fashions, its maxims, and its wrong principles. And then, worse than all, it is a lie! A lie, I repeat. No such persons as are represented ever lived; and no such actions as are described ever took place. It is all false—false—and nothing but evil. I have looked closely into this thing, madam. I have studied the question thoroughly. Novel writing is a curse, and novels a consuming fire of all good in the heart of man."

"Don't understand me as speaking disparagingly of your office in the remark I am about to make," said the lady, her manner showing more earnestness; "for I recognize its higher use and sacredness."

"Say on, madam; you cannot disparage what God has appointed."

Mr. Fanning drew himself up with some dignity.

"My remark is this: *I* am oftener helped, in the right way, by a story than by a sermon."

"Helped backward; not forward," said the young minister, with more feeling than was seemly.

"No, sir; helped forward. Helped to right views of duty, and inspired with ardor in its performance."

"A mere stubble fire of ardor, flashing up for an instant, and then dying out, and leaving the soul in deeper darkness," replied the minister.

"No, sir." The lady spoke confidently; "not a stubble-fire, but of solid wood."

Mr. Fanning shook his head energetically and answered, "Stubble-fire! Stubble-fire! Nothing else!" Still going on, he said,

"It is by truth, not lies, that the world is saved. A lie is a lie, put it in any guise you will; and a lie is evil and only evil. Do you hold to doing evil that good may come, madam?"

"No, sir; but it is possible that we may differ

as to what is evil and what good. To come to the lie and the truth part of the question, however, let me bring the matter home to yourself. I have heard you preach now for many months, and often with great profit to myself. As a preacher, however, I must say, that you deal about as largely in fiction as any one I ever heard; genuine, effective, skillfully wrought fiction."

"Madam!" The young clergyman started to his feet with considerable excitement in face and gesture. "Madam! This is pressing the question too far. This is asserting things at random. You must make the allegation good."

The lady smiled. She was many years older than the clergyman, and understood herself clearly.

"And it is because you have the imaginative faculty in a high degree, and let it come down into your sermons so warmly and so graphically, that you are able to preach with so much acceptance to your congregation," continued the lady.

"It is the power of God's truth!" said the minister.

"God's truth, so illustrated as to become apparent," remarked the lady. "If truth is neither comprehended, nor felt, it passes like the idle wind."

"But you charge me with dealing in fiction!"

"I do; liberally in fiction. Every sermon that I have heard from you, since your settlement in Sweetbriar, has contained fiction."

"To the proof, madam! To the proof!"

And the young clergyman sat down again, but still showing excitement of manner.

The lady remained silent for a few moments to collect her thoughts, and then said,

"I will repeat, as nearly in your words as I can remember them, one of your fictions. You gave it to us in your very last sermon. It ran thus: 'I see a man sitting, in gloomy silence, in the home where his presence oftener brings shadow than sunshine.' Instantly every eye was upon you; every ear attentive. You went on: 'His children are at play around him, but he heeds them not. His wife, with a pale, anxious face, bends over her work; but I see, every now and then, her eyes stealing toward her husband. What is the meaning of all this? Why is the man gloomy and silent? Why is the wife pale, anxious, and troubled? Why does she look so stealthily at her husband's brooding face? I will tell you, in a sentence, his story: He is in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity; a man of sin, who, not keeping the law of God in his heart, has stepped aside, more than once, from the paths of honor and integ-

city. Men know him and have no faith in him. And now I explain the scene. He is without work, and seeing no way of entrance into honest employment; no way of getting bread for his children, he is weighing in his mind the chances of success at the gaming-table. Two invisible counsellors are by his side: one urging him to enter the way of spiritual death, the other pleading with him to withhold his step. What a moment! The destinies of an immortal soul are crowded into a few pulses of time. He will make the decision soon! Why that sudden start? Why does his countenance flush and change? Why comes over it that expression of intent, almost eager interest? Listen! Do you not hear the sweet, tender voice of a little child reading?—reading in slow, distinctly uttered words, not one of them lost to the ear? There she sits, only a few steps from her father, intent on what she is doing; not reading for him, but only for herself. It is God's word that lies open on her knees, and she is reading passages that his mother taught him when he was no older than she is now. His mother! His good mother, long ago taken up among the angels! He did not hear his child's voice now, but his mother's voice; and in her old, tender, loving tones came to him the words: But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. A low shudder goes creeping through his heart; a shudder of fear at the evil life he had been contemplating. See! His eyes glance upward. There is a prayer in his heart. God help me! Was the prayer heard? It is an hour later, and he sits there still; striving to look upward; striving to keep in his heart the holy words and the voice of his mother—clinging to them as a man afloat on the ocean, clings to a slender plank! Hark! There is a knock at the door. A man enters. He has work for him; and the man is saved; saved by the power of God's work in his memory, set there in the jewels of his mother's voice! Oh, mothers! The picture is for you—the lesson is for you! Fill the memories of your children with God's holy precepts, and they will be to them, in after life, when evil rushes in upon them like a flood, refuge, defence, hope, joy, and the way to victory."

"Was that a true story, or a composed one, Mr. Fanning?" she asked, after a few silent mo-

ments. "Fact or fiction? Had you ever seen that incident in real life? Or, did you make it, illustratively, for the occasion, as the story-writer makes his incidents?"

"It was only an illustration, madam," answered the young clergyman; but not in the confident way in which he had spoken a little while before.

"But fiction for all that, Mr. Fanning—mere fiction."

"Not in the sense usually understood by that term." The minister took the defensive. "It was a mere picture to enforce a truth. No one was deceived. All understood that it was but grouping, as an artist groups in a picture that he composes, in order to make the lesson I wished to enforce, instinct as it were with life."

"As the artist groups, as you grouped, so the story-writer groups," replied the lady, "and he, if he teaches, in his stories, high moral and religious truths, is as much on the side of heaven in his work, as you or any other servant of good to man. Pardon me for speaking so freely. You will see this matter clearer, I think, as you grow older. God is using an infinite variety of means for the world's regeneration, and using all manner of men, so as to teach all classes and conditions. He has harvest fields into which the preacher never comes, and in which he could not work to any good effect. But into some of these fields the moralist, with his attractive life-histories, woven of the brain as you weave yours at times, goes, and the ripe grain nods to his sickle. Do your work faithfully, my young friend; but in the name of Him who forbade His disciples to speak against those who cast out devils, but walked not with them, forbear to say aught against any useful work, because it is different from that which God has required at your hands."

Mr. Fanning did not attempt further defence of himself, nor say aught more, on that occasion, against the story-writer. He stood corrected; and though clerical pride, and the narrow prejudices incident to the manner in which he had been prepared for his office, still in their degree confused and obscured his mind, enough light had come in to set him thinking in a new direction; and he grew tolerant of the story-writer, though not clearly able to see that he could be, in any appropriate sense, on the right side.

TO MARY.

Sweet maiden! tell us what's thy name,
And in what leafy bower
You sit, with sweet and nameless aim,
When Love has ruled the hour?

Ay! sketch from Nature: paint her all
That charms each sylvan elf.
A master hand has won the prize,
The portrait is thyself!

E. S. D.

HARLEY BROOKS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Frank Lee Benedict, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day but one, Harley Brooks rode over to our house again. Aunt Quintard had gone out with Mr. Levitt, full, I was certain, of some scheme in which she required his assistance, so that those of us who were left could converse unrestrainedly without fear of check or rudeness.

I want, if possible, to give some idea of this man who had so unexpectedly entered my quiet life; but I have so little power of description, and am so unaccustomed to anything like literary composition, that I shall be almost certain to fail utterly.

He looked full the age which Mrs. Levitt had given him, but it was more from the quiet dignity of his manners than any actual traces upon his face. Between his even, arched eyebrows was the deep line which always betokens an earnest thinker, I have heard physiognomists say; and when he was silent, his lips closed with an expression of firmness and determination, which it pleases me to see in the countenance of any man.

I have told you that he was not handsome; and yet when he was animated by conversation, that pale face glowed, the eyes lighted up and grew almost black, and the mobile brows gave such varied expressions to his features, the stern mouth dimpled like that of a girl; and any one seeing him for the first time at such a moment would have pronounced him handsome; and a person who knew him, but had never chanced to encounter him before in a similar mood, would have wondered at never, until then, having been struck with his manly and vigorous beauty.

He talked with me a great deal that morning. Mrs. Levitt was writing letters to her son in Europe, and from the time she took, and her wonderful absorption, I thought that either the epistles must be of great importance, or she somewhat out of the habit of writing much. Maria was in one of her silent moods—not sullen or ill-natured—but just quiet, leaning back in her chair, and busying herself with an immense piece of gay colored worsted work, upon which she spent a great deal of leisure time.

I always did marvel how any woman could have the patience to watch such monstrosities grow under her fingers. I like to look at embroideries in silk or lace, but I never could endure what my sex call Berlin work; it fairly makes my eyes ache to go into a room and see furniture covered with it; and as for beauty—well, I dare say, it only shows my want of taste, but I think it uglier than the worst assorted pattern of crimson chintz.

But, dear me! nobody will care to be treated to my opinions and dislikes; so let me get back to what I was saying of Harley Brooks' visit that day.

Amy and I were the only two disengaged; and as Mrs. Levitt said it would not disturb her, he was shown into the little room where it was always my fancy to sit of a morning.

I liked that room almost better than any other in the house, although it was small and very simply furnished. But the paper on the walls was such a pretty, cheerful pattern—blue flowers and green leaves upon a pearl white ground—the pale carpet and blue furniture gave it such a cool, spring-like appearance, that I loved it from the first moment I ever set foot there. Then it had two glass doors opening directly upon the lawn; an old maple tree stood in the center of the grass-plot, and an unexpected frost had already given its leaves a tinge of red and gold which flashed and danced in the sun, so that it was pleasant to watch its changes as the morning passed on.

I was in my own particular seat near the window, and Amy was crouched on an ottoman close to my side, talking to me occasionally, or singing in a low voice over her work, such pretty, gleeful melodies, that I was certain they were only a sort of expression of her bright girlish thoughts.

When Mr. Brooks came in, she only nestled a little closer to me; and as the conversation went on, forced me to take a larger share in it than was my wont.

When I had time to think of it, I was astonished to remember how much I had talked. Generally, in the presence of strangers, I shrink

into myself like a poor little mussel into its shell; but Harley Brooks drew me on, unconsciously, to converse by his own unrestrained and natural conversation.

"I am sorry to leave this delightful neighborhood without having had an opportunity to explore its beauties," he said, after we had been speaking of several places of interest within an easy drive.

"Then you are going back to-morrow?" Mrs. Levitt asked, looking up from her letter for the first time—she stopped to turn her page, and so heard his remark.

"Yes, to-morrow," he answered; "I am very sorry, but there is no help for it."

"Well," said Mrs. Levitt, "husband always says you are worth any hundred other young men he knows put together; you attend to your work, no matter what comes, and ain't like the common run."

I knew she meant the speech kindly, and Mr. Brooks bowed politely, but I could have wished she had expressed herself somewhat differently; at all events, I was glad aunt Quintard was not there to hear.

"I am much obliged for your kind opinion," he replied, with the respect which I like to see anybody show an old person.

"It's husband's too," she replied; "he thinks a case is safe when he puts it in your hands. Dear me! Maria, what was it I wanted so particularly to tell Bob? I can't remember to save my life."

Mrs. Levitt always pitched her voice in an elevated key, so that her daughter had no difficulty in hearing; but for all that, she was quite unable to assist her mother's forgetfulness, and the old lady perplexed herself for several moments in her efforts to recollect.

"I wish," she said, "that I could buy a memory as easily as I can an eye-glass."

"You are very courageous, Mrs. Levitt, to hint that you can require either," said Amy; "aunt Quintard would be shocked at your frankness."

"Oh! I ain't ashamed to say I am growing old," she answered; "but dear me, you can't think how odd it seems! Why, I remember when I first married Levitt, and we lived over in the —, first went to housekeeping," she added, by way of correction, "I could see almost to thread a needle in the dark."

"Have you written to Robert about uncle's marriage?" asked Maria, without looking up from her work.

Aunt Quintard said she was always anxious to check her mother when she grew too com-

municative; but she asked her question so naturally, that I never should have suspected her of any such intention; and indeed, I always thought it greatly to her credit that she treated her parents with respect, and never snubbed them as I have seen so many girls do, or looked annoyed when they happened to make a little grammatical error.

"Oh! I do want to tell him more about that," she answered; "but there's something else, and I can't think what. No matter, I'll write this; maybe if I stop trying to think, it'll come back to me like little Bopeep's sheep."

"But aunt Quintard has run away with your true love," said Amy.

"I ain't afraid," replied she, laughing heartily; and she was so fat and rosy that I liked to see her laugh, her double chin quivered exactly like a nicely moulded blanc-manger. "No, no, Amy dear; whatever else might come, I never was jealous of Levitt, and I'm too old to begin."

She returned to her letter, and we went on with our conversation; but every now and then, in the midst of a pretty story Mr. Brooks was telling, I could hear her mutter broken sentences, which proved that she was still trying to recollect the communication she desired to make her son.

"I hope you pity us poor business men, Miss Amy," he returned, in answer to something she said at the conclusion of his story.

"Not very much," replied my pet. "I am sure you are much better off than those young men who have nothing to do, and get into all sorts of follies from sheer idleness."

"But just think! Up every morning and down town before you have finished dreaming of your triumphs, plunging into Wall street amongst the——"

"Prize pigs!" exclaimed Mrs. Levitt, suddenly, and quite aloud. We all looked up in astonishment, but she was busy with her letter. "No," she continued, still talking to herself, "I have written about them."

"It was very applicable at all events," remarked Mr. Brooks, with a wicked laugh, in which Amy joined in spite of herself.

"You don't make your case good," said Amy, shaking her head.

"I appeal to Mrs. Elder," he said, turning to me.

"Oh! mamma has such a horror of bustle and noise that she will commiserate you; New York nearly drives her frantic."

"She ought never to go," he replied; "she looks so happy here amongst her birds and

flowers, that it would be cruel to take her away."

Amy must needs say something pleasant to me also; and, between them, I felt myself blushing after my old foolish fashion. I saw Mr. Brooks look at me—I dare say he thought I was very stupid to turn myself into such a peony; I said so afterward to Amy, but she vowed that I blushed more prettily than anybody she ever saw, and that he was only admiring me. But of course that was all folly, I did not allow myself to be consoled by my vanity; although if I had paid much attention to Amy's speeches, I should have ended by believing that I was really an interesting woman, instead of the dull, quiet creature my better judgment told me I was in reality. But I knew it all sprang from her affection for me, so I liked it, and was satisfied if she considered me nice and loveable.

Mr. Brooks must have spent an hour with us before aunt Quintard and Mr. Levitt came back; Bel was still quite icy toward the gentleman, but he did not appear to mind it much.

I saw her look disapprovingly at me several times, and I tried to be sedate and dignified; but the first time she caught me alone, she gave me a terrible lecture upon the general folly and impropriety of my conduct.

I quite wondered at myself for feeling so sorry when Harley Brooks took his departure; even Amy did not seem to miss him, and went about the house as gay as a bird. I supposed it was because I so seldom met a stranger who thought it worth while to pay me any attention. After all, I dare say, aunt Quintard was right, and that I was much more foolish and thoughtless than was becoming at my age.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Levitts only remained ten days with us; and when they went away, aunt Quintard decided to pay a visit to a friend of hers who lived somewhere near Albany.

I suppose she found my house very dull, although it did not seem so to me; whenever Amy was at home, I thought it the most delightful spot in the world. She wanted my pet to go with her, but Amy decidedly refused; she said that she had come to spend the autumn with me, and nothing would induce her to go away. Aunt Quintard was quite vexed, but Amy was firm; and when I told her that, sorry as I should be to lose her, perhaps she ought to gratify her aunt, she only laughed and stopped my mouth completely with her kisses.

I dare say it will sound very ill-natured, but I felt greatly relieved when Bel left us to ourselves; and, as for Jael, she expressed her gratification so loudly that I really was obliged to reprove her.

"Can't help it," said she; "feel like a dog that's got his muzzle off! I tell you that old cat always sets me up!"

I was shocked; but Amy only laughed, and Jael went away with a parting admonition to my darling not to get so fine next winter as to forget that pleasant laugh, whatever else she might do.

What a delightful fortnight we spent! I think that if I were to live a hundred years, I should remember distinctly every event of those pleasant days. Yet nothing, during those first weeks, happened that would be worth recording. It was only that I was so happy in having Amy entirely to myself, and in finding that, in spite of her aunt's example and her gay winter, she was the same single-hearted, loving creature she had been from childhood.

How it was I could not tell, but whenever I found myself alone in my room, there was a sort of tumult and excitement in my thoughts which I could not comprehend—it was not unpleasant, but so strange that I could not feel at home with it. As it was impossible for me to account for it, I came to the conclusion that it was only owing to Amy's arrival, and the great joy which her companionship gave me.

The fortnight went by—it was a fortnight to a day from the time of aunt Quintard's departure—and now I am coming to the one event which made the only great change my life had known for years—a change which seemed completely to alter my whole character, and from the effects of which I did not recover until years had cast their softening shadows over that season.

We were sitting on the verandah, one evening, Amy and I. We had been out for a long walk, and only returned after sunset. We both felt a little fatigued, and had gratified our indolence by stopping on the porch to rest.

It had been a beautiful day. In my fondness for my home, I thought that strangely lovely weather peculiar to the place.

It was already twilight, but the western sky was still rich with masses of bright clouds, and the colored trees in the yard cast reflections over us where we sat.

Amy and I were talking busily—the days were never long enough for our conversations, little as we had to tell—and I was just thinking how pretty my child looked sitting there in the

sunset, when I was startled by a tread upon the graveled walk.

Amy and I looked up simultaneously—Harley Brooks was walking rapidly toward us. My astonishment was so great that I could not speak nor move, but I just sat stupid, and I believe pale; while Amy rose and met him on the steps with a pretty welcome.

"You are astonished beyond measure to see me," he said; "I believe Mrs. Elder has actually forgotten who I am."

That speech restored my faculties. I had sense enough to go forward and receive him with the civility due a guest.

"Confess," he said, "that you would as soon have expected to see that apocryphal person from the moon."

"But we are very glad nevertheless," I managed to reply. "You have been away, of course."

"Oh! yes, I returned to town the day I intended; but a few days ago, Mr. Philips wrote me that he wished me to come back and finish his business; and, as you may imagine, I was only too happy to exchange those dusty streets for his pleasant house. Pray, congratulate me on my good fortune, Mrs. Elder."

"So I do," I answered. And then it came across my mind, that, as mistress of the house, I ought to add something more civil; and as aunt Quintard was not there to reprove me, and tell me that, as usual, I had done just the thing I had no business to do, I continued, "We shall hope to see you whenever you have leisure."

"Thank you very much," he replied; "I have not forgotten that you and Miss Amy promised to show me all the sights of the neighborhood, if I would stay. You see how rash a promise it was. I have come back to claim it."

"We are quite ready," I said; "and very happy to have an opportunity of keeping our word."

"Miss Amy says nothing," he observed, turning toward her.

"Because mamma said all that was necessary better than I could have done," she replied.

She said it with that pretty simplicity which made her so different from other girls of her age, and he looked greatly pleased and gratified.

I invited him to drink tea with us; and as he consented very willingly, I went away, after a little more conversation, to see that Jael took extra pains with our little meal. I fairly trembled when I thought of aunt Quintard's glaring eyes, always supposing she had been there to

see; but I fortified myself by thinking of Amy's courage, and concluded to let the matter rest as it was, and put all fears of Bel aside until her presence forced them upon me.

The next day, Harley Brooks came to the house again, and we rode over to Moss Hall. That was only the beginning of a series of rides, and walks, and long, pleasant hours, which, compared with the usual quiet of my life, were joyous as holidays are to school children.

I had never been a dreamer, nor was I imaginative enough to be a visionary person; but during the weeks that followed, I lived in a world unreal as any one can find in a romance or a poem, and yet it seemed neither strange nor new to me; it was all probable and natural, like the beautiful objects and sights which present themselves in sleep.

From the first I had supposed that Amy and Harley Brooks were deeply interested in each other; but as the time went on, that impression faded, and I can remember that I ceased to think of it.

They were both so kind to me; no ride or walk was enjoyable unless I shared it; no conversation complete in which I was not made to take a part. Brooks listened to me with such deference, courted my opinion with such grave interest; and Amy fondled and petted me so much, making me wear my youngest and prettiest dresses, arranging my hair with her own hands, and between them so spoiling me, that it would not have been wonderful if even less censorious judges than aunt Quintard had found fault with my conduct. But there was nobody near to reprove or speak a warning word, and so I went on through the glorious autumn, lost in fancies that shut the actual from my sight, just as the golden and purple haze hid the mountain tops.

But it is useless to linger over this record of my own feelings and visions; they cannot interest any human being, and even now the recollection of them cruelly lacerates my pride and self-respect.

Amy had only one letter from aunt Quintard. She was never a good correspondent, and I think that during those days Amy herself was rather forgetful of everything outside of the magic circle which surrounded our home.

The only thing approaching an incident in my story is close at hand—fame and commonplace enough, I have no doubt, it will be to read—but even after this lapse of time I set about writing it with difficulty, and linger on the threshold of that change in my life, as one will loiter and try to be detained outside of a

church, when he knows that on entering he must meet the corpse of a dear friend.

But such as the event was, I give it, asking neither for mercy upon my folly, or sympathy with my weakness. Certain that those who have suffered like me will prove the severest censors and the most unsparing in their ridicule.

CHAPTER V.

ONE evening, as we all sat in our little parlor, I was called abruptly away by Jael for a consultation upon some subject, which, according to her ideas, was of the highest importance, and could not be postponed either on account of visitors, or for any other reason.

She detained me for some time, and when I returned to the room, Amy and Brooks had gone out into the garden; I saw them walking slowly to and fro in the moonlight. For the first time, a sensation, to which I could give no name, struck my heart like a blow. I did not attempt to analyze my feelings, but my brain reeled, for an instant, under the nightmare-like oppression which seized me.

I passed through the parlor and entered a little nook that was half-recess, half-balcony, and communicated with the verandah by glass doors. In the summer they were always kept open, and a beautiful vine swept down before it like a curtain, still one mass of green leaves and scarlet flowers, so completely concealing the little recess, that, any person standing upon the verandah, would hardly have imagined there was a room beyond.

I sat down upon a low seat, and, pushing the blossoms aside, looked out into the garden. The moonlight lay broad and clear upon the paths and autumn flowers, of which I always had a great variety, and streamed full upon those two figures as they moved slowly along, Amy's hand resting upon his arm, and his face bent down toward hers.

It seemed as if a hundred years trampled across my heart in those brief moments! Then I saw them turn toward the house—still Amy's head was averted, and that man leaned eagerly forward and tried to look into her downcast eyes.

I longed to cry out, to alarm them and bring the whole household about me, but I could not stir; if my limbs had been chained to the floor I should not have been more powerless.

Slowly they came along the winding path. In the stillness I could hear the light rustle of Amy's dress and the murmured tones in which Brooks spoke. They ascended the steps of the verandah, and stood so near the place where I

was crouched that every word became distinct. Neither spoke much louder than a whisper, but to my agonized ear the sound was painfully audible, and every word struck upon my heart with the hollow sound of nails driven into a coffin lid.

Oh! I had no thought of spying or playing the listener upon their young secrets! I would have given all future health and strength only to have been able to have moved away; but there I sat, helpless and motionless, as if I had been a rude image carved from stone.

"I came back, Amy, on purpose to ask you this question," said Harley Brooks; "I have struggled so long with my heart, but it would not keep silence any longer. Last winter I had no courage—but when I saw you here, so child-like, so kind, the hopes I had crushed sprang up again and made me bold. Only speak to me, Amy—say that I have not deceived myself—that you do care for me."

She did not answer. There was a murmur as if she could find no words—a passionate exclamation from Brooks. Then I looked up, although my eyelids seemed turned to iron, and saw him holding her close, close to his heart, and speaking such things as maddened me utterly.

Once more I tried to fly—I only slid upon my knees, clinging to the chair for support, and hiding my face in my dress in a vain effort to shut out those sounds.

"Your aunt will oppose this," he was saying, when my senses again took note, "but you will not let her worldliness affect you, I know."

"Never, Harley; I shall be sorry to disappoint her, but I will not wreck my happiness to gratify her pride."

"I am sure that Mrs. Elder will be upon our side——"

"Dear mamma, of course she will! She is so unworldly, so gentle. Oh! Mr. Brooks, you never can love her half enough."

"I am certain of it; but I do appreciate her worth, Amy, and I love her for her goodness to you."

Thus they talked of me, while I crouched so near their feet that a few steps would have brought them upon me—crouched, stunned, and frenzied, and without even the power to pray to God for help in my agony.

"And I must go away to-morrow, Amy."

"But I shall soon be in town, you know."

"Yes, but under your aunt's guardianship; I tell you, Amy, she will do her best to separate us."

"While I believe and trust in you, she will be powerless," answered the girl.

Then they talked of a thousand things connected with their future happiness. Oh! it seemed to me that with diabolical ingenuity they chose the very themes which would rack and torture me most!

"And you will not be afraid of a long engagement, Amy—three whole years?"

"I shall only be twenty, then," she said, playfully, "not so very ancient, I am sure."

"A long, long time to wait," he sighed; "but I cannot offer you a home now worthy of you. Oh! Amy, for the first time my poverty seems a curse!"

She reproved and cheered him. Again she spoke of me.

"Mamma will encourage us; you must take counsel with her. You have no idea how sound and practical her advice always is, in spite of her retired life. Dear mamma, I must never leave her."

"Never with my consent; her presence will only make our home more perfect."

"You must tell her," she said; "I should feel guilty to have a secret from her even for an hour."

"I will ask her for her treasure this very night—I could not go away with a single doubt upon my mind."

Still the conversation went on as they walked up and down the verandah, passing in their course still closer to my hiding-place.

At last Amy called aloud,

"Mamma!"

I thought she had seen me. If I had held any weapon in my hand I should have slain myself upon that floor!

"She is not in the breakfast-room," he said, and then I knew that I was safe still.

"I must find her," Amy answered; "she is in her own chamber, I suppose."

"Don't be long, little one; I shall be vexing my heart with all sorts of fancies."

She answered him shyly. They passed through the verandah and disappeared in one of the inner rooms.

I had sense enough to know that I must escape; if either of them saw me, then I should be brought to such shame before their eyes that life could never again be endurable.

I rose, staggered through the verandah, and, once upon my feet, the weakness left me. I had only a frenzied longing to fly, whither I did not care. It seemed to me then if I could get forever beyond the reach of human sights or words, it would be the only charity I would ask from heaven.

I ran through the garden and reached a little

wood that led down to a brook far beyond the house. When anything like reason came back, I was lying under the shadow of the pine trees, and the broken gleams of moonlight fell upon my dress and hands.

Then I tried to pray—poor, broken words—little verses from the Scripture that I had known for years; and at last a sort of calmness came over me, but its very coldness was almost worse than the suffering which had gone before.

I could think—nay, I could not escape from my thoughts! The record of the past weeks stretched out before me—I looked afar into the dim blank future—it was like gazing across an arid plain, upon which no green thing could exist.

For the first time I knew that I loved Harley Brooks, and with that knowledge had come the revelation which made my love a sin!

My life had been so tranquil and retired—no deep emotions had ever stirred at my heart, save the fond affection I had given Amy. My husband had been a kind, good friend—I revered and loved him as I might have done a parent.

From early girlhood up to my thirtieth birthday I had gone on in that passive content; those about me believed that I was a quiet, unimpressionable person, with no strong feelings of any sort. God help me! I had almost learned to think so myself, and now this mad passion started into life in my heart and gave the lie to my own credence.

Oh! what a miserable, blind fool I had been! His kindness, his attentions had been given to the friend and mother of Amy—to draw himself nearer her he had given me affection and esteem; and I, with the last bloom of youth dying on my cheeks, with middle age so near, had deceived myself, given my heart to a dream that would have been folly in a young girl, gone astray from the path which would have led me on to a happy old age, and exiled myself into that barren region from which death alone could rescue me.

Such wicked thoughts took possession of my mind! I could not give him up—that simple girl could never love him as I did! What right had she, after all my love and care, to come between me and my own happiness? I believe I hated and almost cursed her, but that bitter mood did not continue long. I could weep at last, and in those blessed tears the sin and hate went out of my heart! I could pray, and when I rose from my knees, I saw my duty clearly and could obey its dictates.

I was very weak, and tottered like a person

rising, for the first time, after a long illness; but I walked toward the house, and out of my very suffering made a strength which enabled me to appear somewhat like my usual self.

I entered the hall, unobserved, and went up stairs. The chamber I entered was seldom used—my husband died there—I had always preserved it exactly as he liked to have it during his life. I closed the door behind me, and in the sacredness of that room shut out the terrible thoughts which had surrounded me like evil spirits.

With my lips pressed upon the pillow where his dying head had lain, I asked for his assistance in my anguish—I promised him, as if he had been present there before me, to be faithful to the trust I had taken upon myself, to guard and protect his child's happiness, even at the expense of my own.

Oh! I must believe that the spirits of those who loved us when on earth, still linger near and lend us aid in our misery! I know that my religion can boast of few creeds or dogmas, but in my faith I must cling to that one blessed hope, for in every severe struggle of my life I have felt the influence and aid of those departed ones who had cherished me in this life.

You may smile, if you will, at my superstitious folly, but when I raised my head from that pillow, I felt that I had just lifted it from my husband's breast, that his sacred kiss still lingered upon my forehead and gave me courage.

Amy's voice in the hall called my name. Without an instant's pause I moved to the door and opened it. She stood in the gallery with the moonbeams tinting her hair and streaming over her white dress, so pure and unearthly in her loveliness, that I felt as if I had given entrance to my better angel.

"Mamma!" she said, in surprise.

"I am here, my daughter," I answered, in a firm voice.

"Shut up in this room——"

"Your father died here, Amy; it is sacred as a church! Come in, my child."

I drew her into the chamber, sat down, for my limbs began to tremble again, and drew her to my feet.

"I came to tell you something," she said.

"There could be no more fitting place," I replied.

"Oh, mother!" she said, hiding her face in my dress, "you guess it already. Say it yourself and I shall have more courage."

I must speak the words that shut a grave above my heart! Hush! hush! my husband's death chamber held his child and me—that

memory gave me strength. I bent toward her and whispered the words that she stopped her breath to hear.

"You are willing, mother?"

I was silent for a moment—I would not lie to my own soul. Could I do it? She repeated the question, and that time I said in truth,

"I am willing. Amy, child, I give you not only my blessing, but that of your dead father!"

She clung to me and wept, but I reassured her, and there we sat and talked for many moments. She told me the whole of their little story. How long she had loved him, how much her aunt had opposed his attentions, telling Amy that he would never marry any but a rich woman, and almost convincing her that it had been coquetry on his part. But he loved her, and she—oh! there was no need to speak—the wondrous beauty born suddenly in her face was answer enough.

At last I felt her move restlessly in my arms.

"I know," I said, "he is waiting."

"Yes; and oh! mother, so anxious! He goes away to-morrow—this is his farewell night."

"Let him come here," I said. "Amy, in this thing I must have your father's help—I believe that in this room he is by my side."

She was subdued to silence, and, pressing a last kiss upon my forehead, she glided away. I was alone, but I did not allow myself to think. I prayed without ceasing—prayed while I heard that double tread upon the stairs, those murmured words without.

The door opened, and, looking up, I saw Harley Brooks and Amy standing before me, hand in hand.

Yes, there was one pang—I will not deny it—there was a faintness like the faintness of death, but it passed, I could look up, could speak.

I do not know what I said, but I gave my child to him, I felt the pressure of his lips upon my cheek.

They stood beside me and told their hopes and plans. I listened, I found voice to answer; but oh! in any other place I must have fallen at their feet and cried out for a little mercy! That holy spot saved me—I heard and spoke—believe me, that however madly the poor human heart raged within, my soul was unstained and pure.

"Now," I said, at last, "we will go down stairs—I have almost frightened Amy."

But before we went, the child asked me to give them my blessing: I could not refuse! Not from my poor erring self did I offer that bene-

dicti—in the name of her dead father I gave it—I knew that it was heard.

While they still knelt at my feet there was a noise in the hall. I knew the tones—an angry altercation between Jael and my sister-in-law.

Before any one could stir, a step hurried through the passage, and Mrs. Quintard stood in the doorway, staring upon us with such an expression of malignity, that I felt as if an evil spirit had suddenly started up to darken the happiness of that young pair.

"Beautiful!" she exclaimed, in a choking voice; "fine, upon my word! Saintly Jane performing a comedy! What does all this mean?" she continued, advancing into the room, and changing her tone to one of menace. "Just give an account of it, I say."

Amy and her lover rose. Brooks gave her a stern look, but did not speak. I saw the entreaty in my child's eyes—my own suffering, and her silent pleading made me strong.

"I want to know what this means!" she repeated, violently.

"Amy has promised to be Harley Brooks' wife!" I replied.

I thought aunt Quintard would have burst a blood-vessel! She dashed up and down the chamber, fairly tearing her hair, and uttering such words as I never believed any woman could have spoken. I started in horror and grasped her arm.

"Isabella," I said, "your brother died in this room—at least remember that."

She turned on me like a tigress, but for once I forced her into silence.

Brooks led Amy out of the apartment. She was crying bitterly, but did not give way. When they were gone, Mrs. Quintard made a terrible scene! There was no name too vile for her to call me, but I made little answer.

At last, I made her see that she only completely alienated herself from her niece by such conduct. She cursed her bitterly, but suddenly changed her tone.

"Let it go," said she, "I am disappointed; but Amy will have her way."

I caught the light in her eyes, and felt convinced she was hatching some treachery.

"I am going down," she continued. "Oh! Jane, Jane, what a stupid fool you are!"

I followed her into the parlor, where Brooks sat comforting Amy. Aunt Quintard went up to them and took Amy's hand.

"Stop your noise," said she, "you are two fools; Jane is worse. I'm an old dragon, but I won't bite you."

They looked at her in surprise.

"Yes, I say it! Blind as bats! You've no more business to be married than two children."

"But——" began Brooks.

"Hold your tongue, I say!" she cried. "If you will get married, you will; I love Amy, I like you. I wanted a rich husband for her—I had an heiress for you; you prefer poverty together—take it! Ten years from now I shall have my revenge—you'll hate each other like poison! So be it."

"I think there is no danger," returned Brooks, laughing in spite of his indignation at her odd manner.

"Harley Brooks," said she, coolly, "if you dispute me, I shall assert my relationship by boxing your ears. So you look forward to a three years' engagement; I am glad you are not wholly lunatics! Now I can't be romantic like that heavenly Jane; I've no blessing to give you, but I will be good-natured if you make me one promise."

"Anything reasonable," said Harley.

"Reasonable? When you have been married a year, you won't expect that from any woman. I want this: I am old in spite of my paint—I had set my heart on having two years of youth in seeing Amy admired—you must needs upset that! As you can't marry now, I want you to let your engagement remain a secret; Amy will go to town with me, you shall visit her, and we will all be comfortable. Do you promise?"

They did promise and appeared satisfied. I promised also, but I trembled; there was an expression in Isabella Quintard's face that made me shudder.

"All very good," said she. "Brooks, you may kiss my bonnet-string; you would rub the rouge off my face if you touched it. Jane, I am hungry—most elevated and ethereal of woman-kind, let me have some supper, and dismiss romance for to-night."

She had them both laughing; as for me, I was glad to get out of the room. In the hall I stumbled over Jael.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"Listening," she retorted. "Hum! old woman gave up—may mean well—guess not! I'll get supper. Go up stairs, you're white as a ghost!"

I allowed myself no repose until late that night, when Brooks had gone and everybody had retired to their rooms. Even Amy went to bed at last, after coming into my chamber to tell me again of her love and gratitude. I sent her away satisfied, I am glad to remember that.

All night I walked my chamber; sleep did not come near me. It was a strange thing in my experience a vigil like that; such hours

became familiar to me afterward, but then it seemed more unnatural than the wildest dream.

I watched the stars out—watched the gray dawn into the sky—caught the first ruddy tinge of the sun, and, forcing my soul back from its wanderings, prepared myself for the actual life which must go on as before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY JEWELS.

BY ANNA L. ROMAINE.

THEY are sleeping now with arms enfolded,
Slumber stealing o'er their fond carcases,
One with features fair and Grecian moulded,
One with dimples sweet and golden tresses—
Both with lips where smiles are playing
Like sunlight over rubies straying.

The robins out in the orchard sung
Their greeting glad to the early Spring;
And the vine at my window its censers swung,
Winning the humming-bird's fleeting wing;
All the air with song and fragrance rife,
When these jewels were set in the crown of my life.

And the May has come again since then
With her record of "Love, Good-will,"
Tracing it down with a golden pen
On emerald vale, and purple hill;
And the radiant maiden is now at hand,
Whom the poet calleth the "Ruth of our land!"

There are colors rare in the forest wold,
Where the Autumn beateth his softened chime;
And the vine has turned to a ladder of gold,
Up which the angels at even climb,
Bearing healing to the air above,
Lading with dews their wings of love.

While I think of the brown eye's lustrous gleam,
That no art of painter can ever limn,
That from under the silken lashes gleam,
Till one dreams of the land where eyes grow not dim,
And wonder if they will be pure as now
When beaming from under a manly brow.

Will the love go out, and the heart grow cold
That to-day is so pure and warm?
The love be lost in the search for gold,
The heart be chilled in the pitiless storm?
Shall the glances that now so gladden us all
Ever in coldness or sorrow fall?

What words shall pass the glowing portal
Of the lips that lie o'er the gleaming pearls?
Shall they burn with thoughts for ages immortal
That spirits shall echo in other worlds?
And touch the depths of the fount that thrills
To the pulsing beat of its living rills?

He only who seeth the end may know
What the future hath in her hidden store;
If my jewels in the City Above shall glow
Ere their light hath gladdened the earthly shore;
If their luster'll be dimmed, or luster be given
In the race through which each soul hath striven.

AUTUMNAL DAYS.

BY LILIAS M.

IN Autumn, when the days were fair,
Amid the glowing woods we strayed;
Maude wore pale asters in her hair—
With bright-hued leaves her fingers played;
Maudel! unto me thou wert so dear
I deemed life's Summer-time drew near!

Leaves of rich crimson, orange, brown,
She gathered in that happy walk;
And wove them in a gorgeous crown,
'Mid low, sweet laughs, and sweeter talk;
I scarce could answer back a word,
Her presence such deep feeling stirred!

Maude, kneeling with a queenly grace,
Bade place the crown upon her brow;
And I, while gazing on her face,
To her, my queen, did fealty vow;
No coronal of jewels rare
E'er graced a brow more pure and fair!

Cathedral-like the dim wood seemed;
The trees, on high, proud arches flung;
The filter'd sunlight richly gleamed
Where bright leaf-banners trailing hung:
From wind-thrill'd pines pealed chant and lay,
On this, Maude's coronation day!

Hand clasped in hand we wander'd long,
The dry leaves rustling 'neath our tread:
Maude's low words sweet as some dear song,
While shyly drooped her leaf-crowned head;
We promised we would ramble here
Together in each coming year.

'Tis Autumn now—the days are fair—
The ground is strewn with frost-flecked leaves;
But Maude no longer for her hair
A radiant coronet entwreathes;
Alone I wander, sad and slow,
Dreaming of one short year ago—
'Mid angels, Maude, know'st thou my woe?

THAT FORTUNATE MATCH.

BY EMMA B. RIPLEY.

BRIDES are lovely, as a matter of course, and Marian Brantford, on her wedding day, was no exception to the general rule. A slender, fair-haired little thing, she seemed almost a child by the side of the tall, dark bridegroom; and as her blue eyes looked up at him, now and then, with an expression of tender love and exceeding reverence, poetical bystanders, if any such there were, might have recalled the old similitudes of the vine and the oak, so strong and "self-poised" was he, so timid and clinging the new-made wife.

The guests, as they partook of cake and wine, and surveyed with leisurely criticism all the preparations made for the occasion, thought within themselves, and even remarked to each other, what a capital match this was. For Mr. Kendall's praise was in everybody's mouth—a young man of such excellent business talent, and so much weight of character—a religious man, withal, and so consistent and exemplary in every relation of life. It was really not to be expected that Marian—a good child enough, but rather gay and trifling—should have made so wise and suitable a choice; particularly when you took into account the fact that she would be an heiress one of these days. Such girls are commonly marked by fate as the prey of designing men; it is very rarely that one of them has Marian's good fortune.

Similar ideas passed through the parents' minds. There was a certain handsome, graceless Eugene, who had given them a good deal of uneasiness during the past year; it was the greatest relief when their little girl, who seemed at one time so fascinated by his brilliant qualities, began to lend her serious attention to Mr. Kendall's grave and quiet wooing. No satisfaction could be greater than theirs when she accepted him; their child's future had been a matter of the deepest solicitude with them, and in her attachment to one of such desirable character, they considered her happiness as secured.

There was a wedding-journey; the ceremony would hardly have been legal without that natural sequence; and in the course of it the young couple spent a few days with some relatives, of Marian—Mr. Watson and his family.

They were thriving farmer-folk, living in great plenty and comfort on their broad acres; Marian had passed much time with them as a child, and they were very fond of her, and sincerely rejoiced to welcome her in her new capacity. On the young husband they were disposed to look kindly for her sake; yet a something in his manner did not commend itself to their liking.

"Little lady," said her uncle to Marian, one morning, "you'll have a new leaf to turn over, I see clearly. You've always been a sort of princess at home, ordering all things according to your fancy; but now it's going to be *your* turn to 'stand round.'"

"Do you think so?" she answered, lightly. "Well, it will do me no harm, probably. I was getting quite spoiled."

"You'll not be spoiled in *that* way any longer," said the old man, bluntly. "When this chap heard you promise to *obey*, he made sure in his own mind that he'd teach you to do it, whatever became of the love and honor."

"For shame, uncle Seth!" cried Marian, laughing. "To call Frederic a 'chap.' I declare I'll tell him the very instant he comes in. And as for obeying him, I'm sure I only wish to know what he requires of me—he will never ask anything but what is just and reasonable."

"Well, I hope he won't," said her uncle, kindly. "If he does, it will be misusing the best-hearted little girl in the country." And so the subject was dropped.

"Why, father," said good Mrs. Watson, the moment they were alone, "I was astonished at you. You hadn't ought to try to set Marian against her husband."

"It came out afore I thought," he answered. "But I've no patience with him. He domineers that poor child already in a way I shouldn't dare to try on you to this day, old lady."

"Oh! that's because you are so well-taught; I haven't had the training of you these forty years for nothing. But I think you fancy matters are worse than they are."

"Not a bit of it. Straws show which way the wind blows. Now yesterday, Marian had quite set her heart on going out in the lot to pick strawberries, just as she used when she was a little thing, years ago. And then up speaks

my lord, all anxiety that that new cravat should be hemmed, so that he could wear it to neighbor Taylor's to tea. Marian gives up the strawberries and stays at home to fix it for him—and then, by George! the scamp doesn't wear it after all."

"But that was only a trifle——"

"I know it. Most things are trifles. And here again this morning, you know, there was talk of her riding over to the gypsum quarry with John; Marian thought it was settled, and she and Levina came in, all ready to go down and see old Nancy, who used to make so much of her when she was a child. So then, what must he say but that he was sorry she was going, for he'd given up his own ride so that he could have a quiet morning reading to her? Off came Marian's bonnet at once, and down she sat to enjoy his society."

"Well, didn't she have it?"

"For half an hour, maybe. Then he grew tired and went off about his own business, or pleasure. I see it all plain enough; anything she cares for, he will oppose; and expect her to give up her wishes to his, reasonable or not. She is all submission and affection now, but there's no telling how long it will last; not a great while, if she has much spirit."

"Now, father," said his wife, remonstrating. "I must say I think you see the worst side. I'm sure he's a good, pious young man; he put a bill in the plate on Sunday at collection; and he made most an excellent prayer at the conference meeting."

"Good praying does very well," persisted Mr. Watson; "but good practice is better. They've been married three weeks now; see how things stand in three years."

On their return to the city everything was handsomely arranged for the reception of the young pair. Marian was the only child of her parents; their house was large; their hearts on the same plan; both were sufficiently roomy to take in the new son. The best chamber was refurnished for "the children;" every provision made for their comfort and convenience, and they were received with open arms.

For a time, all went on very smoothly and pleasantly. Mr. Kendall asked a blessing at the table—as it was very right he should do; though before his coming the ceremony had never been practiced. He also established family prayers, which were a great comfort to Mrs. Brantford. She had been a religious woman for years, and had felt very deeply her husband's lack of sympathy in her best feelings; she indulged a strong hope that Mr.

Brantford, who occasionally waited for the exercise, instead of going directly from breakfast to business, would eventually come to take the proper interest in these important matters. As for Marian, she listened to Frederic's eloquent petitions with such faith in his excellence; such a desire to be able to feel with him in this as on every other subject!

Yet in time some human defects began to show themselves, even to the eye of the affectionate and admiring mother.

"Seems to me," remarked Mr. Kendall, as he sat very much at his ease in dressing-gown and slippers, "that there's a tremendous draught here—oh! it's that door on the crack. Marian, just close it, will you?" And Marian lays aside her work and rises with alacrity to obey the request.

"And now, as you are up, if you'll hand me that volume from the side-table"—and she crosses the room and gets it for him. Scarcely is she seated when he exclaims, "This isn't what I wanted, after all; I remember now; I was reading up in our own room before dinner and left the book on the dressing bureau." A look at the ever-ready Marian, and she trips up stairs and is back again in a moment with the desired article.

Little scenes of this sort happened a great many times before they were noticed; but the mother's attention once directed to them, she found it very hard to make allowances. She supposed it was only thoughtlessness, to be sure; but it was not the way in which her husband had ever treated her—to make her wait on him as constantly as a mother on a child. It would not be quite as vexing if he ever seemed to think of reciprocating these little attentions, but that idea never occurred to his mind.

Marian was very domestic in her tastes; an evening in their own parlor, Frederic and papa reading the news and vouchsafing an occasional word; mamma and herself busy with some pretty work or other, was very pleasant and acceptable to her. Still she was young, and felt an occasional "drawing" toward other scenes.

"Now, Frederic," she said, on one occasion, "remember we go to the Dwights to-morrow night. Helen is there, and I have promised that we will spend the evening."

"It will be quite impossible, Marian. There is a meeting in behalf of the Turkish Missions, and Mr. Abenfeldt, a returned missionary, is to address it—I could not stay away on any account."

Marian, much disappointed, did not venture a remonstrance; but Mr. Brantford, unfortunately, had noticed the request and the reply.

"I don't pretend to be a judge of such matters," he remarked; "but I think you might be as much in the way of duty, Frederic, in giving your wife this little pleasure as if you attended the meeting."

Mr. Kendall turned very pale as was his wont when displeased. "I do not," he said, "admit of any interference in questions of this sort—I am the best judge of my duty. It would, perhaps, be too much to expect, sir, that you should sympathize in my views."

This was certainly a good place to stop all discussion; but Marian's father was vexed with his cool refusal of her request, and further angered by the assumption of superior excellence contained in the last remark.

"It appears to me," he said, sarcastically, "that these can be dissipated in religious matters as well as in worldly ones. A man who gives three or four evenings of every week to a prayer-meeting here and a mission concert there, is about as useless to his family, for all purposes of companionship or domesticity, as if he were at his club, or the theatre, or opera."

"I regret," answered Frederic, gravely, "that you cannot see the difference."

A very unpleasant pause ensued. Often as the father and mother had observed in Frederic a certain indifference to Marian's pleasures, they had seldom spoken of it, even to each other, and never to their child. The present blunt statement of truth, coming so unexpectedly, was almost stunning. Marian's look of distressed appeal so wrought on her father that he resumed his paper in silence; and Mr. Kendall said no more, though his countenance wore a look his wife had learned to know only too well. In ordinary cases we should call it sulkiness; but with him we suppose it must be termed a dignified sense of injury received.

When the evening was over, and the married pairs were alone again, a good deal of remonstrance and explanation took place. The mother was very sorry that anything had been said, though she admitted that it was trying when Frederic so entirely refused to give up his own plans in any degree.

"Trying! I fancy it is!" said Mr. Brantford. "If it was the first time, or the fortieth, I should have nothing to say about it. But it is always the case—a party, or a concert, or any other little enjoyment that Marian proposes, is sure to be impossible in some fashion. As for the opera, which she used to be so fond of, of course

his sensitive conscience wouldn't let him take her there. How glad we were," he continued, "when she gave up Eugene Saunders! How fortunate we thought she was in getting such an exemplary husband! But confound me, if I wouldn't rather have a son-in-law with two or three respectably sized vices than such a selfish saint as this one."

"Don't speak in that way, my dear," said his wife, gravely. "Frederic's religion is not to blame—only the want of a practical application of it. I don't want him to be less interested in such things, but only a little more thoughtful about common affairs."

"I have nothing to say against religion," Mr. Brantford answered her. "I've seen it working in you, Janet, these many years, and I respect it. But it's something like this, you see: here am I—I don't pretend to any goodness whatever—and yet I wouldn't feel myself justified, even according to my standard, in doing things which he does perpetually. And then he sets up, after all that, to be so much holier, and treats me as if I was one altogether out of the pale."

"It isn't pleasant, I admit," said the mother. "But anything is better than open disagreement. That can do no good; it will only make matters worse in every way. Now pray, James, do be careful; let all this pass, if it will. Don't take any further notice."

This plan might have succeeded if Mr. Kendall had chosen to allow it. But he felt a vindication of his own dignity essential; it was necessary to prove to the father-in-law that he allowed no meddling in his domestic affairs, and should pursue his own course regardless of it.

"Shall you go to the Dwights this evening?" he asked Marian, at the breakfast-table.

"Why, yes, if you come home in time, I shall be very glad to," she answered, somewhat surprised.

"I believe I have already explained the nature of my engagement," he said, helping himself to toast. "But I presume your father will accompany you."

"I shall do no such thing," said Mr. Brantford, hastily. "I went out with her before she was married; it was my place then; it is yours now."

Surprise, not unmixed with disdain, at this burst of petulance, expressed itself on Mr. Kendall's face.

"Very well," he responded, placidly; "Marian can make her visit in the day time then." And, having thus asserted his independence of control, he proceeded, so soon as breakfast was

over, to the performance of family worship, for which Mr. Brantford did not tarry.

Marian departed on her visit in the day time, as had been so kindly suggested; but she did not come home before dark. She had not made her appearance when Mr. Kendall returned from his meeting and inquired for her.

"What in the world can keep her till this hour?" he asked, rather impatiently.

"They are old friends, you know," observed her mother; "and she has not been there for some time. Helen and she have a deal to talk about, I presume."

"I wish she would come," was his only reply. In truth, he felt lost without her; she was at home so constantly. It never occurred to him that his frequent absences might be equally unpleasant to her.

Between eleven and twelve there was a ring at the door, and she came in, rosy and smiling.

"How bright you look, child!" said her father. "Did you have a pleasant visit?"

"Oh! delightful!" she answered. "Helen is to be married next month, and has come to town for her *trousseau*. She had such lovely things to show me. Now, you needn't look so disdainful, papa; you admire pretty dresses and ornaments as much as any one. Then we went into the nursery and spent an hour with the children. Mrs. Dwight has the sweetest baby you ever saw. And at dinner time, when Mr. Dwight came home, he brought Henry Miller with him. It was really pleasant to see him again; it is such an age since we have met. And in the evening we all went to the Academy together: Lagrange sang deliciously; I don't believe we ever had such a *prima donna* before, or ever will have again; I quite regretted having lost her singing this winter—not that it is of any consequence, after all," she added, hurriedly. "Oh, yes, it was a very nice evening;

I only needed you, Frederic, to make it perfect."

"Thank you," he said, coldly. "I don't suppose I was missed."

Marian looked disconcerted, and her father observed: "You were enjoying yourself in your own fashion, you know."

"The Dwights saw you home, I suppose?" Frederic presently remarked.

"No; I parted from them at the door of the Academy—Henry was my escort."

Gloom settled on Mr. Kendall's brow; nor did any of Marian's little efforts dispel it. In vain she directed her conversation to him, narrated various incidents of the day, told how much they had wished he were present, etc., etc.—he soon interrupted her with the statement that it

was late, and he was weary and would say good-night. She followed at once.

"And now, I suppose," said her father, looking after her, "she will have to take a curtain lecture from her amiable lord."

The surmise was not very far out of the way. Frederic did not, indeed, manifest any temper—men of his stamp never do—but his manner was very quiet and cold: to all Marian's remarks he returned brief, reserved answers or none at all.

"Have I done anything to displease you, dear?" she said, at length.

"You can ask yourself, Marian, whether it is pleasant to find my wife so delighted, away from home—away from me—in the society of an old lover."

"Why, what an idea!" said Marian, astonished. "Henry was never a lover of mine; nothing but a very good friend."

"I do not approve of married women having friendships with young men," said Mr. Kendall, sneeringly. "The regard of their husbands ought to content them."

Just the least little spark of indignation woke in the young wife at these words.

"I think you are very unjust—very unkind," she said, and then paused, amazed at her own audacity.

"Pray, go on, Mrs. Kendall," spoke her injured partner. "If you are at a loss for epithets, your father can doubtless supply you."

"Do not bring him into our difficulties, if we are to have any," she said. "He means only what is kind to me, I am certain of that."

"I presume so—and for that cause undertakes to dictate to me. I think, Marian, we shall be best apart—your parents and I. It will be much more comfortable for us to have a separate establishment. I have long thought so; I am convinced of it now."

This was a thunder-stroke to Marian. "Oh! Frederic," she said, beseechingly, "you would not take me away from home?"

"A wife's home is where her husband is. 'For this cause shall a man leave'—at least, I mean—well, it's the same thing—applies both ways. If you did not feel willing to leave your parents for me, you should never have married me."

"But where is the necessity of making such a choice?" asked Marian. "If you were going away—or if there were any good reason why we should not stay here, it would be different. But there is no cause for our removal; I am their only child; such a thing would be a great affliction to them."

"They would soon get over it; you would be in the same city, and would see them frequently. It would be much the best for all parties."

Marian burst into tears. Most men, on seeing a pretty, affectionate little wife so grieved, would feel an irresistible impulse to kiss her and make up, even if she had been in fault. No such tender promptings overcame Mr. Kendall—no, indeed. When you quarrel with people of that sort, you never will be reconciled unless you take every single step yourself. Walk up to him, my dear, if you are his love or his wife, for he never will come to you; kneel at his feet, and own yourself the most guilty sinner against him; clasp his unwilling arms about your neck, and be exceeding thankful if he allows them to remain there.

On the present occasion, Mr. Kendall proved conclusively that he was the most injured and forbearing of mankind—insulted by his father-in-law and neglected by his wife, who forgot him in scenes of gayety, and dissipation, and the society of other men. Such a course must end in discredit—domestic misery—perhaps in infamy. Poor Marian, quite overcome by the fearful picture, could only profess her penitence and make promises for the future.

"I never wish to go anywhere without you, Frederic," she said. "But you are always so occupied, you know; and indeed, I sometimes feel a little dull, staying at home so constantly. But I will never go out alone, now that you have told me your feelings about it."

"Why need you stay at home so constantly?" he asked, with calm superiority. "Why not be interested in the things that interest me?"

"I do go with you sometimes," she pleaded, in excuse.

"But why not often?—why not always? What hinders that you should take in such scenes the same pleasure that I do?"

She was silent, conscience-struck; why, indeed, except that she was a stranger to true piety, while Frederic had long possessed it? She did not know—perhaps Mr. Kendall himself had never suspected—how much of his indifference to what he called "the world," was due to a hard, prosaic nature, that cared nothing for beautiful sights or sweet sounds; nor how great a share of his interest in various meetings and religious movements of the day, lay in the fact that in such scenes he was always a conspicuous personage, revered and looked up to.

The project of a separate establishment was dropped for the present; Mr. Kendall was too thoroughly alive to the economical and other advantages of his position to urge the matter.

He felt, however, that it was an excellent rod to keep in pickle for his offending father-in-law, and occasionally took it out and flourished it when that gentleman stood in need of castigation. This was not frequently, however; the whole house before long grew to understand that nothing was to be gained by a contention with Frederic.

So a year or two passed away. Mr. Kendall's praise was in all the churches; so constant at meetings, so liberal to every cause, so lavish of time and influence in each good work. At home, his wife had become a silent, thoughtful woman, very unlike the gay Marian of old. He was Lord Paramount; everything ordered with the strictest reference to his comfort and convenience. Dainty dishes were made for him aside from the family; his meals must be prepared in a different manner, served in a different fashion from the rest; and since the cook objected to so much extra labor, Marian must burn her face over the range, and tire herself with needless work to satisfy him. Yet, spite of all that could be done, he was not entirely suited; there were some visitors at the house of whom he disapproved; some customs pursued which did not entirely please him. Reflecting on these things with that frequency and persistence which he gave to his own personal comforts and discomforts, he arrived at the conclusion, that, spite of the additional expense, he should prefer to have a house of his own and order all things in it. He anxiously sought an occasion, and it ere long presented itself.

When Marian had been three years a wife she became a mother. This event caused the greatest joy to every member of the family, except the father of the new-born babe, who foresaw in it endless trouble, and distraction of the mother's care from himself. As Marian recovered and her nurse was about to leave, the question of a maid for the child came up.

"I do not see the necessity of keeping one," Mr. Kendall observed.

"There is a necessity, Frederic," said Mrs. Brantford. "Marian is not strong enough to take the care of that heavy baby."

"She will get stronger, I presume, as time goes on," Mr. Kendall coolly responded.

"And if she does, I do not see the need of her being tied up to a child when you are abundantly able to afford her the help she wants," spoke Mr. Brantford, indignantly.

"My own mother," Frederic calmly pursued, "took the entire charge of her children, besides having the cares of keeping house; nor did she consider herself a drudge in doing so."

Mrs. Brantford was always ready to pour oil on the waters. "Probably," said she, "your mother was a strong and healthy woman. Marian has always been delicate, and she does not get up very well from her confinement."

"That will all go off in a few weeks; I really should not feel myself justified in incurring such an expense. It would be unwarrantable extravagance."

No use in trying to hold back the father now; he glared terribly over his spectacles at the offender. "I should have supposed," he said, "that if we made no objection to the additional trouble and expense in the family, you would have the grace to be silent about the pittance you were called on to pay. If you had no regard for your wife's comfort, I should think shame would keep you still. Oh! you needn't look at me, Janet!—I know what I am saying, and I mean it. I should think after the years you have lived in this house—at our cost, sir——" He almost broke down, quite choked by his indignation. "But since you think so

much of a few dollars, I will pay for a nurse for your child——"

"Mr. Brantford," replied Frederic, quite imperturbably, "you will do no such thing. In future you shall have no opportunity to reproach me with your bounty. I will remove my wife and child from your house to-morrow."

All remonstrance and entreaty were wasted, and Mr. Kendall set up his own establishment, governed according to his own ideas. Some women would have understood how to manage him, and, standing up for their own rights, made themselves respected. Marian, gentle and yielding, only knew how to submit; and did it with sweetness, if sometimes sadly. She is old for her years; faded and worn; her health, too, is not very strong; but she keeps about, and is very watchful over Mr. Kendall's comfort.

He is robust enough, and highly thought of as ever. Only a week or two ago he gave, we can't say how many, hundreds to the Tract Society. And everybody but her parents—and perhaps herself—still considers that Marian Brantford made a most FORTUNATE MATCH.

STANZAS.

BY MELLIE NORTON.

On! could I blot from life's dark page
The mournful mem'ry of the past;
Oh! could forgetfulness assuage
The griefs that on my heart are cast;
Oh! could oblivion's darkened tide
In ceaseless torrents onward roll,
Till its dark waves forever hide
The anguish of my burdened soul!

On the dark billows of despair
My heart like some lone wreck is tossed;
O'erburdened with its freight of care,
And Hope, my soul's frail anchor, lost;

I sink beneath the surging tide—
Kind Parent, wilt thou hear and save?
Oh! wilt thou deign to be my guide,
And shield my soul from sorrow's wave?

Hear, Father! in this trying hour—
Stay this wild warfare in my breast;
Send some faint hope whose soothing power
Shall gently calm my heart to rest!
But if it be Thy Sovereign Will
Thus to obscure my noonday sun,
Oh! bid my murmuring heart "be still,"
And meekly say, "Thy will be done!"

WHO CAN COMPETE WITH ALMIGHTY POWER?

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

CAN man with all his dreams of skill,
His architectural power,
Cause e'en one gleam of light to fall
Upon an opening flower?
Give tincture to the finest blade
Of verdant grass that grows,
Bear on the streamlet in its course,
Or spread the fragrant rose?
Erect the grand, stupendous pile
Of mountains towering high,

As if they fain would rest a brow
Upon the azure sky?
Can he control the waving sea,
Hush the loud thunder-tone,
Or stay the vivid flash that plays
From Heaven's eternal zone?
Ah, no! but mortal we appear,
And human each design,
We and our deeds, oh! God, how vain
Compared to thee and thine!

MY FIRST AND LAST DIAMONDS.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

We had been married for several years. We owned a pretty house, had a pleasant circle of friends, and enjoyed a social position quite equal to our moderate desires. My husband was kind and thoughtful for my comfort. I had two sweet children. There was everything to make me happy. Yet, strange to say, I was not happy.

From a child I had longed to be the possessor of diamonds. I never saw a lady, with handsome diamonds, that I did not covet them. I resolved never to marry unless my husband should be rich enough to give me diamonds. That, at last, I broke this resolution, is not wonderful; for who ever did marry exactly the kind of person they had determined on? For awhile I forgot my longing for diamonds. But the desire came back, in the end, and made me again unhappy. When, at a party, I met Mrs. Hope, I could do nothing but look at her magnificent *solitaire* ear-rings.

At last my husband discovered my weakness, and tried to laugh me out of it.

"I did not know you were so silly, Ellen," he said. "All the diamonds in the world would not make me love you more."

"But others would. A woman's social position depends a good deal on her dress and jewels."

"Not with people of sense."

"Everybody looks up to Mrs. Hope."

"Mrs. Hope is a sterling woman, apart from her diamonds."

"But then they are so beautiful."

"I do not think them beautiful. It is a barbaric taste. It is among the half-civilized Orientals that diamonds are most highly valued. Nor is it the showy, vulgar taste of the Easterns that is alone to blame. You must recollect, that, in such disturbed countries as Asia, it is prudent to have some of your riches in property that you can hide in a small compass."

"Then, why wouldn't it be wise to invest in a few diamonds even here? You say that commercial panics will always happen in this country. If ever disaster should overtake us, a few diamonds, saved from the wreck, might start us again in life."

My husband laughed.

"You are a skillful advocate," he said, "and since your heart is set on the diamonds, you shall have some. But if ever you are reduced to sell them, my dear, you'll find they will have been but a poor investment."

"Diamonds will always bring nearly what they cost."

"So you ladies say; so jewelers tell you. But it's a great mistake. We always like to have some palliative for conscience, when we are about to commit an extravagance; and the cry that diamonds are always worth nearly their cost is one of them."

No more was said about the diamonds on that occasion, but a few days later my husband brought home a finger-ring and two ear-rings, each a large *solitaire*. I was delighted. I had not expected such a handsome gift. I lost no time in displaying my new acquisition, and my pleasure was heightened, when Mrs. Hope, who knew what diamonds were, if anybody did, pronounced them of the purest water and faultless in shape.

"She says they are real Golconda gems," I prattled to my husband, in the exuberance of my heart, "and you know such are the best."

"Ah!" he said, apparently very little interested, and hardly looking up from the newspaper.

"Yes; and they can only be had, now, by buying up diamonds from decayed families in Europe, for the mines are no longer worked."

My husband glanced at me and began to smile.

"How knowing you are in diamonds already, Ellen!" he said.

For about a year I wore my diamonds on every suitable occasion. Indeed, I wore them sometimes, I am afraid, on occasions which were not suitable. But after awhile I got accustomed even to diamonds. I did not think half as much of them as when they first came home. I even went out to evening parties, now and then, without them.

"Why haven't you your diamonds to-night?" said my husband, on one of these occasions.

"Oh! I'm tired of wearing them always."

"Humph!" And that was all he said.

After all, too, my diamonds, handsome as

they were, were outshone by the diamonds of several of my acquaintance. Mrs. Walters had, not only ear-rings, but a breast-pin. Mrs. Hope had all of these, and a bracelet and necklace besides. I knew it was impossible for me ever to get diamonds like Mrs. Hope, whose husband was worth a million. So, very soon, in spite of my diamonds, I was no happier than before.

Meantime the crisis of '57 came on. I had seen my husband's face clouded, for several weeks, and knew that his business was not going on as favorably as he wished, but I had no idea of the truth, till he came home, one night, and told me that we were ruined.

"It is hard," he said, when we could talk the matter over more calmly, "after working for twenty years, and feeling that one is getting old, to have to begin life anew. But there is nothing else to be done. So many of my debtors have failed, that I am utterly insolvent. I shall make an assignment and then go out next."

I now bethought myself of my diamonds. I cried, exultingly, that the sale of them would give us enough, perhaps, to begin life anew.

He smiled sadly, and I said no more. But I resolved to cure his incredulity, by showing him how large a sum I could sell them for. It was a slight sacrifice, after all, I found, to part with them. Use had rendered them common.

Early the next day I went to a jeweler to dispose of them. But the price he offered staggered me, it was so small.

"I thought," I said, in dismay, "that diamonds were always worth nearly what they cost."

"In ordinary times, madam," he said, blandly, "but not now. Nobody has any money to buy diamonds in a crisis like this. If I purchase them, I must hold them for years. Perhaps I may even have to send them abroad."

I tried several other establishments, and received the same answer as to the value of my

diamonds. Few would buy them at all. They had, they said, as many diamonds on hand as they wanted. They would rather sell than buy.

It was with tears of mortification, not with the proud exultation I had expected, that I put the money I had received for my diamonds into my husband's hands and told him my story.

"It is not the last disappointment about them you will have to bear, Ellen," he said, drawing me down to him and kissing me. "I heard, to-day, that people were talking of your diamonds. They were much handsomer than you ever ought to have worn, it was said, considering the style of your dress generally; and now it seemed that they had been bought with the money of other people. Do not cry as if your heart would break, darling. I tell you, because you will hear it from others, and I should rather you should hear it from me first. It is the way people always talk. I thought, when I gave you the diamonds, that I could well afford them. You see I am as much to blame as you."

I threw the money on the floor and stamped on it. I had never, since I was a child, been in such a passion.

"I will not take a cent of it. Give it back to your creditors," I cried. "What! shall people dare to say I wear things that are not my own?"

"That is exactly the disposition I should have advised you to make of the money," said my husband, taking no further notice of my anger. I left the room, heartily ashamed of my outburst, and had a good cry alone in my chamber. But from that day to this my husband never alluded to the subject.

We are now living on a prairie-farm. We live, as yet, plainly. But those who have stood face to face with poverty, are thankful even for bread to eat. It is only when we are prosperous that we have time to long for the mere vanities of life. I am too busy now, I may add, too happy, even to think of DIAMONDS.

THE LOVER'S APPEAL.

BY AGLAUS FORRESTER.

SWEET are thy charming smiles, my lovely maid,
Sweet as the flowers in bloom of Spring arrayed;
Those charming smiles thy beauteous face adorn,
As May's white blossoms gaily deck the thorn.

Then why, when mild good nature basking lies
'Midst the soft radiance of thy melting eyes—
When my fond tongue would strive thy heart to move,
And tune its tones to every note of love;

Why do those smiles their native soil disown,
And, changed their movements, kill me in a frown?

Yet, is it true, or is it dark despair
That fears you're cruel while it owns you fair?
Oh! speak, dear maiden, speak my certain fate—
Thy love enrapturing, or thy constant hate!
If death's dire sentence hangs upon thy tongue,
E'en death were better than suspense so long!

THE CONDEMNED ROYALIST.

BY J. SERGEANT MEADE.

CHAPTER I.

ON the afternoon of September the fourth, 1651, a considerable stir was manifest in the usually quiet little village of —, on the western borders of Warwickshire. Something of importance had certainly occurred, for the people gathered around in knots and were all busily engaged in earnest conversation. Some had very long faces, whilst others were in high glee and gave vent to their feelings in loud shouts and huzzahs. The latter were evidently the predominant party; indeed, the sorrowful-looking ones only numbered a dozen or so, and rather kept themselves out of the way as soon as they learned the news which had brought them forth from their dwellings.

The intelligence so full of interest to these good people, and which affected them thus in different ways, was, in sum and substance, this: John Bradley, the son of the landlord of "The Cromwell Arms," had just arrived from the neighboring shire, bringing word of a terrible battle, which had been fought near the town of Worcester, between the King's troops and the Roundheads, in which engagement the former had been entirely routed. The largest group of talkers was assembled before the portal of the inn, where young Bradley himself held forth to the crowd, and vainly endeavored to answer all the questions that were put to him.

Old landlord Bradley stood by, silently smoking his pipe, and listening, with a heavy heart, to all that was said. Mine host was a staunch loyalist in his feelings, although, of course, these had to be repressed under the present aspect of affairs.

In the days of Charles the First, Bradley's hostelry was called "The Crown and Scepter," and those insignia of royalty were emblazoned in gold upon a huge sign, which hung from a branch of an oak that reared its gigantic proportions in front of the ale house.

But the majority of the people of — were supporters of Cromwell, and, like their leader, the great Protector, exclaimed to landlord Bradley, "Take away those baubles!" Mine host was compelled to submit to the popular will. The offending sign was lowered, and in its place was suspended one, the picture on which

purported to be a representation of old Noll himself, with the words written underneath: "Cromwell Arms, by Andrew Bradley." The portrait was horribly painted, and gave to the general a contortion of visage and disagreeableness of features which were ludicrous. This will be explained, when I inform the reader that the landlord had ordered the artist to give him just such a delineation of Cromwell, depicting the latter with the worst possible expression of face. His instructions were carried out admirably, and old Bradley chuckled ever afterward when his eyes rested on the new sign.

As the afternoon went on, the gathering of village folks around the innkeeper's son increased, and fresh interrogatories were put to him.

Most of the crowd were men, but a few women also were present. To one of these in particular I must direct the reader's attention. She had come as near to the speaker as the throng and her maiden modesty would permit. Her anxious face told that the news just received must be of great interest to her. Although a kind of hood was wrapped about her head and masked the most of her countenance, the spectator could see enough to allow him to form the opinion that she was beautiful.

Her attire was elegant, and of far superior make and texture to that of those around her. Her attention was fixed upon the speakers.

"What hath become of the Prince Charles—the King, as he styles himself?" was one question addressed to John Bradley, and asked by a lean, hard-featured old man in a long cloak and white neck-cloth.

"It is not known, Reverend Master Beldon," answered the young man.

"May the wrath of God overtake him!" exclaimed the preacher. "Thou dost not know then whether or no he is a prisoner?"

"Oh! aye," said young Bradley; "they told me he had not been killed and was not a prisoner. Cromwell hath set a price on his head. May he escape, say I!"

"Peace, man!" said the puritan, angrily. "Wouldst thou wish well to Satan's own imps? Heaven knows the base Stuarts have vexed our country grievously!"

"I say thee nay there!" cried the old landlord, who was unable to restrain his anger any longer; "I say thee nay, Master Beldon! It is these hounds of thy sect who have ruined poor England!"

A murmur arose from the crowd.

"Take care, Andrew Bradley," answered the preacher, "thou hadst better put guard on thy tongue, or, mayhap, it will be guarded for thee!"

"Bah!" exclaimed the landlord. And giving the puritan a look of supreme contempt and turning his back to him, he addressed his son: "Jack, boy, didst hear aught of our young Squire Arthur Pyckham?"

The young girl, whom I mentioned awhile ago, started at these words and drew closer to the crowd.

"Aye!" answered his son, "my informant told me that Cromwell hath set a price on his head also."

"So; he has escaped then! Thank God for that!" said the landlord, fervently.

The face of the lady seemed to express heart-felt gratification. She withdrew from the throng and bent her steps toward the inn door. Then, for the first time, the honest landlord perceived her. No sooner did he do so, than he too left the talkers and followed her.

"Mistress Alice!" he said, in a low tone, as he came within a few paces of her. The lady turned around as if surprised. A tear glistened on her fair cheeks.

"Ah! good Master Bradley," she answered, "you have recognized me!"

"Aye, my lady," said the landlord, "dost think I have so poor eyes that I cannot distinguish thy noble form amidst these rough boors? Nay, I am old and mine eyes are dim, but not so bad as that."

"But, Master Bradley," said the lady, anxiously, "I hope that no one else hath seen me here?"

"Nay, I think not," answered mine host; "but, methinks, it would be better for thee to enter my humble house, which is always at your ladyship's service. There, unseen and safe from the scoffing gibes of these puritans, thou canst hear and observe all that passeth outside."

"Thank thee, Master Bradley," said the young girl, "I will do so." She stepped across the threshold of the inn door, but again turned and whispered to Bradley, "An thou hearest aught of Sir Arthur, let me know. I tremble for his safety."

"I will, my lady," answered the landlord. Then calling for his dame, he entrusted Miss

Alice to her charge, and returned to the assemblage without. As he was so doing, the warlike notes of a bugle rang through the air, and attracted every one's attention to the lower end of the village, where a body of horsemen were seen slowly riding up the road toward the hostelry. They were about twenty in number, mounted on steeds whose worn-out and dusty condition denoted that they had traveled far, and probably been lately engaged in battle. The men wore steel caps and breast-plates, which, judging from the number of dents on them, must have passed through much service. Heavy cavalry boots encased their lower limbs, their belts and holsters were well garnished with pistols, and long, unwieldy-looking sabres rattled at their sides. Rough and uncouth warriors were they, with their bronzed faces covered with scars, and their hair clipped short about their heads.

When they reached the oak tree in front of "The Cromwell Arms," the leader, a man whose appearance was not quite so coarse as the rest, gave orders to dismount. He then exclaimed, "Where is the landlord of this tavern?"

"Here, sir!" said Andrew Bradley, stepping forward.

"Well, master landlord," continued the trooper, "we will stay with thee four hours. Meanwhile refreshment for my men and horses. Rub the beasts down well and stint them not in eating, for they have had hot work these last three days. Now, my men!" he exclaimed, turning to the soldiers, "let us in and drink the health of Gen. Cromwell, the servant of the Lord!"

So they clattered with their boots, and spurs, and sabres into the hostelry, and there quaffed great jugs of ale; whilst the inquisitive crowd of villagers thronged about the door, and peered in through the windows at these heroes of a recent fray.

Mistress Alice and the landlord's wife, Dame Margaret, were in an adjoining room to the one the soldiers occupied, where they heard the most of what was said.

"Here is confusion to Charles Stuart!" cried the leader of the troop, lifting his tankard on high.

"Aye, Capt. Stanford!" exclaimed one of the soldiers, "confusion to the oppressors of the English people!"

"They made their last rally at Worcester!" shouted him called Capt. Stanford, with a great hoarse laugh; "yesterday was their ruin!"

Landlord Bradley the while could scarce repress his rage. He very wisely made no

remarks however, merely saying to Capt. Stanford,

"Is aught known of Charles Stuart's whereabouts, good sir?"

"Nay," answered the trooper; "but our men are scouring the country in every direction for him. We are on a like errand. At the same time we are seeking for a young miscreant named Arthur Pyckham. We heard his lands and manor were hereabout."

The Roundhead spoke the last words in a semi-inquiring tone. Bradley did not volunteer any information on the subject; so the trooper continued,

"Where is Pyckham Hall?"

"Not a quarter of a mile from here," answered the landlord.

"Who resides there in addition to Sir Arthur?"

"Lady Pyckham, his mother, and an adopted niece."

"Is that all?" asked the Roundhead. "No other male members of the family?"

"No other," replied Bradley; "Sir Reginald, the present squire's father, died for the king at the battle of Edge Hill."

"And this niece you mentioned? What of her?"

"She lost her parents when she was yet an infant, and was adopted by Sir Reginald."

"Ah!" said the trooper, and he turned on his heel.

The landlord immediately sought the Lady Alice, and told her of the foregoing conversation.

"From what I heard," added Bradley, "I judge that Sir Arthur must be in this neighborhood, if not now at the manor. If he is, he must be concealed, for it is doubtless the intention of these troopers to search every nook and corner."

"Then I must return straightway to the manor," said Alice Pyckham.

"It is growing dark, my lady. You cannot go back alone," said the landlord.

"Nay, I fear not to return alone. I must hasten, for Lady Pyckham must have heard by this time of the battle, and she will be half-crazed with suspense."

But the honest landlord would not hear of her returning by herself. He left the room, and whispered into his son's ear that Miss Alice needed an escort. The young man gladly consented to act as such, and forthwith presented himself before the lady. The latter accepted his services, and they set out, by a back door of the inn, toward the manor.

Crossing several fields, they came to a road,

which they entered by a path wide enough for three persons to walk abreast. The lady asked young Bradley many questions as to what he had heard of the battle. He told everything that he knew, which was, after all, but meagre intelligence. Thus they threaded the wood. Alice Pyckham knew the ground well that she was now traversing. Although it was quite dark, she and her companion had no difficulty in finding the way.

After about ten minutes' walk, and just as the lights of the manor were beginning to be seen twinkling through the trees, the young girl gave a slight start and suppressed a scream, at the same moment directing Bradley's attention to the figure of a man, which stood on one side in the deep shade. As they stopped, the man advanced.

"Alice!" he said, in a low, mournful tone.

"What, Arthur!" exclaimed the young girl.

"Yes, Alice, your own poor Arthur—a fugitive—a price set on his head."

"Merciful heavens!" said the lady, her voice choked with grief, "Arthur, you returned, and in this guise!"

His clothes were rent and stained with blood. His loose velvet breeches hung in shreds about him. His breast-plate was battered. His once graceful love-locks streamed in black masses over his shoulders.

"God knows I am in sad plight," said the young cavalier; "but my king is in no better."

"God will favor thee yet, noble Sir Arthur!" exclaimed Bradley, in tones of admiration.

"Who is this?" said the cavalier. "What! honest Andrew Bradley's son! Pardon me, young man, but I did not recognize thee."

"Arthur," interrupted Alice Pyckham, "you will be discovered here. Dost know there is a troop of parliamentary horse in the village?"

"Nay, I did not."

"There is. They arrived two hours since, and each moment I fear their visit to the manor. They search for thee!"

"I am faint and wearied out, Alice—half-inclined to surrender into their hands."

"And let the king lose one more loyal heart in his hour of need, Arthur? Never!"

"Brave girl!" exclaimed the cavalier, pressing his cousin in his embrace, "verily thou art a better soldier than I!"

"For heaven's sake, waste no more time, Arthur, but hie thee somewhere where thou wilt be safe from these men."

"Where, Alice? I cannot hide in the manor; they would surely find me there."

"You remember the old blasted oak with the

hollow trunk which stands not far from here?" said the young girl, hurriedly.

"Aye, Alice dear, I know it of old. Many a time have we and our companions played hide and seek there in our childhood."

"Hie thee to that oak and ensconce thyself in it. After these men have visited and searched the manor I will come to thee, and we will then devise further means of safety."

"Bless thee, Alice, bless thee," said the cavalier. "Bradley," he continued, turning to the young villager, "guard my mother and Miss Alice well. Alice, kiss mother for me." He took a few steps, and then added, with a piteous look, "A crust of bread, Alice, and a flask of wine. I am almost dead from hunger."

They then separated. The cavalier to his hiding-place, the lady and the innkeeper's stout son to the manor.

CHAPTER II.

ALICE PYCKHAM, on entering the house, immediately sought her aunt. One of the servants informed her that Lady Pyckham was at present in her private chamber. As Alice had anticipated, the news of the battle had reached the poor lady's ear, and she was now distracted with grief lest Arthur might be one of the slain in that dreadful engagement, or, what was worse, a captive in the hands of the Parliamentary forces, in which case the gallows might yet be his end.

"Bolt the door, trusty Lawrence," said Alice to the servant, as she put her foot on the stair to ascend to Lady Pyckham's room, "tell every one, in my name, to keep within the house. I expect the Roundhead troopers here each moment."

Lawrence, who was a faithful old domestic, having been in the family many years, proceeded to do as he was told. Before obeying her orders, however, he looked at Miss Pyckham, inquiringly, and said,

"I have a good blunderbuss hanging in my room, my lady——"

"No, no, Lawrence," interrupted Alice, with a smile, "we shall not resort to arms. Our garrison is not quite strong enough for a siege."

Lawrence appeared rather put aback by this damper on his military ardor, and went about his work, murmuring something like, "Good Sir Reginald would have made resistance to these curs. Ah! well, well! those days are gone!"

Miss Pyckham ascended the oaken staircase and tapped lightly at her aunt's door. There

was no answer, but she heard a faint sob within the room. She entered, treading softly. Lady Pyckham was sitting in an arm-chair, with her face buried in her hands. She did not perceive the young girl's presence, until the latter placed her hand upon Lady Pyckham's shoulder.

"Alice dear, where hast thou been?"

"To the village, aunt."

"Then thou hast heard the dreadful intelligence of the battle at Worcester?"

"Yes, aunt."

"And Arthur—hast thou heard of him?"

"I bring you this from him," said Alice, as she stooped and imprinted a kiss upon the old lady's brow.

"From Arthur! Where is he? In God's name, Alice, speak!"

"Compose yourself, dear aunt, he is not far off, and, I trust, in safety."

"Where, Alice, where? Do not torture me with suspense!"

"He is concealed in the park."

"My poor boy forced to be without shelter, and almost at the threshold of his own door! This is too much!" She leaned back in her chair and again gave way to tears.

"Oh! aunt, do bear up! We will save Arthur yet!"

"How, Alice? These bloodhounds will track him out at last."

"I trust not," answered Alice.

The brave, noble-hearted girl, who loved the persecuted cavalier quite as much, nay more, though in a different way, as his own mother, never shed a tear—never betrayed the bitter sorrow that was tugging at her heart.

"Heaven have mercy on him!" said Lady Pyckham, "heaven shield him! These men have robbed me of a husband—will they now heap more afflictions on my head, and rob me of a son?"

"It is for the king that we suffer, aunt. Can we not, as well as others, bear a little for the sake of England?"

"True, Alice. That is my consolation. Noble Reginald, at Edge Hill, died for King Charles, and——" further conversation was interrupted by a loud knocking at the hall door. The raps were given as if with the hilt of a sword.

"They are here!" said Alice.

"Who?" exclaimed Lady Pyckham. "Do the bloodhounds seek to enter my own house?"

"Stay quietly in this room, aunt. Do not move from it if you value the safety of Arthur. I will deal with these men."

Thus saying, Alice left the room and descended the staircase.

"Withdraw the bolts, Lawrence," she said.

"What! my lady——"

"Do as I say, sir."

The old servant grumbled as he performed his task. The door swung on its hinges. On the stone step outside stood a trooper. It was Capt. Stanford. One of his men stood by, bearing a lighted torch, whilst another, at some distance back, held three horses by their bridles.

"We seek Arthur Pyckham," said Stanford, in a rough tone; "I hold a warrant for his capture. Is this his dwelling?"

Alice stepped forward.

"Do you mean Sir Arthur Pyckham?" asked she.

"I mean what I say, Miss!" retorted the trooper.

"Sir," said Alice, proudly, "you are addressing a lady. Please to be more careful in the words you use."

The Roundhead looked a little abashed at this. He bowed slightly, and said, somewhat more politely,

"I am commissioned, madam, by Gen. Cromwell, to attach the person of Sir Arthur Pyckham. Is he in this house?"

"Sir Arthur Pyckham," replied Alice, "left this house a fortnight ago, and hath not crossed its threshold since."

"Though I do not doubt thy word, lady," said the trooper, "my orders are to search the manor, and I shall have to comply with them."

"We will place no obstacle in your way while you do this," answered Alice. "Enter and satisfy yourself as to the truth of what I have said."

The captain bowed.

"David," he said, to the man who held the horses, "tie the beasts to yonder tree and follow us."

The man proceeded to obey his injunctions, whilst the other trooper planted his torch in the ground, and then they both followed the captain into the house. Pyckham Manor was of but small size, so the soldiers soon concluded their search. Alice went before them into every room, and opened every closet. Stanford rapped with his sword hilt against the walls, to ascertain if they were solid. This precaution always had to be taken by those who, in days I write of, searched old halls and manors. So many houses of that time contained secret passages, built in the thickness of the wall.

However, the troopers soon made up their minds that the object of their search was not

concealed in his own house. They remounted their steeds and departed. Alice listened until the last sounds of the horses' hoofs and the sabres clanging at their wearers' sides had died away. Then, putting into the capacious pockets of her dress a loaf of bread, and whatever nice morsels of food she could find in the kitchen, and carrying in her hand a flask of wine, she opened a side door of the manor and went out into the park. A few steps brought her to the tree where she had told the cavalier to hide himself.

"Arthur, art thou there?" she whispered.

"Yes," answered the faint voice of the young royalist.

There was just light enough for her to perceive his pale face looking out from the opening in the hollow trunk of the tree.

"Here, take these."

She gave him the bread and the flask of wine. He kissed her hand as she did so.

"Bless you, Alice dear! If I ever had doubts as to your love, this night would have dispelled them."

"Peace, Arthur; this is no time for protestations. We must quickly devise some means for thy safety. The troopers have searched the manor. To-morrow there will be no chance of escape from the wood. Without doubt they will guard every avenue. Whatever is to be done, must be done on the instant. Dost think you could reach the coast if you went in disguise?"

"The chances are against it," answered Arthur Pyckham; "but if I could once reach Yarmouth, on the Norfolk coast, I could be sure of getting a vessel which would convey me to France or the Low Countries."

"How so?" asked Alice.

"There is a merchant named Colton, an old and firm friend of my father's, who liveth in Yarmouth. He doubtless could smuggle me out of the country in one of his vessels."

"We will try Master Colton's friendship," said Alice. "You must make the attempt to reach Yarmouth. It is your sole chance of safety."

"About one hundred and fifty miles must be crossed then," said the cavalier, "and that through districts teeming with Roundheads."

"I will have no nay in this matter, Arthur; it must be done!"

The young man smiled at her firmness.

"John Bradley shall accompany you," continued Alice. "You must be disguised as a peasant. I know your powers of imitation. You must bring this talent into play, which, formerly, you only used for your friends and

your own pleasure, to save your life. I will now run back to the house and get you some of Lawrence's old clothes, and at the same time give Bradley directions what to do." She turned to go.

"Stop, Alice," said Arthur, "Yarmouth cannot be reached, even by a peasant, without money. In a chest, in my room, you will find a bag well supplied with that article. Bring it to me. And, Alice, kiss mother for me. Would to God I could bid her adieu!"

"It cannot be," answered Alice, "the servants must not know that thou art here." She sped away toward the manor, dreading every minute lest she might hear any sounds of the Roundhead troopers.

CHAPTER III.

It was not long before Alice Pyckham had concluded the arrangements necessary to be made for her cousin's flight. She first repaired to Lady Pyckham's room and told her what had happened, and what her determination was as to the best plan of action for Arthur to pursue.

Her aunt agreed with her, but took it grievously to heart that she could not see her son before he set out on his perilous journey. In opposition to this desire, Alice explained to her how wrong it was to let the servants be aware of Arthur's presence at the manor. He could hardly come to his mother without being seen by them; and the reward offered for his capture might tempt some one of them to betray his retreat.

The young lady then went to Arthur's own apartment, and, having found the bag of money and placed it in her pocket, proceeded to Lawrence's room. Happily the old servant was not there, or he might, by his ill-judged inquiries and meddling, have upset all her plans. With as much rapidity as possible, she rummaged around and picked out what garments she thought would be necessary, not forgetting a pair of heavy, thick-soled shoes. Having secured these articles, she summoned young Bradley to her and told him what was to be done. The stout villager immediately concluded to do all that was asked of him. He merely wished Miss Alice to give his father an inkling of where he was, which the young lady promised to do.

"Now, John, carry these clothes to the old oak and ask Sir Arthur to equip himself in them. Pray keep out of sight of the servants. I will follow you shortly."

Bradley departed. He managed to leave the house without any one seeing him, and soon

reached the oak. The young cavalier, notwithstanding his perilous situation, could not repress a hearty laugh when the innkeeper's son spread before him his future attire. He did not waste any time, however, but quickly arrayed himself in them. He had scarcely done so, when a light footstep was heard upon the turf, and the sound of a person coming through the bushes. Alice presented herself. She carried a dark lantern.

"See what a perfect Giles you have made of me, Alice," said the cavalier. The young lady took no notice of the observation, but motioned to Bradley to hold the lantern, requesting him to throw the light full upon Sir Arthur's head.

"What is to be done now?" asked the cavalier.

"Giles never walks about the country in love-locks," answered Alice, producing from her pocket a pair of scissors, with which she forthwith clipped away at Sir Arthur's hair. This having been concluded, she gave the latter the bag of money, and a small flask containing some potent liquor, to give him strength to go through with his journey. Bradley in the meantime had broken off some branches from a tree, which, with his knife, he fashioned into two staffs. He gave one to Sir Arthur.

"Now, Arthur, you are ready."

"Farewell then, Alice; farewell to mother; we will meet in better times!"

He pressed her to his bosom, and the noble soldier, who had braved the ranks of the enemy without flinching, wept at the thought of this separation. One more embrace, and the cavalier and his trusty follower left the brave maiden, who gazed upon their retreating figures until they were lost in the darkness. Then, for the first time, she sobbed aloud, leaning against the tree that had lately been the hiding-place of him she loved above all others.

CHAPTER IV.

"Hist!" whispered Sir Arthur, to his companion, as they were about to emerge from the wood and enter the high road. They halted, and the sound of horses' hoofs struck upon their ears. It was the troop of Roundhead cavalry. They came riding by at a smart trot. Bradley counted them. Eighteen.

"They have left two men to search for thee," he whispered to the cavalier.

The troop rode by, and were soon out of sight and hearing.

Twelve days after these events, a couple of dusty-looking countrymen might have been seen wending their way along the principal street of

Yarmouth. They seemed to be looking for some particular house, for their gaze was intently fixed upon every dwelling they passed.

"I cannot remember which of these it is," said one of the men; "we had best inquire at this butcher's stall."

On being asked, the butcher gave the desired information, and told them Master Colton, the merchant, lived over there in that bright-colored house with the gable-ends. They thanked the butcher, and then walked across the street to the house they were directed to, and rapped upon the door with the knocker.

"Is good Master Colton at home?"

Yes, Master Colton was at home; but was very busy at present. The captain of a ship that was about to sail was with him. He could not be disturbed. But Sir Arthur Pyckham, for he was the visitor, placed a gold coin in the hand of the servant, and begged to see Master Colton immediately.

In a moment the merchant appeared and asked the new-comers what was their business. Sir Arthur whispered a few words into Master Colton's ear. Master Colton started and pressed Sir Arthur's hand, and then, much to the servant's surprise, asked the two rough countrymen into his sitting-room. The merchant, on learning the wish of Sir Arthur, informed him that he had a vessel awaiting but a full cargo to sail for Belgium. He would give his captain orders to weigh anchor at the earliest opportunity. The latter, when Master Colton had spoken to him on the subject, replied that the wind was now in the right direction. He could weigh anchor instantly.

"Then do so!" said the merchant.

Master Colton and Sir Arthur then walked down to the wharf together, while the faithful Bradley followed.

"John," said Sir Arthur, as he was about to step into the boat which was to carry him to the vessel, "John, return to the manor and tell them of my safe arrival here. I am deeply indebted to thee, and one day will repay thee well for what thou hast done for me. Farewell!"

Bradley's eyes were brimful of tears.

Sir Arthur then pressed Master Colton's hand and whispered something into his ear; after which he stepped into the boat and was rowed to the vessel.

Before Bradley left Yarmouth that evening, the merchant placed a sum of money in his hands, and presented him with a horse to carry him home. Such was the result of what Sir Arthur whispered into Master Colton's ear.

Sir Arthur Pyckham resided in Belgium until the restoration of Charles the Second. When that event occurred, he returned with all haste to merry England. His mother and Alice welcomed him back, with heartfelt gratification, to his ancestral domain. Old Lawrence, still alive, though very feeble, fired off his blunderbuss on that happy occasion; and John Bradley (poor Andrew, his father, was dead) hoisted the sign of "The Crown and Sceptre" in its old position. He was also about to make a bonfire of the one on which Cromwell was painted, but Sir Arthur ordered him to desist.

"Let by-gones be by-gones," said he.

One month after his return, Sir Arthur led Alice Pyckham to the altar. Their marriage was celebrated in great style. All the neighborhood were present—even Master Beldon, the puritan preacher, deigned to grace the festivities with his sour visage.

Sir Arthur and his lady lived long, beloved by their tenantry; and the name of Pyckham was ever synonymous with charity and kindness.

THE ROSES ABOVE MY FATHER'S TOMB.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

Bloom brightly, sweet roses,
Bloom brightly above
The mound that encloses
The form that we love.
Diffuse o'er his bosom,
The sweetest perfume,
From each glowing blossom
That smiles o'er his tomb.

Oh! tell to the weeper
In whisperings low,
"Thy well with the sleeper
Who resteth below."

Oh! tell us the spirit
Of him that we love,
Has gone to inherit
The kingdom above.

Then blossom, sweet roses,
Thy fragrance bestow
O'er him who reposes
In silence below.
Thy language unspoken
Is more to my heart,
Than any love-token
That friends can impart.

OUR YOUNG MINISTER.

BY MIRIAM CLYDE.

THE last days of July were fast going. It was the twilight time, and a bank of somber clouds lay in the west, with a crimson line low down on the horizon, the last blush of sunset. I sat in the door-way, watching it slowly fade, and thinking as I watched. The katyids were lonesomely chirping, and I could hear the murmur of children's voices at play, for the village of Maydell was only a little distance away.

I had been spending the afternoon, in company with several other young ladies, at the house of Mrs. Scranton, who lived next door to the parsonage. And as Alfred Worthington, our preacher, was a young man, and Mrs. Scranton had several daughters, he awakened a world of interest in her mind.

On the particular afternoon of which I speak, the young minister had been invited to take tea with us. While discussing the beverage, we also fell to discussing the merits and demerits of Sue Harville, one of our village belles.

Sue was an acknowledged favorite in the neighborhood; but Mrs. Scranton, probably fearing the effect of her presence on our young clergyman, had failed to invite her to the tea drinking, and now proceeded to speak of her as a wild, giddy girl, who was already a heart-sore to her parents. Our efforts to take Sue's part were utterly disregarded.

"It is a little surprisng," she said, "that increasing years do not bring more steadiness of character. Only the last time she was here, I felt it my duty to reprove her for some undue lightness of manner, but she laughed in my face, and said she intended to obey the divine mandate, 'Laugh life away,' to the letter."

About two weeks after this, there was a Sabbath School pic-nic near the village, and Mrs. Scranton and her daughter were chief committee. Mr. Worthington addressed the children; and just before dinner, I took an opportunity of introducing him to Sue. But ever busy gossip had whispered in her ear, that the minister held an unfavorable opinion of her, and had already been shocked at stories of her wildness. So my intended kindness was received with indifference. And if she was more willful and gay than formerly, it did not surprise me.

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Summer faded into autumn. The leaves dropped in the forests, and the apples ripened in the orchards. The fields were brown and bare again, and the plough boy whistled at his work while he turned the stubble-land into fresh furrows. But, to my sorrow, Sue and Mr. Worthington were no better friends. To my sorrow, I say, for I had wrought out a piece of romance in my day dreams, and made them chief actors in it. However, Sue had come regularly to church, and no voice in the choir was sweeter than hers.

Occasionally, at the social gathering, where old and young mingled together, they met. But Sue had smiles for all but Alfred Worthington; while he seemed to forget that she belonged to his flock, and might expect a kind word from the minister, even if she had not deserved it.

It did no good for me to take his part. Sue called him too stately; said his face looked like a psalm-book; and that really she was afraid to have him come near her. Sometimes she would admit to me that his sermons were beautiful, and with a half-sigh wish she were better. But she would never promise to act less perverse in his presence.

One evening, early in December, we had attended a lecture in the village, and Sue was accompanying me home. We were alone, but did not feel at all fearful, and were chatting pleasantly, when I heard a step beside us, and Mr. Worthington came up. Sue was silent in a moment, leaving me to entertain the minister as best I might. When we reached the parsonage, its inmate did not forsake us, but asked permission to go the entire way.

Sue was still provokingly silent, and finally he asked her if she was considering the lecture she had heard.

"Oh! no; only the sermon last Sunday," was her reply.

Unfortunately, the Sabbath previous, our minister had said there were better things in life than "mirth, and song, and dance;" that youth should sometimes be earnest and thoughtful in a preparation for coming life or death. Sue had taken some parts of the sermon as meant exclusively for herself.

He now gravely told her he trusted the seed

had fallen on good ground, begged pardon for interrupting her, and said he would leave her to her meditation without farther interruption.

I was out of all patience with them both. "How could you, Sue?" I exclaimed, as soon as the door closed on him. "Are you two determined never to be friendly?"

"If he preaches at me, surely it is no harm to let him know his words are rightly applied," she answered, carelessly.

"I have no idea he was preaching at you," I said, warmly; "his remarks were general."

"Oh, fie! Mr. Worthington and perfection are synonymous terms with you," she replied. "Let us not quarrel over such trifling matters." And she began talking of something else.

Mrs. Scranton still continued to exercise a paternal care over Mr. Worthington. One afternoon, he had called for me to visit a sick child, and as we approached her house, she was at the door. When she heard where we were going, her anxiety for the child was great. She called Maria to get her bonnet and shawl and go with us. She could go just as well as not, and if there was any watching to be done, could be spared much better than I.

I felt grateful, but could not help thinking I should have had no cause for gratitude, had not the minister been in the case.

Maria soon appeared. We reached the house, and, no one answering our knock, opened the door. The room was empty, but a door leading to an adjoining one stood open, and we went in. The windows were all darkened save one, and near this sat Sue with little Willy Clarkson in her arms. The child was dying. There was no mistaking the purple hue of the lips and the death damp on the brow. His mother knelt beside him weeping uncontrollably, and his sister stood holding his hand in hers.

Willy had asked to be taken to the window, and, now he looked out upon the snowy earth, and up at the cold sky for the last time. School was just out, and the children were skipping home with many a joyous word and merry shout. Poor little boy! he would never play with them again.

But dear Sue's task was too much for her. I had often heard her say that death was terrible to her, and with that little dying face so close to her own, I knew she suffered. Mr. Worthington seemed to comprehend it at a glance, and gently took the child from her trembling arms.

The shadows grew deeper and deeper around the room, and out of doors the snow began falling, while the wind moaned dismally. The little

boy's breath came still more heavily, and the mourners still sobbed on, while the minister, with words of consolation and prayer, strove to comfort them. At last, with little Mary's kisses on his lips, Willy was dead.

Sue had been with him all the preceding night, and now, worn and weary, she prepared to go home. When ready, she found Mr. Worthington waiting to accompany her. But she insisted there was no need of his going—she had much rather he would stay with us—she did not like to leave us alone.

"But see, Miss Harville, it is storming badly," he said; and, opening the door, we heard the storm rushing by. "Besides," he added, regarding her pale face and quivering lips, "you do not look very much like battling with the elements. I think I shall take you home."

She was too weak and overcome to contest the point farther, and so submitted to be wrapped up and taken home.

The next day but one was the funeral. Mr. Worthington preached from: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." One passage in his sermon I remember particularly:

"How awful," he said, "death appears, when we view it as only the stern messenger that takes our loved ones from us; that steals, with his chilling breath, into their hearts; that touches the face till it is marble, and kisses the warm lips till they are pale and still! But if we look further, and behold the shining hosts, who wait to welcome the freed spirit, who strike their harps of gold in praiseful melodies to God and the Lamb; if we remember there are no tears, there is no sin in heaven: ah! then death has lost its sting and is swallowed up in victory! And though it is a sad pleasure even to strew the graves of the departed with flowers, is it not joy to know they are not there? Truly, 'Death is the gate to endless day.' Why should we fear to enter there?"

He also spoke of the purity of childhood, and how wrong it seemed to mourn for those taken "ere their hearts had grown familiar with the paths of sin, and sown to garner up its bitter fruit."

At last the procession wound slowly to the grave-yard, and little Willy was buried. Yet not Willy—only the fair form, from which the soul had gone forth to be with God and the angels.

With Sue's hand clasped in mine, we passed out the gate, and I was turning toward my own home, when she drew me the other way. As we went lightly up the steps, I asked her if she suffered any inconvenience from the storm the

night Mr. Worthington came home with her. She said,

"No, he was a very good escort," and led the way to the sitting-room, which we found unoccupied.

"And you did not find him so very disagreeable after all?" I asked.

"Oh! please don't remind me of my foolish speeches about him. I have been very unjust; but, indeed, I have never really disliked him. Only I thought he considered me too trifling to be noticed by one so immaculate as himself, and so I often took pains to do what I thought would shock and displease him."

And then Sue, very earnestly and blushing, told me how weak and exhausted she had been that night, and how tenderly he had cared for her. How, after they reached her home, and she was comfortably resting in her easy-chair,

by the fire, he had talked to her of death, seeming to understand all her feelings of dread and terror; and finally, on leaving, he had taken her hand in his, and asked her to forget all their former coldness and prejudice, which he was convinced was but the work of others in the beginning, and be friends with him.

The minister's visits at the Harville Mansion were increased in length and number, till, one day in April, when storm had given place to sunshine, and the bravest flowers were coming up, there were vows spoken, and hands clasped, and Sue was a wife.

Poor Maria Seranton!—it nearly killed her. But, in a few weeks, a new lawyer came to the village, and the next Sabbath, she appeared at church, with her curls flowing down her neck longer than ever.

"GOOD-NIGHT!"

BY MAGGIE B. STEWART.

"Good-night!" Its simple accents roll
With thrilling cadence thro' the soul,
Swaying with strangest power.
Our heart-strings vibrate to its tone,
We say, with sad, despairing moan,
"Tis past, that happy hour!"

"Good-night!" The tones are ling'ring yet;
We would not, if we could, forget!
Thro' memory's open door,
From silent halls of our dear past,
Come those from whom we parted last,
In the sweet days of yore.

"Good-night!" Warm lips to ours are pressed,
And dear arms clasp with love's caress,
As parting words are said.

But now we see each "vacant chair,"
Our outstretched hands grasp open air—
Our early loves are dead.

Adown the track of by-gone days
We see hope's firelight brightly blaze,
And tears fall down like rain.
Some friends are changed and some are dead,
Some hopes forgotten, some are fled—
And some were but in vain.

Dear hope and faith say, "Weep no more!"
They wait us on the blissful shore
Of fairest, fadeless light.
There we shall dwell where joy ne'er ends,
There we shall clasp the hands of friends
Who bade us here "Good-night."

DREAMING AND WAKING.

BY ELLIN VICTOR.

I HEAR the pine-trees' wearied sigh,
It soundeth with a solemn moan;
It 'minds me of the days gone by,
It tells me I am all alone.

It tells me I am all alone,
That hope hath fled, and youth gone by;
That all my sunny joys have flown
As birds, to seek a fairer sky.

As birds, to seek a fairer sky,
Leave desolate their Northern clime,
So all my hopes that soared so high
Have fluttered out their Summer time.

Have fluttered out their Summer time,
And left no echo of the song,

Whose dying tone—a plaintive rhyme—
Ye'll whisper, pine-trees, oh! how long!

Ye'll whisper, pine-trees, oh! how long?
My heart is sad, and cold as stone:
The tide of grief rolls fierce and strong,
I'm—no, not dreaming!—neath your tone.

Ah! now I wake! Your solemn tone
Had proved a sad, sad lullaby!
I wake to life! I'm not alone!
I wake to greet a joyous sky!

I wake to greet a joyous sky,
No light from out its darkness riven;
I wake to thank thee, God most High,
That earth hath still so much of Heaven!

"WHAT SOME PICTURES TOLD ME."

A STORY OF RAPHAEL AND LA FORNARINA.

BY ANNE M. H. BREWSTER.

CHAPTER I.

"An improvisatrice. What is her name?"

"Beatrice Pio."

"Ah! yes, I remember seeing her before I went to France, two years since. She's handsome, is she not?"

"She was some years ago, when Santi and I first knew her at Urbino. By'r lady, she was lovely! Santi painted her then, and that picture which he keeps hidden away in one of his cabinets is delicious."

"Did he love her?"

"Love her! He adored her. No, not that either, he loved her madly, wildly; not with this seraphic adoration he shows for his high-born lady-love now, but with an intense fire and passion. I remember well that sorrowful night when he first doubted Beatrice. Many years of change to both have passed since then."

"Are they not friends now?"

"Friends? Oh! no; how could that be? Poor Beatrice!"

"Santi surely did not wrong her, Gian?"

"He did not mean to. She was gay by nature; and youth and happy love made her reckless; for she loved Santi, and only Santi. But sad stories were told to him. He doubted her fidelity, and doubt maddened him. She was so wounded, indeed stunned by the fierce accusation of her lover, she could not, or would not defend herself; and they parted forever!"

"Do they not meet at all now?"

"Only as strangers, and in public. Besides, they never can be friends again. He painted a fancy study last year, when you were at the French court, which she and every one has recognized as her portrait, and it has made her very bitter against him."

"Oh! yes, that portrait 'La Fornarina,' they call it. I remember it now. It is like La Pio, to be sure; but coarser. It is bare to the middle, with a shawl twisted around the head. Is that the one?"

"Yes, that is it. While he was painting it, one day two or three of us were in the room. Caravaggio gave it coarse praise, and noticed its likeness to La Pio, whereupon Giulio shook

his head, and I felt sorrowful, it seemed unkind to treat a woman so. After they had all left the room, Raphael took me by the arm and said, 'Gian, my friend, you know I did not mean it for her, but the hateful beauty of her face has crept upon the canvas without my meaning it. How I loathe her! I wonder I should ever have loved her, especially when I gaze on the holy purity of this face;' and he drew a curtain aside, showing behind it a portrait of the Lady Maria. I made no answer to him, but as I said to Giulio afterward I say to you, much as Santi vows he hates poor Beatrice, so much he proves to me he loves her still."

"Hist! here he comes with Cardinal Bibbiena and the Lady Maria herself."

The two artists, Gianfrancesco Penni, surnamed "Il Fattore," Raphael's most intimate friend and scholar, with his brother-in-law the Florentine Pierino Buonaccorse, better known as Perino del Vago, stepped aside, while the crowd opened to make room for the great painter and Cardinal Bibbiena, with his beautiful niece and suite.

The lord cardinal was leaning affectionately on the shoulder of the distinguished artist, upon whom all eyes were fixed; Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino and his beauty might have attracted attention, even if he had not been remarkable for that beauty of the spirit, genius. The exquisite loveliness of that face beams on us now from the canvas—a beauty that is feminine in its delicacy, and manly in its nobility.

Large, full, devotional eyes; a mouth whose lips tremble with feeling, and is just saved from being voluptuous by the curve, that is almost haughty, of the upper lip; the rich hair falls down from under the soft velvet cap in wavy masses, clustering around the fair, strong, Antinous-like neck; and the border of the tight-fitting habit, with the little soft white frill, lay close upon his high chest, touching the throat, which is fair and beautiful enough for a woman. Like Ador, the Strong Angel, that pictured face which represents the young and great Raphael, shows

"Burning eyes which already are
Grown wild and mournful as a star;

The crown is fainting on the brow
To the likeness of a cloud;
The forehead's self a little bowed
From its aspect high and holy,
As it would in meekness meet
Some seraphic melancholy."

Raphael turned his head and gazed calmly upon the crowd with an unconscious, preoccupied air; and as a soft ray of sunlight, beaming down from one of the windows, caught in the rich hue of his velvet cap, rippled down on his brow, crisping to gold the brown of his hair, it seemed well to call him "the divine," for his beauty was as divine as his genius.

The Lady Maria Bibbiena looked more like a Venetian than a Roman. On this day she was dressed in the costume her lover preferred, and as she has come down to us in the famous portrait he painted of her—the one to be seen now in the Tribune at Florence. Just as she looks there, so looked she then; her beautiful right arm and hand holding the furred mantle with gentle dignity; her rich hair shining in the light, and her soft features like those girlish Madonnas he loved to paint. He called her "Madonna" always, too, a sacred title she well merited, for she was as good as she was beautiful.

Look at her picture, and say if you do not think as I did, before I knew her whole history, that she should have been very happy—this woman, with youth, and beauty, and the rare wealth of Raphael's best, last love. But, after all, women will be contrary about that. They do not value this best, last love as it merits, it seems cold, and second best!

The crowd gazed admiringly, as the two took their seats near the cardinal, at the upper end of the hall; then some new arrivals diverted their attention. They had all assembled to hear the celebrated improvisatrice, Beatrice Pio.

Raphael turned to arrange the mantle of his mistress; as he did so, he noticed an unusual expression on her face: the serene Madonna look was gone. A morbid shade of pride he had never seen before rested on her brow; her delicate nostril trembled with something like an angry breath; and her calm, mild mouth had sharp curves around it; while the lips were growing thin with repressed emotion.

"Madonna," he whispered, tenderly, "is it that you are not well?"

She made no answer, but gazed at him long and earnestly. As she did so, the burning light of her eye softened; the crimson flush on her cheek paled; and an expression of maidenly innocence and sweet grace, mingled with a quiet joy, stole over her soft features, as calm moonbeams lighten up still water, without ruffling its

pure bosom; it was as if the holy truthfulness in her lover's face had dispelled all shadows of doubt or annoyance.

Raphael received her look, first with anxious tenderness; then, as the expression of her face altered so perceptibly, his artist soul was touched with the divine fire of inspiration. His eye brightened, a smile played over his mouth, and, quietly drawing a tablet from his mantle, he leaned back behind a pillar, where some drapery shaded him from public view, and sketched rapidly for several moments. No one but the Lady Maria observed him; the cardinal was busy talking with some friends; and a slight bustle on the stage seemed to give promise to the eager, expectant audience of the speedy entrance of La Pio; so that he had time and chance to catch his beautiful aerial thought as it floated coquettishly by him.

"See!" he said, as he put a few rapid finishing touches to it, and then laid it gently in her lap. "See, Madonna, your loveliness, even when veiled by some passing shadow of annoyance, can suggest to me precious thoughts. His Majesty Francois shall now have his other picture, for which he has been so impatiently waiting. Giulio shall put it on the canvas to-morrow."

"St. Margaret has conquered the dragon!" she ejaculated, as she bent earnestly over the crayon sketch. Ah! my Raphael, how beautiful! She is standing on the wing of the dragon, her right hand holding the palm of victory."

A deep, rich voice filled the room as with a ruby-hued current, and the buzz of the crowd stilled. The Lady Maria let the tablet fall on her mantle, and lifted her eyes with a fearful, startled glance toward the stage. She dared not look at her lover. The sound of that voice, which quieted the crowd by its magnetic power, acted upon the artist as a fierce, stinging pain. He started, the veins on his usually clear, calm temples swelled almost to bursting, and he gazed on the superb form and grand face of La Pio, with a curious expression of anguish and fascination.

"Demon, Lamia!" he muttered, between his set teeth; "Madonna, save me!"

The Lady Maria trembled; she kept her eyes steadily away from him; she did not wish to intrude on his emotion, which she shared not only with suffering, but sisterly sympathy. She knew his words were not addressed to her, but to God's mother, to whom he had specially devoted himself in his youth, and on whom he always called in moments of sorrow or danger. She felt him grasp her hand eagerly, then let it fall suddenly. Summoning all her courage, she turned to look at him—he was gone!

"Poor Raphael!" she murmured, and sat for a few instants smoothing vacantly the pure ermine of her mantle, wholly given up to the birth of a new feeling, which was going on in sacred silence within her pure heart. After a little while she shook off this dreaminess, and with a sad, sorrowful smile, as one might look at a birth which had sprung from a death—and a deep sigh, she lifted up her eyes and gazed earnestly at the improvisatrice, trying to listen to the glowing words, which seemed to flow in a confused mass around her, like the mingling of many-colored rays cast by the sun through a gorgeously-stained glass window.

She had heard every word of the conversation which had passed between "Il Fattore" and Perino del Vago. On entering the hall, they had been detained by some friends; she was so placed she could hear all they said, and without their seeing her. It was this which had given the expression of bitterness to her gentle features, and which strange look had inspired Raphael with one of his finest conceptions.

At last the improvisation took form and shape to her mind, and every word La Pio uttered fell on her ears with double meaning. She was the woman Raphael had loved—*had* loved? The Lady Maria drew her furred mantle closer over her fair breast, as the death-like shiver this questioning thought caused crept through her veins.

The subjects given to the improvisatrice were "Love and Homage." The first part of the poem the Lady Maria had lost. When she commenced hearing the improvising intelligently, it was at the point where Beatrice was comparing mountains which had been cleft by some fierce, sharp throes of nature, standing alone with raging torrents rushing beside them, to women remaining solitary in life, whose hearts had been made desolate by injustice, and wrong, and bitter disappointment.

Rapidly, and with bold, vigorous touches she sketched her word picture, clothing the graphic imagery with the warm, rich-hued drapery of glowing words. With a burning eloquence which belongs to this wonderful gift of improvisation—and which can no more be written in words than can the music which we hear in the sweet air, when it is played upon as if it were an organ, by all manner of melodious sounds, such as the warble of birds, the hum of insects, and the tinkling of clear running waters—she described the superb grandeur of these granite peaks; and as the same soft air might have its sweet sounds shattered by the moaning cries of pain, she

drew the sorrowful comparison between these icy-turreted heights, and the bleak misery of solitary woman life. Her voice, which had rung like a clarion note, ruby and golden-hued, through the hall, now grew deep and sad, like the heavy folds of a somber purple pall.

Then she stepped forward to the front of the stage with a burst of imploring eloquence, the grandeur of which was felt by the audience as an electric shock. Throwing back her superb crimson velvet mantle, and letting it sweep in heavy, pendant folds from the beautiful onyx cameos which bound it on either shoulder across the back of her grand Roman neck, she raised her finely-moulded arms aloft, while her exquisite hands and tapering fingers seemed to pulse and scintillate like things of light in the magnetic atmosphere surrounding her. The superb proportions of her statuesque form were displayed finely, and her simple, classic costume of spotless white, edged with the Greek border in deep, rich gold, fell in grand, full folds around her.

With solemn adjurations, she entreated such women to be like unto these solitary mountains; to stand in the world, cold, and high, and pure, with icy fronts, seeking and receiving the homage of their kind; which should throw over their chilled and barren existences the rosy tint of admiration and praise, such as the rising and setting sun throws graciously over the glacier sides and snowy tops of the grand mountains.

"Let there be no semblance of love, no base acceptance of a lower feeling in its place," exclaimed the improvisatrice. "No, if there cannot be true love, the only emotion fit to supply its place is a high, soaring ambition, to attain such charms and gifts as shall command the whole world's homage!"

This improvised poem was worked up with all the artistic skill of a poetic mind, to which nature and culture had given double strength. Image succeeded image naturally, as the fast chasing shadows flit over quick waters. The raging noise of the torrent rushing swiftly through narrow mountain clefts; the shrill grinding of the glacier roll; the keen, bitter cry of the wind sweeping through the pines and firs of a mountain forest, as it rioted relentlessly among the long, gray mosses that streamed from the branches; the glories of a setting sun in an Alpine solitude; the sweet, low murmur of the mountain lake as it rippled upon the pebbled shore at nightfall or early dawn; the crescent moon, like poor Io surrounded by her hundred eyed Argus; the cold steel sky with its myriads of stars—all these

wonders of Nature then so new in poetic decoration, she handled with marvelous facility and power, and when the curtain fell the applause was prolonged and deafening.

CHAPTER II.

THE room was golden with the light of an Italian sunset—a sunset too of the rich-hued autumn. In the balcony of the chamber sat the fair, high-born Maria de Bibbiena. The sunlight played tenderly in the rich tresses of her hair, crept caressingly about the soft folds of her robe, flashed out on the rich, gold-embroidered purple window drapery, and then lay lovingly down in warm flecks at her feet on the beautifully tessellated floor.

The young girl sat gazing off into the west upon the long, level clouds of gold and purple, and thought of angelic platforms, such as she and Raphael had gazed at in Fra Beato Angelico's pictures. Her face was radiant, though sad; a high, holy resolve was sending out its pure pinions in her heart, and she felt, while she looked at those clouds, as if she too was treading with soaring step on holy ground.

Those soft, child-like features, and that slight girlish figure, had a noble dignity in them—the strength and elevation of a great sacrifice was upon her, and the glory of it made her look as we see her now in some of her Raphael's Madonnas.

The door of the apartment opened, and two persons entered. One remained standing, almost in the deep archway of the entrance, and though enveloped in a mantle and capuchin which hid the face and form, completely disguising even the sex, there was a proud sullenness, and haughty unwillingness, shown even in the heavy, dark folds of the drapery and undefined outline of the body. The other was a trusty attendant on the Lady Maria. She was about approaching her mistress, but on a sign from her, she bowed respectfully and left the room silently.

Maria Bibbiena stepped from the balcony into the room; her poor little heart beat so loudly to her own ears, she feared it might be heard, but she advanced with modest dignity to the stranger.

"You are Signora Pio?" she asked, in a low, sweet voice.

"Beatrice Pio, lady. No signora at all; nothing but a poor improvisatrice of humble birth," replied the woman, haughtily, her manner making a strange discord with her words.

She threw off her heavy mantle, it rustled in thick folds to the ground; she advanced some

steps near the center of the room, folded her fine arms beneath her full breast, and stood in all the pride of her superb beauty before the frail, golden-haired girl—her rival!

A large mirror opposite reflected the two, with the brilliant light of the west sweeping over them, in an atmosphere of mingled purple and gold—hues which it had caught from the regal tinted drapery. Beatrice, with the eye of a creative, mortal artist, saw and gloried in the contrast; Maria de Bibbiena, one of God's angels, could not exult in that which was her own essence—immortal beauty!

With a dignity that was so gentle, it seemed like timidity, she stepped up to the haughty woman, and, extending her little fair hands to her, said simply and quietly,

"My sister!"

Beatrice started, and gazed at the young creature with an astonishment that gradually increased to something like veneration.

"I wish to do you justice," added Maria, in a low, tender tone of voice, while a sad smile gave a pleading look to her calm face.

"Justice!" repeated Beatrice, bitterly, "justice! And from you!"

"Yes! my sister, from me!" answered Maria, taking the hand of the improvisatrice. She drew her toward a stand over which hung a curtain. This she pushed aside, showing two pictures.

A cry of anguish burst from Beatrice. Like a wounded deer she sunk to the ground and writhed in agony, while the young girl vainly sought to comfort her. One picture represented a young Roman girl of enchanting beauty, with large, dark eyes, full, passionate lips, and every feature glowing with happy love. (This picture is now in the Pitti Palace at Florence.) The other was the famous Raphael portrait!

"Ah! so I looked before he wronged me," sobbed the proud woman. "Where did you get this picture?" she asked, fiercely.

Maria de Bibbiena drew the head of the haughty woman close to her young bosom, and like a Madonna, as Raphael called her, kissed—with a love that was almost maternal, it was so filled with sorrowful, tender pity—her flushed, throbbing brow.

"To-day, Beatrice, my uncle and I visited the fine new studio of——" The young girl stopped, closed her pure, mild eyes an instant, then opened them, and a beam of heroic light shone in them, as she said sweetly and sadly, as one speaks of the loved, lost, and gone, "Raphael! I had heard of this picture, my friend, and while my uncle was talking with

him, I searched for it, and found it carefully veiled from sight in a retired cabinet. I asked him for it; he gave it to me, and said he should come after sundown, this evening, to tell me its history."

"But," she added, with a solemn smile, and eyes glittering with the tears of sacrifice which hung on their soft, golden lashes, "I shall give him a history when he comes—a noble history of how we women can love."

"No!" exclaimed Beatrice, springing from the ground, and standing erect, "no! You cannot give him any such history about me. I do not love him. You doubtless do. But I hate him!"

"My sister!" said the young girl, in a clear, ringing voice, "you do not hate him! You love him with all the force of your nature; and Raphael loves you with all the intensity of his."

"Whom does Raphael love?" asked a low, musical voice beside them. Both women started, turned, and found themselves in the presence of the great artist himself.

A deep silence followed, broken only by the panting breaths that burst from the dilated nostrils and trembling lips of Beatrice, as she gazed with clenched hands on the lover of her youth.

"Woman! how dare you profane this presence?" asked Raphael, at last, in an icy, bitter tone.

Beatrice uttered a cry, snatched a poignard from her bosom, and the fierce, uncontrollable woman would have sprung on him like a tigress but for Maria. This delicate young girl leaped up, seized the glittering weapon, and threw it far off into the balcony, where its jeweled hilt shivered against the marble of the floor. Then with an authority which only the meek possess, she drew her calmly down beside her.

"My sister!" she said, caressingly, "forbear! When we women are wronged, it is then we should be patient."

"Raphael," she continued, and her silvery, seraphic voice had almost a tone of sternness in it which startled him—"Raphael, bow down to the ground and ask her pardon. As you hope for mercy from above, do it! For, I tell you, she is innocent—innocent as a young child. I—I, Raphael, know it!"

There was a serene majesty surrounding the fair young girl as she stood up between the two, holding the hand of the haughty Beatrice close to her breast. The sweet west wind came breathing gently into the apartment, catching the thin white veil which hung from her beautiful head, and swelling it out in billowy, cloud-

like folds around her. She seemed floating in air to the painter's eyes. He bowed down to the ground with reverence, like Saint Sixtus in the presence of the mother of God!

The western sky behind her seemed glowing with angels' heads thronging in. The improvisatrice also felt the holy charm. She gently withdrew her hands, and fell on her knees by the other side like another Saint Barbara. Maria's hands remained still, in the act of holding something, and her sweet, sad eyes gazed forward as if attending

"—Some great event
Her Present waited with finger at the lips;
The while the pensive Past with meek, pale palms
Crest (where a child should lie) on her cold breast."

Notwithstanding that moment was filled with the bitterest anguish for Raphael, this beautiful living picture struck upon his artist memory an undying impression. Long after that miserable hour he transferred it to canvas, but not with the seraphic beauty of his Madonna Maria: another face took its place: the power to delineate her divine countenance had left him forever!

This holy silence lasted for a few moments. Then Maria de Bibbiena moved forward, and, resting her little hand on his shoulder, pointing with the other to Beatrice, who remained kneeling, and as if lost in deep wildering thoughts, she said,

"You have wronged her, my brother; wronged her fearfully, but as love only can wrong the loved."

"Wronged her!" repeated the great artist, in a choked, hoarse voice; and as he gazed at Beatrice, kneeling there before him, the memory of his old love flooded over him in one strange burst of rapture and fierce pain.

"Wronged her! Would to God I could go back to my youth, and feel for one instant only the delicious faith and confidence I did then in her truth. To have that I would willingly yield up life, and fame, and all life holds dear!"

And he gazed with a wild, sweet longing on Beatrice; while poor Maria de Bibbiena closed her pure eyes again for a moment, and shook her little head wildly, as if assuring the poor writhing heart within her that God's way, though bitter, was the best. She was recalled from her own sufferings by hearing Beatrice utter an angry ejaculation, one of those fierce cries for patience we poor humans make when we feel that all human power of endurance is gone: Maria put her arms tenderly around her. The proud, injured woman bit her full lip so fiercely, that a red drop fell on the pure white hand of the young girl.

"Yes, my beloved, patience," whispered Maria; and she rested her pure, fair cheek against the blue veins which stood out in fierce, sharp tracery on the hot temples of the improvisatrice. Maria's sorrow was stilling and chilling her life-current; but it seemed as if the cold touch of her cheek, instead of quieting Beatrice's anger, added to her irritation, as the soft, cool air is said to act curiously on some exhumed combustibles, setting them in flames.

"Patience!" she cried, "I can have patience no longer." And breaking from Maria's gentle grasp, she stood erect in fierce fury over the kneeling artist.

"Man! man!" she said, and the words fell with hissing rapidity from her closed teeth. "Would you indeed go back to those days when, Lucifer-like, you drove me from my Eden into a desert world? I would not! You dared to doubt me. You deserted me. I, who was pure and spotless as at my birth. You, who should have shielded me from wrong, believed a lie against me. You, by your belief in it, put a stain of dishonor on me!"

"Ah! Beatrice," replied Raphael, in tones of the deepest tenderness, "why did you not tell me this at that sad time of our trouble?"

"Because I loved you, and wronged love cannot speak, it is voiceless. Now I hate you, and hate is hundred-tongued!"

"No, no, no," said Maria, earnestly, and, stepping quickly forward, she took Beatrice's hand, tenderly. "No, you do not hate him now, you love him. And see, Beatrice," the poor girl added, in a low tone that was full of anguish, which none but the angels heard or knew, "see, Beatrice, how dearly he loves you!"

For Raphael had bowed down at her feet in sorrowing anguish, and had seized her other hand, which he was kissing with wild, passionate fervor, and imploring her to grant him forgiveness and love.

"I want none of his love," said the improvisatrice, drawing her hands coldly from both of them, and, raising up her superbly developed form to its full height, she said, in a voice of imperious scorn, "He blasted my youth, dragged the cup of happiness from my fresh, tender lips, just as the sweetest drop was resting on them, leaving bitterness in its stead—made life desolate," she added, in a hollow voice.

"Pardon, Beatrice *mia*," said Raphael, drawing close to her, and burying his beautiful face in the folds of her robe, for every pulse in his body was glowing and throbbing with the rich, full tide of the old love.

"Pardon!" she repeated, in a low, bitter tone, and looking down on him with contempt. "Pardon for a man who could not only wrong, but insult, publicly, a woman he had once loved? You have dared to represent me as a vile courtesan on your canvas! No, no pardon! God pardons, I know, Lady Maria. It takes divinity to do that. A suffering, injured woman is too full of fierce mortality—she has no such grace within her. God bless you, lady!" she added, with a sudden burst of tenderness, which was like a flash of sunlight on a black, angry cloud, "God bless you, Madonna!" And she kissed Maria's hand with bowing reverence, gathered up her mantle from the ground, and, before they were scarcely aware of it, the two stood alone in those sorrowing twilight shadows, with an invisible, but impassable, gulf between them, containing a buried love and a lost hope!

CHAPTER III.

THE next day Beatrice Pio could not be found in all Rome, nor did the world ever hear of her again. Some months after, the Lady Maria received, from unknown hands, a package, in which were long, rich tresses of silky, black hair, and a paper containing this message:

"MADONNA—Beatrice Pio no longer exists. The wretched woman, who once bore that name, prays night and day, before God's blessed altar, for grace to forgive; it will only come to this stony heart when God shall be gracious enough to send death. But, Madonna, forget the past, and be as happy as you were before you heard of the poor
BEATRICE."

This was the last and only time Maria Bibbiena ever heard from her. A few months more went by, and brought heavy sorrow to Cardinal Bibbiena's palace. Instead of a nuptial ceremony, there were tears and heavy mourning drapery. On a bier, in that stately apartment which had been the scene on which her young life had acted out its sad but heroic tragedy, lay the saintly girl, and the great artist sorrowed there beside the poor old uncle.

The world said Raphael mourned a bride; for no one but Maria and himself knew that his heart had returned with new and exhausting passion to its first love. Maria had faded gradually from that sorrowful sunset hour, which had been filled with so much misery to the three lovers; for the yielding up of Raphael's love was a yielding up of life to her, and Raphael had added to his unending longing for the lost Beatrice a bitter remorse for having shadowed

and shortened the beautiful young life of his "Madonna."

A few weeks before Maria's death, the Convent of San Sixtus, at Piacenza, asked him for an altar-piece. He painted it, and, in it, represented the scene, which had been indelibly stamped on his memory, of Maria, as she stood, in sorrowful elevation, above Beatrice and himself, when she was striving to unite the severed golden cord of their love. Before the picture was taken to the Convent Chapel, it was sent, by the artist, to the apartment of the Lady Maria.

She was lying on her couch, near the balcony, looking, as she loved to, on those long, level clouds in the western horizon. She gazed long and earnestly at the sublime creation of the painter.

"It is very right and just," she murmured to herself, "that in this, his greatest Madonna, he should do justice to the only woman he ever loved."

She turned her pale, patient face away from it, and as she buried it in the soft, silken cushions of her couch, the snow fell inward on her heart, chilling its young life-throb. That night she died.

The head, face, and arms, in this altar-piece, are identical with the early portrait he painted of Beatrice during the short season of their happy love. This great picture, known to the world by the name of the "Madonna of San Sixtus," is now at Dresden. In the beginning of the last century, Augustus the Third, Elector of Saxony, paid the monks of Saint Sixtus over thirty thousand dollars for it; and now it stands in the great Dresden Gallery, the boast of that famous collection of paintings, being looked upon as the most perfect picture in the world. It was painted, throughout, by Raphael's own hands; no scholar, nor friend, touched pencil to it; and the thinness and delicacy of the colors prove that the execution must have been wonderfully rapid, that he painted it at once on the canvas, without sketch or study—a creation rather than a picture.

But how few who look at it, think of the poor, wronged Beatrice Pio, whose sorrowful young face and majestic figure float there on the canvas, as the Blessed Lady of Heaven. Poor Raphael! Deep as was his remorse, he could not wipe out the stain he had placed, in his rash anger, on the memory of the woman he loved; for, to this day, the coarse courtesan portrait of the Fornarina is supposed, by many, to be that of the great improvisatrice Beatrice Pio.

Just over young manhood stood the great Raphael, with all that the world could give him lying in profusion around him—fame, honor, and troops of friends, everything accomplished, even love quaffed to its last drop, and the costly chalice shattered to atoms. Quite time to die; for what use was there in living, when he had conquered all his worlds, and sate in unknown sorrow over some of his sad victories—these two poor woman-hearts!

Yes, it was time to die; and on the Good Friday of the same year he lost his Beatrice and his Madonna (1520), he turned his young face to the West, and as "*Il Fattore*" delivered the Pope's gracious congratulations on his birthday, and earnest prayers for his recovery, the great artist looked out on those same long, level clouds, and breathed his last sigh of mortal longing.

The following days, crowds of people poured into the great hall where their beloved young painter lay on his bier, in almost princely state. The great and beautiful Raphael! Over him hung his last work unfinished, the Transfiguration. An immense multitude followed him to his resting-place, in the Church of the Pantheon, where they laid him beside the one they supposed should have been his bride—the woman who had loved him with a love even greater than that of the madly-loving Beatrice; for it was the love of a bride, and a sister, and a mother combined. His ashes have long since mingled with those of Maria de Bibbiena.

A LOVE SONG.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

He presses kisses on my brow,
As softly as the rain-drop's fall;
Like fragrant blossoms of the Spring,
And sweeter, sweeter than them all!
And fresher, purer than the winds,
That lift the petals of the flowers,
They gladden all my fevered life
With new and renovating powers.

Sweet kisses from the lips I love,
Strung on the heart's most tender chords,
Like pearls that tremble with my joy,
Too beautiful for poets' words!
So press them ever on my brow;
They soothe the pain that's throbbing there;
They are the fittest diadem
My longing soul aspires to wear.

THE BROKEN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59.

CHAPTER X.

I KEPT my chamber, that day, striving to make up my mind about what course was best for me to pursue. My life at Mr. Lee's had become so harassing, that it was absolutely burdensome. I did not know friends from enemies in that house, for every being in it seemed changed. I sat down alone and wept in bitter grief. Should I go away and leave the ill-contested field to that woman, who was surely working out some great evil to the whole family? I was not entirely dependant. A little fund of property still vested in my favor, but it was in Mr. Lee's hands, and so generously had he provided for every possible want, that even the little income remained untouched. Besides, I had ability, and could have earned my bread anywhere, either as a governess or a teacher. Thus personal considerations could not have bowed down my spirits to the state of depression that fell upon me. Something deeper lay at my heart. Was it love for Jessie?—was it fear that the poor girl would be left, without defence, to the machinations of that cruel woman? I cannot tell. If other and more selfish feelings existed in my bosom, I did not know it. Indeed, so absorbed were all my faculties in the difficulties that thickened around us, that I had no time for self-examination. Dear, dear Jessie! how could I help her?

The thorough drenching which I had received made me hoarse and really ill. In my anxiety I had neglected to change my clothes; but the cold shudder that crept over me aroused my attention to the danger, and, changing my damp garments, I lay down striving to get warm.

I have a vague recollection that the sun broke out, and came flashing through the leaves into my chamber. Then I heard voices in the garden beneath, which thrilled me worse than the cold. Mr. Lee and Mrs. Dennison were conversing together on the terrace, where camp stools and garden chairs were always standing. I could have heard everything; the temptation was great, but I put it away, burying my head in my pillow, and drowning their voices with my sobs.

Toward night Jessie came to my room. She was sad and disheartened; Mr. Lee had not spoken to her since our return; and even her mother was vexed that she should have exposed herself to the storm.

I inquired if Mr. Lawrence was at the house when her father returned. Jessie thought not, but could not say positively; only he seldom was there except in her father's absence. She said this abruptly and turned the conversation; the very name of Lawrence seemed to distress her.

"Aunt Matty," she said, after a dreary silence, "will this widow never leave our house? Shall we remain in this chaos till it brings ruin on us all? Mother seems fading away, and no one appears to care. You look ten years older; and as for me——"

"Well, Jessie?"

"No matter about me; but something must be done. So long as it was myself only I made an effort to bear it; but we are all changed, all unhappy—dear, sweet mamma, and even Lottie. There is poison in the very atmosphere, I think."

"Let us have patience, Jessie, this cannot last much longer; but while Mrs. Dennison remains here, do not forget that she is your mother's guest."

"But how long—how long, I say, will this last? My father is getting more distant and estranged every hour. I feel like an alien under his roof—a stranger to my very self."

She was greatly excited, and wrung her hands with passionate vehemence. The proud reliance of character was all swept away; she fell upon her knees by the bed on which I lay and sobbed aloud. I am sure this would not have happened with any one else; but I had become almost a second self to the dear girl, and she was not ashamed to give way to her grief in my presence.

While she was on her knees, Lottie opened my chamber door and looked in. Seeing Miss Jessie she drew back, placed a finger on her lips, and performed a series of pantomime that would have been exceedingly ludicrous but for

the anxiety that beset me. As it was, I saw that she had something to communicate, but was afraid to ask her in while Jessie was so disturbed. She saw this, and darting a finger backward over her shoulder and forward at me, as if it had been a weapon, retreated, making up faces that grew more ludicrous with every backward step. Jessie had seen nothing of this. She arose, after a little, and went out sighing heavily.

Directly after she was gone, Lottie came back, and, closing the door, bolted it inside and came up to my bed on tip-toe. She looked pale and frightened, but her eyes shone through the shadows that had suddenly settled around them, and she moved like a hound doubling on its prey.

"Miss Hyde," she said, "just listen while you have time; that red Babylon has gone and done it. I've had my hands full all day scooting about among the wet bushes and holding my breath behind window-shutters. Now, would you believe it? I've been two hull hours squinched up in that big rosewood book-case with the green silk lining; for them new painted winders in the tower library are the most aggravating things to one as wants to keep her eyes open. Thanks be to goodness! the new books haven't ariv, and I should have had lots of room if human beings had been built flat. As it was, I got along by holding in my breath and bowing the doors a trifle."

"But what did you go into the book-case for, Lottie?" I inquired, anxious to bring her to some point in her communication.

"What did I go into the book-case for? Why, only to hear what was going on in that room, to be sure. Wasn't that Mr. Lawrence and Mrs. Babylon there, sitting on the sofa together two hull hours?"

"And you listened to the conversation?"

"In course, I did."

She seemed waiting for me to ask more questions, but I could not force myself thus indirectly to partake in a dishonorable act.

"You won't ask what they said, and yet are a dying to know, any fool can see that. Well, thanks be to goodness! I ain't a lady, and if I was, for *her* sake I'd do wuss things than that; my ears were made to hear with, and I ain't going to fight agin nature."

"But you came to see me for something, Lottie?"

"Certainly I did. But how is one to tell things without talking right out? Well, if you won't listen to what I heard in the book-case, I must tell you in a promiscuous way. This she

sarpent has about done up your business for you, as she means to for me and the rest of 'em before long."

"Done my business for me, Lottie! What does that mean? I do not understand."

"Likely enough; but I'll tell you, Babylon is in love with Mr. Lawrence."

"I wish from my heart he'd marry her," I thought.

"But she won't have him," said Lottie, as if answering my thought. "At any rate, not yet."

"Well, well, Lottie, tell me what brings you here? My head aches."

"So does mine," said Lottie, with feeling, lifting a hand to her head and pressing her forehead hard with the palm. "Well, Miss Hyde, a little while ago, Mr. Lee and Mrs. Babylon were sitting on the platform under this very window. It was just after the rain, and they happened to meet as he was coming out to enjoy the sunshine. I happened in the same way to be dusting the sofa close by the window, and it took me a good while. Don't put up your hand, Miss Hyde, you'd a listened yourself. She was talking about you."

"About me?"

"Yes. I can't give the words; but she was saying, in her sucky way, that 'Miss Jessie was so much altered since she met her at the seashore, so obstinate and demonstrative, vulgarized, as one might say, if anything so very beautiful could be vulgarized. But didn't Mr. Lee think that a governess who followed her pupil into society was rather a drawback, and apt to get a predominating influence over that of the parents? Was he certain of Miss Jessie's friend, of her prudence, and disinterestedness? Of course she had no right to give an opinion; but when the time came for a governess to give up her authority, was there no chance that she might become a dangerous counsellor? Of course Mr. Lee knew best, his wisdom was never at fault; but would not a younger companion, one perfectly independent, and who had some experience in society, produce a better result?' I wish you could a seen Mr. Lee's face, Miss Hyde. He looked up all of a sudden, and his eyes flashed fire; Babylon saw it, and looked down as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth; and then he took her hand in his—it wasn't the first time, Miss Hyde, I'd bet my head on that, for it all came too easy—then he said how difficult it was to find such a person. One who was an ornament to society, and yet willing to live in a place like that, which Mrs. Lee's illness made, in some sort, like a prison."

"She left her hand in his, and lifted her eyes to his face sideways—you know how—and said a few words almost in a whisper. I couldn't catch the first word, but he turned red as fire and lifted her hand to his lips almost, then he dropped it again and begged her pardon."

I had no power to stop Lottie's narrative. The import of this conversation struck me with a sudden pang. It seemed as if sentence of death had been pronounced against me. What could I do? Where on earth was a home like that to be found? What would Jessie and Mrs. Lee do without me? That woman in my place! The thought was anguish. I almost hated her. Lottie stood by the bed, looking at me with trouble in her face.

"I knew that it would be a blow; but this is worse than I expected," she said. "How white you are—how your lips quiver! But don't take on so. Let them try it; let Babylon do her worst—she'll find her match. I've learned a thing or two, since she came, that I didn't know before. Especially how to droop your eyelids and look meek, then open 'em quick and flash out fire. It's taking, I've tried it with—

with—"

"With whom, Lottie?"

"With—but no matter; when the birds sing, chickens have a right to peep. Babylon isn't the only person who can turn a feller's head, and good looks is according to one's taste. Then there's a difference in flirting, when the object is a good one; don't you think so, Miss Hyde?"

"I don't know, Lottie," was my dreary answer; "you must ask about these matters of some one who has had more experience."

"Oh! I don't care about asking; it all comes natural enough after the first lesson. But you won't let them drive you away—it would break her heart, I know it would."

Her eyes were full of tears. Poor girl! she had a good heart.

This sympathy touched me deeply. I was so desolate and felt so wronged, that a kind word filled me with gratitude, even from Lottie.

"Oh! ma'am, don't mind it! Babylon shan't hurt you while I can help it. Only be firm, and don't go off in a fit of pride. Stand your ground to the last, and when the worst comes to the worst, depend on me."

The girl took my hand and kissed it; then, kneeling down by the bed, laid her face close to mine.

"Miss Hyde—"

"Well, my good girl."

"I have something to say, something that worries me dreadfully; are you listening?"

"Yes, child."

"It is about mistress. Don't you see how dreadfully thin she is getting? You can almost look through her hand."

"Yes, Lottie, it makes my heart ache to think of it. Have you any idea of the cause?"

"He don't visit her much now."

"You have noticed it, you—"

"I count the minutes every day."

"This might vex her, but not to the extent that seems so visible."

"No, there is something else. I cannot understand it; but wait awhile, Miss Hyde, I'm on hand."

I hardly heard this. The idea that my presence in that house had become a burden, that I might be at any moment desired to leave my place in the family for that woman to fill, absorbed my faculties, and, in the selfishness of my distress, I gave less heed than the subject claimed to what the girl was saying.

She saw this, I suppose; for, with renewed entreaties that I should hold firmly to my position and trust to her for the rest, she crept from the room almost crying.

About an hour after this I arose, bathed my forehead, and went into Mrs. Lee's chamber, for the pain of my solitary thoughts became unendurable. The poor lady was lying on the sofa, with her eyes closed, looking more wan than ever. Something troubled her, I am sure; for tears were swelling under the transparent whiteness of her eyelids, and her hands were clasped over her bosom. This was an attitude habitual to her when disturbed by any grief, and seeing it I turned to go away; but she heard my footstep and opened her eyes. There was something in her manner that went to my heart—a sort of mournful constraint, as if she shrunk from my presence. Still she held forth her hand.

I sat down in my old place, and she closed her eyes again, as if any effort at speech was beyond her strength. In the broader light which fell upon her face, I saw that she had been crying—an unusual thing with her at any time; for all sources of trouble had been kept so sedulously from that room, that grief amounting to tears seldom found its way there.

After a prolonged silence that chilled me to the heart, she laid her hand on mine, and I saw that her earnest eyes were dwelling on my face.

"Dear Miss Hyde, we have been so happy together—I thought no family was ever united like ours!"

I understood the pathos in her voice, the

meaning of her words. Mr. Lee had begun the subject; already they were about to prove how troublesome and useless I had been—how much my place was wanted for another.

"You do not speak," she said; "surely, nothing has been said to wound you."

"No," I answered, "nothing. I only come to see if you were in want of anything."

"Ah! you have always been so attentive, so kind! How shall I get along without you?"

So it was decided. He had spoken, and they had settled my destiny: the gentle invalid yielding without a murmur while her best friend was driven from under her roof. I had no heart to continue the conversation, and she, poor lady! evidently lacked the courage to speak plainer. Thus, with heaviness of soul, we remained together in silence. Her eyes were closed, but not with sleep, I am sure of that; and I felt a dead heaviness creeping over me, which carried with it a dreary sense of pain.

It was getting dark when I left the chamber. The depression was so heavy upon me that I went down to the kitchen, thinking to ask the cook for a cup of warm tea. Lottie was there busy at the range, and, singular enough, making tea, as if my wants had been divined.

"A good handful, cook," she said, holding out the silver tea-pot for a renewed supply. "I want it good and strong, something that will make one's eyes snap."

When the cook turned to put her canister in its place, Lottie went to the closet and brought out two cups and saucers.

"Miss Hyde," she said, "you have just come in time. I knew it'd be wanted; try a good, strong cup, it will take the jog off your head in no time."

I thanked her and took the cup she offered. It was strong to bitterness, and I did not like the taste; but when I passed it back, Lottie put in more sugar and cream, but no water. I was too weary for protest, and drank the bitterness without further comment.

Lottie seemed pleased, and insisted on it that I should take a second cup, filling her own for the third time, and draining it with what I thought must be heroism instead of desire.

"There," she said, setting her cup down, "that will do, I reckon; it makes my head as light as a cork. How do you feel, Miss Hyde?"

"It is very, very strong, Lottie, and I fear it will keep me awake all night."

"Fear!" cried the girl, "fear! Why, of course it will! To tell you the truth," she added, bending toward me, and whispering, "I begin to think this isn't the house where one

can sleep honestly. Now just go up to your room, if you please, and don't let them see you looking so miserable. There's trouble enough without that."

The cook came toward us before I could answer. She was preparing to send up tea for the family, and muttered something about ladies always being in the way in a kitchen. So great was the depression of my spirits, that I allowed this to wound me, and went away in deeper dejection.

No human soul came near me during the evening. I could not sleep—the stimulus urged my brain into swift action. I reviewed all the difficulties of my position over and over again; strange projects came into my mind, ways by which my wrongs—for I had been wronged—should be redressed, speeches more eloquent than ever could reach my lips inspired me, and these were to be addressed to Mr. Lee, in the presence of that woman. A thousand wild fancies seized upon my brain and held it. I had no wish to change my position. Having thrown myself on the bed in my clothes, I remained there, thinking, thinking, thinking till my brain ached, but would not pause for rest.

I heard a bustle in the house as if the family were retiring; then the clock struck eleven, twelve, one. The hours did not seem long, but the stillness almost terrified me. All at once, it was after midnight some time, a sound approached my chamber like the rush of a bird through the air. I started up and listened. The door opened softly, and a figure glided in.

"Miss Hyde, are you awake? Get up this minute and come with me; if your shoes are on, take them off. Come."

I sprang up and followed Lottie swiftly and silently as she had reached my chamber. She led me through the passage into her own little room. As I passed along the passage which led from the main building to the tower, it seemed to me that my dress brushed against some one crouching in a dark corner; but Lottie had not seen it, and I followed her, holding my breath. She glided through her own room into the chamber where Mrs. Lee slept. The carpets were thick as wood moss, and our feet gave no sound. When she was fairly in the room, Lottie paused, and I heard a slight, scraping sound; then the sudden flash of a match, followed by the blaze of a candle which the girl carried in her hand.

As the light broke up, a faint cry arose from the bed; a figure which bent over it rose up suddenly, and I stood face to face with Mrs. Dennison, the whitest woman that ever my eyes

dwelt upon. She held a crystal toilet-bottle in one hand, and in the other a wet pocket-handkerchief.

"Stand by the door, Miss Hyde. Don't let her move a foot. I'll be back in a flash."

Lottie darted from the room as she spoke, leaving the candle on the carpet.

The woman turned upon me then with the spirit of a tigress. Her eyes flashed fire, the white teeth shone through her curved lips. She attempted to pass me, but I retreated to the door and kept the threshold. She came forward as if to force me away, still holding the bottle and handkerchief in her hands. Never in my life had I seen a face so beautiful and so fiendish. There was desperation in her eyes, violence in her action; but though weaker and smaller than her, I would have died on the threshold of that door rather than have allowed her to cross it.

All at once her face changed. She was looking, not at me, but over my shoulder; a flash of quick intelligence shot from her eyes, and the next moment she had thrown both arms about my neck and pressed my face to her bosom. I knew that some one came close up behind me, and heard the clink of glass; then a rush of feet through Lottie's room and along the passage. All this could not have lasted a minute. I struggled from the woman's embrace and pushed her from me with a violence that made her stagger. Her face had changed to its old look of triumph. She laughed, not naturally—that was beyond even her powers of self-command—but in a way that made me shiver.

"Dear Miss Hyde, is it you?" she said, in a voice that quaked in spite of herself. "How terribly frightened I was! Poor Mrs. Lee must have been very ill. I heard her moaning and calling for help in my room, and came at once; she seems quite insensible now."

I looked toward the bed. Mrs. Lee lay upon it, white and still as a corpse, her eyes closed, and her lips of a bluish white. Was she dead? Had the woman killed her? A strong, pungent smell filled the room—a smell of chloroform. It was almost suffocating.

Mrs. Dennison seemed to think of this suddenly, and, darting toward the window, flung open two of the sashes before I knew what she was about. A gush of fresh air swept through the room; the pungent odor grew fainter and fainter, at which she smiled on me triumphantly.

I looked at her closely, as she stood in the light; a toilet-bottle was still in her hand, but it was of crimson glass spotted with gold; that

which she held, when I came in, was white and pure as water. How had she managed to change the crystal flask? What had become of the handkerchief?

Still smiling on me, she approached the bed and scattered fragrant drops from the crimson flask over the pillows and the deathly face of my poor friend. How still she lay! The whiteness of her face was terrible, but I dared not approach her; my post was by the door till Lottie came; but it made my blood run cold to see that woman bending over her, smoothing the pillows with her hand, and filling the room with that lying fragrance.

It seemed an eternity before Lottie came back, yet she had not been absent three minutes. She came alone and stood by me at the door, regarding Mrs. Dennison's movements with the keen vigilance of a fox. But a glimpse of Mrs. Lee's face made her start forward with a cry of dismay.

"My mistress, she is dead! They have killed her!"

She would have fallen upon her knees by the bed, but Mrs. Dennison put her aside. It was an easy thing, for Lottie had lost all her strength then.

"Foolish child! she has only fainted," said Mrs. Dennison, holding her back; "the air will bring her to."

Lottie's courage returned with these words, and, struggling from Mrs. Dennison's hold, she sat down upon the bed, chafing Mrs. Lee's cold hands and kissing them with loving tenderness.

"Is she really and truly alive?" said the poor girl, appealing to me.

I could not resist the wistful anxiety of that look; but came forward, holding my breath with a dread that her fears might be true.

That moment Mr. Lee entered the room, and directly came Jessie with a look of terror on her face. She trembled like a leaf at the sight of her mother, and turned to me, looking the question which she could not frame in speech.

"It is not death! I hope and believe that it is not death!" I said.

Jessie fell upon a chair and burst into tears.

"Hush! child," said her father, "let us learn what has happened. Mrs. Dennison, can you tell me?"

"I hardly know myself," answered the widow. Innocently. "I heard moans and a cry for help coming from this room, and, springing up from my sleep, ran to see what it meant. There was no light in the room, but I felt that Mrs. Lee was cold and still as she lies now—alive, but motionless. I had snatched a bottle from my

toilet, and was bathing her head with its contents when Miss Hyde and the servant came in. They were very much terrified, and alarmed the house, I hope, unnecessarily. It is a deep fainting fit. I am sure she will come out safely in time."

As the woman said this, Lottie stood looking in her face, lost with blank astonishment. She saw the red flask in Mrs. Dennison's hand, felt the changed atmosphere of the room, and, for once, her presence of mind gave way.

"Poor girl! she was half-frightened to death," said Mrs. Dennison, casting a patronizing glance at the crest-fallen girl; "I never saw anything so wild in my life."

"And I never saw anything so wicked!" Lottie burst forth, clenching her hands and almost shaking them at the woman.

"Wicked! Oh! not so bad as that, my good girl," said the woman, gently. "One can be frightened, you know, without being wicked!"

"Yes," said Lottie, with a sob; "and a person can be wicked without being frightened, I know that well enough."

"Lottie!" exclaimed Mr. Lee.

Lottie stood for one instant like a wild animal at bay; but directly her eyes fell upon her mistress, her form relaxed, and, creeping to the bedside, she began to cry.

"Oh! bring her to—bring her to, and I won't say another word," she pleaded, looking piteously at the widow.

"I am not omnipotent, poor child!" was the sweet reply. "But see! I think there is a movement of her eyelids."

Lottie rose from her knees and looked eagerly in that worn face. "Yes, yes, she is alive; she is coming to herself. Oh! my mistress, my mistress, I will never, never leave you again. I'll sleep on the floor at the foot of your bed, like a dog, before anybody reaches you!"

Tears rained down poor Lottie's face, and her voice was so full of grief, that no one had the heart to chide her, though it seemed to disturb the invalid, who was slowly recovering consciousness. Mrs. Lee at last opened her eyes and looked vaguely around at the people near her bed, without seeming to recognize them; when Lottie caught her vacant gaze, she burst forth,

"Oh! ma'am, don't you know me? It's Lottie—it's Lottie!"

This pathetic cry gained no response. Those dreamy eyes wandered from face to face, with a helpless, appealing look, indescribably touching. Jessie bent over her, striving to make herself known; but her sweet voice passed un-

heeded. Every kind effort failed to draw her from this dull state of half-consciousness, till Mr. Lee passed his arm under her head and drew it to his bosom. Then a thrill seemed to pass through her whole frame, a smile dawned on her pale mouth.

"Have I been ill?" she murmured, resting her head against the bosom to which he gently lifted her—"very ill, that you all come here in the night?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Lee, very tenderly; for he seemed to forget everything in her danger. "But for our kind guest I fear it might have gone hard with you."

Lottie, who was crouching at her mistress' feet, with her face buried in the bed clothes, uttered a sarcastic, "Oh! oh! I can't bear it!" and, starting up, rushed into her room, looking at Mrs. Dennison like a wild cat over her shoulders.

"Poor Lottie!" muttered Mrs. Lee. "How it troubles her to see any one suffer! And you, my kind guest——"

The gentle lady held out her hand to Mrs. Dennison, smiling wanly, but too feeble for any other expression of gratitude.

"Mamma," said Jessie, quickly, "do not try to speak, but rest. This has been a terrible attack."

"You here, my child, and I not know it!" whispered the invalid; "forgive me."

Mrs. Dennison pressed forward; but Jessie stepped between her and the invalid, not rudely, but with that quiet decision which became the daughter of that proud man.

"Aunt Mattie," she said, glancing past the widow, "had you not better leave her to papa and me? So many faces excite her."

Jessie was very pale, and I saw that her lips were quivering with agitation. Something had wounded her almost beyond bearing.

"Yes," I answered, promptly, "we will withdraw;" and, looking at Mrs. Dennison, steadily, I waited for her to move first.

"This may be of service," she said, sweetly, placing the ruby-tinted bottle in Jessie's hand. "I found it very useful in reviving her."

Jessie took the bottle, but set it down at once. Indeed her hand shook so violently that it must otherwise have fallen.

"Now, Miss Hyde, I do not see that our presence will be of further use," said the widow, gliding toward the door.

I stepped back to avoid contact even with her garments. My heart was full of bitter loathing. I grew cold as she passed me, and answered her smile with a look that frightened it from her

lips. We passed through Lottie's room, but I could not force myself to enter it till her shadow even had disappeared. Then I went in and spoke to the girl, who had curled herself up in the window-seat, with her knees drawn up, and both hands locked over them.

"Don't speak to me; don't anybody dare to speak to me!" she said, motioning me off with her head. "I ain't worth noticing. I'd give something to any decent person that'd whip me within an inch of my life, or bite me—I don't care which—so long as it hurt."

"Lottie," I whispered, pressing my hand on her shoulder to enforce what I said, "do not speak a word of this till I have seen you. Come up to my room."

"I won't. Nothing on earth shall take me out of her sight again. There'll be murder if I do."

"Hush! Lottie, I do not understand all this."

"But I do; and I give up she's outgeneraled me. I'll never pretend to crow over her again; but it's awful, oh! it's awful!"

She shuddered all over and crouched closer together, winding both arms tightly around her knees.

"Tell me all about it, Lottie. I must know in order to judge how to act."

She moved on the window-seat that I might sit closer to her; then drawing my head down with her arm, whispered,

"I knew that she was doing something, and that Mrs. Lee was suffering by it; but what, that was the question. I tried to keep awake a nights, but it was of no use; no log ever slept as I did. Last night, you remember, I drank that strong tea. It wasn't because I liked it, but I was determined to keep awake. I wanted you to be on hand as well, and gave you a powerful dose; and wasn't you wide awake as a night-hawk when I came into your room?"

"Well, I went to bed just as I always do, and lay down with my eyes shut, waiting. Babylon had gone to her room; but Cora was floating about in the passages a good while; finally she went in, and everything was still. It seemed to me as if I kept growing sharper and wider awake every minute; but I never heard that woman's step till she stood over me and her shadow fell clear across the bed; I bit my lips to keep from screaming, but lay still and waited."

"She called my name two or three times, whispering louder each time; but I drew my breath

even and deep, waiting for her. All at once that strange smell that was in the room when you came almost strangled me; but as I bit my lips harder, down came a wet cloth over my face. It almost smothered me, for she pressed it close with her hand till I felt a strange falling away, as if she had forced me over a rock, and I was myself sinking. One minute more and I should have been nowhere; but some noise in the entry took her away. I snatched the cloth from my face and crept softly out of bed; but the whirl and weight made me so dizzy I could not walk, but crept on my hands and knees through the door which she had left open. Here the fresh air blew over me, and I grew steady enough to run to your room. You know how we found her, and how she put us down. I thought we had her, safe and sure; but here we were worse off than ever. I believe she would kill that blessed angel before his face, and no one would believe it."

I sat in silence, wondering what course it was best for me to pursue. That this woman was undermining Mrs. Lee's feeble life, by repeated applications of chloroform, I could not doubt; but how convince the family of this? It was an act so hideous in itself, that the very charge, if unbelieving, would be considered a crime. I was sure that, with the help of her maid, she had changed the bottle which contained the chloroform while struggling with me at the door; but how was I to prove this? Lottie—alas! this woman had so fascinated those who held power in the family, that her story would be of no avail without some indisputable proof to sustain it. Jessie would believe us, I was sure; but the belief, without power to remedy a state of things so terrible that it made my heart sink, could only produce pain. What could I do? Helplessly I asked the question. Yet a terrible necessity required all my energies.

The dejection of poor Lottie had a numbing effect upon me. She, usually so full of resources, so arduous in her courage, sat on the window-seat, crest-fallen and beaten like myself. One thing was certain, Lottie would keep strict guard now. Whatever the woman's motives were, the events of that night would never be repeated, so long as that faithful creature kept her place in the household. But how long would she keep that place? How long should I be left under the same roof?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE USE AND ABUSE OF COLORS IN DRESS.

BY MRS. MERRIFIELD.

Of the two attributes of ornamental art, namely, color and form, color has always been the more attractive, especially to the uneducated eye. An appreciation of the beauty of form is generally the effect of cultivation; but the love of color is innate. There are few eyes possessed of the blessing of sight which are not affected by it, more or less. This is true of animals as well as of men. The effect of red upon the bovine race is well known. In Spanish bull-fights, the agile *matador* rouses the courage of his four-footed opponent by waving before his eyes a red scarf or flag. The terror shown by wild beasts at the presence of fire—the traveler's protection—has been ascribed to the sight of the ruddy glare of the flames. In infants, one of the first acts of consciousness is the recognition of artificial light when concentrated, as in the flame of a candle, and contrasted with surrounding gloom; or of bright colors displayed before the eye. Grown older, the child loves colored toys, and colored pictures, and generally prefers the more gaudy colors, such as red and yellow, to the sober ones. The South Sea Islander robes himself in a mantle of feathers, gay with all the colors of the rainbow. To many races a string of colored beads is a coveted decoration. The American Indian is terrible in his war-paint; with glaring contrasts of red and yellow, black and white, he thinks to add to the deadly effect of his arms. Who can say whether the blue pigment with which the ancient Briton dyed the exposed parts of his body may not have been applied with similar intentions?

Among some nations color was significant of rank or condition. The Romans permitted none but those of the highest rank to wear the Tyrian purple; and the pigment vermillion was reserved for the statues of the gods. With the Mahomedans, a green turban denotes a descendant of Ali, the kinsman of the prophet. In the Romish Church the cardinals wear scarlet; and in European countries may be seen the servants of the bishops clothed in regal purple. The religious societies, renouncing the pomps and vanities of the world, clothe themselves in quiet gray and brown, black and white. Colors are the outward and visible signs of mourning. The Euro-

peans mourn in black; the Chinese in white; the Egyptians in yellow; the Turks in blue or violet. Colors also have emblematical significations; but into these I cannot now enter.

In tropical countries, where the birds and insects are brilliantly colored, the inhabitants have a peculiar delight in decorating their persons with bright colors. If we examine relics of art, not only of early date, but those of the best period—the era of Raphael for instance—we find draperies of the primitive (red, blue, yellow) or secondary (green, orange, and purple) colors. The same remark is applicable to architectural decoration, where colors are enhanced by opposition to white and black. The Egyptian and Assyrian courts of the Crystal Palace will supply us with examples.

But bright colors, though they may gratify the savage, will not please the educated eye, unless they be combined in harmonious proportion. The skill of the artist—especially the decorative artist, under which term is included the *modiste*—will accordingly be shown in combining the various colors in such proportions and apposition as will produce the most pleasing effect to the eye. Nor will the modifying influences of light and shade, as shown in the rounded forms of the human figure and the relieved surfaces of architecture, escape the attention of the true artist. It will be seen how the colors are vivified by light and saddened by shade; and how the brilliant colors are intensified by contrast with the more somber ones.

In process of time artists became aware of the value of the various shades of gray and brown—"the broken colors," as we call them—in producing harmonious effects, and giving value to the purer colors by contrast. These tints are called "broken colors," because they are compounded of two or three others.

The Oriental nations—namely, the Chinese, the Indians, and the Saracens—have always been remarked for their exquisite taste in colors; so much so that Mr. Owen Jones, and other artists who have made colors their study, have analyzed with great care the decorative works of these people, and have discovered the principles which govern their various combinations of color. It has been ascertained that the peculiar effect of

Oriental coloring is produced, not by the mixture of one color with another, but by their harmonious juxtaposition in proper proportion—so that a surface which, when placed near the eye, appears to be covered with a symmetrically-arranged mosaic of the primitive or secondary colors, presents, at a distance, or when modified by light and shade, a kind of neutralized bloom; thus producing, but by a different process, the broken tints employed by the European painter. In the one case, these broken tints are merely an optical effect, varying as they are viewed from different distances; in the other, the painter combines the tints on his palette, or the dyer in his vat, and the positive colors of which they are composed are no longer capable of being distinguished by the eye. In both cases great skill is required to produce harmonious effect.

Although we hear of “an eye for color” and “an ear for music,” as if the power of appreciating harmonious colors and sounds were a peculiar gift from nature, yet we know that both faculties may be cultivated to a considerable extent. And, considering that every one employs colors, either in dress or household decoration, while only a limited number of persons learn music, and that chiefly as an amusement; it does seem almost indispensable that every one should understand the general principles which regulate the harmonious combination of colors. It is just as reasonable to expect persons who “have not an eye for color”—or, speaking more correctly, who do not understand the laws which govern the employment of colors—to use them harmoniously, as it would be for those who have no ear, natural or acquired, for music, to produce harmony by striking at random the notes of a musical instrument. Every color has a distinct effect upon the eye, as every note has its distinct sound to the ear: but the beauty of both consists in their harmonious combination, and this is always the result of refined taste—sometimes innate—and of cultivation. Discordant colors are as painful to the educated eye as discordant notes to a musical ear.

I wish I could impress this truth upon the reader—that I could induce every one to study harmony of color in its application to personal and domestic decoration. It is a study which must interest everybody, and which is not difficult to master. And yet, how few understand it! How few think there is any art at all in the arrangement of colors! To satisfy oneself of these facts, it is only necessary to walk for half an hour along some public thoroughfare and

observe the glaring contrasts of bright colors by which the dress of many persons is distinguished. Children, especially, seem the sport of caprice in this way. On their little persons frequently meet all the colors of the rainbow, without their harmony. The mantle—the dress—the bonnet, with its trimmings—the stockings; all of divers colors, and no two of them in harmony! Verily, Jacob is not the only parent whose darlings have coats of many colors! These good people probably think that fine feathers make fine birds.

There is one class of persons, possessed of more money than taste, who estimate colors by their cost only, and will purchase the most expensive merely because they are expensive and fashionable. Of this class was a certain lady, of whom it is related that, in reply to Sir Joshua Reynolds' inquiry as to what color the dress of herself and husband, who were then sitting, should be painted, asked which were the most expensive colors? “Carmine and ultramarine,” replied the artist. “Then,” rejoined the lady, “paint me in ultramarine, and my husband in carmine!”

We hear constantly of fashionable colors, and these fashionable colors are forever changing; moreover, we hear more of their novelty than of their beauty. All who wish to be fashionable wear these colors *because* they are fashionable, and *because* they are new; but they do not consider whether they are adapted to the complexion and age of the wearer, or whether they are in harmony with the rest of the dress. What should we say to a person who, with the right hand, plays an air in C major, and, with the left, an accompaniment in F minor? The merest novice in music would be conscious of the discord thus produced; yet, as regards colors, the educated eye is constantly shocked by combinations of color as startling and inharmonious.

As regards dress, inharmonious combinations of color may arise from two causes: namely, first, from employing at the same time two or more colors which do not harmonize with each other; or, secondly, one color alone which does not harmonize with the complexion of the individual. The former is most annoying to the spectator, and actually sets one's teeth on edge; the latter is chiefly prejudicial to the personal appearance of the wearer. When we employ colors merely *because* they are fashionable, and without reference to complexion, age, or their vicinity to other colors, one of these effects is sure to arise. It would require considerably more space than is allotted to this article fully to illustrate the effect of colors in their applica-

tion to dress only, to say nothing of their employment in the internal decoration of houses. I must, however, endeavor to give the reader some idea of the importance of cultivating "an eye for colors," in their relation to the first of these subjects.

As the object of all decoration in dress is to improve, or set off to the greatest advantage, the personal appearance of the wearer, it follows that the colors employed should be suitable to the complexion; and, as complexions are so various, it is quite impossible that the fashionable color, though it may suit a few individuals, can be becoming to all. Instead, therefore, of blindly following fashion, as a sheep will follow the leader of the flock, even to destruction, I should like to see every lady select and wear the precise shade of color which is not only best adapted to her peculiar complexion, but is in perfect harmony with the rest of her habiliments, and in accordance with her years and condition.

I have stated that the Orientals, and other inhabitants of tropical countries, such as the negroes of the West Indies, love to clothe themselves in brilliant and positive colors—reds and yellows, for instance. They are quite right in so doing. These bright colors contrast well with their dusky complexions. With us "pale-faces" it is different: we cannot bear positive colors in immediate contact with the skin without injury to the complexion.

Of all colors, perhaps the most trying to the complexion are the different shades of lilac and purple. The fashionable and really beautiful *mauve* and its varieties are, of course, included in this category. In accordance with the well known law of optics that all colors, simple or compound, have a tendency to tint surrounding objects with a faint spectrum of their complementary color, those above-mentioned, which require for their harmony various tints of yellow and green, impart these supplementary colors to the complexion. It is scarcely necessary to observe that, of all complexions, those which turn upon the yellow are the most unpleasant in their effect—and probably for this reason, that in this climate it is always a sign of bad health.

But, it will be asked, is there no means of harmonizing colors so beautiful in themselves with the complexion, and so avoiding these ill effects? To a certain extent this may be done; and as follows:—

Should the complexion be dark, the purple tint may be dark also, because, by contrast, it makes the complexion appear fairer; if the skin be pale or fair, the tint should be lighter. In either case the color should *never* be placed next the skin, but should be parted from it by the hair and by a *ruche* of *tulle*, which produce the neutralizing effect of gray. Should the complexion still appear too yellow, green leaves or green ribbons may be worn as trimmings. These will often neutralize lilac and purple colors, and thus prevent their imparting an unfavorable hue to the skin.

Scarcely less difficult than *mauve* to harmonize with the complexion is the equally beautiful color called "magenta." The complementary color would be yellow-green; "magenta," therefore, requires very nice treatment to make it becoming. It must be subdued when near the skin, and this is best done by intermixture with black; either by diminishing its brightness by nearly covering it with black lace, or by introducing the color in very small quantity only. In connection with this color, I have recently observed some curious effects. First, as to its appearance alone: if in great quantity, the color, though beautiful in itself, is glaring, and difficult to harmonize with its accompaniments. Secondly, as to its combination with black: if the black and the magenta-color be in nearly equal quantities—such, for instance, as in checks of a square inch of each color—the general effect is dull, and somewhat neutral. If, on the contrary, the checks consist of magenta and white, alternately, a bright effect will be produced. Again, if the ground be black, with very narrow stripes or cross-bars of magenta-color, a bright, but yet subdued effect, will result. This last effect is produced on the principle that, as light is most brilliant when contrasted with a large portion of darkness—like the stars in a cloudless sky—so a small portion of bright color is enhanced by contrast with a dark, and especially a black ground.

LOVE'S CREATIVE POWER.

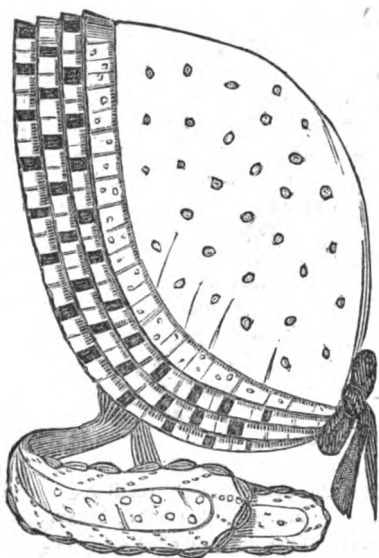
True that to the sons of earth
The curse of death was given;
Yet love, through some mysterious power,
Fled to its native Heaven,
And so it is when ties of earth
Are sundered by grim death,

They reunited are above
By love's creative breath;
And there the soul can roam with joy,
Through every fairy bower,
And feel that death is conquered by
Love's pure mysterious power.

F. J.

PATTERN FOR NIGHT-CAP.

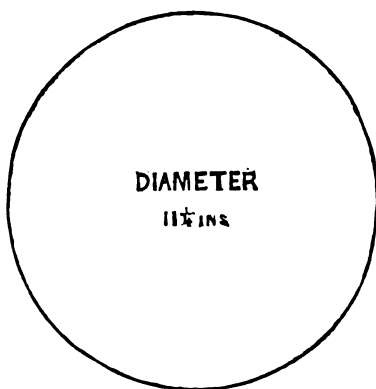
BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, in this number, by way of variety, a pattern for a Night-Cap. This Night-Cap is made of spotted muslin, and trimmed with lace and narrow satin ribbon. Fifteen inches of muslin, six yards of lace one inch wide, six yards of narrow satin ribbon, and three-quarters of a yard of ribbon one inch wide, will be required to make one cap. Of course, if five or six were made, so much muslin would not be required in proportion, as the material could be cut to better advantage. Cut out the crown the exact size of the pattern, and cut out the head-piece, allowing sufficient turnings for a broad hem down the front. This hem should be quite half an inch wide. Gather the crown

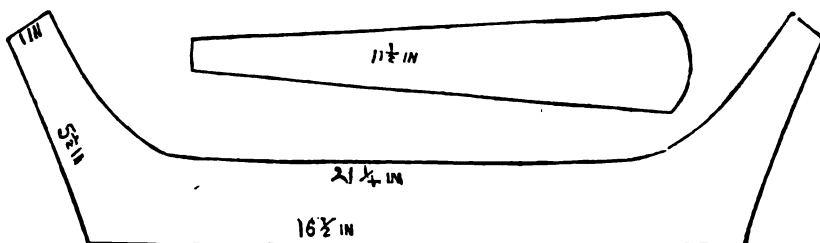
from where the fullness commences (which will be seen in the illustration), run that and the head-piece together, letting the raw edge come on the right side, and then lay a very fine cording over the join.

Cut out the strings, join them on to the head-piece, and then carry one row of lace all round the cap and strings, putting it quite plain on the latter except round the ends. Put the other three rows of lace on, the last row being run on close to the cording, and so hiding the raw edges. A narrow piece of muslin should be



CROWN OF NIGHT-CAP.

run on the head-piece behind from string to string to form a runner, into which the broad ribbon should be placed to draw the cap in to the size required. Cut the narrow ribbon into lengths of rather more than two inches, and arrange the bows in the lace about one inch apart.



STRING AND HEAD-PIECE OF NIGHT-CAP.

HANGING PINCUSHION AND NEEDLE-BOOK.

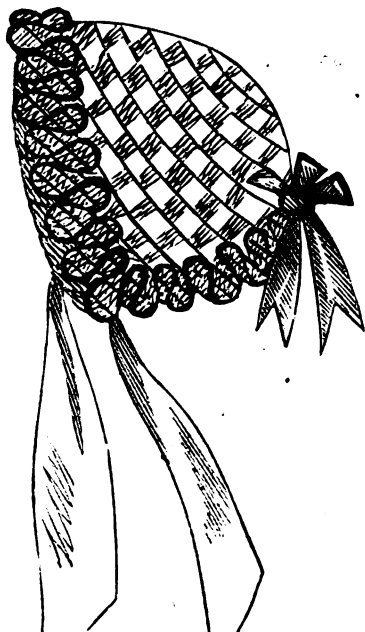
BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



THIS little article is extremely ornamental when completed, and possesses the advantage of being also useful. A little case, like a book-cover, is cut out in cardboard; a similar-shaped piece of velvet or silk, a little larger, is also required, on which is worked the sprig given in the illustration. This may be done in white beads, or embroidered in colored silks, or worked in gold thread. This is then stretched over the cardboard, brought over the edge, and gummed down. A little square mattress cushion, covered in silk, is then gummed to one side of the cover; two or three cashmere leaves are stitched to it at the top edge, and the other half of the cover, which is loose, is lined and brought over them. It is now in the form of a book. A bow of ribbon is placed at the back, and it is suspended by a chain of either gold or white beads, to correspond with the sprig. A fringe of the same beads is attached to the two sides, and two tassels are added from where the chain proceeds. This forms a pretty little article for a fancy fair sale, as it may be made very showy; it is also very easy to execute.

INFANT'S HOOD IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—One oz. colored split zephyr; half oz. white Shetland wool; fine hook.

FOR THE CROWN.—With the white wool, make a ch of 6 stitches, join. Work in dc, widening enough to keep the work flat for two rows; then work 4 dc stitches in group with 3 ch between, into every stitch for 8rd row.

4th Row.—4 dc into center of every group, 3 ch between. Continue these shells until the head-piece is large enough for child; increase the number of ch stitches between the groups if the work draws. Run an elastic in the edge to fit the head.

FOR THE BORDER.—With the colored wool, make a ch three-quarters of a yard in length.

1st Row.—Work in 1 dc stitch into every ch stitch, 1 ch between.

2nd Row.—2 dc into every stitch, 2 ch between.

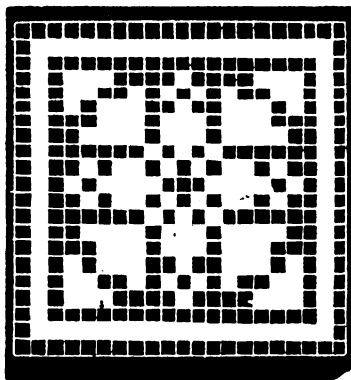
3rd Row.—3 dc into every stitch, 3 ch between.

4th Row.—2 dc into every stitch, 2 ch between.

5th Row.—Tie on the white wool and work in dc, 2 dc between every stitch in 4th, 1 ch between. This border will make a very full frill, which is to be disposed all round the hood, sewing it down to keep it in place. Finish with bow and ends at the back of ribbon to match.

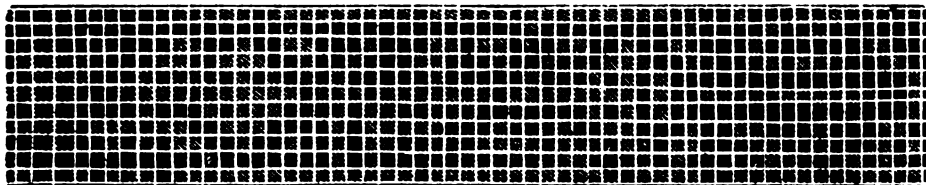
A DARNED TIDY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



CENTER OF DARNED TIDY.

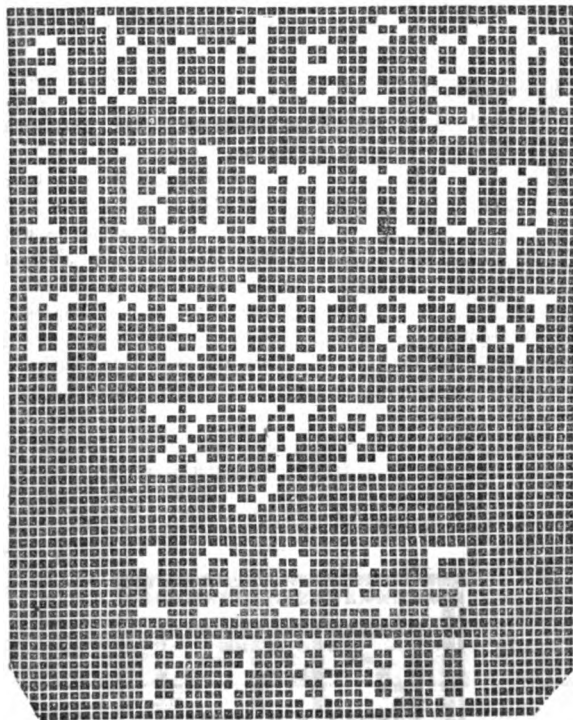
We give, here, a pattern by which a tidy pattern is easy. These are, moreover, about may be darned. The first engraving represents the prettiest tidies that are made; and are sent the center: the next the border. The always useful.



BORDER OF DARNED TIDY.

ALPHABET AND NUMERALS FOR MARKING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

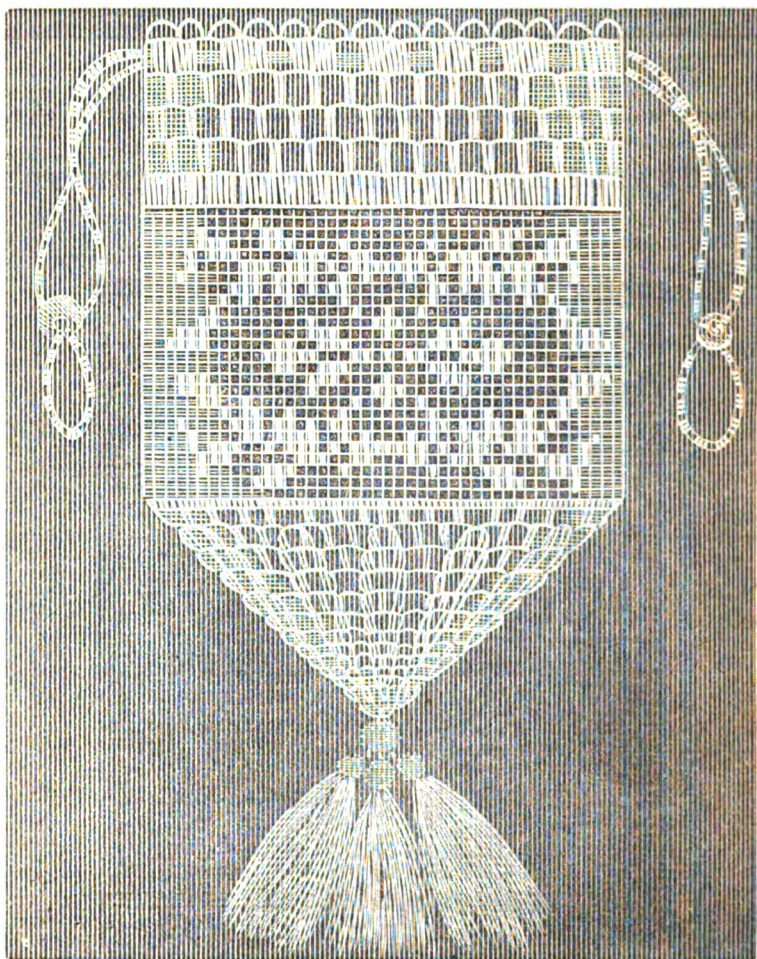


EDGING.



CROCHET PURSE.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



THESE purses are very pretty worked in any one rich bright color, with the pattern in gold thread; but they allow many varieties, as three or four colors may be introduced. The lower part may be in crimson, the ground on which the pattern rests in a rich violet, with the pattern in gold, and the upper part again in crimson. This arrangement has a very handsome effect. The colors of any piece of work are generally chosen to suit individual taste, but

there are certain combinations which are always good. In working any pattern in crochet in two colors, the one not wanted is carried at the back and worked in, being brought to the front again when required. These purses may be completed by either a clasp or a gold cord passed through a row of open crochet, having a little heading of two or three rows. Two tassels of either silk or gold must be added to the sides.

COTTAGE TOILET-TABLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

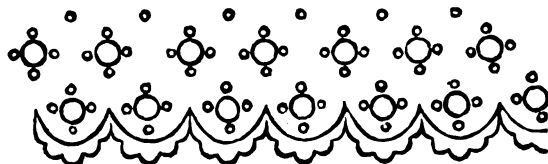
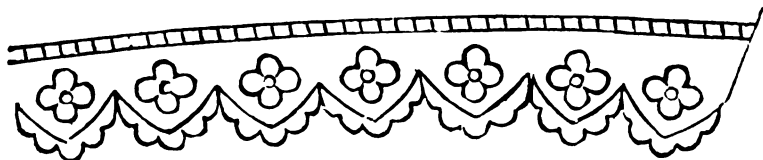
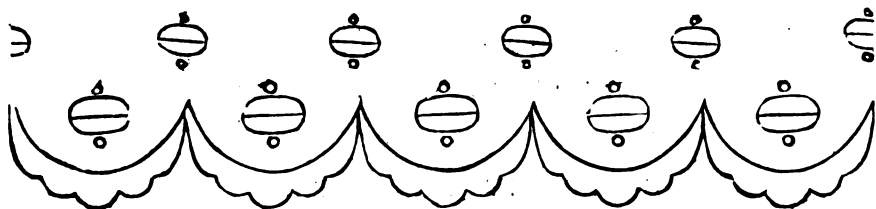
IN the front of the number is given a design for a Cottage Toilet-Table, for which we have received numerous requests. The design is original.

MATERIALS.—Twelve yards white Swiss muslin; twelve yards pink or blue; three yards ribbon.

Make the table of pine wood, in shape either a half-circle, square, or curved edged top, as seen in the design. Cover the top with the colored muslin, also make the skirt of the same, quite full; then cover with the white Swiss, which may be braided with linen or colored worsted braid; if colored, it must correspond

with the under covering. The frill around the top of table is separate, quarter of a yard in depth, which is also braided and the edge scalloped. Swing the glass; then hang the side curtains, which are fastened to a bracket in shape to correspond with the table, twelve inches in width, to be made of wood, covered with colored muslin, and suspended from the wall. The frill is separate, braided and scalloped on both edges, gathered in the center. Finish with bows of ribbon, disposed as seen in the design. The glass should be small, with narrow gilt frame. Dotted Swiss muslin may be substituted for the plain, and needs no braiding.

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



CHILD'S NIGHT-CAP.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHÉ.

For this engraving, see front of the number.

MATERIALS.—One oz. of knitting cotton, No. 24, with hook No. 18.

Begin by doing the crown, which is in the form of a horse-shoe. Make a chain of 38 stitches.

1st Row.—† Miss 2, 3 dc in the next, 1 ch, † 12 times. End with miss 2, 3 dc in the last chain.

2nd Row.—Turn the work. 2 ch, † 1 sc under 1 ch, 3 ch, † repeat to the end. Finish with a sc stitch on the first of 2 missed, at the beginning of the last row.

3rd Row.—Turn the work. 2 ch, † 3 dc, on center one of 3 ch, 1 ch, † repeat to the end. Finish with 3 dc on the first, and 2 ch in the previous row.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows 13 times more. Then for 4 times omit the last repetition of the pattern, so as to decrease at each edge 3 stitches in every row. Fasten off.

FOR THE FRONT.—Sc on the original chain, before the last 3 dc of first row. † 3 ch, sc

under the stitch in which 3 dc are worked. † repeat all round the crown except the original chain which forms the neck, * turn 3 ch, † sc on center of 3 ch, 3 ch, † to the end of the row, * repeat between the stars.

Having the work now on the wrong side, repeat the 3rd and 2nd rows of the crown until fourteen of each are done. Then three rows completely round the cap, like the first part of the front.

OPEN HEM.—1 dc under chain, † 2 ch, 1 dc under next chain, † repeat all round.

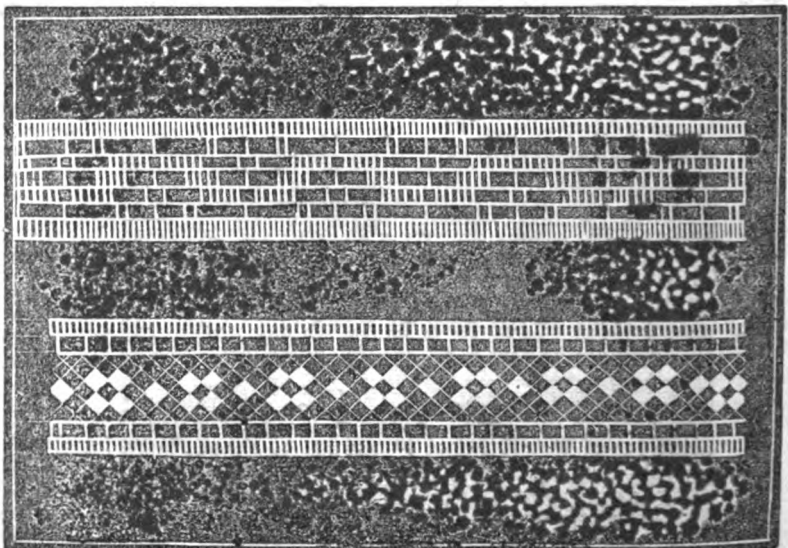
BORDER.—5 tc under 1 chain, † 4 ch, miss 2 ch and 2 dc, 5 tc under the next, † repeat all round.

2nd Row.—† 1 dc after 1 tc, * 1 ch, 1 dc after next tc, * 3 times, 2 ch, † repeat.

3rd Row.—† 1 sc under the chain of 2 in last round, and the chain of 4 in 1 ch, 3 ch, 1 sc under 1 ch, 3 ch, 1 sc under each ch, 3 ch, 1 sc under next, 3 ch, † repeat all round. Run narrow ribbon in the open hem.

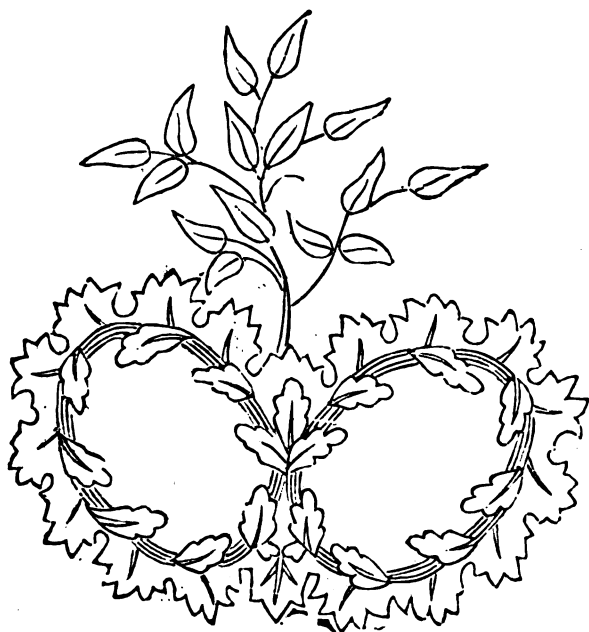
CROCHET PATTERNS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.

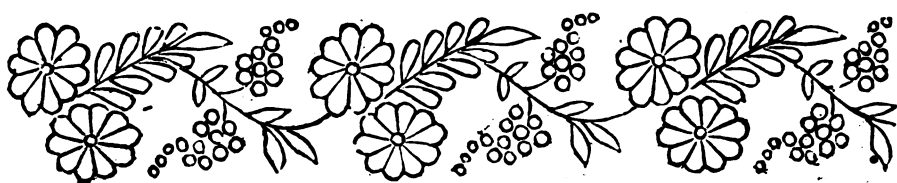
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



LETTERS FOR MARKING.



INSERTION.



NAME FOR MARKING.

FIRST LOVE REDOWA.

GERMAN MELODY.

ARRANGED BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

MODERATO.

Piano.



FIRST LOVE REDOWA.

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass clef staff contains a harmonic accompaniment of chords. Pedal markings 'p Ped.' and 'ed.' are present. An asterisk '*' is placed above the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. Pedal markings 'Ped.' and 'Ped' are present. An asterisk '*' is placed above the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff features a melody with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The bass clef staff continues the harmonic accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff continues the harmonic accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. Pedal markings 'p Ped.' and 'Ped.' are present.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. Pedal markings 'ed.', 'Ped.', and an asterisk '*' are present.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

HOUSEKEEPING AND HELP.—It is the almost universal complaint of housekeepers that domestic servants are no longer good for anything. Making every allowance for exaggeration, there still remains the great fact, that where so much discontent exists, there must be some foundation for it. Let us see whose is the fault of this condition of things.

At the very outset we are struck by the apparent paradox, that, while there is constant complaint of insufficient employment for women, there is as constant complaint that females will not work, at least in the kitchen, even when work is offered to them. The popular explanation of this curious state of affairs is, that kitchen work is considered degrading. Women, we are told, will starve at slop-shop work before they will go out to service. Housekeepers, with one voice, declaim against this absurdity, as they naturally ought. But are not housekeepers, after all, principally to blame? With whom originated the notion that kitchen work is degrading?

Everybody knows that this opinion of the degrading character of kitchen work, originates, if we may so say, with the richer classes. The women of these classes notoriously regard kitchen work as vulgar. There may be exceptions among them, but the majority hold these views. It follows, that all silly females who wish to ape them, who desire also to be thought fashionable or aristocratic, look on household labor as degrading. There are thousands of daughters, in Philadelphia, who, though compelled to assist in the kitchen, are ashamed to acknowledge it. There are thousands more, belonging to families in moderate circumstances, whose mothers slave from morning till night, in order that they may be brought up in idleness, and thought to be fine ladies. The effect of this false notion reaches to the very poorest of the sex, so that it has become almost impossible to get a native born female to work in the kitchen; while those who do condescend to such labor, regard themselves as degraded by it, seek to evade its harshest features, and escape from it as soon as possible.

The fashionable notion among females, that kitchen work is vulgar, operates in another way equally injurious. It creates and perpetuates bad servants. Mistresses of households, who are ignorant of kitchen work, can neither teach ignorant servants nor correct negligent ones. When girls go out at service there is nobody to learn from, except in the rare instances where there happens to be a capable upper servant; or the rarer case where the lady of the house is herself both competent and willing. Nor is this all. Even good domestic servants, when they get into a family where the mistress knows nothing, soon become inferior, if not utterly worthless. The fashionable notion that household work is unlady-like is, therefore, at the bottom of the whole evil: it is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end of the entire difficulty. For as the majority of wives who keep domestic help, are bad, or at least, indifferent housekeepers, it follows that the minority, who really are efficient, have to suffer through the faults of their sillier sisters; for if a good housekeeper exacts from her servant that work shall be thoroughly done, the servant retorts that "Mrs. A. where she used to live, never asked her to work so," and actually takes French leave, if the task is insisted on, sure of finding a place with some one of the numerous imitators of Mrs. A.

Put the parallel case. If men in general were as ignorant of their business as women are of housekeeping, how

long would it be before clerks, journeymen, and apprentices would become as worthless as domestic servants are said to be? An incapable master, it is well known, makes an incapable servant. But housekeeping is as much the business of a woman, who is at the head of a household, as trading, joinery, or the law is the avocation of the merchant, carpenter, or attorney. The evil of incapable kitchen servants—to speak plain truth—will never be remedied till mistresses become capable, till housekeepers cease to consider work as vulgar.

HOW TO SWIM IN A SURF.—The person must maintain such a position as to see the waves as they approach. All that is required is that the swimmer keep on his course and watch their approach. As he rises upon a wave, he will see a roaring cataract three or four feet high, rushing toward him as though it threatened destruction; but if he holds his breath a moment, the crest will pass harmlessly over him, and in an instant he will find himself on the windward side of the wave, and ready to continue as before. If the person is floating upon a board or plank, he should turn his head toward the coming waves, and keep his feet at right angles to them, holding his breath, as before, when the crests pass. In this way he will be safely driven to the beach; but, if he allows the board to be struck by the waves sideways, he may be rolled over and over, and in his fright let go his hold.

WATER-PROOF CLOTH FOR SOLDIERS' OVERCOATS.—Twenty thousand tunics, rendered water-proof, and yet porous, were served out to the French army during the late war with Russia. They are prepared after the following recipe: Take two pounds four ounces of alum and dissolve it in ten gallons of water; in like manner dissolve the same quantity of sugar of lead in a similar quantity of water, and mix the two together. They form a precipitate of the sulphate of lead. The clear liquor is now withdrawn, and the cloth immersed for one hour in the solution, when it is taken out, dried in the shade, washed in clean water and dried again. This preparation enables the cloth to repel water like the feathers on a duck's back, and yet allows the perspiration to pass somewhat freely through it, which is not the case with gutta-percha or India-rubber cloth.

METALLIC TREES.—The lead tree is produced as follows:—Put into a glass bottle about half an ounce of sugar of lead, and fill up to the neck with distilled or rain water; then fasten to the cork or stopper a piece of zinc wire, so that it may hang in the center; then place the bottle where it may remain undisturbed. The wire will soon be covered with crystals of lead, precipitated from the solution, and assuming a tree-like form very pleasing to the eye. For the tin tree proceed as before, and put in three drachms of muriatic tin, and about ten drops of nitric acid. The tin tree has a more lustrous appearance than the lead tree. The silver tree is prepared by a solution of four drachms of nitrate of silver in distilled or rain water as before, to which add about an ounce of quicksilver.

EVERY ONE CAN TAKE IT.—The Atlantic (N. J.) Journal says:—"No lady in this enlightened age should be without Peterson's Magazine. The price is so low that every one can take it without feeling the cost, and from each number you may receive more than the whole year's subscription to the work."

TO CONSTRUCT A SIMPLE BAROMETER.—Many plans have been devised for barometers, but the following appears to us both simple and effective:—Take a common phial bottle, and cut off the rim and part of the neck. This may be done by a piece of string, or rather whipcord, twisted round it, and pulled strongly in a sawing position by two persons, one of whom holds the bottle firmly in his left hand. Heated in a few minutes by the friction of the string, and then dipped suddenly into cold water, this will easily come off. Let the phial be now nearly filled with common pump water, and, applying the finger to its mouth, turn it upside down; on removing the finger, it will be found that only a few drops will escape. Without cork or stopper of any kind, the water will be retained within the bottle by the pressure of the external air; the weight of air without the phial being so much greater than that of the small quantity within it. Now let a piece of tape be tied round the middle of the bottle, to which the two ends of a string may be attached, so as to form a loop to hang on a nail. Let it be thus suspended, in a perpendicular manner, with the mouth downward, and this is the barometer. When the weather is fair, and inclined to remain so, the water will be level with the section of the neck, or rather elevated above it, and forming a concave surface. When disposed to be wet, a drop of water will appear at the mouth, which will enlarge until it falls, and then another drop, while the humidity of the atmosphere continues.

LOCUSTS.—Locusts are remarkable for the hieroglyphic that they bear upon the forehead. Their color is green throughout the whole body, excepting a little yellow rim that surrounds their head, and which is lost at the eyes. This insect has two upper wings, pretty solid. They are green like the rest of the body, except that there is in each a little white spot. The locust keeps them extended like great sails of a ship going before the wind. It has besides two other wings underneath the former, and which resemble a light, transparent stuff, pretty much like a cobweb, and which it makes use of in the manner of smack sails, that are along a vessel. But when the locust reposes herself, she does like a vessel that lies at anchor; for she keeps the second sails furled under the others.

LINT AND BANDAGES.—Lint should be made of unraveled linen, new or old, (the latter preferred,) by cutting it in pieces four or five inches square, which would be highly acceptable, while lint made from cotton flannel is irritating to the wound. Bandages should be made of linen or unbleached muslin, the former preferred, with as few joins as possible; they should never be shorter than two yards. Finger bandages should be about one inch wide, and for cases where all the hand is to be covered, they ought to be eight yards long. Bandages broader than three inches are inconvenient to handle. The length may vary from three to sixteen yards.

WHAT IS THE HAVELOCK?—The Havelock consists of a skull cap coming down very low on the forehead and covering the temples, with a cape attached, which falls say eighteen inches, enveloping the neck and resting on the back below the shoulders: the cape coming round so that the sides rest upon the breast. They are made of linen and cotton, the former material being the best. Worn with hats with small visors and no brims, they must be almost a perfect protection from the sun, and many a weary soldier will be saved from sun-stroke by their use.

PLEASE YOUR WIVES.—The Lawrence County (Ind.) Democrat says:—"Gents, if you wish your wives to always greet you with smiles when you go home, just call at this office and invest Two Dollars for Peterson, and you will be sure to obtain them."

TO BECOME THIN.—The following may be considered one of the most successful prescriptions in procuring leanness: Take of anxiety as much as you can carry; of labor, twelve hours; of sleep, five hours; of food, one meal; of disappointed love, one season; of blighted friendship, half a dozen instances. Let these ingredients be mixed carefully with a considerable weight of debt, in a mind from which all religious remedies have been excluded, and excessive leanness will be produced.

OUR FASHION PLATES.—Our cotemporaries continue to publish, month after month, patterns which we have given to our subscribers long before. But, in fact, our arrangements for getting patterns in advance are such that no one can hope to compete with us.

THE NOSE OUT OF JOINT.—This is a very characteristic picture, which every mother will realize.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The New American Cyclopædia. A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and George A. Dana. Vol. XII. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A work of this description requires peculiar qualifications in the editors. Mere knowledge is not sufficient. In addition to knowledge there must be judgment. This latter characteristic is particularly necessary when the editors come to discuss the great lights of literature. Every critic almost is the member of some particular school. In England, he swears by Coleridge, or Bentham, or Wordsworth, or Macaulay, as the case may be. In Germany, he has other idols. In France, still others. Or, if an American, he leans to the English, German, or French schools, according as education, or organization, may determine. The editors of this Cyclopædia are not more free from bias than others of their tribe. We heard an eminent German scholar lately complain that they almost entirely ignored some of the greatest German thinkers, and this while devoting whole pages to American authors infinitely less noteworthy. Now patriotism is an excellent thing in its way. Indeed, it is the holiest of virtues, when one's country is in danger. But that is a false patriotism which exalts a native born writer at the expense of a foreign one. To say that Lord Bacon was inferior to Patrick Henry as a philosopher, or that Joel Barlow was a greater genius than Plato, is simply absurd. We do not accuse the editors of this Cyclopædia of carrying their patriotism quite so far as this; but they have gone quite too far for truth. Emerson is, incontestably, a man of genius. But he is not the almost inspired thinker which these editors would make him. Apart from this prejudice, a prejudice which is not only national, but sectional even in its nationality, the work is one of high merit. On almost every subject, which can interest one, this Cyclopædia contains information. Generally, the articles are well digested, are written in a lucid style, and are as brief as it is possible to make them. The mechanical execution of the work, however, is not what it ought to be. In this respect, it is inferior to "Chambers's Encyclopedia," a compilation somewhat similar in character, which is being republished in this country by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. Neither in the type, nor the paper, is the American work equal to the English. We are sorry to have to say this of a book which appeals so strongly to the national feeling as this, but it would be folly to ignore the truth, nay! it would be worse than folly. Considering the large price, which the subscribers pay for this Cyclopædia, they are entitled to be furnished with better workmanship.

The Partisan Leader. By Beverly Tucker. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carlton.—This is a reprint of a novel which appeared about twenty-five years ago, and

which was written to advocate a withdrawal of the South from the North. The book attracted but little attention at that time. It has been galvanized, however, into notoriety by recent events. As a literary work its merit is quite inconsiderable. As a prophecy of the future, from the stand point of 1836, it is hardly of more value; for that a party at the South, in favor of a separation, has existed for quite a generation, nearly everybody has known. That party has, for the time, obtained the ascendancy. How long it will maintain that ascendancy remains to be seen. But whether it shall succeed, or fail, the merit of "The Partisan Leader" will neither be increased, nor diminished; and will remain, as chemists say, pretty near nil.

The Complete Works of Charles Dickens. 5 vols., 8 vo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a cheap, yet not inelegant edition, of the greatest of cotemporary English humorists. The Messrs. Peterson & Brothers have brought it out as a desirable edition for the times. Each volume is a double column octavo, printed on substantial paper, and may be had bound, either in cloth, sheep, or half-morocco, as the purchaser may desire. This firm print no less than twenty-eight different editions of the works of Dickens, at prices varying from twenty-five cents per volume up to two dollars. They monopolize, in fact, the field.

The Zouave Drill. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A neat little volume, with full directions for the Zouave drill. A biography of Col. Ellsworth, who first made the Zouave drill popularly known in this country, accompanies the work.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE FLOWER-BEDS, ETC.—The flower-beds, should be a constant source of attention. If the plants appear to suffer by drouth, there is no better remedy than to place a fork around the plant, and loosen up the soil deeply, without disturbing the plant more than can be avoided. After being thus loosened, it will not dry out near as much as before. Above all, keep the surface continually broken by hoeing and raking fine. Nothing is so sure a preventive of soil drying as a loose, porous texture.

Another plan with trailing plants, such as verbenas and those usually employed in masses, is to peg them over the surface as fast as they grow. They thus shade the soil, and so far check evaporation. The best pegs for this purpose are made of any straight twigs, about a quarter of an inch or less in diameter, and split in two, lengthwise. These will not break, when bent in the middle, as unsplit pieces will. There is a little art required even in splitting these twigs properly, so as to get them of equal thickness throughout. The edge of the knife should be watched, and when either half is splitting thinner than the other half, the back of the blade must be pressed against the thin section, which will cause the grain of the wood to run in again toward the pith. And so on, as the splitting progresses, the alternate action of the back and edge of the blade will keep the slit straight through the middle at the pith.

The watering of flower-beds, in a dry time, should not be done often, but, when necessary, done thoroughly.

Many herbaceous plants, such as phloxes, hollyhocks, and similar plants that are scarce and valued, may be propagated now very easily by taking portions of their flower-stems before the flowers open, and inserting them as cuttings in a half-shaded, cool, and not dry situation. Layering of many things, shrubs, half-shrubby perennials, etc., should be done before the young wood becomes too hard, if good plants are required the first year. Most plants root more quickly by having a notch cut in the layered shoot. This should be done on the upper surface, in order to prevent

breakage of succulent shoots. Good, rich soil, put just about layers, is very important. Good soil favors an abundance of roots. One of the greatest mistakes in gardening is the prevalent notion that plants in a poor soil have a greater proportion of roots than in a rich one.

Herbaceous plants should be staked, to keep from wind-blowing. White pine stakes, with their ends charred by being slightly burned in a furnace, will last for many years—as long, in fact, as the best painted cedar—a good hint for bean-poles, trellises, etc.

Many parties have a difficulty in keeping trellises, when covered with a weight of vines, from becoming "top-heavy" and blowing over in a wind. This can be remedied by nailing a cross-piece to the trellis a few inches long, just above the ground, or even two pieces, making four cross-shaped arms. This will effectually prevent "swagging," no matter from what part of the compass the rudest winds may blow.

Dahlias must not be allowed to bloom too early. Keep them growing well till fall, at any cost. If they become stunted by early flowering, a few miserable sun-dried July flowers will be the poor reward.

After bulbous roots have done flowering, they should at once be taken up, carefully dried, and placed away in paper-bags till wanted next fall. If suffered to remain in the ground, the rains we get through the fall keep their activity excited, and is unfavorable to that state of rest necessary to make them bloom finely next year.

The flowers of perpetual roses should be cut off at the earliest moment after the petals wither. If suffered to produce seed, they will flower but sparingly in the fall. In budded roses, carefully watch for and take away the suckers.

DESSERTS.

Rich Custard.—Boil a pint of milk with lemon-peel and cinnamon; mix a pint of cream and the yolks of eight eggs well beaten; when the milk tastes of the seasoning, strain it and sweeten it enough for the whole; pour it into the cream, stirring it well; then give the custard a simmer till of a proper thickness. Do not let it boil; stir the whole time one way. **Or:**—Boil a pint of cream with some mace, cinnamon, and a little lemon-peel; strain it, and, when cold, add to it the yolks of four and whites of two eggs, a little orange-flower water, and sugar to your taste. A little nutmeg and two spoonfuls of sweet wine may be added, if approved. Mix well, and bake in cups.

For Boiled Curd Pudding.—Rub the curd of two quarts of milk well drained through a sieve. Mix it with six eggs, a little cream, two spoonfuls of orange-flower water, half a nutmeg, flour and crumbs of bread—each three spoonfuls; currants and raisins, half a pound of each. Boil an hour in a thick, well-floured cloth. A very delicate species of curd can be made by mixing a pint of very sour butter-milk with two quarts of new milk. In Ireland it is the constant mode of making "two-milk" whey.

Cheesecakes.—Strain the whey from the curd of two quarts of milk; when rather dry, crumble it through a coarse sieve, and mix with six ounces of fresh butter, one ounce of pounded blanched almonds, a little orange-flower water, half a glass of raisin wine, a grated biscuit, four ounces of currants, some nutmeg and cinnamon in fine powder, and beat all the above with three eggs and half a pint of cream till quite light; then line the pattypans with a thin puff-paste, and fill them three parts full.

A Plainer Sort.—Turn three quarts of milk to curd, break it, and drain the whey; when dry, break it in a pan with two ounces of butter, till perfectly smooth; put to it one and a-half pint of thin cream or good milk, and add sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg, and three ounces of currants.

Codling Tart.—Scald the fruit; when ready, take off the thin skin, and lay them whole in a dish; put a little of the water that the apples were boiled in at bottom, strew them over with powdered lump sugar; when cold, put a paste round the edges and over. When the tart is baked, smear the crust with white of egg, and sift over it some powdered sugar. Serve with custard. *Or*:—Line the bottom of a shallow dish with paste; lay the apples in it, sweeten, and lay little twists of paste over in bars.

Curd Pudding.—Turn two quarts of milk, and drain off the curd. Beat it in a mortar with two ounces of butter, until the butter and curd are well united. Then beat the yolks of six eggs and the whites of three; add them to the curd; add a little grated bread or biscuit, one teaspoonful of grated lemon-peel, some nutmeg, and a few pounded peach kernels; mix them well together; butter a dish, and bake it with a crust round the edges. Currants may be added.

Transparent Pudding.—Beat eight eggs very well; put them into a stewpan, with half a pound of sugar pounded fine; the same quantity of butter, and some nutmeg grated. Set it on the fire, and keep stirring it till it thickens. Put a rich puff-paste round the edge of the dish; pour in the pudding when cool, and bake it in a moderate oven. It will cut light and clear. You may add candied orange and citron if you like.

Apple Pie.—Pare, core, and quarter the apples; boil the cores and parings in sugar and water; strain off the liquor, adding more sugar; grate the rind of a lemon over the apples, and squeeze the juice into the syrup; mix half a dozen cloves with the fruit, put in a piece of butter the size of a walnut; cover with puff-paste.

Lemon Cream.—Take a pint of thick cream and put to it the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar, finely powdered, and the rind of a lemon cut very thin. Boil it up and stir it till nearly cold. Put the juice of a lemon into a dish or basin, and pour the cream upon it, stirring till quite cold.

Devonshire Junket.—Make one pint of milk blood warm, put it into your dish with two dessertspoonfuls of brandy, one of sugar, and one and a-half of prepared rennet. Stir it all together, and cover it over until it is set. Spread clotted cream over the top, grate some nutmeg and sugar over it, then eat it.

King for Fruit Pies and Tarts.—The common mode is to take the white of an egg, whisked to a froth, mixed thickly with pounded sugar, and laid on with a quill feather. For larger tarts it should, however, be laid on more thickly, and comfits or lemon-peel may be stuck into it.

Pear Tart.—Peel the fruit carefully, cut each pear into quarters, and take out the cores. If the pears are large and green, boil them in a little water till soft. Simmer them in some rich syrup; line a dish with puff-paste, lay the pears in with the syrup, cover and bake the whole

To Remove Scorching from Linen.—Add to a quart of vinegar the juice of half a dozen large onions, about an ounce of soap rasped down, a quarter of a pound of fuller's earth, one ounce of lime, and one ounce of pearl-ash, or any other strong alkali. Boil the whole until it is pretty thick, and lay some of it on the scorched part, suffering it to dry. It will be found that on repeating the process for one or two washings, the mark will be completely removed without any additional damage to the linen: provided its texture is not absolutely injured as well as discolored.

An Excellent Receipt for Burns and Scalds.—Take equal parts of olive oil and lime-water, which, when well mixed together, forms a beautiful white ointment, which may be spread with a feather upon the part affected, and a thin rag laid over it. Two or three dressings will generally take out all the fire, after which apply a little healing ointment. Families ought always have this remedy by them, that it may be applied immediately after the accident, as it very soon gives ease.

A Perfumed Oil may be obtained by placing the leaves of any scented flower in a bottle, with alternate layers of cotton wool (very lightly placed), and saturated well with pure olive oil; then place it in the heat of the sun for about a fortnight, by which time the scent will have penetrated the wool, and thoroughly impregnated the oil with its perfume, which can then be gently squeezed out.

To Restore Hair that has fallen off through Illness.—Rub onions frequently on the part requiring it. The stimulating powers of this vegetable are of service in restoring the tone of the skin, and assisting the capillary vessels in sending forth new hair; but it is not infallible. Should it succeed, however, the growth of these new hairs may be assisted by the oil of myrtle-berries.

To Extinguish a Fire in a Chimney.—Throw some powdered brimstone on the fire in the grate, or ignite some on the hob, and then put a board or something in the front of the fire-place to prevent the fumes descending into the room. The vapor of the brimstone ascending the chimney will then effectually extinguish the soot on fire.

Damp Walls.—The following method is recommended to prevent the effect of damp walls on paper in rooms:—Line the damp part of the wall with sheet lead, rolled very thin, and fastened up with small copper nails. It may be immediately covered with paper. The lead is not to be thicker than that which lines tea-chests.

Gooseberry Cream.—Take a quart of gooseberries, and boil them very quick in enough water to cover them; stir in half an ounce of good butter; when they become soft, pulp them through a sieve, sweeten the pulp while it is hot, and then beat it up with the yolks of four eggs. Serve in a dish, cups, or glasses.

To Remove Grease from Cloth.—Take soft soap and fuller's earth, of each half a pound, beat them well together in a mortar, and form into cakes. The spot, first moistened with water, is rubbed with a cake and allowed to dry, when it is well rubbed with a little warm water, and afterward rinsed or rubbed off clean.

A Cure for Soft Corns.—Scrape a piece of common chalk, and put a pinch to the soft corn, and bind a piece of linen rag upon it. Repeat the application during a few days, and you will find the corn come off like a shell, and perfectly cured. The cure is simple and efficacious.

Recipe for Whitening the Hands.—Take a wineglassful of eau de Cologne, and another of lemon-juice; then scrape two cakes of brown Windsor soap to a powder, and mix well in a mould. When hard, it will be an excellent soap for whitening the hands.

French Milk of Roses is made with rose-water, tincture of benzoin, tincture of storax; of each of the two latter one ounce put into the rose-water; to increase the scent a little spirits of roses is added.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Washing Lace.—I have lately used the following method of washing lace, lace collars, or crochet collars, and find that it not only makes them look well, but saves much of the wear and tear of other washing:—Cover a glass bottle with calico or linen, and then tack the lace or collar smoothly upon it; rub it with soap, and cover it with calico. Boil it for twenty minutes in soft water; let it all dry together, and the lace will be found ready for use. A long piece of lace must be wound round and round the bottle, the edge of each round a little above the last, and a few stitches to keep it firm at the beginning and end will be found sufficient; but a collar will require more tacking to keep it in its place.

Cure for Pimples.—The only safe and sure cure for pimples is a low diet, plenty of exercise, and bathing.

To Cover Preserves.—Moisten thin brown paper with the white of egg. This perfectly excludes the air.

RECEIPTS FOR PICKLING, ETC.

Mangoes.—Although any melon may be used before it is quite ripe, yet there is a particular sort for this purpose, which the gardeners know, and should be mangoed soon after they are gathered. Cut a small piece out of one end, through that take out the seeds, and mix with them mustard-seed and shred garlic; stuff the melon as full as the space will allow, and replace the cut piece. Bind it up with pack-thread. To allow for wasting, boil a good quantity of vinegar, with pepper, salt, ginger, and any of the sweet spices; then pour it boiling-hot over the mangoes for four successive days; and on the last, put flour of mustard and scraped horseradish into the vinegar, just as it boils up. Stop close. Observe that there be plenty of vinegar, as pickles are spoiled if not well covered. Large cucumbers, called "green turley," prepared in the same way, are excellent, and are sooner fit to be eaten.

To Pickle Onions—Silver Sort.—Choose small button onions, as near of a size as possible; throw them into warm water, which will prevent their affecting the eyes so much while peeling them. As they are peeled, throw them into a strong brine of salt and water, with a small bit of alum; let them remain in this till the next day, then put them on the fire, and boil them in it for a minute. Or, as they are peeled, throw them into milk and water; drain them from this when they are all done, put them into a jar, and pour the brine on them boiling hot; cover them close, and set them aside till the next day; drain, and dry them in a cloth; put them into cold distilled vinegar, with a few blades of bruised ginger, some whole pepper, and, if approved, a little mace and sliced horseradish; keep them always well covered with vinegar; cork the jar close, and put it in a cool, dry place.

Full-grown Sort.—Peel and slice large onions, and sprinkle them with salt. To every gallon take about a dozen capsicums, either dry or green, slicing only a part; add a few cloves, some pepper and allspice, all whole. Put the onions into jars, distribute the spices pretty equally among them, fill up the jars with vinegar, and set them in a pan of cold water over the fire, taking care that they are closely tied down with a bladder; keep a wet cloth over them to prevent the bladder from bursting. In about one hour and a-half the onions will be soft enough.

Tomatoes.—For this purpose the small round ones are the best, and each such be pricked with a fork, to allow some of the juice to exude, but keep it for the pickle. Put them into a deep, earthen vessel, sprinkle salt between every layer, and leave them there for three days covered; then wash off the salt, and cover them with a pickle of cold vinegar, to which add the juice, mixed with a large handful of mustard-seed and one ounce each of cloves and white pepper, as being generally sufficient for one peck of fruit. It makes an excellent sauce for roast meat, and will be ready in about a fortnight. It is sometimes mixed up with layers of thinly-sliced onions, and chopped celery is a good addition, either with or without onions.

French Beans.—Gather them before they become stringy, and, without taking off the ends, put them into a very strong brine until they become yellow; drain the liquor from them, and wipe them dry with a cloth. Put them into a stone jar by the fire, put in a little bit of alum, and pour boiling vinegar upon them every twenty-four hours, preventing the escape of the steam. In four or five days they will become green. Boil a little mace, whole pepper, and ginger in the vinegar.

Onions and Cucumbers.—To every dozen of cucumbers put three large onions; cut both in thick slices, and sprinkle salt over them. Next day drain them for five or six hours, then put them into a stone jar, pour boiling vinegar over them, and keep them in a warm place. Repeat the boiling vinegar, and stop them up again instantly, and so on till green; the last time put pepper and ginger; keep in stone jars. The vinegar is very good for winter salads.

Walnut Vinegar.—Put green walnut-shells into a brine of salt and water strong enough to float an egg; let them lie covered in this ten or twelve days; take them out and lay them in the sun for a week; put them into a jar and pour boiling vinegar on them; in about a week or ten days pour off the vinegar, make it boiling-hot, and pour over them again. In a month it will be fit for use, and will be found excellent to eat with cold meat, and particularly useful in making sauces.

Cucumber Vinegar.—Pare and slice fifteen large cucumbers, and put them in a stone jar, with three pints of vinegar, four large onions sliced, two or three shallots, a little garlic, two large spoonfuls of salt, three teaspoonfuls of pepper, and half a teaspoonful of cayenne. After standing four days, give the whole a boil: when cold, strain and filter the liquor through paper.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Stewed Breast of Veal and Peas.—Take two ounces of butter, a bunch of savory herbs, including parsley; two blades of pounded mace, two cloves, five or six young onions, one strip of lemon-peel, six allspice, quarter teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, thickening of butter and flour, two tablespoonfuls of sherry, two tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, two tablespoonfuls of mushroom ketchup, green peas. Cut the breast in half, after removing the bone underneath, and divide the meat into convenient sized pieces. Put the butter into a frying-pan, lay in the pieces of veal, and fry until of a nice brown color. Now place these in a stewpan with the herbs, mace, cloves, onions, lemon-peel, allspice, and seasoning; pour over them just sufficient boiling water to cover the meat; well close the lid, and let the whole simmer very gently for about two hours. Strain off as much gravy as is required, thicken it with butter and flour, add the remaining ingredients, skim well, let it simmer for about ten minutes, then pour it over the meat. Have ready some green peas, boiled separately; sprinkle these over the veal, and serve. It may be garnished with forcemeat balls, or rashers of bacon curled and fried.

Potato Farcies.—Bake the potatoes; and, when nearly done, cut off a circular piece from the upper part, and scoop out a portion of the pulp, leaving about an inch of thickness under the peel. Then have ready any well-minced fricassee or forcemeat you please, butter the inside of the potato, and fill up the cavity with the mince heaped to a round, touch it over with raw yolk of egg, and put the potatoes again in the Dutch oven, or brown them with a salamander. The skins should be rubbed with butter to render them crisp, or they will probably have become too hard to be peeled without breaking the potatoes, but if not, a portion of it should be cut off.

To Boil New Potatoes.—The sooner the new potatoes are cooked after being dug, the better they will eat; clear off all the loose skins with a coarse towel and cold water; when they are thoroughly clean, put them into scalding water, a quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes will be found sufficient to cook them; strain off the water dry, sprinkle a little salt over the potatoes, and send them to table. If very young, melted butter should accompany them.

Stewed Cucumbers.—Peel the cucumbers, slice them thick, or halve and divide them into two lengths; strew some salt, and pepper, and sliced onions; add a little broth, or a bit of butter; simmer very slowly; and before serving, if no butter was in before, put some, and a little flour; or if there was butter in, only a little flour, unless it wants richness. *Or:*—Slice the onions and cut the cucumbers large; flour them, and fry them in some butter; then pour on some good broth or gravy, and stew them till done enough.

To Mash Potatoes.—Boil the potatoes as above; peel them, and remove all the eyes and lumps; beat them up with butter and salt in a wooden mortar until they are quite smooth; force them into a mould which has been previously floured, turn into a tureen, which the flour will enable you easily to do; brown them before the fire, turning gently so as not to injure the shape, and, when a nice color, send to table. They are sometimes coated with white of egg, but they may be cooked without.

FEMALE EQUESTRIANISM.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The art of horsemanship does not consist merely in knowing how to mount, how to hold the reins, how to sit with security and grace, nor how to compel the horse to walk that canters or gallops at the will of the rider. All these are indispensable. But there is also to be acquired the art of drawing forth the *willing* obedience of the animal. This is to be obtained only by a kind, temperate, and uniform treatment, and by a thorough knowledge of his habits and instincts. How different is a ride on a well-kept, well-used horse, who feels that he carries a *friend*, to one on a broken-spirited or timid creature, in whom ill-usage has produced many defects! In the former case, the exercise is as great a pleasure to the horse as to his rider. He sniffs the air, he pricks up his ears, he throws forward his feet with energy. Life has, to him, delights beyond his stall and his corn. The horse is naturally gentle, intelligent, and affectionate; but these qualities are not sufficiently studied or appreciated. He is usually regarded merely as a means of health and pleasure to his owner, and not often is either gratitude, kindness, or sympathy extended to him in return.

Occasionally horses are found vicious and unmanageable; but defects of temper may generally be traced to the ill-treatment of some reckless master, some cruel trainer, or some ignorant groom. Even in these cases, mild, but firm treatment may render him gentle and tractable.

SADDLING.—In saddling, the groom very frequently flings the saddle on the horse's back, and at once proceeds to tighten the girths to the extent required. This causes the animal great inconvenience, which he resents by throwing back his ears, and trying to bite or kick his tormentor; for which he is corrected in very strong language, if not by a blow, and his temper ruffled, to the discomfort of his rider. The horse, being accustomed to such rough treatment, endeavors, by puffing himself out, to lessen, in some degree, the distress experienced from this mode of saddling; and, in consequence, when the rider has been on the road some half-hour, she finds her seat become loose and unsteady. Should the horse start, or shy, and the rider be inexperienced, she may lose her balance (in which case the saddle will turn round), and be precipitated to the ground.

The humane and experienced groom will place the saddle lightly on the back of the horse, patting him kindly as he does so. Then, drawing up the girths to within two holes of the required tightness, will so leave it for a quarter of an hour. By this time the saddle will be warm, when it may be tightened as much as necessary, without pain or discomfort to the animal, and, moreover, greatly lessening the chances of a wrung back or withers.

A lady's saddle should be placed more backward on the horse than a gentleman's, to keep the heavy weight of the iron as far from the withers as possible.

MOUNTING, AND USE OF THE REINS.—In mounting, place the left foot in the hand of the groom, resting the right hand on the pommel of the saddle. Spring lightly, but surely, into the seat, neither throwing too much weight on the hand of the assistant, nor pulling at the saddle; both are ungraceful, and, after a little practice, unnecessary. Let the groom arrange the habit carefully between the foot and the stirrup. If well arranged at first, it ought to remain so during the ride. The habit should never be pinned under the foot; it is sure to tear the skirt, and prevent it falling gracefully and easily. Seat yourself rather backward on the saddle, taking care that the figure be erect, and the shoulders perfectly square with your seat. Take the reins in the left hand. If you ride on the curb, raise that first, leaving the left rein outside the hand, or between the third and fourth fingers—the right side of the rein between the first and second fingers. Then raise the snaffle, leaving the left rein outside the hand, and the right with the curb, between the first and second fingers. Leave the snaffle looser than the curb, so as to hang gracefully in a fustoon from the bit. Double all the four reins together over the fore-finger, placing the thumb firmly on them.

Should you prefer riding on the snaffle, which to an inexperienced rider is perhaps safer, and certainly, in such a case, preferable for the horse, reverse the instructions above given, taking up the snaffle first, etc.—keep the elbows close to the body—not in young-lady fashion, so as to form a triangle with the waist, by which, rounding and stooping of the shoulders is produced, and all power over the horse lost. The hands should always be kept low, as near the saddle as possible. In guiding the horse by the rein, use the hand only, from the wrist downward. Never use the arms. If you wish your horse to move to the right, bend the hand slightly inward toward the body, so as to tighten the right rein, and loosen the left. If you wish him to move to the left, depress your hand slightly, which will tighten the left rein and loosen the right. In both cases, keep the wrist unmoved. It should be done by the hand alone, and imperceptibly—a slight balancing motion of the body, so slight as to be *felt*, not *seen*, should accompany the action of the hand.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

RECEIPTS FOR PRESERVING.

To Preserve Fruits or Flowers the whole Year, without Spoiling.—Mix one pound of nitre with two pounds of bole ammoniac and three pounds of clean, common sand; then, in dry weather, take fruit of any sort, which is not fully ripe, allowing the stalks to remain, and put them one by one into an open glass, until it is quite full; cover the glass with oiled cloth closely tied down. Put the glass three or four inches down in the earth, in a dry cellar, and surround it on all sides to the depth of three or four inches with the above mixture. The fruit will thus be preserved quite fresh all the year round.

To Preserve Plums.—Gather the fruit when quite dry, and be careful not to bruise it. Lay it in a sieve, for a day or two, to shrivel. Prepare your jar by rinsing with a small quantity of brandy, and use good, moist sugar. Place a layer of fruit, and another of sugar, till the jar is full; then bung and resin it down, and they will keep for years. Damsons may be done in the same way, but they are more precarious.

Greengage Jam.—Rub ripe greengages through a large hair sieve, then put the pulp into a preserving-pan, and to every pound of pulp add a pound of loaf-sugar, pounded and sifted. Boil the whole to a proper thickness, skim it well, and put it into small pots.

To Preserve Greengages.—Pick and prick all the plums; put them into a preserving-pan with cold water enough to cover them. Let them remain on the fire until the water simmers well; then take off and allow them to stand until half-cold, putting the plums to drain. To every pound of plums allow one pound of sugar, which must be boiled in the water from which the plums have been taken; let it boil very fast until the syrup drops short from the spoon, skimming carefully all the time. When the sugar is sufficiently boiled, put in the plums, and allow them to boil until the sugar covers the pan with large bubbles. Then pour the whole into a pan and let them remain until the following day. Drain the syrup from the plums as dry as possible, boil it up quickly, and pour it over the plums; then set them by; do this a third and a fourth time. On the fifth day, when the syrup is boiled, put the plums into it, and let them boil for a few minutes; then put them into jars. Should the greengages be over-ripe, it will be better to make jam of them, using three-quarters of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Warm the jars before putting the sweetmeats in, and be careful not to boil the sugar to a candy.

Rhubarb Jam.—To seven pounds of rhubarb add four sweet oranges and five pounds of sugar. Peel and cut up the rhubarb. Put in the thin peel of the oranges and the pulp, after taking out the seeds and all the whites. Boil all together for one hour and a-half.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS OF FIGURED PINK SILK, flounced with nine flounces, the body cut open, in front, like a gentleman's vest.

FIG. II.—A ZOUAVE DRESS, IN BUFF-COLOR, trimmed with wide black ribbons, as seen in the engraving.

FIG. III.—POLONAISE DRESS OF GRAY FOUTLARD SILK.—The body and skirt are cut in one piece.

FIG. IV.—BLUE BAREGE DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The body is made with braces, and is open in front to the waist, being confined by three straps, edged with a narrow black lace. The sleeves are composed of four straps and a ruffle, and are worn over a very full puffed white sleeve. A white puffed bow, square in the neck, is worn under the body of the dress.

FIG. V.—DRESS OF LEMON-COLORED MARSAILLES OR PIQUE.—This dress is for a child of about three years of age. The skirt is ornamented with rows of black braid. A full white apron, trimmed with a binding of Marsaillies and rows of black braid, is worn over the skirt. Black straw hat, with white plume.

FIG. VI.—THE CALEDONIAN HAT.—The crown is of white straw, and the rim of black straw. The hat is trimmed with a cording of black and white straw, and black and white heron's plumes.

FIG. VII.—THE RINGOTE.—A hat of gray straw, with the edge trimmed with a quilling of ribbon. A round feather ornament like a ball, and a tuft of cock's plumes finish the front.

FIG. VIII.—THE TUDOR HAT is of mixed straw, and is trimmed in front with two bunches of green heron's plumes, with a small tuft of curled feathers in front. All these hats are suitable for ladies as well as for children.

FIG. IX.—A BRIDAL BONNET OF WHITE CRAPE, from Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, New York, with transparent front, composed of puffings of white tulle and pipings of white silk. A rich fall of blonde surrounds the front and cape and falls over the brim. The left side is ornamented with orange blossoms, May roses, and trailing clematis. The cape is made of narrow puffings of tulle, headed with pipings of white silk set on the bonnet in box plaits. Full inside trimming of orange blossoms, May roses, and clematis

intermingled with blonde, with strings of rich white ribbon. This is decidedly the most novel and beautiful bridal bonnet of the season.

FIG. X.—THE HELENA, a bonnet of white straw, trimmed with a plume of straw and a heavy straw cord on the edge. The cape and strings are of white ribbon, spotted with bees in purple. Cap ornamented with a plume and tufts of purple flowers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses still continue to be made without any separation at the waist—that is to say, body and skirt in one—and the skirts of dresses should always be gored, and made very long behind. For plain dresses nothing is more suitable than the waistband or sash; but for dresses of a superior sort, points are coming into fashion again. Another new and original mode of making bodies is, with large pleats behind and points in front; the back of the body and the back of the skirt being cut in one piece, but not the front.

BODIES for morning and promenade dresses are made high, or a little open with small *revers*; the waists round, many with sashes fastening either in the front or at the left side, with bows and long ends.

SLEEVES are either wide and open, of the Isabel form, or half-tight, slightly shaped at the elbow, with *revers* on the top side only, or a small cuff turned back a *la mousquetaire*; with these last a full sleeve of cambric with richly worked cuff should be worn. The square body open in front is in equal favor for young ladies.

SKIRTS are made long and excessively full at the bottom; for silks, the breadths should be gored; if not all, those of the front and sides; many are wearing the skirt without any trimming, particularly figured silks. Bareges and light materials should have fluted flounces.

UNDER-SLEEVES, ETC.—Several novel and elegant articles have appeared for the summer season. Most of the newest under-sleeves are close and consist of two or three puffs terminated by a wristband. They are trimmed with ribbon and lace. Sleeves composed of a single puff of plain muslin generally have a turned-up wristband, ornamented with embroidery, or the sleeve is fastened on a band formed of lace insertion. There is, however, a great variety in sleeves. For an elegant style of costume, the under-sleeves and collar should be of lace, and those adopted in morning dress frequently consists of nansouk ornamented with colored embroidery.

CAPS are in general small; the intermingling of black and white lace still continues to be a favorite fashion in caps, and many of the new ones have lappets of lace.

AMONG THE NOVELTIES IN POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS there are several composed almost entirely of lace. Others are embroidered, and merely edged with lace. Pocket handkerchiefs for the morning are frequently edged only with a hem, surmounted by a row of hem-stitch, or they may have vignettes embroidered in colors.

NETS FOR THE HAIR are as much adopted as ever. The prettiest are made of chenille, with a trimming in the form of a coronet. The "Clotilde" is the newest style of net yet introduced. It is formed of black or brown chenille, with a large bow of ribbon above the forehead. This description of net is worn by the Princess Clotilde for in-door negligé dress, and thence it has received its name.

LITTLE HEAD-DRESSES of ruffled black lace, mixed with poppies, roses, and cornflowers, are still worn, with a black velvet bow and long ends behind.

CORONETS in black or colored velvet continue in vogue, and are still fashionable, with a mixture of gold, although this will soon be too general to be considered very *recherché*.

RIDING-HATS.—The favorite riding-hat in Paris consists of black straw, with a tuft of red flowers in front. Riding-hats of white or colored straw, trimmed with a feather, are also worn; but the Empress gives the preference, in equestrian costume, to a hat of black straw, without any feather.



Designed by Mrs.

Engraved & Printed by Thomas Agnew & Sons

THE LION OF NOBIL.

Published weekly for the London Magazine.





Engraved & Printed by Thomas Brothers.

LES MODES PARISIENNES.
SEPTEMBER.

1861

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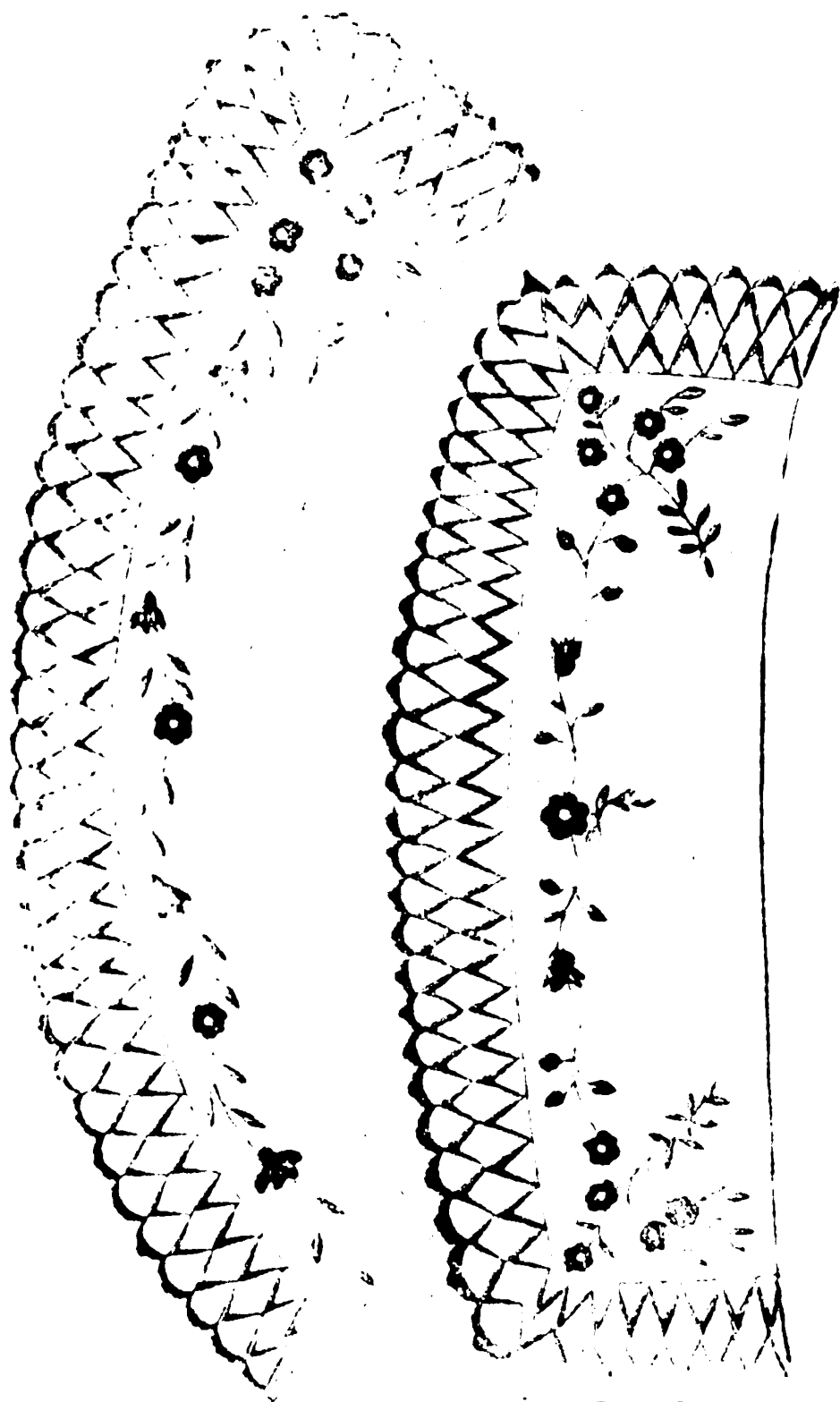
Engraved by James Smith

THE LESSON OF HONOR.

Engraved expressly for Paterson's Magazine.

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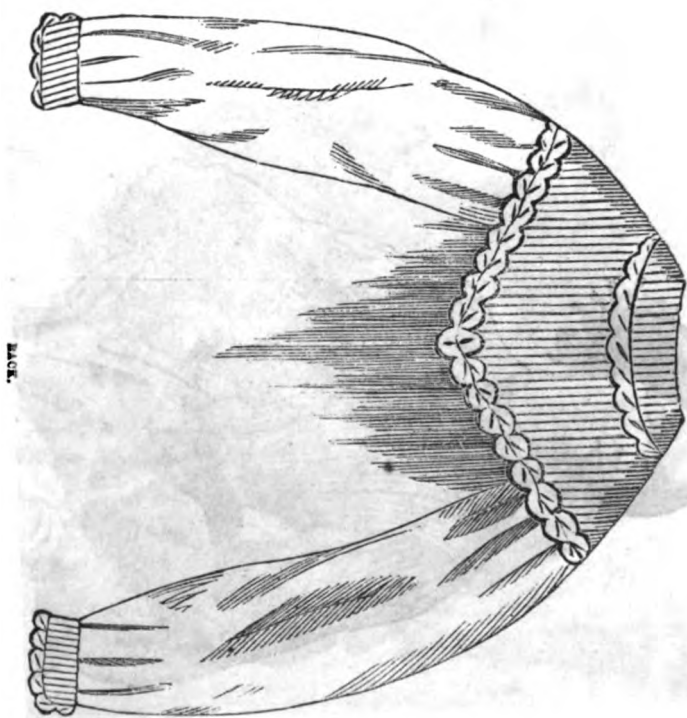
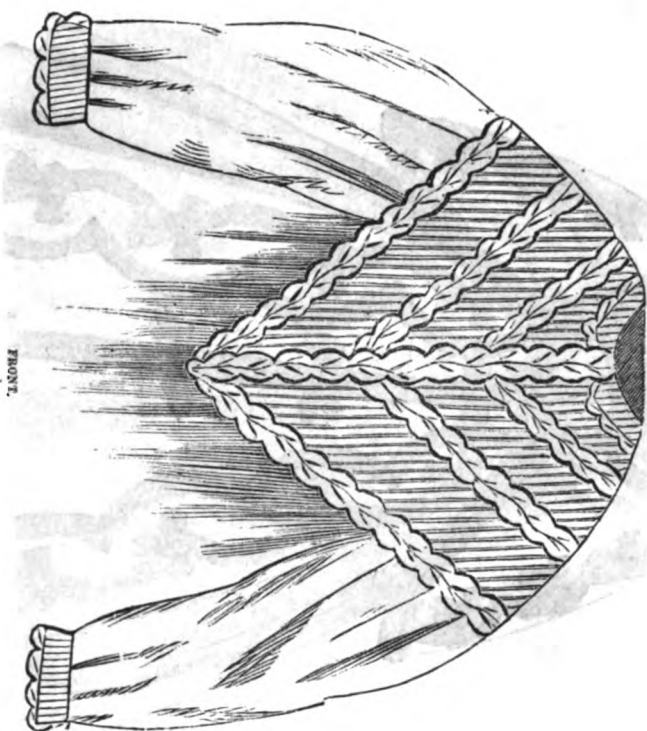
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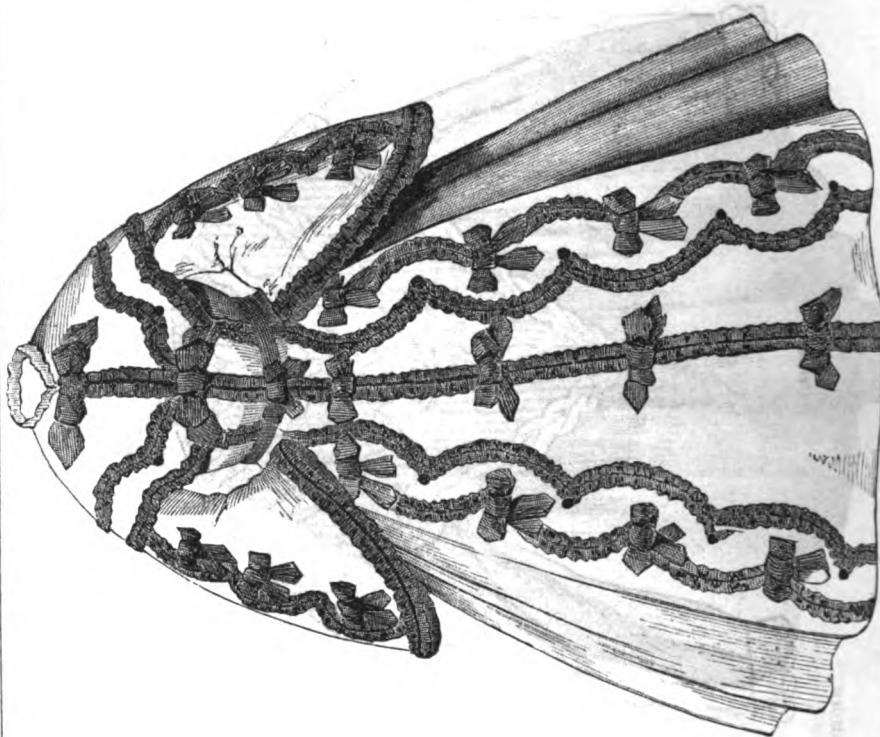




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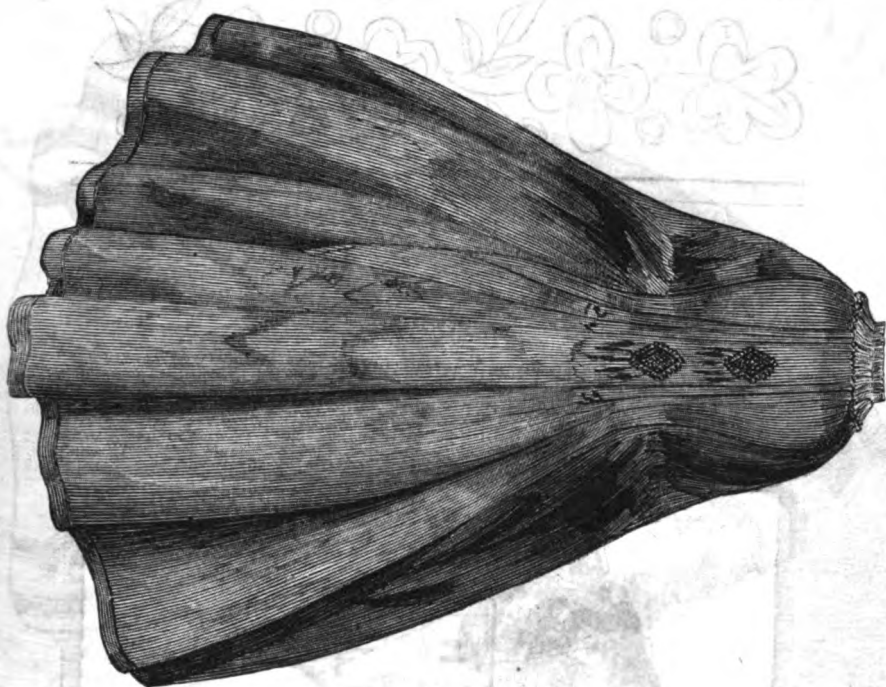
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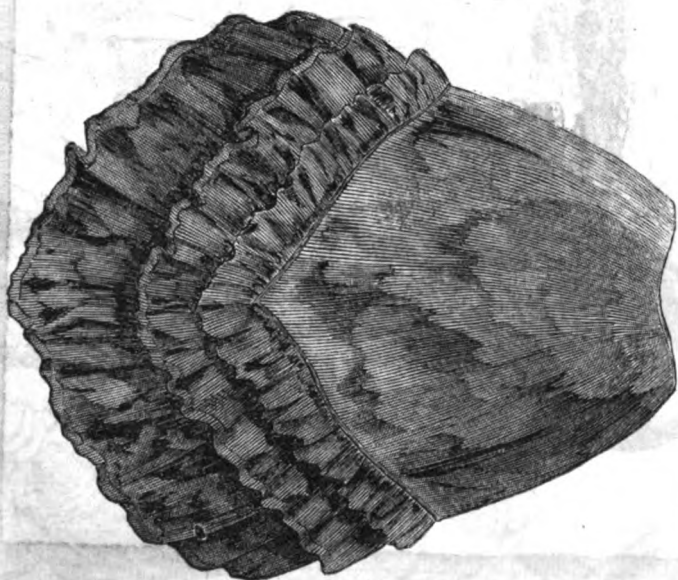
MORNING DRESS.



WHITE BODICE.



PAIL TALMA.



SILK MANTILLA.



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THE LEGION OF HONOR.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.



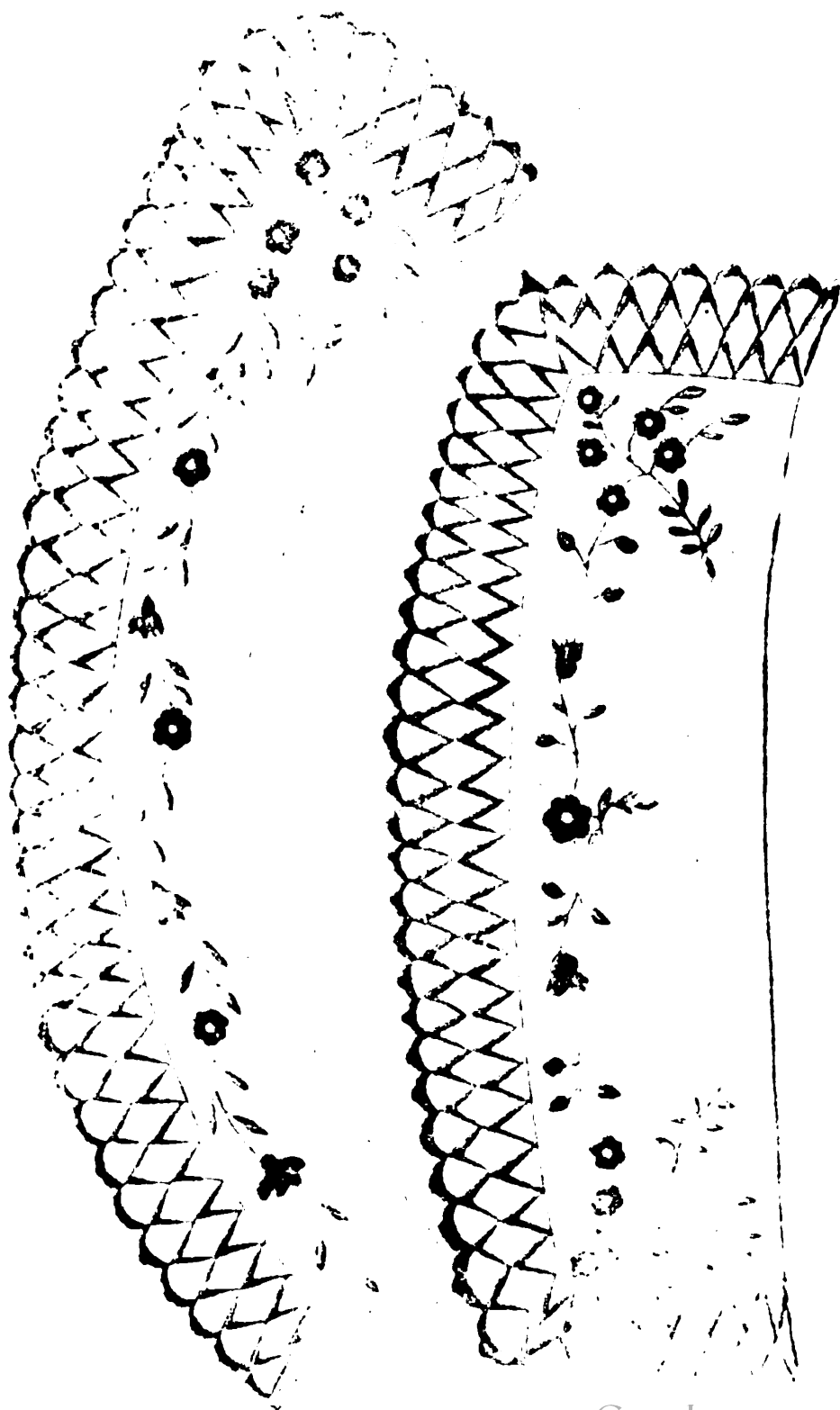
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PARIS, 1871

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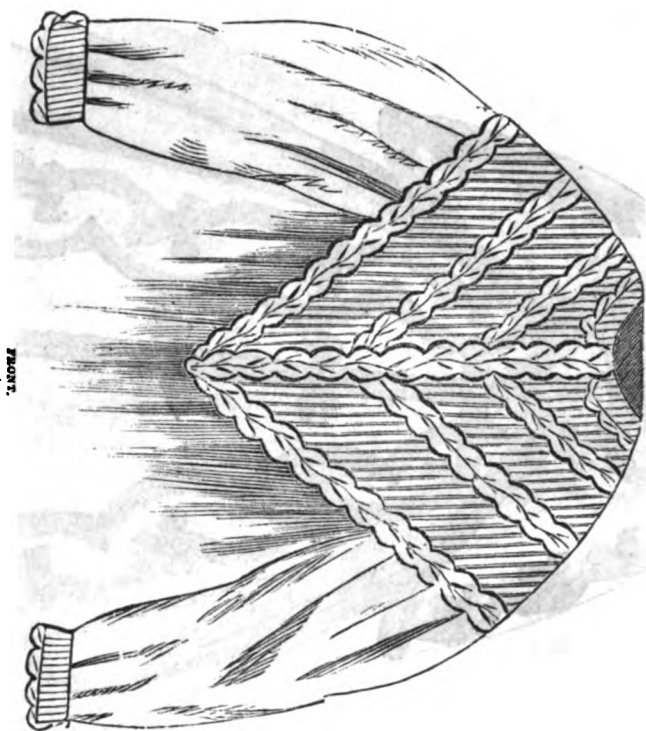
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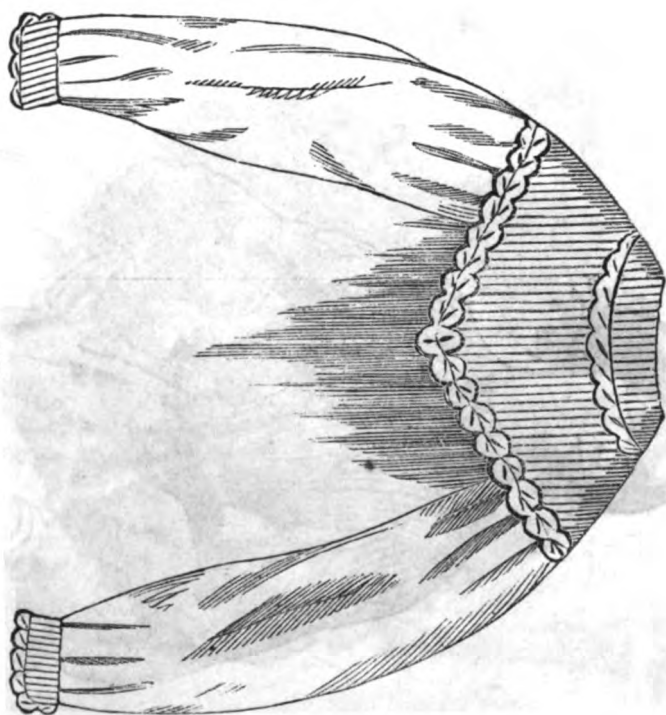




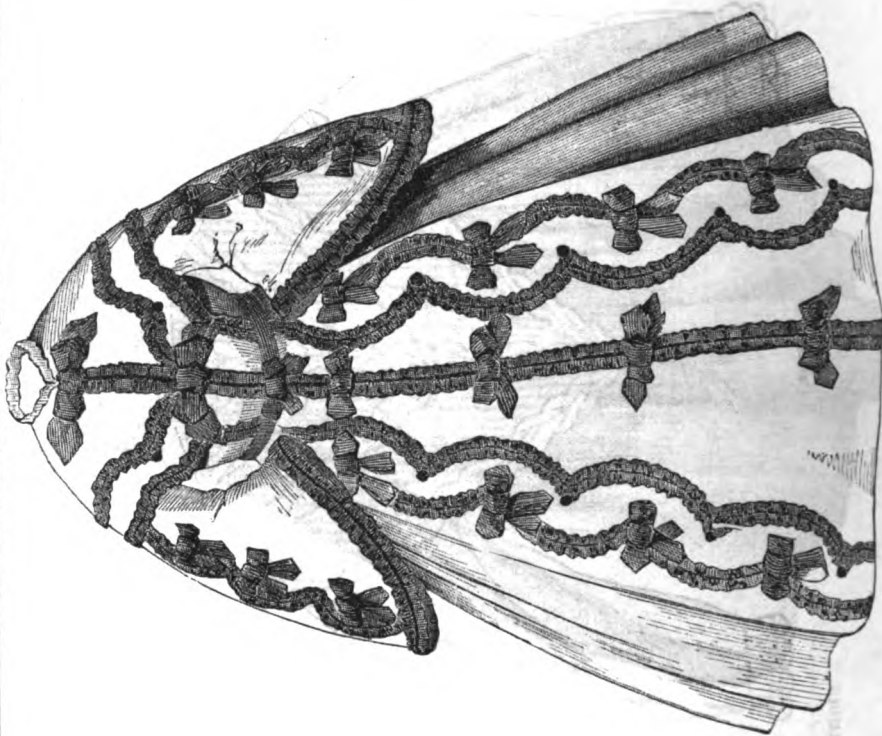


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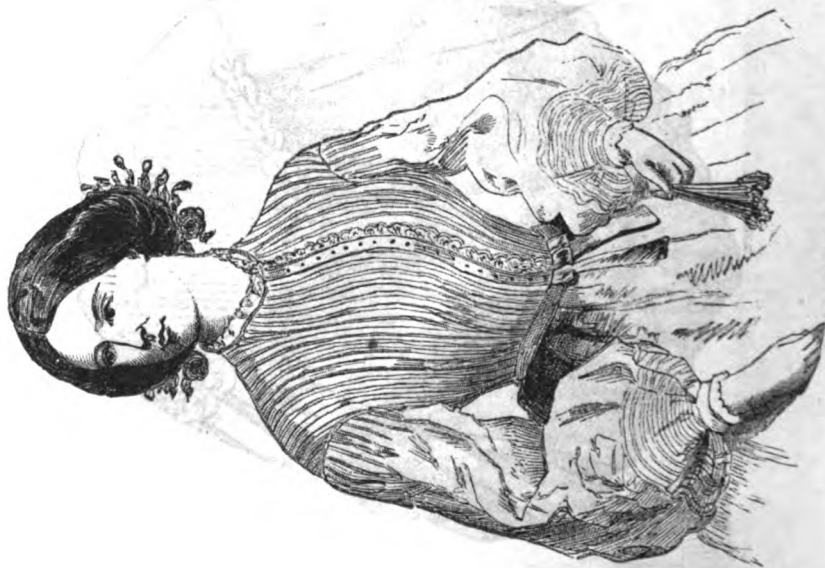
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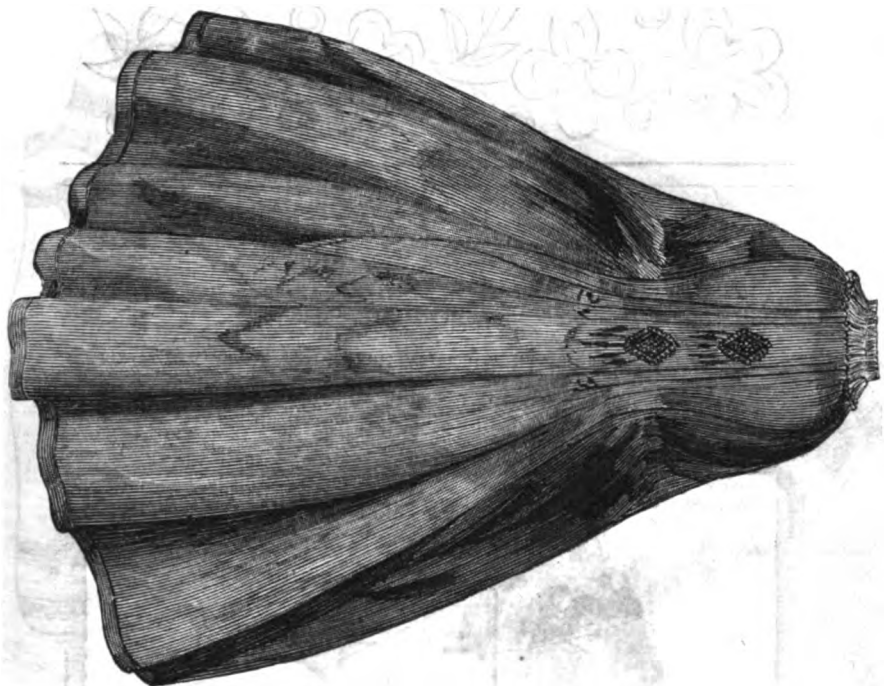


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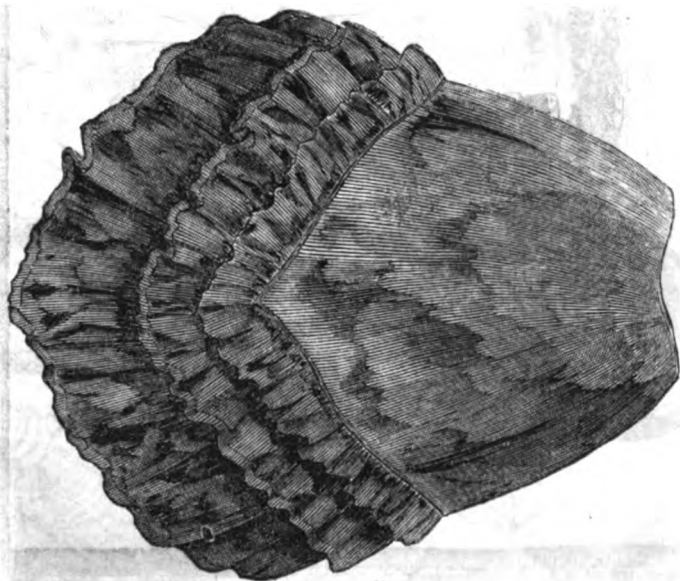


WHITE BODY.

PALE TAIATA.



BLUE MANTILLA.





THE LEGION OF HONOR.

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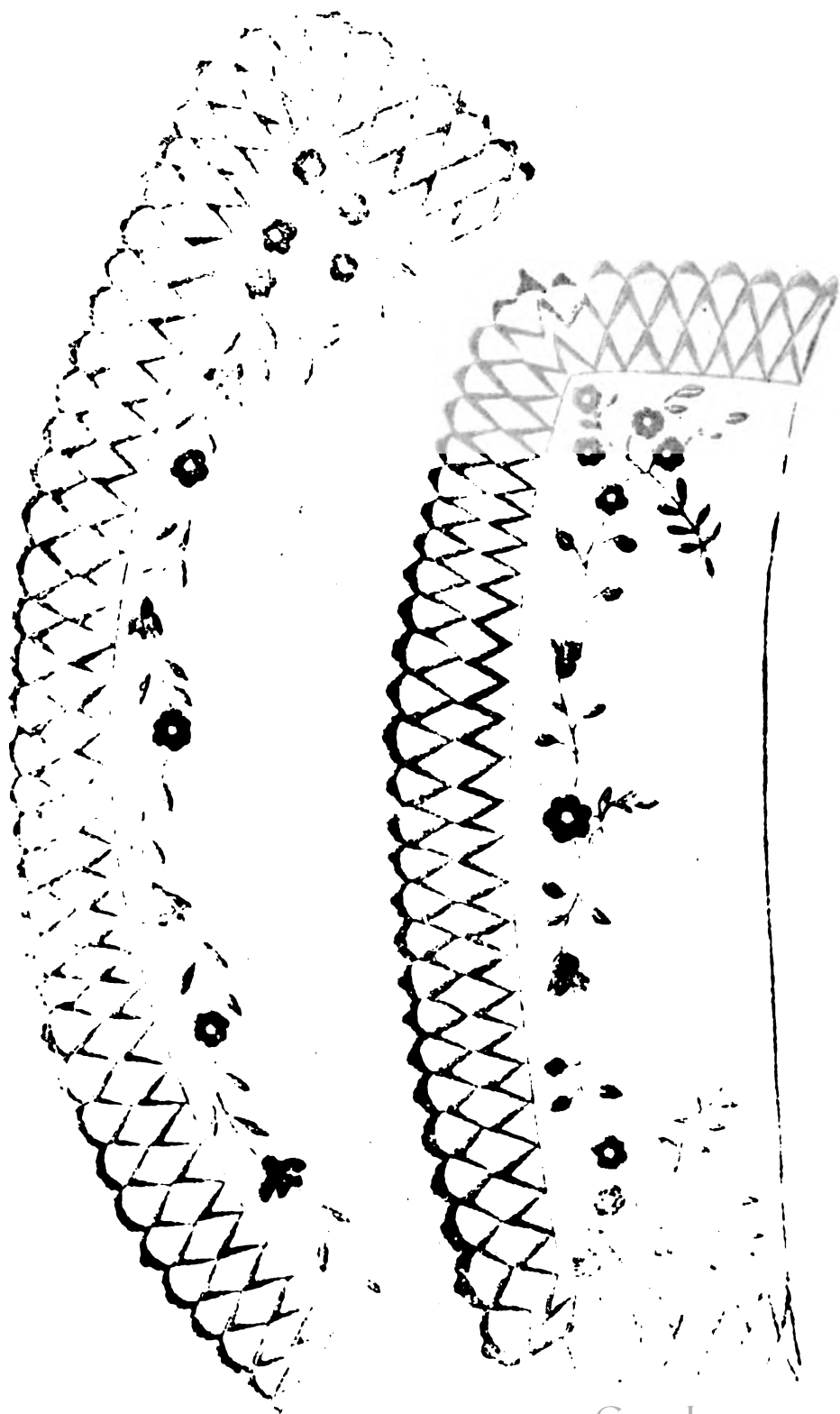


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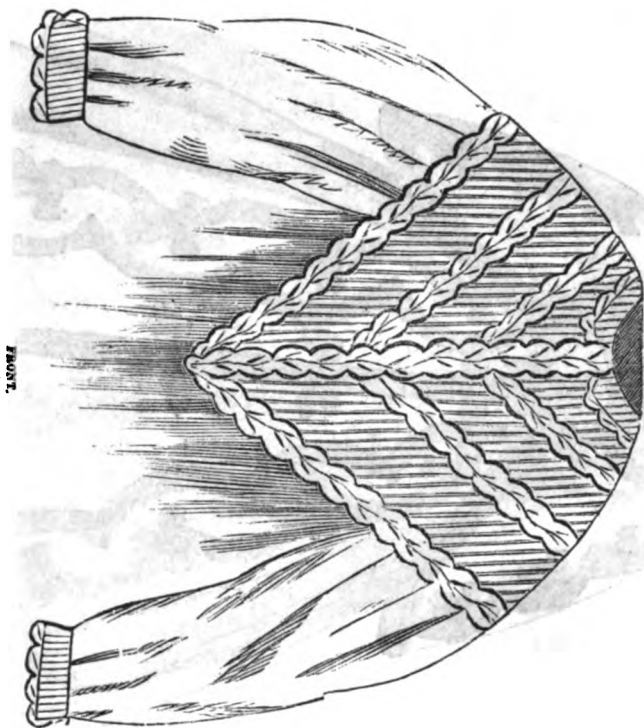






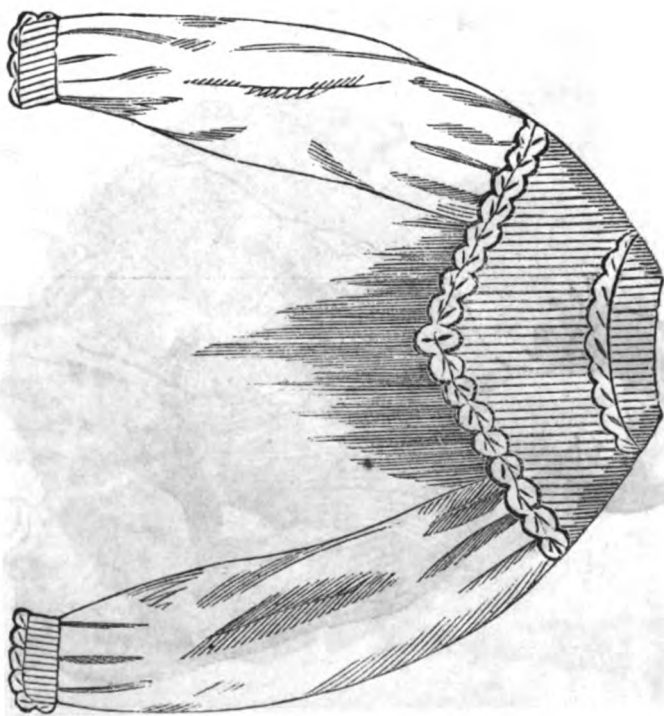
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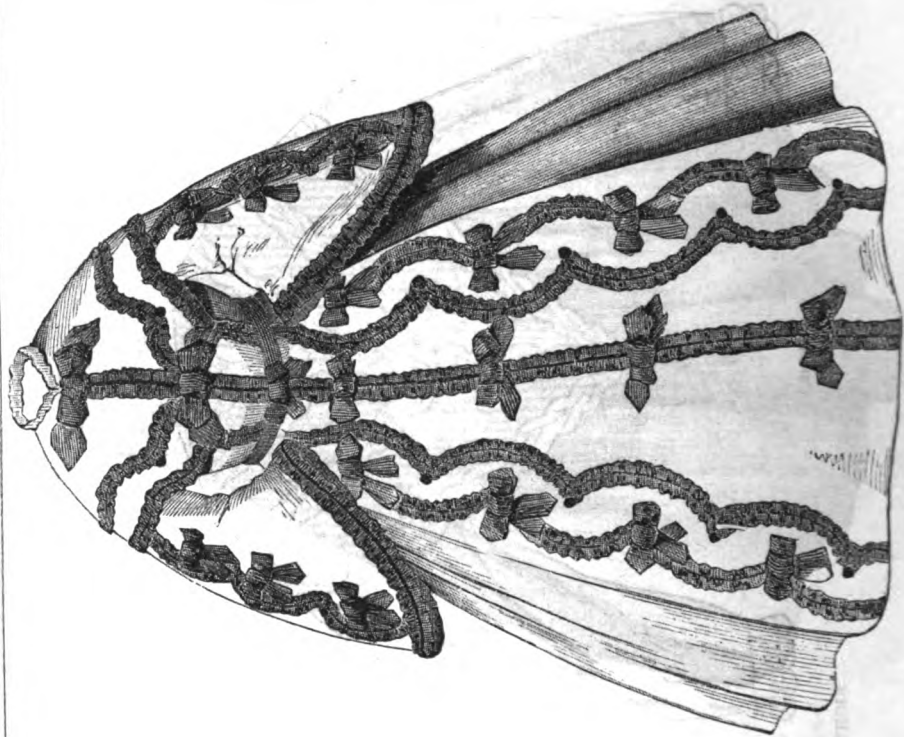


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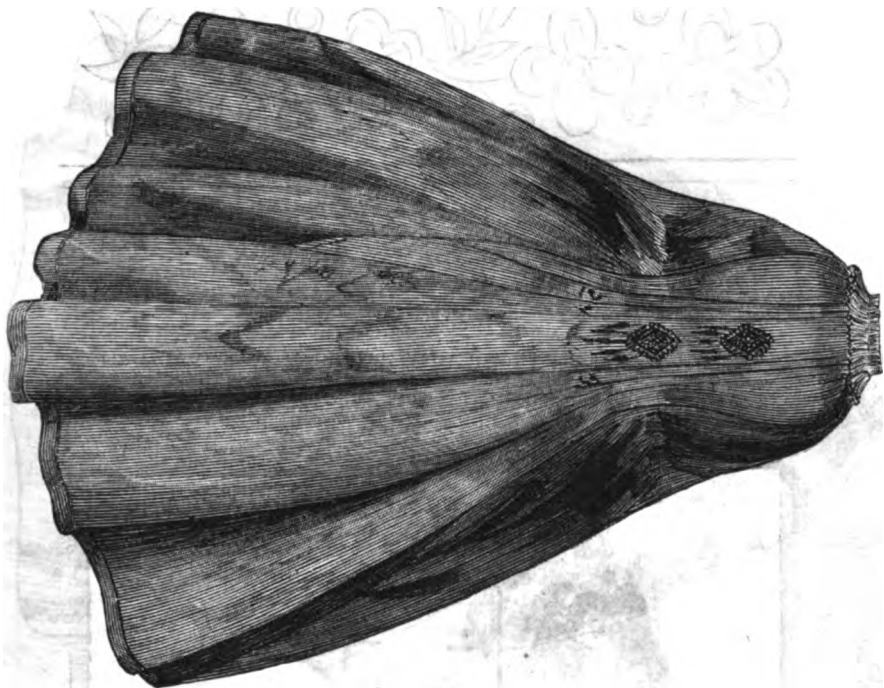


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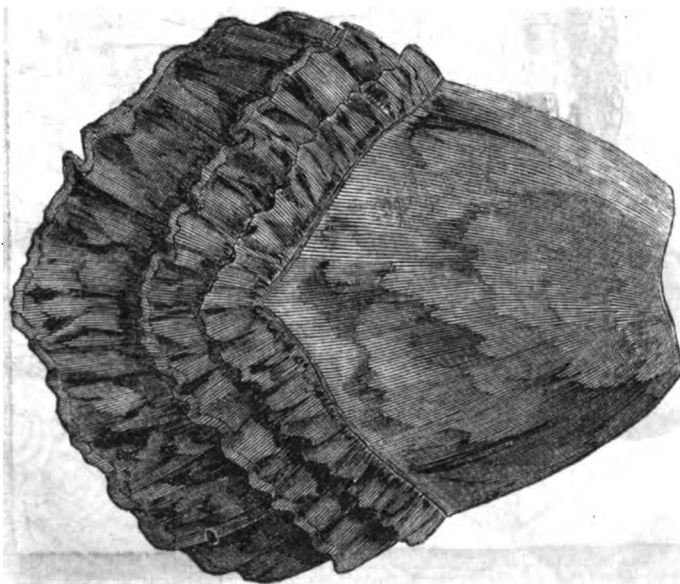


WHITE BODY.

WALL TAIL.



SILK MANTILLA.





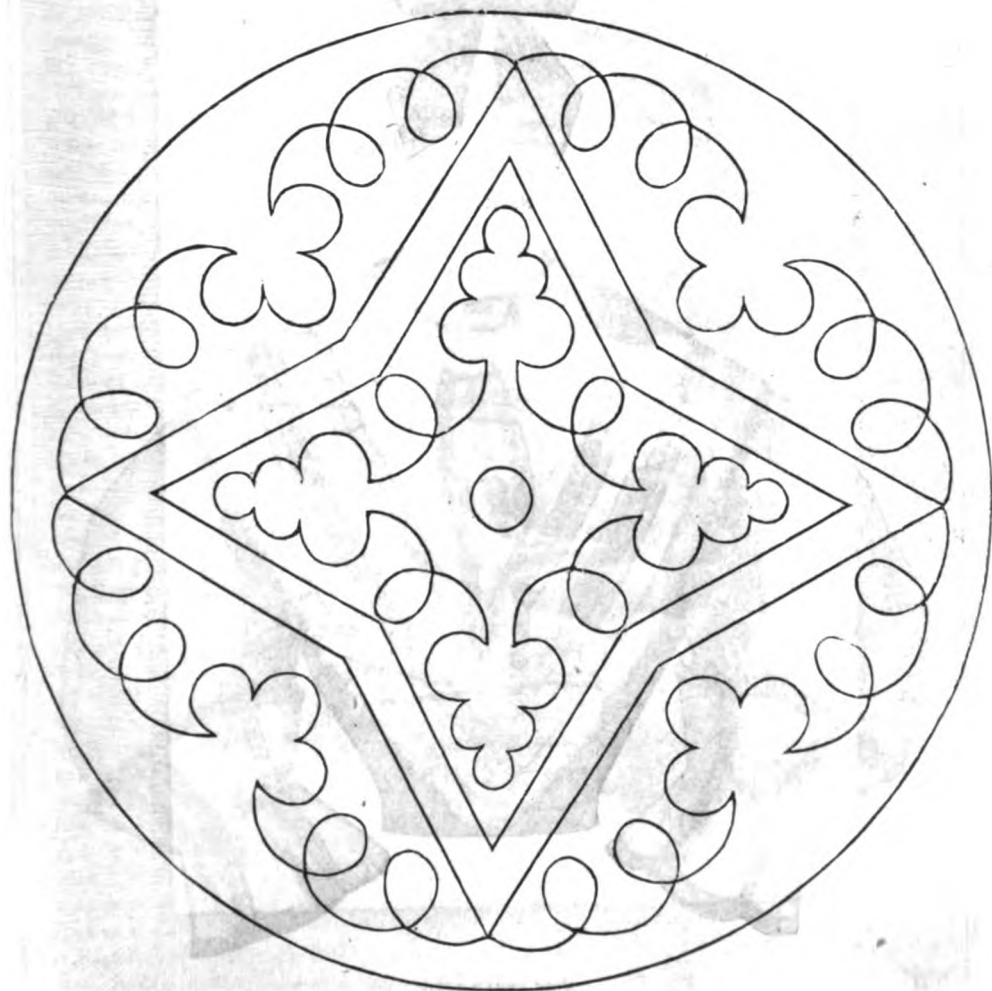
INSERTION.



ILLUSTRATED POYLET.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



TOP OF PINCUSHION IN BRAIDING.



NEW STYLE SLEEVE.



NECK-TIE.



NEW STYLE BODY.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XL.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1861.

No. 8.

THE LEGION OF HONOR.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

"AND you are willing he should go?"

"Why not?" answered the young wife, enthusiastically. "I should despise myself, Adele, if I was not willing to give my husband to my country. France needs all her sons in this extremity. I thank God I have Henri to offer on her altar."

Her sister shrugged her shoulders. "You always were romantic, my dear," she said. "For my part, if I had a handsome husband, a splendid estate in Normandy, a hotel in Paris, diamonds, cashmeres, equipages, servants, as you have, I should not be willing to risk them so lightly. Suppose Henri is killed. You will be a widow, and, for a time at least, can enjoy none of these things."

"Oh! Adele, how can you talk so? Has not the good father Lacoire been telling us, ever since we were children, that the curse of modern times was its materialistic view of life? That to eat, drink, and be merry seemed to be the whole purpose of existence? That luxury had corroded national virtue? That the days of heroism had passed? How often has my heart swelled against these imputations, for I will not believe that human nature has sunk so low! No, I have often told him, the diviner parts of our race have not all died out. We are still capable, we women, of making sacrifices for our country; and our husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, still capable of dying for it. I could, myself, if the occasion called for it, be, I hope, a second Joan of Arc. I never loved Henri half so well as since he came home, the other day, and told me, that, in this crisis of France's fate, he had determined to offer her his sword, and, if necessary, his life. We can die but once. What more glorious than to die in a holy cause!" And the young wife looked sublime as she spoke it.

Natalie had been married but a year or two. Her beauty, accomplishments, and amiability

had won for her, at eighteen, the heart of the young Count de Tankerville, the greatest match of the season. Passionately attached to each other, they spent the hours continually together: they read, they rode, they did everything in company. The life they led was more like an idyl than like a life in modern society and in Paris. In the midst of this dream of bliss came the news of the retreat from Moscow. All Europe rose against France. The Emperor, beaten back from Dresden to Leipsic, and from Leipsic to the Rhine, was making a last desperate effort to retrieve the fortunes of the nation. It was in this extremity that the young count stepped forward. His father had been a constitutional royalist in the last days of Louis XVI., and though the family had never emigrated, it had never, on the other hand, attached itself to the fortunes of Napoleon. So long as the great Emperor pursued his career of conquest, so long the Tankervilles held aloof from him. But now, when the question was not Napoleon, but the nation, the young count felt that the time had come when his country demanded his services. In view of the dismemberment of France, what were lands, houses, life itself? "Save the nation!" was the cry that rose to every patriotic lip. Women brought their jewels, men brought their lives. Foremost among these were Henri and his wife.

"Well," said Adele, who had one of those cold, selfish natures, that could not understand how anybody could do anything noble or heroic, "I think you and your husband mad. But go your own ways."

"I wish you were mad in the same way. We are mad as Leonidas was made, as Tell was mad, as Bruce was mad, as every other hero was mad that has died for liberty. It is not now a question of the Emperor. It is a question of country. It is not whether Napoleon shall reign, but whether France shall be dismembered.

It is whether the flag of the nation, that glorious tricolor which waved at Marengo and Austerlitz, shall be trailed in the dust, or shall still bring tears to the eyes of Frenchmen when they see it, in foreign lands, floating from the mast-head."

We will not dwell on the parting of husband and wife. Natalie bore up heroically. Not Lady Russell, when leaving her lord on that sad morning of his execution, controlled herself more nobly, than did Natalie now. But when the door had closed on Henri, when she heard the clatter of his horse's feet down the street, then she flung herself on her bed, and wept as if her heart was breaking.

It was an eventful winter. A battle was fought almost daily. Like a lion in the toils, Napoleon turned first on one and then on another of his foes, and always unexpectedly. In the brightest days of his intellect he had never been so terrible as now. Henri was foremost in all these battles. Once he saved the Emperor's life. The cross of the legion of honor soon decked his breast. He received the decoration from Napoleon's own hand, on the very day that he heard Natalie had presented him with a son. But the genius of the Emperor and the valor of his troops were of no avail. Treachery was at work at Paris, while Napoleon was absent in Champagne. The capital was surrendered. The Emperor was forced to abdicate.

Every one knows what followed. The Bourbons came back, forgetting nothing, as was said, and forgiving nothing.

"Ah! my bleeding country," Henri would cry to his young wife. At other times it was, "Oh! for one hour by the old Emperor."

At last the nation could bear it no longer. Napoleon landed; the army rose in his favor; the king fled; a constitution was proclaimed. Once more the young count buckled on his sword.

"Again I say, go," was his wife's heroic parting, "and again and again. I will stay

at home and pray. I think, sometimes, it is harder for women than for men. You have the excitement of the campaign. But we can only wait and wait, from one dreary day to another, we can only pray and pray through the sleepless hours of the night. Do not suppose, because I say this, I would keep you back. Go, and may God crown you with victory: or if not——"

"If not," said her husband, interrupting her, "I will stay on the battle-field."

Alas! it was a prediction. A few days later, when the old Guard, at the end of that terrible Waterloo, closed up their ranks, and to the demand to lay down their arms, replied, "The Guard dies, but never surrenders," Henri de Tankerville, fighting with the bravest, and fighting longest almost of all, sank under a dozen wounds.

Did his wife regret what she had done? "No, no," she cried, in answer to the cruel reproaches of her sister, "I would send him forth again, if I could. I would rather be the widow, a thousand times over," she added, with flashing eyes, "of a soldier who had died for his country, than the petted wife of one who had failed France in her hour of need, for such would be either a coward or traitor."

Nor did she ever think otherwise. In after years, rich and titled suitors solicited her hand; but she lived faithful to the memory of her lost Henri. Her chief consolation was to take her child, as soon as he was able to understand her, and showing him the cross of the legion of honor, which his father had won in battle, point afterward to the portrait which hung overhead, and bid him emulate the heroism and patriotism of the departed.

"It is a prouder inheritance to you, darling," she would say, kissing him passionately, "than if he had left you a throne. Think how your heart will glow, in years to come, when you see men pointing to you, and saying, 'His father, too, was one of the grand army.'"

"WILL YOU MEET ME THERE?"

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

FATHER, when Life's journey's ended,
When Life's weary cares are o'er,
Will your hand be first extended
To receive me on that shore,
Where no shade of care can hover,
Where no storm of strife can rave,
Where the "sting of Death" is over,
And the "vict'ry of the grave?"

Shall I see thee, father, standing
Down beside Death's troubled tide,
When my slender bark is landing
Over on the "other side?"
Shall I feel your arms around me,
When I reach the Heavenly realm,
And the angel guards have crowned me
With the holy diadem?

OUR LITTLE COUNTRY COUSIN.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

WE had just received a letter which had thrown us all into a state of excitement. It came from a distant relative of papa's who lived away off in the country, and whom none of us had seen in many years. The correspondent informed us that as his daughter had been quite ill, and required a change of air and scene, he would accept papa's kind invitation, given some time since, for her to pay us a visit. When this "kind invitation" was given, none of us could remember; even papa himself, whose memory had always been considered good, was completely baffled. However, the young lady was to be duly shipped on a certain day, and directed for the port of Philadelphia; and some one of the masculine appendages belonging to our mansion was expected to be at the depot, and claim this precious package so soon as it should arrive.

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed Stephen—the one upon whom the execution of such errands usually devolved—"I wonder what she wants to come for?"

"Don't be inhospitable, my son," said mamma, gently; "remember the poor child is sick. I am sure I hope the visit may benefit her."

"And besides," added papa, "she is a relative, and entitled, on that account, to some consideration."

"But what a bore!" chimed in Susie; "who wants this piece of backwoodsism? she will be constantly in our way. I suppose she will not like it if we don't introduce her to all our city friends; and yet what will they think of such a countryfied specimen as she probably is? Her clothes will most likely be made in the style of a hundred years ago; and, of course, she eats with her knife, and has all sorts of vulgar ways; oh, dear! I can't see why we are to be so afflicted."

"And then I'll warrant she is a frightful-looking specimen of humanity!" broke in Charlie. "She is probably tall and bony, with red hair and enormous freckles, light, watery eyes, and a mouth extending from ear to ear; and she will be always whining. 'Oh! cousin, do get me this,' or 'Cousin, do hand me that;' ugh! I'll venture to say she won't get much waiting upon from me;" and my brother Charlie, who was a

great admirer of female beauty, shrugged his shoulders, and put his hand over his eyes as if trying to shut out from his view the vision of the hideous thing he had described.

"What is her name?" I inquired.

"Grace Norton," replied papa; "and I hope that you will do your best to amuse her while she is here."

We sighed, and awaited her arrival.

The day had come, and brother Stephen, after making sundry wry faces at the undertaking, prepared to set forth in quest of our country cousin. The letter which stated the date of her departure from home, also gave us the information that the young lady would be clad in a gray dress and cloak, and a black velvet bonnet. This was not very descriptive certainly, for what traveler doesn't wear a gray dress and cloak? And as to the black velvet bonnet—half the ladies in the cars might be thatched in the same style. Poor Stephen was in a dilemma; but Charlie soon came to his relief.

"Oh, fudge! Steve, there's no danger but that you'll find the girl soon enough. Just walk up to the first red-haired incarnation of ugliness whom you see without any protector, and she'll be sure to be the right one. Indeed, I don't believe you'll find it necessary to walk up to her; she'll probably save you the trouble, for these country girls are not much troubled with diffidence, and they're awfully sharp, so you may rest assured that she'll know you before you have had a chance to see her."

"You seem to be so well acquainted with the lady, why can't you help a fellow out of a scrape by coming along and joining in the search?" said Stephen.

"Well, I don't care if I do," was the reply. "I wonder if we shall need an extra wheelbarrow to trundle up her blanket shawls, or if the carriage will hold them all, for country people always imagine that every place outside of their own doors is located in the frigid zone."

My two brothers arrived in good season at the depot, and when the cars stopped they looked around for their young relative.

"There she is," whispered Charlie, "the facsimile of my description," and he immediately walked up to a red-haired, raw-boned repre-

sentative of Yankeedom, who was elbowing her way fiercely through the crowd, and with what he intended to be a very facetious bow; he remarked,

"My cousin Grace, I believe?"

The object of this little attention bestowed upon him a savage look, told him to mind his own business, and then passed on.

Now brother Charlie was an amazingly good-looking fellow, and a great favorite with all the girls, consequently he felt rather nonplussed at the unceremonious treatment he had just met with. Stephen laughed at his discomfiture, and advised him, for the future, to look out for the dress described, and let the face alone until that point was settled.

All the passengers seemed to have passed now, yet there was none who could be identified as Grace Norton.

"Let us go through the cars," suggested Stephen, "perhaps she is waiting for us there."

"Don't you believe it," replied Charlie, at the same time following his brother.

The first two or three cars were found to be entirely vacant; but finally, in a corner, quite unprotected and evidently just ready to cry, they found a pretty little creature wearing a gray dress and cloak and a black velvet bonnet. Without waiting for his brother's decision as to her identity, Stephen accosted her with,

"Is this Miss Norton?"

A beautiful pair of soft, large, brown eyes were raised, for a moment, to his, and then the great white lids covered them again, and the long lashes laid upon the pale cheeks. "Yes," she said; "are you my cousin? I am so glad to see you, I was afraid you were not coming."

Charlie, who had now somewhat recovered from his surprise, came forward, and, bending over her, inquired if she had no shawl or parcel for him to carry.

"Thank you," said she; "but I have nothing of the kind, everything is in my trunk."

We awaited the arrival of our guest in no very amiable mood, for we believed that the imaginative description which Charlie had given of her would prove to be pretty nearly true, and the prospect of producing this young ogress before our city friends, and claiming her for a cousin, be she ever so distant a one, was by no means pleasing. Presently the carriage stopped in front of our door, I ran to the window in order to obtain a glimpse of our future pest. Brother Charlie sprang upon the sidewalk, and then handed out a lovely, graceful little creature, who tripped lightly up the steps, and the next moment our brothers presented to us our little

country cousin. Two rosy lips were put up to kiss us ladies in such a winning way that it was quite irresistible, and then she turned, half-bashfully, and held out a dear little white hand to papa. He pressed it warmly, and exclaimed,

"I am right glad to see you, Miss Grace, and I hope that you will enjoy your visit with us."

"Thank you," was the reply. "I am sure I shall enjoy it; but please, uncle Gardiner, don't call me 'Miss,' they always call me 'Gracie' at home."

"Gracie' it shall be then," said papa, now drawing her to him and kissing her.

After talking with us for a little while, and taking some refreshment, she complained of feeling fatigued, and said that she would like to retire. We conducted her to her room, and begged her not to think of rising in the morning until she was thoroughly rested.

"Well," said Susie, "so that is the dreadful country cousin, is it? I never was so surprised and agreeably disappointed in any one in my life."

"Why couldn't they have sent us a likeness of her when they wrote us that she was coming," said Charlie, "instead of harrowing up our feelings as they did, and causing a fellow to make such a goose of himself over there at the depot?"

The next morning, cousin Gracie preferred not to rise to breakfast. The fatigue of the journey in her state of ill-health had taken away what little strength she had, and consequently, to the disappointment of our gentlemen, she didn't make her appearance until dinner time. Then she came down clad in a red merino morning dress, which she apologized for by saying that she had not had sufficient strength to dress herself. But it needed no apology, for it was so exceedingly becoming, and made her look so bewitchingly lovely, that, had she committed a crime, we would willingly have forgiven it. Stephen gave her his seat on the lounge, and Charlie sprang to get her the green cushion belonging to it which had been thrown aside.

"Thank you," said Gracie; "but, cousin Charlie, won't you please give me that red cushion instead of this? It looks so soft and comfortable."

Charlie was so stupid that he thought the green one the softer: but, of course, he complied with her request. She tucked herself up gracefully into a very small compass, but despite all her exertions her dress would draw up, just a little bit, and display two tiny feet.

When we drew around the dinner-table, we

told her that she had better lie still and rest herself, and she could take her dinner where she was in her half-reclining posture, as it would fatigue her to sit up; and she acquiesced in our advice very amiably. The eyes of our two brothers wandered frequently, in the course of the meal, from the table to the lounge; it seemed as if the pretty picture there had perfectly bewitched them. Her strength had evidently failed her while she was putting up her hair, and now the thick, dark tresses were escaping and straying over the cushion. We all exclaimed at its length and thickness, and she coolly informed us that "it was always coming down, it was so troublesome she never could keep it fastened up." The red cushion threw a most becoming rosy tint over the cheek that was pressed softly against it; and the morning dress was cut sufficiently low in the neck to display a beautifully-rounded white throat.

After dinner our visitor seemed to be stronger, for I found her throwing the sofa cushion (not the red one) at Charlie. He appeared to relish it highly. Indeed, had she aimed a rock at his head he would scarcely have repined, so long as he could look into those soft, mischief-loving eyes, and see the dimples breaking over her face. She would sink back languidly after her efforts, however, and this would draw Charlie to her side to shake up her cushion and inquire if she were not exhausted.

By evening Gracie had dressed herself, and was with us in the drawing-room. Some gentlemen called, but they paid very little attention to our cousin; and we tried, in vain, to make her take part in the conversation. Presently we heard her exclaim,

"Oh! I have lost my ring, and I am sure I shall never be able to find it again, this carpet is so mixed up."

Of course the gentlemen sprang to her assistance.

"Excuse me for interrupting you," said Gracie, "you were having such a nice talk. I didn't think about your coming to help me, I dare say I could find it myself."

They begged to be allowed the privilege of finding it for her; and one of them was finally successful.

"Oh! thank you," said Gracie, extending her white, little finger for him to put it on, "I don't know what I should have done without you. I am sure it would have taken me all night to find it," and the white lids drooped prettily, and the long lashes saucily hid from view the beautiful eyes.

Mr. Westbrook seemed entranced. "Do you live in this city?" he inquired.

"No; I only came here yesterday. I am from the country."

"Ah! How do you like the change?"

"Very much indeed, everything is so new to me here."

"I hope you are going to make a good, long visit, so that I may enjoy the pleasure of seeing you frequently."

"Oh! yes," broke in Susie, "she has come here for her health, and we are not going to let her go home until she is perfectly well and strong."

"Isn't it funny," said Gracie, "they all seem to have fallen in love with me here?"

"That doesn't strike me as being very singular," was the reply; then he added, "I see that you have a newspaper in your hand. Are you interested in politics?"

"Oh! dear, no, not a bit; I don't even know the name of the President; I was only looking to see who had been married."

Considerable more conversation passed between them, and it became very apparent to us that Mr. Westbrook was interested, to say the least.

Gracie told us that her physician had said that she must take a great deal of exercise in the open air. The time which she generally selected for her perambulations was quite early in the morning; and as it was not always convenient for us to accompany her, she would frequently go alone, which she said she didn't mind in the least. Upon these occasions, she always donned a jaunty-looking little cherry-colored hood, which made her perfectly irresistible. One day she came in from her ramble considerably agitated. She threw herself into an arm-chair, and exclaimed,

"I should like to know what kind of gentlemen you have here in the city!"

"Why!" I asked, "what is the matter?"

Charlie, who was just about to start for his business, turned back to listen.

"Well," said Gracie, "there was a gentleman who followed me ever so far down Chestnut street, and when I turned a corner I looked, and there he was still. It seemed so funny that I couldn't help laughing, and then he bowed, and he kept following me until I reached this house, when I looked behind me, and he bowed and kissed his hand to me."

"The villain!" exclaimed Charlie, "I wish I could get hold of him."

"But why did you look behind you, Gracie?" asked Susie.

"I wanted to see if I had gotten any mud on my dress," was the reply. "Oh, dear! he frightened me so, I am trembling all over now."

"Poor child!" said Charlie, "that fellow ought to have a horsewhipping. What sort of a looking creature was he?"

"He was very tall, with jet black hair, and black eyes that seemed to be full of mischief, and he was so handsome."

This last Charlie didn't seem to relish at all; and he left the house vowing vengeance upon the audacious man if ever he should encounter him.

During our little cousin's sojourn with us, Mr. Westbrook was a frequent visitor at our house, and it was evident that he was becoming more and more fascinated.

"Have you ever been to the opera?" he asked, upon one occasion.

"No," she replied; "I told you that I had just come from the country, and that I am as green as I can be."

He seemed charmed with her verdancy, and instantly solicited the pleasure of escorting her thither. We also had invitations for the same evening, but being otherwise engaged were unable to accept. When she returned her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"How were you pleased, cousin Gracie?" asked Charlie.

"Oh! I was perfectly delighted," she replied, "such beautiful music!"

"What opera was it?" I inquired.

"I don't know," said she, "I forget the name. Oh, dear!" she added, "how I do wish I could always live in the city! the country is so dreadfully quiet."

Charlie seemed to approve of this remark highly; and he informed her that she must not think of leaving us yet for a long time.

In the meantime her health didn't seem to improve much. She complained of being easily fatigued, of not sleeping well, of headache, and of a strange beating in her temples. She received a letter from her brother, who was practicing medicine out West, and who had a large circle of medical friends in Philadelphia, saying that he had written to some of his acquaintances to call upon her professionally. Shortly after the receipt of this letter, two young doctors called and inquired for Miss Norton. Mamma was out, and the poor child was obliged to see them alone; how I pitied her! but she bore it very philosophically. Her visitors stayed a long time, and when they finally left they promised to come soon again.

Susie and I ran down to comfort our little cousin, expecting to find her buried in the depths of grief, after having been pestered for so long a time by two of the medical faculty; but instead of that she went off into an uncontrollable burst of laughter.

"What is the matter?" we inquired.

"Oh!" said she, "it was so funny to have them here, and they did such queer things."

"What did they do?" I asked.

"Why," she replied, "they sounded my lungs, and put their ears to my heart to see if that was all right; and when I told them about this beating in my temples, they put their ears there to see if they could hear it. And then, after all that, Dr. Lawson sat down beside me, put his arm around my waist, and laid his head on my heart again, and I am sure there was not the least necessity for that."

"Why didn't you push him away?" inquired Susie, indignantly.

"Oh! I thought they might say then, 'Evil be to him who evil thinks.'"

"What did they say was the matter with you, Gracie?" said I.

"I forget," she replied; "I don't remember whether they even told me."

The two physicians proved faithful to their friendship for Dr. Norton, by visiting and prescribing for his sister; especially Dr. Lawson, who found it necessary to make almost daily visits upon his patient. Brother Charlie frowned perceptibly upon these proceedings, as also upon the attentions of Mr. Westbrook; but, of course, Gracie was innocently unconscious of his disapproval.

As we have mentioned before, our little cousin was weak and easily fatigued, consequently she was generally to be found curled up in an easy, pretty attitude on the couch, with the red cushion under her head, and her "two little mice," as my brothers laughingly denominated her feet, peeping out from under her dress. But she showed a praiseworthy energy in overcoming her indisposition when we had company, or when she was invited out. We often feared that she was exerting herself too much, but she would insist upon it. She said that a little excitement seemed to do her good.

Such was our dreaded country cousin, whom my brothers had pronounced "a nuisance," when they first heard of her intention to visit us, and now were ready to anticipate her every wish. But whose heart would not be melted by that pretty picture of resignation, never complaining, but lying there so patiently, and accepting our little services with such sweet

gratitude? Certainly any one who was not willing to exert himself for her entertainment must have a heart of stone. Then, too, we had been appalled at the idea of presenting her to our friends, yet here she was making her own way, and taking captive the hearts of all our beaux; but we couldn't blame her even for this, for she was so artless, she wasn't even cunning enough to hide that she was green, but kept constantly impressing it upon the gentlemen, and then she received all their attentions in such an innocent way, and seemed so totally unconscious of their admiration for her.

After Gracie had been with us for a few months, her health seemed to improve, and she began to talk of returning home. We were all quite distressed at the idea of her departure, we felt sure that we should miss her so much. She also expressed deep regret, and wished that she could spend her whole life in the city.

One day, shortly after this, I was about entering the drawing-room, when my attention was arrested by a little conversation between Charlie and Gracie. Without thinking what I was doing, I paused for a moment and caught the words,

"Dear Gracie, I think we understand each other, do we not? You know that I love you, and I think I cannot be mistaken in supposing that you love me."

"Of course, Charlie, you have been so very kind to me that I could not help loving you."

"And will you always love me?" he continued, snatching her hand to his lips.

"Yes, always."

At this point I became conscious of the fact that I was intruding, and I was about to beat a retreat, when I was discovered through the half-open door, and I thought it best to enter and pretend to be unconscious of what had passed. Both Charlie and Gracie looked confused at my inopportune entrance, and the former presently left the room.

So, then, our little country cousin was to become our sister-in-law! I confess that I felt a little bit of that feeling which young ladies are apt to experience, when they know that their handsome brothers have given themselves to some one else. Still, we all loved Gracie, and I hoped that she would make a good wife.

In the evening, Mr. Westbrook called and invited her to go with him to hear an oratorio.

"What is an oratorio?" she asked.

"Don't you know?" he replied, in some surprise.

"No; I told you that I was just as green as I

could be. Ma told me not to expose my ignorance, but I can't help it."

"I am glad you can't," replied her admirer, "it is perfectly refreshing to meet with artlessness now-a-days; people are so apt to try to cover up their ignorance, and pretend to know everything."

"I wish I could," said Gracie; "I am afraid I shall be considered dreadfully stupid."

"Never fear that," said Mr. Westbrook; "but come, put on your things, please, for we are a little late, and I will tell you what an oratorio is as we go."

Gracie obeyed, and I was somewhat surprised to see her go out with this gentleman, and evidently enjoy the prospect so much, after what had so lately passed between her and my brother. However, I reflected that Charlie was out this evening on business, and it was natural that she should wish to see all there was to be seen now that she was so soon to leave the city.

The two returned in excellent spirits; and I thought that Mr. Westbrook seemed to retain her hand a long time at parting: but perhaps I was mistaken.

The next day, Dr. Lawson called and spent a long time with our little cousin. I knew that he could not visit her now in a professional capacity, for she had been pronounced well. So I concluded that he had come to bid her good-bye, knowing that she was about to leave us.

After he had gone, she came into the dining-room where I was sitting, and laying her head on my shoulder, she observed, "I always feel like being petted at this hour, between daylight and dark."

We had done nothing but pet her since she came to us; and now laying down my book, which the gathering shadows were making it impossible for me to read, I put my arm around her and drew her close to me. I longed to tell her that I knew she was to be my sister, and how much I should love her for Charlie's sake as well as her own; but as neither of them had spoken to me on the subject I feared to intrude. She laid quietly in my arms for a little while, and I could feel her heart throbbing, evidently the "strange beating" in her temples had been transferred to this spot.

"Cousin," said she, "I am going to tell you something."

I thought likely she was going to tell me what was then uppermost in my mind, and I listened eagerly.

"Dr. Lawson has just asked me to marry him, and I have consented."

I was about to express my surprise, when my attention was arrested by a shriek, and Charlie sprang from the bay window which had concealed him from view, and fiercely demanded, "What were you saying?"

Gracie turned pale and trembled as she replied, "I was only saying that I was going to marry Dr. Lawson. But what is the matter, cousin Charlie? Isn't he a good man?"

"What right have you to talk of marrying him, or any other man, when you are engaged to me?"

"Engaged to you!" she exclaimed, innocently; "why, I didn't know it. How?"

"Didn't you tell me, yesterday, that you loved me dearly?" he continued.

"Why, of course, cousin Charlie, I do love you dearly; I love all of you, how could I help it? and then besides you are my cousin." And she raised her soft brown eyes beseechingly to his.

But this time he was not to be beguiled, and he added, hastily, "You are a heartless flirt! You understood me well enough; you probably intended marrying me if no one who could offer greater advantages came in your way."

After this flattering little speech, Charlie betook himself to his own apartment. He never was noted for self-government, and he evidently had not attempted to exercise that art now. My poor little cousin burst into tears, and sobbed out, on my shoulder: that she thought it was

"too bad that cousin Charlie should scold her so."

In the evening Mr. Westbrook called, but Gracie excused herself from seeing him on the plea of a headache.

The next morning, Charlie was missing from the breakfast-table; and papa innocently informed us that pressing business had called him from the city, and that he was obliged to take a very early train.

Gracie left us in the course of a very few days, always making some excuse to the last for not receiving Mr. Westbrook when he called. One or two notes passed between them, but I never knew their contents.

When Charlie returned from his business trip, he seemed to be in a less agitated frame of mind than when I had last seen him.

After awhile, we received wedding cards from Dr. and Mrs. Lawson, who had returned from their wedding tour, and commenced house-keeping in a magnificent mansion in our city. Charlie called upon them in order to show his indifference, and I was surprised to find how entirely at his ease he seemed to be.

Charlie is a perfect treasure of a brother. He declared his intention of remaining an old bachelor all his days, and devoting himself to his sisters, as he says they are the only young ladies whom he can trust, and he insists upon it that all others are deceitful.

HOLD THE LIGHT.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

Hol! thou traveler on life's highway
Moving carelessly along—
Pausing not to watch the shadows
Lowering o'er the mighty throng!
Stand aside, and mark how feebly
Some are struggling in the fight,
Turning on thee wistful glances—
Begging thee to hold the light!

Look! upon thy right a brother
Wanders blindly from the way;
And upon thy left a sister,
Frail and erring, turns astray.
One kind word, perchance, may save them—
Guide their wayward steps aright;
Canst thou, then, withhold thy counsel?
No, but fly and hold the light!

Hark! a feeble wail of sorrow
Bursts from the advancing throng;
And a little child is groping
Through the darkness, deep and long;

'Tis a timid orphan, shivering
'Neath misfortune's withering blight;
Friends, home, love, are all denied her:
Oh! in pity, hold the light!

Not alone from heathen darkness,
Where the pagan bows the knee,
Worshiping his brazen image
With a blind idolatry—
Where no blessed Gospel teaching
E'er illumine the soul's dark night,
Comes the cry to fellow mortals,
Wild and pleading, "Hold the light!"

Here, as well, in life's broad highway,
Are benighted wanderers found;
And if all the strong would heed them,
Lights would glimmer all around.
Acts of love and deeds of kindness
Then would make earth's pathway bright,
And there'd be no need of calling,
"Hol! thou traveler, hold the light!"

OUR DRIVE.

BY MRS. SARAH LINDLEY WILSON.

"UNCLE PHILIP, Ida, and I want to go to Weston to-day; may we have 'Gentle'?"

"Gentle" had been purchased the day before. Uncle Philip had come home delighted with his bargain.

"Such a splendid animal!" he said; "and so gentle—a child could manage her."

He thought it would be so nice to have such a horse; for then "Aunt Margaret and the girls could drive." And aunt Margaret and the girls were of the same opinion.

"Gentle" was harnessed, and cousin Ida and myself started for Weston in high spirits. Ida was a timid creature, and she fairly trembled when I grasped the reins so boldly and started "Gentle" off on a brisk trot.

"Aren't you driving almost too fast, Madge?" asked Ida.

"Why, you little goosey," I answered, "I hope you are not afraid 'Gentle' will run away with us? But it is no wonder if you are. Such a cowardly puss I never saw before! You're afraid of a caterpillar, afraid of a cow, afraid of a horse; and I positively do not know what you are not afraid of, unless it is a certain gentleman who stands five feet ten inches in his boots, has black eyes and hair, and is, withal, a very sensible fellow, if it was not for one thing."

"And that?"

"Is loving such a little cowardly chicken as Ida Wayne."

"Oh! Madge, do you think he loves me?"

"Think? Ida, I know it. But come, 'Gentle,' I will see if you cannot go a little faster;" for he was jogging along in a slow walk.

I gave him a touch with the whip, as I spoke. But I was not prepared for the sudden elevation of heels that followed. The moment after, "Gentle" started forward on a swift run.

"Throw down the whip, Ida," I said, in as quiet a tone as possible; for I was a little frightened now in spite of my boasted courage.

But our fears soon vanished; for, suddenly, "Gentle" came to a full stop.

I shook the lines and shouted, "Get along!" but all to no purpose. There "Gentle" stood, as firm as a rock, as immovable as a marble statue.

"Where's the whip, Ida?" I asked.

"Oh, dear! I was so frightened I threw it away."

"Well, we are in what aunt Margaret would call 'a fix;' and 'Gentle' does not seem to have any inclination to get us out of it."

"What shall we do, Madge? We will never get to Weston at this rate," said Ida.

"At this rate, I do not think we shall; but, little coo, you must not get out of patience;" and as I glanced up and down the long, sandy road, down which a July sun was pouring, I felt my stock of Job's good quality fast diminishing. But I resolved to make every effort in my power to urge the gentle beast on; so I shook the lines and chattered until I was fairly out of breath.

"I am so sorry I threw out the whip," said Ida; "but I was so frightened, that, when you told me to throw it down, I understood you to say out; and so out it went. But can't we get a branch of a tree or something?"

I looked around. There were only a few tall pines. Not a shrub to be seen. Yes, there was something: a mullein-stalk! And Ida bounded lightly from the carriage to get it.

I grasped it eagerly, as a drowning man would grasp a straw, wound the reins firmly around my hand, told Ida to hold on to something, as the horse would start suddenly, and then brought my impromptu whip down on the back of "Gentle" with a force that annihilated half the stalk. But not a muscle did she move. There she stood, calm and firm as ever. I applied the remainder of the stalk with the same result.

"I should think a child could manage this horse," I said. "Ida, did you 'hold on' good?"

"Yes." And she could not help joining me in a laugh.

I looked at my watch: we had sat there one hour. I heard a low peal in the distance. Ida did not hear it; she was taking off one of her "balmorals," to throw at the horse.

"Thunder," I said.

"Why, Madge!" and Ida's blue eyes were turned on me in astonishment. "You surely mustn't swear."

I laughed merrily at her mistake.

"Hark! there it is again!" And we looked in the west, where a storm was rising rapidly.

Ida gazed on it with terror; she had a horror of thunder-storms. But I was delighted; for just at that moment came a heavy peal of thunder, and off "Gentle" went at full speed. Up hill and down, on, on we went—the gentle horse becoming entirely unmanageable; and I do not know what would have become of us, had it not been for the assistance of two gentlemen, who happened to perceive us in time, and, alighting from their carriage, succeeded in stopping our horse.

Ida was very quick to recognize one of the gentlemen; and I think her fears all vanished, when, a few moments afterward, she was seated by Harry Manners' side, driving rapidly toward uncle Philip's; while Mr. Walker, the stranger, who had just been introduced to me, was guid-

ing the now subdued "Gentle" in the same direction.

Messrs. Manners and Walker seemed to think it quite necessary to call at uncle Philip's very often after that, and if a drive was to be taken, always said it was imprudent for us to go alone. In fact, they seemed to think their presence and protection essential, at all times, to our happiness and safety; and I believe Ida and I have come to think so too.

To-morrow night, therefore, we will wear white veils and orange blossoms in our hair. Only a few moments ago, the impudent little puss whispered to me, confidentially, that "She did not believe I would ever have had a chance of becoming Mrs. Richard Walker, if it had not been for 'Gentle.'"

Poor "Gentle!" Uncle Philip sold her for a canal horse, the very day after "OUR DRIVE."

"THEY ARE GONE, ALL GONE!"

BY LENA LYLE.

I AM standing alone
Near the old hearth-stone,
And shadows around me are falling;
And the voices low,
Of long, long ago,
Are unto me gently calling.
But from deep in my heart comes a weary moan.
"They are gone, they are gone—they are all, all gone!"

'Neath the sod they are laid,
In the apple-tree shade,
With the brook at their feet babbling wild;
The sweet blossoms fall
For their funeral pall,
As they fell when I was but a child.
Still my heart walls out, "I'm alone, I'm alone!
They are gone, they are gone—they are all, all gone!"

All sunk in decay—
It is passing away—
Is the home of my childhood's hours;
And gone from here
Are the loved and dear,
They sleep 'neath the wildwood flowers.
I stand 'neath the apple-tree boughs alone,
I look on their graves—"They are gone, all gone!"

They're gone on before me,
They're hovering o'er me,
Whilst I o'er the past and my visions am weeping.
When age has crept on,
My work is all done,
And I in death's slumber am silently sleeping,
Men will say, as they lay me beneath the damp stone,
"He's the last of his race—they are gone, all gone!"

BEND BENEATH THE BLAST.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

WHEN sorrow's tempests round us roar,
And overwhelm the soul—
Oh! trust thou not to worldly pride,
Or quaff the tempting bowl;
But, with a firm and trustful heart,
Bend low beneath the blast;
And He above, who chasteneth thee,
Will raise thee when 'tis past.
The lofty oak, the mountain pine,
So stately in their pride,
Must bend or break before the storms
That on the night winds ride;

While the meek willow lowly stoops
Before the raging blast,
And lifts its head in beauty deck'd,
When storms and clouds are past.
So thou, oh, man! must lowly bend,
When sorrows round thee press;
They may be angels in disguise,
To lead to happiness.
Oh! trust to Him who reigns above,
And bend beneath the blast;
And He will raise thy drooping soul,
When storms of life are past.

HARLEY BROOKS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Frank Lee Benedict, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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CHAPTER VI.

DURING the rest of the time that aunt Quintard and Amy were with me, we lived very quietly in our home. I never knew Bel so kind, she treated me almost with the attention she might have shown one whom she considered an equal, and to Amy she was all tenderness.

Not a harsh word did she speak concerning the engagement. Sometimes she laughed a little at their folly, not often even that; and yet I had an uneasy feeling that even then she meditated some treachery. I had no right to accuse her; I was ashamed of my suspicions, and did not even mention them to Amy; but they only troubled me oftener from the very secrecy in which I cherished them.

I saw more plainly than I had ever done that Amy had a great love of luxury and show; probably the taste had always been natural to her, yet I was confident that her aunt had greatly increased it; and it seemed to me then that every day she exerted her influence more artfully to strengthen the desire.

The weeks passed swiftly, and yet—oh! do not blame me, I was glad when I found myself alone—when I was no longer forced to put a constant constraint upon myself, and keep my trouble guarded from the quick-sightedness of Amy's affection, and the disdainful aversion always visible in Bel's eyes.

They went away. Amy was anxious to have me spend a portion of the winter with them, but I had no wish to do so; if I had desired it ever so much I should not have gone, for I knew Mrs. Quintard would only have made it a season of torment to me; but she guarded against the possibility by coming, before her departure, to have what she called a "frank conversation."

Now those very civil, cheerful words meant, in Isabella's vocabulary, downright insolence and cruelty; she did not change their usual signification during that interview. She premised her remarks by making me row, not even in any way, to hint to Amy what she said. When I had promised, she told me coolly that it would be very unwise for me to go to town.

"If you do," said she, "you must go into society—you would find that stupid, and it would hurt Amy to have your antecedents known."

"There is nothing in my past for which I need blush," I answered, coldly.

"Oh! I dare say not," she replied, calmly; "but it would all be bad for Amy; there you and I should be sure to quarrel. You a saint, and I am a dreadful sinner—you would be shocked out of your decorous little wits—it would not do, Jane, it would not do. You don't mind my speaking plainly—I mean it all well—I got the habit of telling you the truth when you were a paid governess."

"I do not mind it," I said; "but it was quite unnecessary; I have no intention of visiting you. Go back to your enjoyments without any fear of my intruding upon them."

"Now I call that sensible!" she said, as cheerfully as if she had been telling me the most agreeable things; "downright sensible! Really, Jane, you improve."

I made her no answer whatever, but went down stairs to find Amy. The next day they left the house, and I was once more alone. It was only the first of November then; the winter set in early. Never had one so lonely and dreary come upon my heart.

I am not going to give an account of all that I suffered and endured; similar details have so often been written, and I believe they can do little good. Thus much let me say: I lived through it—lived past the time when my sorrow was wholly a tyrant, and subdued myself to a sort of composure; but as unlike the serene quiet of the past, as the stillness of our Alpine winter is different from the beauty of its spring.

Jael fretted and worried about my changed looks, and bothered me a good deal at first with her advice and remedies; but when she saw that her very attentions made me worse, sensibly left me to myself, and so, with God's help, I bore it all.

The suffering of those months changed me more than years ought to have done. It struck even me, when I chanced to see my face in a

glass, how pale and thin it had grown; what an anxious, restless look my eyes had got; what a trouble in my smile, sadder than the most mournful expression my features had formerly worn.

Amy's letters came, with great regularity, during the first months. But as time passed, they did not reach me so punctually, and I detected in them a change which disturbed me. It would have made me more anxious, only I was so much occupied with my own selfish thoughts, that I did not give it the attention I ought to have done.

They were very gay that winter; they had a fine house, and aunt Quintard's demands for money were unceasing. I never refused or questioned the amounts; I ceased to care, only desirous to remain in peace—they might take all I possessed if they only left me to my solitude.

The time came when there were vague hints, which made me fancy Amy and her lover did not always go on well. He was displeased because she was so much courted and admired; but she loved society too well to relinquish its pleasures.

I did not read those portions of her letters so attentively as I ought to have done. It caused me such pain even to see that name written in her delicate, girlish hand, that very often at the sight I was forced to drop her letter and put it aside unread, too weak, even weeks after its reception, to read a line farther.

Jael asked me a great many questions, but I had very little to tell her; although what she did hear appeared frequently to cause her great dissatisfaction; and as she had been in the habit all her life of expressing her opinions freely, it was too late to expect her to improve in that respect.

"I wish," said Jael, one day, as she was removing the breakfast-tray, "I wish——"

"Well, what do you wish?" I asked, as she paused abruptly.

"I wish you'd eat something, once in the while, for one thing," retorted she, sharply; "why a sparrow would starve to death, and not half try, on what you eat."

"I do not have much exercise, you know, and so cannot expect to be very hungry."

"Don't tell me," said Jael, "it's nat'ral for live folks to eat—humph!"

She rubbed her nose and eyed me belligerently.

"No letter from Miss Amy this week?" said she.

"Not as yet; there may one come to day."

"There won't," she persisted, "know there won't."

"What makes you so certain? Amy is usually very punctual in her correspondence."

"Something's wrong!" said Jael.

"Wrong! How do you mean?"

"Don't know how; but I know it's so."

"Amy is well," I said, "and spending a very gay winter."

"Better be happier and less gay," replied Jael. "Tell you that old dragon's hatching mischief."

"How often must I request you, Jael, not to speak in that way of my child's aunt?"

"Yes, but I can't help it—always call things by their right names—can't beat about the bush. She is a dragon, and that's the end of it—humph!"

I tried to turn the subject by speaking of some affair connected with our domestic arrangements; but Jael was not to be put off, or set down in any manner, and only waiting to hear me out and return the briefest of answers, she renewed her discourse.

"Miss Amy ought to be at home," said she; "place is here instead of with that old—woman."

"Her father desired it——"

"I know better," interrupted Jael; "more of the dragon's work! She always did rule him, and she made him put that in his will—humph! don't I know? I tell you she always means mischief—worse than usual now. I've my dreams, and I know what they mean."

She snatched up the tray, and sailed out of the room as indignantly as if I had been to blame. She made me feel so anxious on Amy's account, that, for a time, I put aside my selfish thoughts, and went up stairs to find her last letters and read them.

I could not do it. I tried with all my strength—but I could not! The lines swam before my eyes; turn where I would that name met my sight, and at length I was forced to put the package aside, and rush away into the cold winter air to keep the old frenzy from coming upon me again.

CHAPTER VII.

It was April; the last snows had disappeared; the crocuses in my garden were in blossom; the red buds peeped out upon the maple trees; the sun shone soft and warm, and day after day a sweet west wind sighed at the casements: and, in spite of the beautiful weather, seemed constantly to bring me presages of more sorrow.

The prophecy was speedily fulfilled! One day I received a letter directed in Isabella Quintard's hand. My first thought was that Amy must be ill, and I tore it open, full of anxiety and remorse. This was what I read:

"DEAR SAINT JANE—If you wish to see Amy married, you must start for town as soon as you receive this note, as on Friday evening at eight o'clock she will be Mrs. Gerald Sanderson.

ISABELLA QUINTARD."

I read the cruel lines twice before I could take in their meaning; then the dreadful truth and all its consequences for my child broke upon me.

Jael was standing near, watching me narrowly while I read. I know I cried out; what my words were I do not remember. Everything grew dark, I felt myself falling, heard Jael's exclamation of alarm: then I knew nothing more. In the darkest moments of my own grief I had been able to endure, but that shock was too sudden and unexpected for me to withstand its force.

When I came to myself, Jael had placed me upon a sofa, and was crying over me like a child, kissing my forehead and wringing her hands in wild grief.

"That woman has done it," she moaned; "I knew she would. I've read the letter; oh! little Amy, little Amy."

"Is it true?" I cried. "Oh! Jael, I didn't read it aright."

"You did, you did!" she sobbed, holding the perfumed sheet before my eyes.

I read the lines again as well as my blinded sight would permit—it was plain enough!

"Friday," I said, "that is to-morrow. Oh! help me, Jael, I must start at once."

"You can't," she answered; "there is no train until morning."

"But I shall not be in time. I must go—I can walk—I must go!"

She forced me to lie down again; all her harshness was gone, she was gentle as a mother could have been.

"You will only make yourself sick," she said, "then you can't go at all. It is too late to do any good—that woman has kept it from you on purpose—you will just get there to the wedding, and that is all."

"But it must not take place," I cried; "it is a sin; oh! so wicked!"

"We can't help it; we don't understand it; you can only just pray for that poor lamb! Oh! may the Lord curse that wicked old woman—may her punishment be sharp and——"

"Hush! hush!" I shrieked, frightened by her voice and gestures.

When she saw how I trembled she ceased at once. She would not permit me to talk; she made me lie down, she brought me a composing draught and sat watching me, until worn out with suffering, I fell asleep.

When I woke it was late in the evening. Jael told me that everything was ready for my departure; I must go to bed at once and not stir until she called me.

I was so stunned by the shock that I obeyed her unquestioningly. It was a merciful kindness that the tidings thus affected me, if I had been able to think I should certainly have gone mad.

I started the next day. The train had been delayed by an accident, and was several hours behind its time—I should not reach the city until dark. Jael did not leave me until I was seated in the car; then she hurried off without trusting herself to bid me good-by, and in a few moments I was whirling away to witness my daughter's doom.

I sat all day like one bewildered by a fall. At times the horrible truth would cross my mind, and it seemed to me that I must shriek aloud, or throw myself headlong over the steep bank. Then I would sink again into that strange apathy, and so the day wore on.

We reached the city at last—I found myself in a carriage and driving rapidly through the streets. Then a wild fever seized me—if I should be too late—if she were married! Even with an hour in advance I might do something; what, I did not know—but I would, I must save her!

The carriage stopped before Mrs. Quintard's house—I sprang out, hurried up the steps and pulled the bell. A servant opened the door—I darted past him and met Isabella face to face in the hall.

She grew very pale through all her paint when she saw me standing there; but her presence of mind did not desert her.

"Good Lord, Jane!" she cried, "are you a lunatic?"

I caught her hand.

"Amy, Amy!" was all I could gasp.

"She is in her room dressing."

"She is not married?"

"No, you fool; but she will be in an hour."

I staggered back against the wall; Mrs. Quintard pulled me rudely up.

"A pretty scene before the servants," she whispered. "Come up stairs, or I'll send you to a mad-house!"

I followed her without a word. She took me into her chamber and shut the door.

"Sit down," said she, pushing me into a chair. "Now what do you mean by coming here in this crazy fashion?"

"You wrote Amy was to be married," I moaned.

"So she is," she answered; "but I expected you to come like a Christian—you would have been better off at home, anyway."

"Take me to her," I pleaded, "I must see her at once."

She locked the door and put the key in her pocket. I looked at her and saw that she was already dressed, her magnificent attire and painted cheeks only made her look more haggard and skeleton-like.

"Not one step do you stir," said she, "until you promise to behave yourself! You know me—if you make a scene, I'll have you in a lunatic asylum in half an hour."

"Only let me see Amy," I cried, unable to struggle with her, or to resent her cruelty.

"Then take off your bonnet, smooth your hair and get quiet. I'll tell Amy you are here. Wait till I come back."

She went out. I tried to obey her commands; by the time I had composed myself a little she came back. She was in a terrible passion, and assailed me with terrible words.

"Amy's room is on the other side of the hall," she said. "Now remember, behave yourself or take the consequences."

I flew past her, darted through the hall, and opened a door at the other end. I saw Amy sitting in the room dressed in white. She sprang up with a cry and fell into my arms.

"Amy," I cried, "what does this mean?"

She drew herself from my arms and sat down. She was deadly pale, but her eyes burned like a flame.

"I am going to be married," she whispered, hoarsely; "going to be married."

"I can not understand it," I said. "Who has done this, Amy?"

She looked at me strangely.

"Aunt Quintard said it was the only way—she was my father's sister."

"You do not love this man!" I exclaimed; "it is not too late, Amy—you must not marry him."

She struggled violently with herself. After a moment she stood up, very pale still, but unnaturally calm.

"It is too late," she replied. "Hark! there is a carriage already—in half an hour I shall be married."

"Amy, I am your mother—I have a right to know. Tell me——"

"Aunt Quintard wrote you," she interrupted, impatiently; "she has told you everything."

"She only wrote me that you were to be married," I said; "it drove me nearly wild!"

She threw out her hands entreatingly. I stopped at once, it was only wicked to agitate her then.

"It is two weeks ago," she said, in the same cold, unnatural voice; "I had no thought of this. I did love that man—we quarreled dreadfully—I was to blame—oh! I have been mad, mother! But I loved him—he was a traitor! We parted in anger; then the truth came to aunt Quintard—he had gone off with a vile woman. Mr. Sanderson had twice before proposed to me; aunt said the story of my desertion had gone abroad—I should be a laughing-stock, disgraced! Mr. Sanderson asked me again to be his wife—I consented! Since then I seem to remember nothing—I only know I am to be married."

I was powerless. I saw the horrible treachery of which that woman had been guilty. I would have staked my soul upon Brooks' innocence; but she had played her part well—I could do nothing.

Amy had fallen into her chair again, and was gazing absently at her rich dress, rustling her fingers slowly among the folds of her veil as if only possessed by a vague surprise at finding herself there and in that attire.

Before I could speak, the door opened, and Isabella came in. She was laughing and gay; if she felt any uneasiness, she hid it beautifully.

"Come, come," she said; "there is no more time for sentiment. Amy, your bridegroom is below. Change your dress, Jane, or you will be too late."

Two or three women followed her into the room; there was no opportunity to say anything more. She forced me out of the chamber and took me back to her apartment.

"Here is your trunk," she said; "make yourself decent. My maid will be here in a moment."

She was hurrying away, but I caught her dress.

"Stop!" I said. "Isabella, what have you done?"

"Another tragedy!" she exclaimed, contemptuously. "Jane, Jane, I will shut you up if you do not behave. I should have no difficulty—any stranger would swear that you were crazy."

"You have destroyed my child!" I exclaimed. "You were her father's sister—oh! Isabella, God will curse you!"

"Then you needn't!" she broke in. "You are a fool! I have done nothing! That Brooks was a villain——"

"It is false!" I interrupted.

She paid no attention, but went on as if I had not spoken.

"I was not going to have my niece disgraced. She marries a rich man—she will be happy! You ought to go down on your knees and bless me!"

"Oh!" I cried, "remember you are an old woman! You go down to your grave with those two ruined lives upon your soul! It is not too late—retract, even now."

She only laughed scornfully. Her maid came in. I was obliged to sit down and be dressed, Isabella standing by as if fearful to leave me alone with the woman.

When I was ready, she wished me to go down stairs at once; but I refused. I would go back to Amy's room, and she was forced to go without me.

I went to Amy again. I might better have staid out. When it was time to lead her into the room where her bridegroom waited, she fainted entirely away. But when she came to herself, and saw the servants looking at her with eyes full of pity, the old pride nerved her, and, leaning upon my arm, she walked steadily across the hall.

Her color had come back, her hand was hot, and the pulses beat like a clock; but she was perfectly calm, although I knew that she neither saw nor heard.

She presented me herself to Mr. Sanderson. He was no longer a young man. I disliked his appearance greatly—he looked cruel and false.

There was no more time for thought. I went down stairs into the drawing-room. There were not many guests assembled to witness the ceremony. It seemed there was to be a reception afterward.

We did not wait long. Everything was confusion before my sight; but I saw the bridal party enter—beheld Amy, standing there in her strange loveliness, her eyes wandering about as if even then hoping that some release would come. I heard the vows pronounced, saw the guests pressing about the new-made husband and wife with smiles and merry words. I knew I went myself; but what I said I did not know.

Then the folding-doors opened, more guests poured into the rooms, all was gayety and con-

fusion. Amid it all I only beheld the wild glitter in Amy's eyes. Then came back the recollection of those autumn days; I felt as if this had been a punishment for my mad passion of that time.

The evening passed on. They went into another room to supper. I did not follow—I had been introduced to no one—I wandered about unheeded, save when, several times, Isabella spoke sharply to me, and almost ordered me to go to my own room. But I paid no attention—unable to remain quiet, moving about, followed everywhere by the horror in Amy's eyes, haunted by those young voices that I had heard only a few months before.

The parlors were entirely empty—I could hear the words of laughter and gay conversation from the supper-room. I crossed the hall and entered a small apartment which led into a conservatory. While I stood there, I heard a voice in the hall which made me cry out. A terrible fear seized me—I hurried into the passage.

Harley Brooks stood there, speaking to the servant, but so changed that I hardly knew him. He heard my exclamation of terror, turned, and saw me. I had thought enough to force him into the room I had just left, and close the door.

"Am I too late?" he groaned.

I did not answer—he read all in my face.

"She is married!" he muttered. "She is married!"

He turned toward me with insane violence.

"Had you a hand in this?" he demanded.

"Have you this sin on your soul?"

"I only came here two hours ago," I answered.

"That woman has done it!" he said.

"You were innocent?" I cried. "You had not done the vile thing of which she accused you?"

"No, no! I never heard of it till to-night! Oh! Amy, Amy!"

He gave way to a burst of grief that was terrible to witness in a strong man. I could not comfort him—I had no words for agony like that.

We stood thus a few moments longer; then there was a tread of feet in the hall. He started to the door with a fearful look; I flung myself against it so that he could not pass out. There we remained in silence. The door was sufficiently open, so that we saw the train as it passed. In the center was Amy, in her bridal robes, leaning upon her husband's arm.

When they had disappeared in the rooms

beyond, he allowed me to close the door without a word. My own feelings were a madley, so strange and inexplicable, that I could give no analysis of them. Through all my pity for that man and for poor Amy, the old wounds in my heart opened anew. He was there by my side, the only man I had ever loved, and yet our souls were as widely separated as though eternity had swept between us.

"Mr. Brooks," I said, suddenly rousing myself to the danger there was in his remaining there, "you must go away; some one might come."

"Let the whole world, if they choose; what does it matter?"

His head drooped again, and his hands fell at his side in hopeless misery.

"You must go," I urged.

"I should like to meet Mrs. Quintard," he replied; "I would tell her the truth, show her what she has done; I believe that, wicked as she is, she would tremble."

He made a movement as if to pass again into the hall. I stopped him in alarm.

"For Amy's sake, go!" I said. "It would kill her to see you now."

"For Amy's sake," he repeated, slowly; "poor, poor Amy! Yes, I will go—I will go—for her sake."

He passed through the room and entered the conservatory, opening a door that I saw led into the garden.

It broke my heart to part with him thus. For the first time I burst into tears—there was no selfish grief in their flow—I was mourning for those wrecked and ruined lives.

"If I could only comfort you!" I sobbed.

He turned and took my hand.

"You are a good woman," he said; "God bless you! I am glad I know you—your memory will keep me from utterly hating your sex."

He wrung my hand, and, without another word of farewell, hurried from my sight.

I did not go into the parlors again; I was too utterly exhausted to see any one again that night. Oh! that terrible, terrible night!

The next day Amy and her husband sailed for Europe, and I returned to my desolate home.

The last words that met my ear were Isabella Quintard's scornful congratulations and sneers: she could not spare me even them. I went home, haunted by Amy's pale face and the wild terror in her eyes, so utterly heart-broken and crushed, that it seemed impossible for my spirits ever again to revive.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE summer passed; I did not again see Mrs. Quintard. I gave her, out of my fortune, an allowance such as I felt that I could afford; after that wish had been gratified she wrote no more.

Letters came from Amy with tolerable frequency; but they were such unsatisfactory ones, so different from the messages of confidence and love which she had been wont to send me, during the old life which could never return, that they were almost worse than silence would have been. I felt as if that cold, insolent face of her husband had bent over her when she wrote, watching jealously to be certain there was no line or word which he could construe into a slight to himself.

They were at some German baths. Amy's letters were all taken up with an account of festivities and holiday sort of existence; but there was no heart in her descriptions, they were so different from the girlish delight with which she had formerly penned similar accounts!

I grew so anxious that I put by my grief and reserve, and wrote openly to Amy, asking her if she would like to have me come and live with her, or at least be near her. I received an answer in a few weeks—not from her, but from Mr. Sanderson. The letter was very civil and elegant; but he told me plainly that the plan I proposed was one which never worked well; besides that, Amy felt certain that I would be unhappy in that strange country, and she could not be selfish enough to leave her home.

I was deeply hurt, but I wrote no more upon the subject. Amy never alluded to my letter in any of her epistles—that wounded me worse than all the rest; but I made no complaint—never even mentioned the fact of my having made the proposal.

I could not believe that my darling had ceased to love me. Wealth and station could not change her; but I feared that sorrow might have the effect which it has on certain natures, and make her hard and apathetic.

No wonder I grew old and pale and more silent than ever; trouble enough to have darkened a whole life had been crowded into a single year, and I had no bulwark of defence against the storm but my weak prayers.

It was September again. Twelve months before my child had been with me, her brief happiness had begun and my anguish had been born. But now I would willingly have renewed all my own suffering to have known that she was happy, even content.

About that time old Mr. Phillips died. You will remember that he was the gentleman whom Harley Brooks had visited. I did not know him much. He was an old bachelor, very eccentric and misanthropic. Jael said he had no relatives, and wondered to whom he would leave his fine estate and fortune.

One day, she came to me with wonderful news. Whom did I think he had made his heir? The whole property had been left to Harley Brooks; the gentleman had already come, she said.

That only seemed an added mockery; I pitied him more than ever; fortune had lavished her gifts upon him when it was too late for them to bring him happiness.

Several days passed, but he did not call upon me. I had no wish to see him, I thought it would only be painful to both. I should have to bear a double agony. There was my own mortal heart to ache, besides my grief for him and Amy.

But one morning, I received a note from the elderly relative who resided with him. He was very ill and desired to see me. Of course I could not hesitate, although I should have suffered less in going to his funeral than in nerving myself for that visit. I drove over to his place that afternoon, and was kindly received by his cousin, a nice, quiet old maid, whom I fancied from the first.

She took me up to his room. He lay in bed so worn and changed that he appeared a shadow of his former self. He had a slow, wasting fever for weeks; and had risen from his bed to come to his new home—a sick man's fancy, his cousin said—I knew the reason.

He held out his hand to me when I entered and smiled. "Thank you for coming," he said; "I knew you would not refuse. Don't look so shocked, I am getting better again."

Miss Brooks went out and left us together. We had a long conversation. I feared he would make himself worse by his excitement; but he said that it did him good to talk, it eased the pain which had burned at his heart so long.

"It was that woman's work," he said, in speaking of the past. "If I had not been a fool, I should have known that her smiling consent to my marriage with Amy only hid a plot to separate us—I believe she intended it from the first."

I recollected the expression I had seen on Isabella's face, the night I gave Amy to him, and I felt that he was right.

"I cannot make you understand," he went on, "how artfully she managed. She filled her

house with company, I scarcely got an opportunity to see Amy, except when she was surrounded by a host of admirers. Mrs. Quintard saw how jealous I was, and she played upon that. She would repeat to me things Amy had said of the impossibility of marrying without fortune—told me how much the poor girl loved show—laughed at her coquetties, half of which were lies, and nearly maddened me."

"But you should have had an explanation with Amy," I said.

"Our explanations always ended in quarrels," he replied, mournfully. "She was very proud; I am sure her aunt taught her to think me a tyrant, and when once she had received that impression, she would not hear a word."

"Poor child!" I said, "poor child!"

"Amy, poor child! There is no bitterness toward her in my heart. The winter went on; I grew daily more wretched; so did Amy! Then came our last quarrel; Sanderson and Mrs. Quintard invented that lie which made her cast me off."

"Oh! I cannot believe it——"

"I have proof! No wonder she wanted that man to marry Amy. He settled three thousand a year upon her the day before he married her niece."

I was shocked beyond the power of expression. Bad and reckless as I had always felt that Isabella was, I could never have dreamed she would have been so wicked.

"I went out of the city," he said; "and when I came back that night I found her married. I do not know what I should have done if I had not met with you. Oh! heaven!"

He broke off abruptly and hid his face in the bed-clothes. After that I would not allow him to talk any more; but his agitation had brought back the fever, and that night he was very ill again.

Poor Miss Brooks begged me to stay with her, and I was only too willing. It was a sort of happiness even to feel myself near him.

For two weeks we watched over him, then he began to mend. The time of his convalescence was one of more peace to me than I had long known—it was not like the dream of the previous year. There was no hope nor joy in it; but compared with the gloom of the past months, it was like the repose of an Indian summer.

The dear old maid was very grateful for sharing her watches and anxiety; and I felt almost guilty in allowing her to think that it was only a friendly interest in the young man which induced me to remain. I could not have

kept away from the house. During those sad weeks the only relief the world held for me was compassed by those walls. In spite of the wearing pain at my heart, there was a mournful pleasure in feeling that I was at least drawn nearer to him, able in some slight degree to cheer his sufferings, and certain that my life was still of some service to those about me.

In the height of his delirium, my voice always appeared to produce a tranquilizing effect, and he would lie quiet while I sang to him the old hymns wherewith I had been wont to comfort my own solitude. Very often he fancied that I was Amy, he would take my hand and plead for mercy in his feeble, broken voice, telling of his love and truth, and beseeching his darling

to believe nothing which would bring a shadow between their hearts.

That was hard to bear; yet notwithstanding all it made me suffer, my feeble soul found a strange, fascinating pleasure; and sometimes I would forget that it was all a sick man's fantasy, almost believe that he was conscious of his words, and that they were intended for me.

I know you will tell me all this was an incomprehensible folly, nor do I seek to palliate my own weakness. I only mention it because, when I set about this task, I promised myself that it should be a truthful record of my feelings, and the fear of being laughed at or misunderstood cannot alter my determination.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

MAIDEN MAY.

BY JULIA ROSS.

CLOSE by the streamlet in the wood,
There dwells a little maiden,
Whose happy movements come and go
Like flowers—as fragrance-laden.

There is no beauty of the wood,
No loneliness of morning,
But for the sweet look of her eyes
Awakes its golden dawning.

There is no strange, mysterious charm
Of woodland or of prairie,
But straight unlocks its secret world
For such a winsome fairie.

She robes her beauty in such guise
Of June's sweet buds and roses,
You'd think her fair as any flower
That Summer's sun uncloses.

She sees strange visions in the brook,
And legends wild yet tender;

She reads within the fire-light's blaze,
And in the sunset's splendor.

And brighter than all outward glow,
And sweeter than all seeming,
The love that makes her spirit shine
With more than earthly beaming.

And thus her days like perfect flowers,
As fair, as iridescent,
Flit lightly to the buried Past,
From out the living Present.

Play on, my little maiden May!
For in the dim hereafter
God only knows what cause for tears
May check that childish laughter.

He only guards thy every hour,
Of smiling or of weeping;
May He through all the coming years
Still have thee in His keeping.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

HARK! the secret of true pleasure—
Happiness—undying fame;
Here's the laurel-wreath of glory,
Which may crown the humblest name;
Walking forth in life's fresh garden,
Young hearts! keep this rule in view—
"Do ye always unto others
As you'd have them do to you!"

Visions sweet and hopes fresh germinating,
Grace each votary of love;
Honesty of thought and action
Proves an alliance above:
In the world's broad field of battle,
Great hearts! wear the ermine hue—
"Do ye always unto others
As you'd have them do to you!"

What are crowns and haughty titles
To a sin-polluted name?
Of what consequence the incense
Rising from the urn of shame?
Oh, task-masters! time is ebbing,
Keep eternity in view—
"Do ye always unto others
As you'd have them do to you!"

World! renounce ingrate professions
Built on sordid hopes of self;
And embrace the golden lesson—
"Love your neighbor as yourself!"
Through this mortal life's probation,
Oh, immortal soul! be true;
And "Do ye always unto others
As you'd have them do to you!"

STORM AND SUNSHINE.

BY MRS. SARAH LINDLEY WILSON.

CHAPTER I.

"Your father wants you, Miss Ethel," said a servant, opening the door.

"Has he—has Mr. Livingston come?" I asked, half-rising from my chair.

"Yes, ma'am; he came an hour ago, and is with your father now. But, Miss Ethel, you are ill, you are faint!" cried she, as I sank back, pale and trembling, in the chair from which I had just risen.

"No," I uttered; "go away, leave me; I am not ill; but oh! so miserable! Yet stay. Patience, did you see him? and——"

"Yes, Miss Ethel; and he is so tall and handsome, and sighed so sadly, when I told him poor master hadn't long to live! Oh! I am sure you will like him, Miss! But, pardon me; your father, you know, wants you to come to his room."

"Yes, Patience, I must go; yet how can I when he is there? But, poor papa is dying! and I—oh! Patience, why cannot I die too? If I could, if I only could—and so end all this misery! But it will kill me—I know it will! Oh! Patience, Patience!"

"Hush! child! Don't be going on in that way. The Lord knows how sorry I am to see you suffer so; but remember, Ethel, it was your mother's wish, it is your father's—and he is dying! Think of that, and have good courage. Come, Ethel, come now; I will go with you."

It was a darkened chamber, where she took me; but my eyes, blurred and swollen with weeping, saw only one object. A thin, pale face, almost as white as the pillow it pressed, and arms outstretched toward me, and a low, feeble voice, calling faintly, "Ethel! Ethel!"

I crept softly up to him and pressed a kiss on his pale brow. But not a sigh or moan escaped my lips; no outward sign of the grief that filled my breast—of the deep, deep sorrow that was about to befall me, blighting every hope of happiness I had cherished for future years.

"Ethel," said my father, gently pushing away my face from his; "have you no welcome for your future husband? See, he is waiting for one."

I tried to speak, but could not utter a syllable; to have saved my life I could not. But I took

the hand that was extended to me, and the warm pressure that met my cold grasp thrilled me. I did not look up into his face, but bowed low, and, with a deep sob that caused me to tremble, I turned again to my father.

"A cold welcome, Ethel," he said. "But, Guy, I am sure you will forgive it. See, she is pale and almost worn-out with grief and anxiety. But she is gentle, loving, and affectionate; you will find her so. Ethel! darling!" he murmured, passing his hand over my head in a gentle, soothing manner.

"Papa," I cried, "do not die and leave me all alone! Oh! papa, papa, are you dying?"

"Yes, Ethel, I have but a short time to live; yet death has no pang for me, save that of leaving you, my daughter. But you will not be left alone; for ere I go, I would see you given to one who would cherish and protect you far better than your old father could have done. You will be very tender with her, Guy, and try to make her life happy."

"With God's help!" answered a deep voice, firm and low.

It was a touching ceremonial, a solemn scene in that twilight dimness. The old, gray-haired clergyman, the dying man, the holy vows that were about to be uttered, that would bind us together by indissoluble ties, and the most sacred, which should be as lasting as life.

Pale and trembling I stood up by the side of him who was to me an entire stranger, yet who was so soon to become my husband. Oh! the loathing and the hatred that was in my heart for him! To promise "love, honor, and obey" that man, when all my rich treasury of affection was given to another! But it was in obedience to my father's wish and command, in fulfillment of a promise of many years' standing—it was my duty.

The clergyman's voice, low and impressive, fell on my ear like a death-knell. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

The room grew darker. I staggered and would have fallen, but a strong arm was around me—I saw and heard no more.

When I awoke to consciousness, I was in my own chamber, and Patience was standing by the bed-side. I tried to speak; but I was

very weak, and the words ended in a broken moan.

"Hush! child," she softly whispered; "keep very quiet, your life depends on it."

"Papa!" I whispered. "Patience, is he—is he dead, or have I been dreaming?"

"He is dead, Ethel."

"I have been sick, Patience, I know it;" for I felt weak and strange, and my hands were very thin and white. "How long have I been here?" I asked. "How long is it since papa died?"

"It is three weeks. Yes, Ethel, you have been very sick. Poor lamb! We all thought you would die; but the doctor says you will live now. You are better, Ethel; but you must keep very quiet, and not talk."

That three weeks had been to me a blank. I seemed like one awakening from a dream. But the reality—what was it? Oh! why had I been brought back to life, when it would be nothing but a wretched, miserable existence?

"Patience," I asked, "Patience, where is Guy—Mr. Livingston?"

"He is here, Ethel—waiting until you are better; for business obliges him to be absent a short time, and he would not go away while you were so ill. Oh! Miss Ethel, he has watched over you so tenderly, and is so good and noble! But there, I must not say another word to you, and it is time for you to take this cordial."

It was the summer I was seventeen—one year before the time I now write of—that Paul Verrian first came to Ashland. He was an artist and an invalid, with but little money, and a stranger to all. The cool, delicious air of the country would improve his health, he thought. He brought letters of introduction from some of papa's friends, and the hospitality he received was of the warmest kind. Never had life seemed so sweet to me before! It was no wonder—with such an agreeable companion for my daily walks and rides—with such a rich, melodious voice, to while away the soft evening hours with delicious conversation! The earth wore a beauty unseen before by me; the landscapes around Ashland, that I had thought so dull, now became bright, beautiful pictures. All the rich imaginings of his brain, all the high aspirations of fame that his artist mind soared to attain, were whispered to me. And that was not all; a dearer theme—love!

And I madly loved, aye, I worshiped Paul Verrian!

The summer and autumn passed, and still he lingered. Indulging in the happiness of newly awakened love, there never came a thought to

me that a time for parting would arrive. But alas! it came all too soon.

"Ethel," said my father, one day, calling me into the library; "Ethel, poor child! I have sad news for you."

"What is it, papa?" I asked, my heart beginning to beat.

"It is," he answered, in a voice of deep emotion—"I would spare you the news if I could, but it is impossible—Ethel, I have entered into unfortunate speculations. I have lost everything! I am bankrupt! Wretchedness and want will be ours! Oh, Ethel!" And he sank back in an arm-chair, pallid and trembling with emotion.

"Papa," I said, "do not feel so badly. We will have Ashland—our home—left; won't we, papa?"

"Child!" he almost groaned; "Ashland will be sold. Everything—this house, where I first brought my young and beautiful bride; here, where your infant wail first sounded in my ears, bringing a gush of joy and gladness to my heart; here, where I have passed the happiest hours of my existence; here, where I have lived a blissful and contented life in my manhood and prime; and now, when old age is creeping over me, by an unlucky stroke of fortune, and the artful contrivance of base, deceitful men—all must be taken from me, and I must go forth a beggar! Ethel, shall it be so? say, shall it be so?"

"Why do you ask me, papa?" I interrogated, wonderingly, and alarmed at his wild manner.

"Because," he answered, "it is for you to say."

"Me?" I ejaculated, still more perplexed.

"Yes, Ethel. But come and sit down by me, and I will tell you what you should have known weeks and months ago.

"It was at college I first met Arthur Livingston. We became warm friends, and I loved him as I would a brother. But he married and I saw little of him for some years. At last I met him in Europe, a widower. It was when I first saw your mother, whom I married there. He accompanied us home. On our voyage we encountered a terrible gale, which lasted for three days. On the afternoon of the second there was a lull in the storm, and we went on deck. A huge wave came rushing over us, and when the water had passed off—your mother and Arthur were both gone. I looked over in the angry ocean, and there, just rising to the surface, was Arthur, struggling with the waves, and my wife in his arms. Almost maddened, I was about to plunge in myself, but was held

back. They were rescued by an almost super-human effort. I will not attempt to describe my joy, nor the thanks I bestowed on Arthur, for he had seen Maud when the waves washed her over, and at the peril of his own life jumped in to rescue her. That night Arthur lay on his couch burning with fever. The effort had been too much for him, and before we reached America he was dead. My good, noble friend! he had saved the life of Maud and lost his own. Could I ever repay him? I asked in his dying hour. 'Yes, Sydney,' he answered, 'if you ever have a daughter, I would have her wed my son, who is at home in America. Shall it be so?' We promised him, and he died.

"On our return to America, I purchased Ashland, and three years after you were born. Maud did not live long; she died reminding me of that promise. And now," he cried, suddenly springing up, "Ethel, you must marry Guy Livingston! It will not only be fulfilling that promise, but will be saving yourself and your father from poverty and want. He is rich; it is the only thing that will save me. Ethel, speak; what ails you, child? Speak!"

"Paul!" I moaned, unable to utter anything more.

"And what of Paul?" asked my father, somewhat sternly.

"He is dearer to me than life!" I answered.

"Ethel!" he exclaimed, still in a harsh tone, "would you have me, an old man, reduced to poverty and toil? Would you have me break my word? And you too, Ethel, that have never had a wish ungratified, or a want that was not supplied; you, who have been reared in luxury, and knew nothing of poverty and hardships; would you endure all these for that love? Oh! Ethel, it will kill me!"

"Papa!" I whispered, "I will marry Guy Livingston."

I sought Paul that evening and told him all; but it was like death to me to say to the man I fondly loved, whose every glance was dear to me, that I must be the wife of another. "But I will never love him, Paul," I said. "Oh! how much happier should I be to live with you, even though it were in the lowest depths of poverty! Paul, why do you keep silent while I suffer so? I thought to see you overwhelmed with grief, but you are strangely calm," I said, for he had not uttered a word; only his face was pallid as death, and there was a wild, fitful glare in his dark eyes. "It is best for us to part," I continued, seeing he was not likely to speak. "Go, Paul, go; every moment that you stay here only prolongs my anguish. Go far

away from here, and let it be forever. Do not let me see or hear from you again. You must not let this unfortunate love blight your life, Paul, as it will mine. Be happy, and do not think of me only as a wretched woman!"

"I will go to-night, Ethel," he said. "It shall be as you wish; you shall not see me again. You think, Ethel, I am not suffering any from my calm manner; but oh! you little know the agony, the misery I endure. I shall not live long; it will soon kill me; I feel it. But farewell, Ethel, I leave you forever!"

He started to leave the room without one other word of good-by, or one last caress. His hand was on the door-knob.

"Paul!"

He turned his pale face toward me. I sprang to his side and wound my arms around his neck. He gently disengaged them, gave me one long, fervent kiss, and left me.

I did not stir; all the anguish, the misery I felt, must have been depicted in my face; for Patience, who opened the door a moment after, started with an exclamation of horror, when her eyes fell on me.

"Miss Ethel, what is the matter with you? Oh! what is it?"

"Come with me to my room, Patience, and you shall know; perhaps it will ease my heart. I have need of company; it will not do for me to be alone," I said, "my brain will go wild."

Papa was taken ill; he had not been well since that day; and now he was dangerously sick. The physician said he would not live. So Guy Livingston was sent for. He came; we were married; and my father died.

CHAPTER II.

I HAD not seen Guy for three weeks; he had been absent on business. In fact, I had not seen him at all. He came to the bedside to say good-by before he left Ashland: but I did not look up.

He was coming home that night.

I was able to sit up now; Patience was a good nurse, and I had convalesced rapidly. She was not only a good nurse, but a good, faithful friend, and, having no mother, to her I had confided all the joys and sorrows of my heart.

When I knew that I must marry Guy Livingston, I said in my heart, I will hate him; I will never love him, and he shall not be happy with me.

My heart was very, very bitter then; I was overwhelmed with grief. After the strange

calmness that succeeded my parting with Paul, came a hurricane in my heart; a storm of hatred, revenge, and loathing toward the love of my father's friend, and my future husband.

The sickness and death of my father, and my own illness subdued me.

I loved Paul the same; I thought to myself, I will always love him; and I thought, too, I will tell Guy all about it, so that he may not wonder at my coldness. But no: I said I will not be cold. I will tell him that I will try and be a good wife; he shall find in me a warm friend—a faithful companion.

A friend! I have but one. Papa is dead; Paul is gone; and Patience is the only one left; but I have need of another, and Guy must be that one.

Thus I thought to myself, as I sat all alone in the deepening twilight, bolstered up in a large easy-chair, with my feet on the fender.

Some one opened the door and entered. "Patience," I said, without looking up, "I have resolved to be very good to Guy. I don't think he will ever love me as Paul did, and, Patience, perhaps he did not want to marry me any more than I did him; it may be he loved somebody else. I shouldn't wonder if he hated me now; do you think he does? Do you, Patience?"

"Patience may think so, darling; but your husband does not," said a manly voice over my shoulder.

I gave a little start and looked up.

"Is it you, Guy?" I said. "I did not know that you had come; I thought it was Patience. Oh! what a mistake I have made."

"Not a very serious one," he said. "You need not be alarmed about it, dear; for, I assure you, I was very happy to hear you had resolved to be good to me. Just as if you could be otherwise, Ethel," he said, pressing my hand tenderly. "And so you think I hate you, my little wife? How could you have such a thought? Was it because you judged my feelings by your own?" The tone was very tender; not uttered as a reproach.

"It matters not what my feelings have been," I answered; "it is enough that I now entertain for you a very great respect. I frankly confess I do not love you, and, with equal frankness, say that I will be your friend, and I hope you may be happy with me."

"I shall be, Ethel; I love you very much already. But it is no matter about me, if your life is happy."

"That can never be!" I said.

"And why not, Ethel?"

I thought perhaps I had better tell him; and

I did, though I was very weak and trembled a great deal.

"Ethel," he said, "I am very sorry you have suffered so much. If I had known of this before, you should have been spared it all."

"What difference would it have made if you had known of it sooner?" I asked.

"A vast difference. You would have been Paul's wife now instead of mine. I never would have married you even to fulfill the wishes of our parents, knowing that you loved another. Your father should have been aided by me, pecuniarily, just the same. But alas! now it is too late!" And he walked up and down the room rapidly.

"Guy," I said, as he came near where I was sitting, "you are very sorry I am your wife?"

"Not for my sake, Ethel, but yours."

"Then be sorry no longer," I said, extending my hand toward him.

He came eagerly forward and knelt down by me.

"Yes, Guy, you need not be sorry any more," I repeated; "I will love you after this."

And I bent down and pressed a kiss on his forehead, and laid my hand on his dark, curling hair, looking earnestly in his face that seemed glowing with a new happiness.

He was a handsome man, tall and graceful as Apollo; and the bright, happy smile, the words of tenderness and love that were whispered to me, and the assurances of devotion through my life, repaid me for the words I had uttered, "I will love you!"

I did not care to stay at Ashland any longer, so we removed to the city.

Everything that wealth could procure was mine, and I wished for nothing save to forget the love for Paul that would linger in my heart yet, even in my happiest hours.

Guy Livingston was a man to win the love of any woman—to make any home happy. He was always kind, gentle, and loving.

We went into society. I was very gay. There was no end to the parties, balls, and soirees I attended and gave during the winter, and the summer months were passed in traveling and at the sea-shore.

CHAPTER III.

Guy had gone to Paris.

One cold day in February, I went to visit M——'s Gallery of Paintings.

As I was crossing the pavement to enter my carriage, a little child, not more than five years old, came up to me, and, in a sweet, childish voice, asked me to "Please give her a penny."

I was about to place some money in her hand and pass on, when I noticed the large, pearly drops stealing down her cheeks, and she commenced sobbing piteously.

"Why do you cry, child?" I asked. "Are you cold and hungry?"

"Yes, ma'am; but it is not that I am crying for."

"Then what is it?" I asked, becoming interested.

"It is because I have never begged before, and it is so hard; but I am afraid papa is dying, and I must do something."

"Have you no mother, or brothers and sisters?"

"No one but papa and me," she answered, with sweet, touching simplicity.

"Mamma died last fall, and ever since that papa has grown paler and paler with a bad cough, and he spits blood now. That is just what ailed mamma, I guess; but papa had a doctor for her. He was not so poor then—he could sell his pictures; but he is too sick now to paint, and he has a good many that he can't sell."

"What is your name?" I asked, hastily.

"Nina Verrian."

Gracious heavens! could this be *his* child—a beggar asking alms of *me*—and he dying in poverty?

"Are you sick?" inquired the child, tenderly.

"You are very pale."

"No," I said. "But come with me." And we entered the carriage.

"Are you going to take me to papa?" asked little Nina, looking earnestly in my face.

"Not right away," I said; "I will take you to my home first."

"Then are you going to take me to papa—are you going to see him?"

"No," I answered; "but I will send somebody to take care of him."

"Oh! lady, you are very kind; but I hoped you would go—just to see papa, I mean. He would like to have you come, I know."

"Why do you think so, Nina?"

"Because I think—yes, I am very sure—that you look just like the lady in the picture I have seen papa have."

That picture—how well I remembered it!

It was one he had painted of me. And he had kept it all this time, while I was the wife of another, and he—a husband and father. I had never dared to think of the old times, when I was so happy with him at Ashland. But the door was open now, and the tide of memory that came rushing in seemed to sweep away the

vista of years that lay between—and I stood once more in my father's house, a happy, merry-hearted girl; a pair of dark eyes were gazing with an earnest, pleading expression into my own, and a low, musical voice whispered, "Ethel, darling! I love you; be mine."

I sank back, wearily, on the cushioned seat, and drew my veil over my face. The child rattled on, but I did not heed her.

The carriage stopped. I hurried into the house, had a large basket filled with provisions, wines, and jellies; had Patience take it with her and drive off with Nina to her home.

He was growing convalescent; but would never be well again. Consumption was fastened on him, and he would inevitably fall a victim to that disease ere long.

"John," I said, to a servant, one day—a faithful, trusty fellow, "there is a poor artist living at No. — in — street; I want you to go there and select two of his best pictures and purchase them for me; here is the money, give it to him and return with them immediately. You must not say anything about it to any one, John; remember."

"Yes, ma'am."

Three weeks had passed, and it was the eighth anniversary of our marriage.

I was sitting in my room that morning feeling very lonely, and wishing Guy would return, when a servant entered to say there was a gentleman down stairs wishing to see me.

"Did he not send up his card, or name?" I asked.

"No, ma'am; but he said he must see you."

I entered the drawing-room, and the pale face and emaciated form of Paul Verrian stood before me. Oh! how changed from the Paul of other days.

"You are grieved and offended at my coming here," he said; for I had uttered no word of greeting, not daring to trust my voice; and, making an effort to retain my composure, I sank on a low fauteuil and motioned him to a seat.

"No," he said, "I cannot sit down, but I will kneel at your feet. I could not forbear to come to you and thank you with my own lips for your generosity to me; how can I ever repay you? Oh! Ethel—Mrs. Livingston, but for your kindness I should have died," and he took my hand between his own and pressed it to his lips, still kneeling by me.

I raised my eyes, and there in the doorway stood Guy Livingston.

"Ethel! false woman, is this my welcome?" he exclaimed, in a voice where rage and tender-

ness, a strange mixture, were both blended. Oh! how have I been deceived? you never loved me. Farewell forever, Ethel!"

He rushed away. I tried to speak, to utter his name, if nothing more, but I seemed utterly paralyzed; not a sound or moan came from my lips. I heard as one in a trance his retreating footsteps, and the hall door shut heavily behind him.

Then I started. "Call him back," I cried. "Paul, speak, oh! speak; call him back!" and I arose hastily, tremblingly, to follow him; but a hand clutched my dress as if to detain me.

"Let me go," I almost screamed, "let me go! I shall die if he leaves me. Oh! Guy, Guy!"

There was a heavy fall. I turned, and there on the floor lay Paul Verriah, his face ghastly white, and a crimson stream flowing from his mouth.

I forgot everything else then and rushed to his side, crying, "Paul, he is killed!—he is dead!"

The servants rushed in; they carried him to a bed, and a physician was sent for, but it was of no use. A large blood-vessel had broken. He lived but a few hours, only opening his eyes once, and whispering in a very faint tone, so low I scarce could hear,

"Nina!"

"I will take care of her," I said; "she shall live with me always."

When I again looked at Paul Verriah he was dead.

For days and weeks I lay turning on my couch with a burning fever, wild and delirious, raving incessantly. For the second time was my life despaired of; and for the second time was I restored to health after a fearful illness.

But oh! how much darker, how much more miserable was it for me now than before! To have my husband an alien from me, thinking me false, when a few words spoken in season would have explained all, and spared us both the anguish and misery.

And where was he? Where had he gone? Would he ever return? Would I ever see him again? God only knew. All I could do was to wait and trust, and hope and pray.

My days and nights were passed in a torture of suspense and anxiety. I was tired of life. Everywhere I turned I met mementoes of his kindness and love.

The drawing-room I had not entered since that morning. I denied admission to all friends, and at last decided to remain there no longer, and once more Ashland became my home.

CHAPTER IV.

THREE years had passed—three years of weariness and misery they had been to me.

Nina Verriah was growing up a beautiful girl, amiable and good. Childless and desolate myself, I lavished all my love on her as if she had been my own.

It was a warm night in June, and the moonlight came softly in through the long, French windows that were opened to admit the balmy air.

"I did not want any lights," I said, to the servant who came to the door to inquire.

I was at the piano improvising music, pathetic and wailing, to accord with the sadness that was in my heart, and now and then singing snatches of ballads; but my thoughts all the while were wandering back to the past, to that time when he left me, and he said it should be forever. Oh! if it should—if it should! My fingers fell on the keys with a crash as this thought came to me, and it seemed to me I never realized my loneliness and sorrow so much as then.

"But it will never do for me to despair," I said, "I will break the spell," and I dashed off into a brilliant waltz, and after a short prelude sang,

"Yet could he feel who caus'd my anguish,
How deep hath been my silent sorrow,
Then repentant he would languish
At my feet ere dawns the morrow."

I started, for a hand was laid on my shoulder, and, looking up, I saw Guy Livingston.

I gave one cry of joy, and fell fainting in his arms. But joy seldom kills, and it was not long before I was sitting by him, his arms around me, and I happy, oh! so happy!

"And you know now, Guy, that I am good and true, that I was not false!" I said, after I had explained why Paul Verriah was kneeling at my feet and kissing my hand, a thing I would not have permitted had I not been overcome with surprise and agitation. "Oh! Guy, it was cruel for you to leave me all this long time, and I so miserable, so wretched. But I will not speak of it now, for the storm has passed, and once more the sunshine is creeping into my heart; but I had forgotten to ask how you knew I was at Ashland?"

"I will tell you, Ethel: I had been wretched all the time; I strove to forget you, but in vain; and I finally resolved to write to Patience and know the worst, for I had not a doubt but you were happier to be rid of me, to have me out of your sight. I did write, and learned that Paul was dead, and your pining in sorrow and lone-

liness for me. Oh! how I reproached myself, Ethel, you little knew; but we will be very happy now, darling; and I will try, by devotion and love in the future, to atone for the errors and darkness of the past; and now, love," he said, leading me to the piano, "we will finish that duet from Norma, you were singing when I interrupted you, together."

So I sat down at the piano once more; this time with my husband standing beside me, his hand laid caressingly on my head, and his rich voice mingling with mine as we sang,

"Oh! through clouds of sadness
The sun of joy appears;
How bright the gladness
That shineth through our tears—
Yes, joy is mine."

THE WATCHER BY THE SEA.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

THE sunlight sleeps on the deep blue sea,
Asleep 'neath the Autumn sky;
And the winds are asleep in the distant caves,
Where the slumbering tempests lie.

Not a sound is heard in the drowsy air,
For all Nature's voices freeze,
Of bird, of insect, of breeze are hushed,
Save the murmur of the sea—

The grand, the solemn sounding sea,
Whose anthem's ceaseless tune
Swells no storm or calm beneath Winter's sky,
Or the silver Summer moon.

A dark-haired girl on the lonely shore,
In the dreamy Autumn air,
Stands gazing across the waters wide,
With eyes dimmed by anxious care.

Since morning, across the waters wide,
She has watched the billows come;
And only said, as the hours went by,
Would to God they might come home.

And every day to the lonely shore
Comes that watcher by the sea,

To pace the wave-washed strand and sigh,
"Will they never return to me!"

And every night, on her sleepless couch,
She listens to the moan
Of the sobbing sea, or trembling hears
The tempest's thunder tone.

Long weeks she has watched for the gallant ship
That bears o'er the trackless foam,
Her loved ones from a distant land
To their own dear native home.

And her heart, as the weary days go by,
Grows sick with a heavy fear;
And the wail of the wind seems a funeral dirge
To the lonely watcher's ear.

She has watched to-day till the setting sun
Has crimsoned the sky and main;
And a snow-white sail at last appears
Far away o'er the watery plain.

Hope springs once more in the watcher's breast,
As the white sails nearer come;
Joy, joy! 'tis the wished-for bark at last,
Thank God, they are coming home!

TO MY FATHER.

BY LILLIAN HOPE.

FATHER, my father, the night is dark,
For clouds are all over the sky,
Veiling the moon, and the shivering winds
Sob in their hurrying by,
Over the earth-land hither and yon,
Piling the snow-drifts high.

Pitiless clouds—last night the moon
Sailed in an ocean of blue;
I thought as I looked that the soft-eyed stars
Were very beautiful too.
I fancied that Heaven's doors stood wide,
And angels were gazing through.

Pitiless winds—the wind last night
(The fickle and wayward thing)
Was mild as the dallying, perfumed breeze
That kisses the lips of Spring,
When brooks go murmuring over the stones,
And glad little blue-birds sing.

Father, my father, the way is long
That severs thy child from thee,
Meadow, and mountain, and hill, and dale,
And river, and rolling sea.
And I'm lonely, and sick, and sad to-night,
And weary as weary can be.

I yearn for the sound of a father's voice,
The smile in a father's eye.
Many and many a Wintry night,
On a dreamless couch I lie,
But little I heed the raving storm,
Or the wind as it whistles by;

For thinking of years that are in the graves,
Of years that are yet to come,
Of the weary ways my feet have trod,
The time that I still may roam,
Ere I traverse the miles that lie between,
And stand in my father's house.

WHAT I OWE THE WAR.

BY NATALIE HEATH.

We were standing together, Faith and I, by the railroad, with some two or three hundred other women, young and old; a crowd of noisy children, and here and there an old man, or a half-grown lad, all assembled to wait the passing of the train that was bearing the — regiment on its way to Washington.

There was a company from our village among them, though they had started, to-day, from the state capital; and many a mother, wife, and sister in the crowd was waiting for a last look from the eyes that should meet hers again no more—"it might be for years, it might be forever!"—so that they were, for the most part, very quiet and subdued, though burning, with a sort of inward fever of impatience, for the meeting, that must be, after all, so sadly brief, so terribly unsatisfying.

Faith was excited. Her cheeks glowed, her eyes shone like stars; and as she stood there, her brown curls swaying in the breeze, I could not but think it a great pity that she had no brave young lover among the approaching volunteers, who would carry away, in his heart, this radiant picture of girlish grace and beauty. But she had not—only some old acquaintances and childhood friends; so that there was but a dash of regret to temper her exultation in their bravery, and in the holy cause they were going so nobly to uphold.

As for me, I was very, very sad. My heart ached terribly, because—strangest of all reasons—I had no one to grieve for!

"No," I thought, bitterly, "there is not one in all these thousands that are marching steadfastly, day by day, to meet death, if need be, to whom I can say, 'God bless and keep you, and bring you safe home to me again!'—not one to whom this parting will be the wrenching asunder of heart-strings for my sake."

And then came back to me, or rather grew more vivid in my remembrance—for its image lay always, night and day, in the shadowy recesses of my heart—the love that, two years gone by, had made one summer of my life a long, bright dream of perfect content, without a single shadow of alloy, until, all in a moment, arose the terrible storm that was to make such utter shipwreck of my happiness.

How had it come about? I could hardly tell, even now. It all seemed like some horrible nightmare dream, from which there could be no full and free awakening. I had never doubted him—not for a moment! No one who looked into Cloudesly Carroll's honest hazel eyes ever did, or could, possibly, mistrust him. And yet I had listened to slanders and foul misrepresentations from those I knew hated him with all the petty spite of their low, venomous natures, and feeling 'all the while, in my inmost soul, that he was innocent and true as heaven. In my miserable pride I had let him go without a single word or hue of explanation, a single effort to clear myself from the stigma that my own conduct had fixed upon me—fickle, false-hearted coquette!

Well, it was all over now; and God knew that with what measure I meted, it had been measured to me again. Had there been, in his heart, the most insatiable desire for revenge, it had been more than satisfied, could he have known my sufferings in the weary year that followed; but there had not, that I knew. Bitter anger there might have been, at first—sorrow as deep and lasting as his love had been pure and true; but never, never one cruel or wicked thought in that mind, that had once seemed to me, in my foolish self-conceit, almost quixotic in its high-minded chivalry.

Oh! it had borne falsehood on its face, the lie they told me—that he had courted me for my wealth, that he had boasted of having "trapped the heiress!" I had *felt* it a lie, I had *known* it one; and yet—well, well, it was worse than folly thinking of all this now! Cloudesly was far away—I knew not where; only I knew that he was doing God service, wherever and whatever he might be. And why, I was standing here beside the railroad-track, waiting to give "God speed" to the New Jersey Volunteers; and so, let me think of that and nothing else—and, heart, be still! give me an hour respite! You have done aching enough in the past, God knows!

And so I came back to the contemplation of Faith's sweet face gazing earnestly up the road.

"They are coming, Natalie, I am sure! That certainly was the whistle!"

"Indeed, Faith, I think not."

"Oh, dear! will they never come? We've been here at least an hour and a-half!"

"Twenty-five minutes by the watch!" And Squire Ross, the middle-aged neighbor, who was "looking after us," held his old-fashioned chronometer provokingly near her face.

"Oh, squire! But it is five minutes of six; they were to be here at six."

"And will, most likely, Miss Impatience, if you can manage to live that long."

"Natalie, have your bouquet all ready to throw; you know they don't stop, only slacken speed."

"Oh, dear!" cried widow Green. "If I only knew which side the car John would be on! If I should miss him after all!"

Nellie Gray, who stood near, and whom we all knew to have a brother and a betrothed lover on the train, turned pale at the suggestion.

"If Will should be on one side, and Malcolm on the other!" she muttered, under her breath."

"That was the whistle, I know!" cried Faith, exultingly. "Hark! there it is again! They're coming, they're coming for certain, this time!" And she clapped her hands in triumph.

The shrieking engine swept on like some fiery dragon out of a fairy tale, its cloud-like breath floating far behind. Gradually its speed slackened; "slow by degrees" the train drew near the station. There was a sudden jolt, a louder shriek, and the sound of a bell.

"They're going to stop, they're going to stop!" cried Faith, wild with excitement.

There was a sudden rush—the crowd surged up around the passengers' waiting-platform.

"Train stops five minutes!" shouted a stenorian voice from the tender.

"Oh! Natalie, they are getting out!" with a terrible squeeze of my hand. "See, there's John Green, and Will Gray, and Nelson Sprague. Come, come with me; I must speak to him, he'll want to send a last word to Rose—she is sick, you know. Hurry, dear!" And she dragged me along with her through the crowd.

Suddenly she paused irresolutely.

"Oh! Natalie, there is Cloudy Carroll! Shall we go back?"

But I had seen him first, and though I grew deadly faint, I could not stop.

"No, Faith, you run on; I'll take care of myself."

She gave me a searching glance. My face was calm, though very white.

"Well then, I'll be back in a minute; you

know they haven't but five to stay." And she was off like a shot.

Then I crept through the crowd, crouching almost out of sight, till I stood behind him. I must hear his voice once more, if I died for it.

He wore a captain's uniform, and was listening to some poor fellow whose voice was tremulous with emotion.

"This is terrible, captain—this having it all over again. It just upsets the poor fellows completely. I think it would drive me crazy to go through another parting this afternoon. Thank God! it's all over for me, and for you too, I guess; isn't it?"

"Over?" he said, and his voice was sadder than I had ever imagined it could be—that voice once so full of cheer and joyousness!

"Yes, Wilson, it is more than over with me; for it has had no beginning. I have had no one's heart to break in coming away; for there is no one, I believe, in the world just now who would care to give 'God-speed' and 'Good-by' to Cloudlesly Carroll!"

"Your parents, captain, don't they——"

"They are dead, Wilson."

"And you're not married?"

"No; nor ever shall be! You see I am one of those poor, unfortunate *odd-fellows* of creation whom 'nobody owns.' And he laughed almost bitterly.

His companion turned away with a sigh.

Then something—I know not what—impelled me to steal closer, and lay my hand softly on his arm.

"Cloudy!"

He turned, with a great start.

"Natalie! Miss Elmer! You here?"

"Yes; I want to say 'Good-by' and 'God-speed' to you, Cloudy."

He seized my outstretched hand, and his lips quivered,

"Nothing else?"

"Yes; I want to ask your forgiveness for the great wrong I did you in never giving you a chance to clear yourself from the slanders of those who hated you."

His face grew radiant.

"Then you know the truth at last?" His eyes were seeking mine, now, in a way that made my lids droop and my cheeks flush rosily.

"And, knowing it, can you say nothing else?"

"Yes," I said, very softly, but his eager ear caught each syllable; "yes, that if you can forgive me and love me again, and will take back what you said, a while ago, about never marrying—I—I——"

"God bless you, Natalie, my darling!"

And there, in broad daylight, in the face of at least three hundred inquisitive neighbors, and more than three times that number of strange soldiers, he drew me to him and kissed me twice upon the lips. However, there were partings equally fervent going on all around us, so no one noticed us; only I saw Faith's eyes, dilated with amazement, marking us from the other end of the platform.

"I shall write to you from Washington."

"Shall you? Oh! thank you! I shall have so much to say in reply!"

"And to your father, by the same mail."

"Yes."

"If I had only something of yours for a token! Have you a pair of scissors about you? Here is a curl you wouldn't miss?"

"No, I will send it to you. Here, take these flowers; I was cutting them for you all the time, and I did n't know it. Isn't it strange—and good, too?"

"I must have something else—these flowers are not a part of you, your own, peculiar property. Can't you spare this glove?"

It was off and in his breast pocket.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

"Good-by, darling! I'll bring home a name for you to be proud of!"

"God bless you! Fight like a lion, only—oh! don't get shot!"

"Never fear! My heart is in your keeping! Once more, my own darling, good-by!"

Another quick embrace, and he was on the car.

I think my voice mingled in the hearty cheer that went up from every throat as the train swept away from the station, and that my handkerchief kept company with those that waved till the last car vanished in the distance; but I hardly knew it. My happiness had come upon me so suddenly, that I felt dazed, bewildered, almost stupified with joy. I woke up, though, as Faith and I walked home, together with our middle-aged escort. Faith was sobered down now, and spoke demurely, as was her usual habit.

"What did they stop for, Mr. Ross, after all?"

"There was something the matter with the engine, I believe, Miss Faith. Quite a lucky chance for some folks, though, wasn't it?"

"Indeed it was!" I thought, with a glad thrill. "Indeed it was! But it wasn't a chance—it was one of God's blessed providences! And oh! if He will but help me, when my lover comes home from the wars—as God grant he may—he shall find a wife worthy of the glorious name he has promised her!"

And this, you see, is what I OWE THE WAR.

THE ANGEL VISIT.

BY MISS E. N. CAMPBELL.

A LITTLE angel, clad in clay,
Came through the shining clouds, one day,
Down to the earth-sphere, pure and bright,
Then hid her wings from our dull sight.
Down to our home she softly came,
We gave to her an earthly name—
She seemed content to dwell on earth,
Forgetful of her native birth.
And thus she daily grew and smiled,
A gay and laughing angel-child;
But all too fair and bright to stay
Long from her Eden home away.
And as the sweet strains of a song
Steal in our hearts in raptured throng,
And make them better for their power,
Though reigning there but one brief hour,
So twined this angel-child around
Our hearts, as gently as the sound,
The low, sweet sound of harp or lute,
Wafted on evening zephyrs mute.

Two Summers rolled their flowery wheels
Around the earth, and set the seals
Of death upon that baby-brow,
All wreathed in dimpling smiles till now.

Even while with tiny feet she roved
Among the very flowers she loved—
Ere e'en the flowers she plucked had drooped,
The angel death came down, and stooped
To kiss the temples traced with blue,
And left, alas! death's leaden hue.
And she grew sick; and coldly, now,
The death-dew gathered on her brow;
And, in deep thralldom, the hushed brain
Was deadened with its weight of pain.
The life-breath came with stifled moan,
And hushed was every joyous tone;
And feet moved noiselessly about,
And daylight from the room shut out—
And hearts with agony beat low,
And hours seemed leaden-paced and slow.
But when the sky was growing gray,
And night was shaking hands with day,
She waved once more those wings long hid,
And from our sight Heavenward she fled—
And, in each calm and tranquil night,
Since her fair form winged from our sight,
In the deep haze of Heaven's blue,
One brilliant star seems lit anew.

MARRYING A WIDOWER.

BY LIZZIE WILLIAMS.

"Do tell us how it was that you married a widower, cousin Nelly."

"Saucy girl! as if the act were one requiring explanations," laughed cousin Nelly. "But I see you are all interested; so settle yourselves quietly to your needle-work, and I'll try to satisfy your curiosity."

"I first met Albert Gillman at a picnic, where our acquaintance began in the true novel style. I was standing heedlessly on the very brink of our pretty little lake, when one of my companions playfully gave me a push forward. In one moment I was floating off on the lake; the next, Mr. Gillman had me in his arms, gallantly bearing me back to dry land. Of course, we fell in love forthwith; what else would be proper under the circumstances? Albert professed to have found in me the angel of whom he had long dreamed; I was obliged to admit that he fully realized my *beau idéal*. Sister Edith, who, being my guardian, my second mother, had a word to say in the disposal of my hand—pronounced him eligible; having learned that he was a lawyer of Springdale, in easy, if not affluent, circumstances. For once, the course of true love seemed destined to run smooth enough; but it was soon ruffled."

"When my suitor made a definite proposal for my heart and hand, he gave me an outline of his history. I was overwhelmed. A widower, and with two children! Mercy! I never could marry a second-hand husband, (to use our Sally's expression.) And yet when I would have spoken a decided refusal, my treacherous tongue would not utter the cruel words, but murmured something about my sister, from which he understood that her consent alone was wanting, and he lost no time in conferring with her. Edith scarcely knew what to say. The two children were a serious objection, she thought; but, to make matters worse, his elder sister had always had a home with him, and since the death of his wife, three years before, had exercised supreme control over house, children, and servants. Sister Edith considered the state of affairs decidedly unpromising; but she evaded a direct answer to Mr. Gillman. He was going on a journey which would detain him some five or six weeks. On

his return, he would stop to see us, and then, he said, he would expect to be made happy, etc.

"For several days after his departure, Edith and I studied the matter in all its aspects. 'Miss Caroline,' the maiden sister, was her bugbear. 'If she should chance to be of a pleasant disposition, and not disposed to regard a wife as an intruder on her domain—but that is not very probable. I think after all, sissy, you had best give him up.'"

"Give him up! It is astonishing how coolly persons will talk of renunciation and self-sacrifice when they are not the parties concerned. Loving Albert Gillman as I did, it was not easy to make up my mind to this summary proceeding. At length a bright idea darted into my perplexed brain. The farmer who supplied us with butter and eggs lived near Springdale, I would spend a few weeks at the farm-house, and learn something of Miss Gillman; perhaps she would not prove to be the formidable being we imagined. Sister approved of this project, and I was soon busy with all needful preparations."

"Next market day, farmer Blake and his wife were consulted, and agreed to take 'a boarder' for three or four weeks; and that evening found me snugly settled in the old farm-house. You may be sure not many days elapsed ere I expressed a desire to see the neighboring village. Cynthia Blake remembered she had some shopping to do; so, as it was only a pleasant walk of a mile, she and I got ready and away we went. On the road, we met one of Cynthia's acquaintances, and she accompanied us into town. Our stay at the store became very tedious to me, for Cynthia was as hard to please about her 'shilling calico' dress as a city belle would be hesitating between rival styles, each exquisite and becoming. So I stepped to the door to see whatever was to be seen. The store stood at the intersection of the business thoroughfare with one of the more private streets. Looking down the latter, I espied a place which at once arrested my gaze. It was not a stately mansion, nor a Grecian villa, only a plainly-built house of gray stone; but it was abundantly supplied with shady verandahs and balconies, without which no country residence

is pleasing to me; a small lawn lay between the iron-railing and the house; and on either side stretched a garden, now gorgeous with August's richly-tinted flowers. Unconsciously I had strolled toward the garden, and was feasting my eyes on the fine floral display, when a little boy sprang out from a rustic pavilion. Surprised at beholding a stranger, he stood still for an instant on the path, shyly peeping at me from beneath his long curls, which the wind and his merry play had tossed in graceful confusion around his brow. My heart leaped at the glances of those fine hazel eyes; I needed no other evidence to convince me that I looked upon Mr. Gillman's little son. Just then a lady approached, leading by the hand a fairy girl of six or seven summers, who called her aunt Caroline—additional proof that I was correct in my surmise.

"Something like guilty consciousness made my face burn, as the lady courteously invited me to enter and walk around the garden. Awkwardly enough, I imagine, I declined the invitation; saying that, having come to the village with farmer Blake's daughter, I had just stolen away to see the gardens while she was busy shopping. Looking up the street, Miss Gillman saw the two girls, and signaled them to join us, saying, as she opened the gate, that she knew the farmer's family very well. So the next moment I was promenading the garden with little Fanny as a guide, while her tiny brother, holding tight to his aunt's hand, led her and the two girls closely in our footsteps. On parting, we all accepted an invitation to take tea with Miss Gillman on the succeeding Tuesday.

"We went accordingly and passed a delightful afternoon. Miss Gillman was a capital house-keeper, the servants old and trusty ones; in short, I found the house and every person in it quite to my liking. Miss Gillman and I grew very friendly; that visit was succeeded by others, and each one seemed to increase our mutual liking. Only one thing frequently made me feel uncomfortable; I wished that she could know of my acquaintance with her brother; but how could I muster resolution to tell her a secret which might be very unpleasant intelligence to her?

"On the day previous to that on which I was to return home, I was at the house quite early, in accordance with Miss Gillman's urgent request, that we might have a good long day together. By turns chatting and sewing, we were passing the morning quite pleasantly, when suddenly we were startled by a wild

scream that echoed loudly through the house. Trembling in apprehension of some dreadful catastrophe, we rushed to the parlor door, and met the screaming chamber-maid with little Bertie in her arms; while she held at arm's length an empty bottle, and cried frantically, 'Oh! he's gone—he's poisoned—he swallowed every drop of it before I saw what he was doing—our poor little Bertie!'

"One glance at the bottle was enough—how fearfully distinct looked those fatal words—corrosive sublimate.

"The aunt took the darling child in her arms, and bent over him in mute, hopeless agony. It could have been but a few moments since the poison was swallowed, but already its effects were visible; the large, hazel eyes were losing their brightness; the face was growing black; the little teeth firmly set as in a spasm. For one moment my faculties were paralyzed; then remembering that albumen was the antidote for corrosive sublimate, I sprang to the dining-room closet and seized the basket of newly-laid eggs, which I had just before helped Miss Gillman to collect. As I re-entered the parlor, Sam, the gardener, reached it, attracted by the continued cries of the servants. He was a sturdy, active young fellow, who dearly loved little Bertie, and his voice trembled, as he asked, if there was nothing he could do. Miss Gillman shook her head sadly. The doctor had been sent for, but we feared he would come too late.

"Forcing myself to be calm, I broke open an egg, telling Sam at the same time to open Bertie's mouth. The firmly clenched teeth, at first, resisted his effort, but he succeeded at last, and the white of an egg was poured down the throat. Again and again the mouth was forced open and the antidote administered.

"Ah! you shrink and shudder, girls; so did we. We were all sick at heart; and the fond aunt moaned, 'Don't torture him any more; we can't save him—let him die in peace!'

"Sam looked at me, as if to ascertain if I had lost hope, and would give over what seemed only useless cruelty to the dying. But I could not desist. A wild determination to save that precious little life—a strong conviction that I could do so—urged me on. There were now no signs of life in the child; his eyes were tightly closed; his face blackened as if he were already dead; the subtle poison was doing its work with fearful rapidity. Sam's fingers were shockingly mangled; my own were bleeding from several sharp gashes; yet we persevered. And at length, oh, joy of joys! there was a slight quiver of the

eyelids—then the little chest heaved convulsively—the teeth relaxed from their fierce tension—and at length the eyes opened, and we knew the worst was past.

“Not long afterward the doctor arrived, and our fears were set at rest by his assurance, that though the child’s condition was certainly critical, yet a few weeks of careful nursing would quite restore him. To this day the doctor often describes the scene that followed this announcement as being to him quite ludicrous. ‘Miss Caroline,’ he says, ‘bursts into tears as if she had not already shed a plenty of them, and throws her disengaged arm round Miss Nelly’s neck; Miss Nelly, in her turn, falls fainting on Miss Caroline’s shoulder; Sam, poking his bleeding fingers into his eyes, runs blubbering out of the room! Were the child dead they could but cry; but seeing that he is likely to live and do well, they must needs cry anyhow.’

“When little Bertie had been properly attended to, there was other work awaiting the physician. Sam’s fingers were shockingly lacerated, and though he half-sulkily insisted that ‘he wanted no doctoring; what were them little cuts?—he’d get along—better see to the child,’ etc., the doctor coolly proceeded to dress them after his own skillful fashion. Then Miss Gillman must needs call his attention to me, expatiating on all I had done; the doctor turning his keen glance often on me as she spoke, and muttering, ‘I like that—sensible young woman—no fine lady-airs—no nonsense—no falling in a swoon when anything happens, and coming to life again as soon as the work is done. Let me feel your pulse—humph!’

“And he peremptorily ordered me to bed, telling Miss Gillman. I should be kept very quiet, as my nervous system was overtaken and the reaction close at hand. In fact, I was utterly prostrated, and for two days could scarcely raise my hand to my throbbing head; but I had the best and kindest attendant in Miss Gillman. How lovingly I watched her as she went to and fro between Bertie’s bed and mine, cheering me with accounts of his progress

as she administered my composing draught, and nursing him day and night with a devotion that was proof against fatigue or drowsiness.

“On the third day, finding I was able to go down stairs, she left the sleeping child in charge of Sam, upon whose prudence she could rely confidently, and we walked slowly along the garden path, resting by times in a shady arbor. There I told the secret which had now become insupportable. When I had finished, she drew me closer and kissed my forehead with a sort of solemn tenderness, and I felt that in her heart she adopted me as a sister. Thus encouraged, I could give vent to a fear that now haunted me continually. What would her brother think of my thus seeking the acquaintance of his sister and his children? Would he not, perhaps, consider it unmaidenly? The thought made my heart sink as I uttered it.

“But my auditor spoke now. Raising my burning face from her shoulder, she regarded me with her calm, thoughtful smile, as she said, ‘Can you not trust his love, little trembler? If I can see nothing to condemn in your conduct, think you *his* opinion will be less lenient?’

“Her confidence inspired me with a similar feeling; but, of course, I had no wish that the master of the house should find me in it on his return. By the end of the week, little Bertie was quite out of danger, and I prepared to return to the farm-house. But that very morning I heard a well known voice in the parlor, and knew that Miss Gillman was informing him of what had transpired during his absence. Girls, girls, you may judge how I felt just then; how my heart alternately palpitated and stood still till I grew faint and dizzy. But how quickly my failing spirit was restored to hope and happiness, when I was encircled by *his* arms, listening to *his* dear tones, as he murmured my name coupled with every endearing epithet, and telling me that heaven had sent me hither to preserve the life of his boy!

“Hark! that is the supper-bell! Just in time, for I have no more to tell. You know now how I came to marry a widower.”

T I L D A.

BY MIRIAM CLEYDE.

I see, when the shadows of twilight come down,
And the crimson fades out from the cloud,
And remember, while sorrow o’ersurges my heart,
How coldly she sleeps in her shroud.

I remember how damp were the lips that I kissed,
And how marble and chill was the brow,

How closed the dark eyes, and how stilled the sweet lips,
I remember it all sadly now.

I think of the skies bending April and blue
O’er the place where she slept in her tomb.
Ere the flowers had bloomed, or the birds had come back
To brighten with music its gloom.

PLAYING FOR HEARTS.

BY JESSIE STUART.

"Isn't she lovely, Hartman?"

"Very," replied that gentleman, absently, his eyes resting on a slight figure floating past them in the dance.

"So innocent, and happy she looks, you wouldn't imagine, to see her, that she has just sent despair into the heart of as fine a fellow as ever breathed."

"What do you mean, Bond?" said Mr. Hartman, fixing his piercing gray eyes on the face of his companion. "Whom has she refused?"

"It isn't generally known," said Mr. Bond, in undertone; "but report says she has been privately engaged to young Lee, for some months; and I saw him yesterday sail in the California steamer, looking as though he had lost his last friend;" and Mr. Bond passed on, leaving Mr. Hartman to his reflections, which, if his face was any sign, were not very delightful.

Louise Graham, the subject of these remarks, had promised her hand, in marriage, to Dudley Hartman, just three days before, and until this moment he had considered himself a fortunate and happy man. But the monster Jealousy entered his heart, and held full possession of him, as he stood there, dark and frowning, watching her and listening to the suggestion of the fiend.

Why had she not told him of this engagement? Why had she broken it off after consenting to be his? He could see but one solution of the mystery. She accepted him because he was a better match in the world's eye—he had more money and a larger establishment; and she, whom he blindly fancied so pure, so perfect, was, after all, only a calculating flirt, refusing one whom she loved for another who was more wealthy.

He remembered, with a pang, that she appeared sad last evening, and he saw traces of tears: of course it was regret; and the proud, but miserable man resolved not to sleep until he had made her confess the truth.

Having arrived at this conclusion, he looked around for her. She had stopped dancing, and stood by her mother in a distant part of the room. A soft blush mantled her cheek as he approached, which was succeeded by a look of surprise when she saw the dark frown on his face.

He was a lover, and privileged; consequently, when he offered his arm, without a word, she took it quietly and walked where he led. Several times they passed round with the gay throng: he still silent; and she half-frightened at this new mood of her before attentive lover.

At last he drew her into a quiet library, and seating her on a sofa where the light fell full on her face, he spoke abruptly,

"Louise, did you know that Mr. Lee sailed for California yesterday?" A burning blush dyed her face and neck, partly at his manner of speaking, and partly because she had refused Mr. Lee yesterday morning.

She had not become accustomed to her lover yet; it was strange to her to have him speak as if he owned her, and had a right to insist upon her telling anything he chose to demand. Hitherto he had been very tender and kind; but this was a new air, and she saw that something had happened to him. She was frightened and distressed—she answered timidly,

"Yes, I knew. He told me he was going."

"You sent him, Louise?" he demanded, in a low, but determined tone. "It was because you would not marry him!"

"He said so," she murmured, pulling the flowers of her bouquet to pieces.

"Why did you not tell me? I have a right to know."

"I did not like to," came hesitatingly.

"Miss Graham, you love that man!"

She turned deadly pale and faltered, "Why, Mr. Hartman, am I not—did I not promise—"

"Yes," he interrupted, impetuously, "you are engaged to marry me—you promised to be my wife—but your heart was not in it, your face now shows it—this is not the hue of innocent love!"

What could she say? She saw that he was under the influence of some spirit of evil, and nothing but proofs would satisfy him; and she was diffident, she could not speak with those cold, searching eyes on her.

She managed to falter out,

"To-morrow, if you will come, I will tell you all about it."

Without a word he rose, conducted her to her mother, and, bowing coldly, passed away.

"I guess he's settled," muttered Walter Bond,

who had watched all this. "I wonder if he really had offered himself. No matter, with his pride and jealousy he won't stop to investigate. One more chance, divine Lou, I'm the only man who is worthy of you."

The long, miserable night dragged wearily on, and Louise rose at an early hour from her sleepless couch.

She robed herself in a dress he liked, and tried to beguile the tedious hours by wondering, for the hundredth time, what caused him to fancy that she loved Mr. Lee, and how she should manage to tell him the simple truth that she had refused Mr. Lee.

She thought it was not quite right to tell such things—she thought it must be bad enough to be refused, without having one's misery reported to a successful rival; but anything was preferable to the terrible mistake Mr. Hartman had fallen into.

The night was spent by Dudley Hartman in writing letters, packing trunks, and making preparations for a long journey, bitterly cursing the fatal hour he first saw Miss Graham, and railing at all womankind after the manner of most men under the circumstances.

When the long day was actually gone—when evening too passed wearily without the appearance of her lover, Louise Graham retired to her room, with the certainty that he would not seek explanation, that he had left her without a word. Dropping on her knees by her bed, she covered her face and suffered it out alone. When she rose, calm and pale, the first bitterness was over.

"Lou," said her father, the next morning, as he read his paper, "what is this? I see Hartman's name among the passengers in the Arabia."

Louise suppressed a cry, and replied quietly, "It means that he is gone, and it is nothing to us."

He looked up in surprise.

"But, Lou, did you send him?"

"No, father. He heard something about Mr. Lee and was jealous."

"The rascal! I'll make him answer for this!"

"Not if you love me, father. No one knows—let it drop, it will be better."

"And you?"

"I shall live," with a smile, meant to be very reassuring, but which was a faint one after all.

She bore it bravely. Few knew of the engagement, and all supposed she was indifferent to him, except her father, who loved her more than any earthly thing. He saw the face grow thin and pale—he noticed the subdued voice—

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the quiet manner—the unsteady lip. He perceived the sadness in her soft, dark eyes. He grieved for his darling, but could offer no consolation.

"It was a sweet dream," she murmured, one evening, sitting in a low chair, looking into the bright coal fire in her little grate, "too bright, it seems, for earth; the first cold suspicion dispelled it like a morning mist before the sun. It is hard to believe that he whom I thought so noble—so much above other men—could be disturbed by petty jealousy, and leave me so dishonorably—me, whom he professed to love, who had consented to be his wife!"

She raised her head proudly.

"I shall not give way to weak regrets—I have lost my respect for him—I shall soon cease to care for him.

"If I could only occupy myself—if I could only do something that would keep me so busy that I could not brood over this—if I could only have some change, I should soon be entirely well of this weakness."

Spring opened gloomy. There was a great crash in the commercial world. Business men stood aghast to see old established houses fall, one after another, as though they were things of a day. One evening, Mr. Graham came home much earlier than usual. Louise heard him walk heavily through the hall, enter the library and close the door. When she went in, not long after, she was frightened to see him leaning over the table with his face covered. She went up to him hastily.

"Father, what is the matter? Are you sick? Shall I send for the doctor?"

"No. I am not sick, Lou."

"What is it then, father—trouble? Tell me!"

He turned toward her a face so white and haggard that she was seriously alarmed.

"Dear father, do tell me."

"You are brave, Lou, you can bear a shock. Perhaps I had better tell you first; you can bear a better than —. My God! that I should live to be the bearer of such tidings to them!" He walked the room furiously. Louise, overcome by a foreboding of some dreadful event, sank into a chair, and followed him with earnest eyes.

He stopped suddenly before her.

"My daughter, something terrible has happened. I have been in trouble—business trouble—for some days, and at last the crash has come. I—we are ruined!"

Louise breathed free.

"Is that all, father?"

"All! You little dream what that is!—you, who have never known a want, cannot conceive

the terrors of poverty—you, just coming into society, my pet, my idol! Oh! it is too cruel!"

He sank on the sofa. Louise went up to him and put her arms round him. He drew her on to his knee, and, stroking back the curls, kissed her brow tenderly. She spoke softly,

"I know, dear father, that you have shielded me from all rough breezes; but it is time for me to take my part in life; besides," her voice sank almost to a whisper, "you know I have not been very happy, lately. I have often thought that if I could do something I should be better; I can—if we are poor—I can work off all lingering regrets. Father," she fondly stroked the silver-sprinkled hair with her soft hands—"father, I shall be much happier to be of use. I am young and strong; if I had a chance you don't know how much I could do." He clasped her in his arms.

"I know, little pet, that you are a comfort and a treasure, worth a hundred times that I have lost."

The door slowly unclosed, and Mrs. Graham entered, brilliant in silks and laces, and sparkling with jewels. Mr. Graham groaned. Louise rose.

"Mamma, you're not going out to-night, are you?"

"Yes, I am; and you'll be sorry you did not, for it will be brilliant, *the* affair of the season."

Louise hesitated, looked at her father, and finally spoke,

"Father has something to tell you;" adding in undertone to him, "it would not look well for her to be seen there."

"You are right," he sighed.

In a few words, Mrs. Graham was made acquainted with the calamity.

Being of the fine lady order—too fine for common life—with nerves too delicate for anything so vulgar as facts, she showered a torrent of reproaches on the bowed head of her husband; and then recollecting what was proper for her, on the occasion, she shrieked and went into hysterics, quite to the relief of her daughter, who placed her in the hands of her maid, and returned to comfort her stricken father.

Louise woke up almost happy the next morning; she felt as though a new spirit had been infused into her. With her usual promptness, she began immediately what she had already decided upon.

Walking into the kitchen, she astonished the cook by saying,

"Bridget, I want you to teach me to do plain cooking, bake bread and pies, and cook meat and vegetables."

"Sure, Miss, it isn't for the likes of you to learn to cook!"

"Yes, I am going to learn." And she began to put up her sleeves.

"Och! not with that illigant dress!"

"Sure enough," said Louise, with a smile; "it isn't very suitable; but I have no others. Mary will lend me one of her long aprons."

She was soon equipped. Turning back her dress, she tied on the long apron; then she pinned her wide sleeves to her shoulders, baring her round, white arms, and looking as if she had wings. Bridget laughed.

"Much work you'll do, with those arms and hands! Ah! Miss Graham, you're a funny lady!"

Greatly to her astonishment, however, Louise insisted upon learning her to make bread, that morning; and her surprise knew no bounds when Miss Graham came into the kitchen, every morning, prepared for work—and such a willing, such an ambitious pupil never gladdened the heart of happy teacher.

Thus passed one week, while Mr. Graham settled up his business, and Mrs. Graham lay weakly on her bed, weeping and mourning over her hard fate. Then, one morning, the servants were quietly paid and dismissed, the house closed, and the key delivered over—and the Graham family took the western train of cars.

It is not my purpose to follow them in their emigration, to tell of the helplessness and repining of Mrs. Graham, or the cheerful content of Louise. Nor shall I dwell on the weary, careworn husband and father, who felt that he was taking his loved ones into the wilderness.

It would be too tiresome to accompany them in their career; to tell the difficulties that rose in their path; to relate Louise's troubles in learning to keep house without any help, to wash and iron, bake and broil; to recount how helpless a burden Mrs. Graham became, giving herself up to dreams of past greatness, and never offering to assist her daughter, who was the life and soul of the house, inspiring and comforting her father, and ministering to the numerous wants of her mother.

One cool evening in summer, when doors and windows were all thrown open to admit the fresh night breeze, Louise Graham sat by the single lamp in their little parlor engaged in sewing.

They had been settled about a year. Mr. Graham was just beginning to do well in business, and Louise had now a small maiden to assist in the family work.

She looked very lovely, as she sat there,

bending over her sewing. Her dress, though of inexpensive material, and plainly made, was a pretty, cool, blue color, and floated full and soft around her. Her luxuriant hair, that used to fall in curls, was braided round her fine head. She had lost the pale, delicate look which she brought from her old home; instead, a soft, healthy bloom added to her beauty. New depths of thought lay in her dark brown eyes—content, happiness beamed from every feature.

She was humming a low tune as she worked, when, suddenly looking up, she saw, standing in the open door, Dudley Hartman.

Old memories rushed over her, and, for a moment, her face was crimson; but, quickly recovering herself, she rose to greet him with all the dignity and grace of olden times.

He clasped her hands eagerly, but could not speak. She presented him to her mother, who, after a few moments' conversation, escaped to her room.

"Louise!" he exclaimed, as soon as they were alone; "you have grown beautiful since I saw you!"

"Have I?" she said, quietly, resuming her sewing. "Working does not generally develop beauty."

"Working! Have you worked?"

"Daily, for a year."

"Sewing, I suppose, and such things?"

"No, sir, genuine work: cooking, baking, washing dishes, and so on to the end of the domestic chapter," she said, a little proudly, as she remembered his fastidiousness.

He looked pained.

"This I have also to add to my self-reproaches. Loui, you know what I have come for?"

She looked up—a clear, steady look.

"No, sir."

"Loui, what do you think of me? Do you hate and despise me?"

"Really, Mr. Hartman, I have been so busy this year, that I have had no time to think anything of you."

He drew his chair nearer to her and continued, in a low, passionate tone,

"Loui, my peerless beauty, I have come to confess my folly, to tell you that I love you better than ever! I have come to take you from your drudgery, and place you where you belong."

She looked up in astonishment, to hear him speak so positively.

"You must forgive my madness; for I was mad, Loui. I was told that you broke off an engagement with Mr. Lee, to accept me. Abroad

I met him and found out my mistake. I hastened home to implore you to take me back."

He tried to enclose her in his arms; but she drew back, a little laughingly.

"You have no right, Mr. Hartman; you forfeited all claim on me, when you left me in such a manner."

"I know I have no right," he said, warmly. "I beg you, now, to restore my claim—to give me a right."

"You forget my altered circumstances: I am poor—I am obliged to work, every day. How would your aristocratic self relish seeing me in a calico dress, with my sleeves rolled up, and my hands in the wash-tub?"

"Let me take you away from such necessity."

"I have a father," she said, proudly, "for whom it is my pleasure to work—for whose sake I glory in my strength to do such 'drudgery.'"

"But do you not care for me, Loui? Don't you love me?"

"Not a bit!"

"Loui! do you mean that?"

"I do. This year has taught me many things; among them—that what love I once felt is entirely gone."

This was something he had not anticipated. He had expected that, after a year's absence, she would readily forgive, and take him back; but this cool, evidently sincere rejection was unexpected. He could not lose her so; in great agitation he went on.

"It is because you thought me cold. You loved me once—you will again. Do not cast me off utterly, and without hope; let me try to win your love again."

She rose in dignity.

"Mr. Hartman, this has been long enough. I tell you plainly, honestly, that you forfeited all the respect—yes, and love," she added, in a low tone, "that, I confess, I did feel, when you left me in such an unworthy manner."

"My heart is utterly free from any attachment to you. I will forgive, if you wish, and regard you as a friend; but I can never love you again!"

He was beginning, vehemently; but she interrupted.

"It is worse than useless, Mr. Hartman; I have told you only the truth. If you are a gentleman, you will regard that as final."

While Mr. Hartman was with Louise, Mrs. Graham's imagination had reveled in dreams of fashionable delights, and a return to town. She had settled the number of dresses she would need; for, of course, Mr. Hartman would invite

her to make his house her home. And she had nearly made up her mind regarding the bridal robes, when she saw her husband approaching the house.

With a toss of the head at her present narrow quarters, she entered the little parlor, just as Mr. Graham came in at the other door. To her surprise, Mr. Hartman was gone, and Louise sat by the table, reading.

"Well, Lou, when is it to be?" she said, gaily.

"What, mother?"

"When shall I order your dress from town?"

"Never, mamma."

"Oh! you affect simplicity. Well, will you have that pretty white muslin in the store?"

"What does all this mean?" said Mr. Graham, in a puzzled way.

"It means," said Mrs. Graham, bursting with the secret; "it means that our demure daughter here prefers New York, after all, to this horrid desert, and intends to return there before long."

Louise went to her father, seated herself on his knee, and put her arms round his neck.

"It means, father, simply this—that Mr. Hartman came here to-night, expecting to find the Lou he left."

"And what did he find, daughter?"

"He found himself mistaken," she replied, in low tone. Her father enclosed her in his arms.

"Brave girl! You're worth a dozen such fellows as he."

"Did you refuse him?" almost shrieked her mother.

"I did, mamma."

"Miss Graham, there's two gentlemen in the parlor wants to see you."

Louise was bending over the stove, preparing something for dinner, which, in that simple town, took place at twelve o'clock.

"Very well, Jane. Can you attend to this dish? I wouldn't have it burn on any account."

"Yes'm, I'll remember."

Louise removed her long apron—revealing a neat dress of dark calico, finished, at the neck, with a fresh, white linen collar—and passed into the cottage parlor.

A gentleman rose to greet her. With a slight blush—at the memory of their last interview—Louise spoke to Mr. Bond, who introduced Mr. Browning. She received them as proudly, and with as much grace, as though the small cottage had been a palace, and her calico robe the richest satin.

Mr. Bond came from New York in the expectation of finding her so much humbled by her cottage life, that she would accept the offer she had refused a year before; and he was

mortified to see her looking even better than when she left town—more contented and happy, in better health, more lovely.

His hopes died out as he witnessed the dignity with which she entertained them—the ease with which she adapted herself to her altered style of life.

Paul Browning, who had accompanied Mr. Bond merely to pass away the morning in a dull village, was a stranger to Louise, although a New Yorker, and the son of one of her father's friends.

An honest, outspoken boy, he had early conceived a disgust for society as he found it in his mother's drawing-room. With a boy's positive manner he declared his opinion, that all society was a humbug, and all ladies were heartless flirts. After his graduation he passed a year or two in Europe, and, upon his return, made himself what he called a "den," in an upper room in his mother's house. Here he read, wrote, and smoked, surrounding himself with artists, authors, and other genial people out of the pale of fashion.

Steadily resisting all efforts to get him into society, he was finally set down, by his family and friends, as a confirmed old bachelor, before he was thirty years of age.

With congenial friends he was a warm-hearted, intelligent, cultivated companion; with opposing temperaments he was reserved and cold.

While they remained, unconscious of intruding on the dinner hour, Mr. Graham came in. He was delighted to see them, and urged them so cordially to remain, that, upon the invitation being seconded by Louise, they consented to do so.

Now, this little cottage boasted of few rooms; and the room christened—by courtesy—the parlor, was in fact sitting-room, dining-room, tea-room, and all in one. When it was decided that they would remain, Louise quietly rose, drew out the table, and, with perfect ease and dignity, proceeded to cover it with a snowy cloth, and place the dishes thereon.

Mr. Browning was apparently absorbed in earnest conversation with Mr. Graham, and Mr. Bond sat like one in a dream—he could not take his eyes from Louise. To see the beautiful, imperial maiden actually setting the table for their regular dinner, was the ninth wonder of the world to this fashionable gentleman. He had never imagined her reduced to such a necessity, and—stranger than all—to have her, all the time, carry on an easy, laughing conversation with him, as though unconscious of any singularity in the act. He was dumb. Louise's

eyes danced with amusement, as she saw and enjoyed his amazement.

When the plain dinner was ready to be served, Louise went to her mother and urged her to go into the room; but she was shocked and horrified at the idea of seeing any old friends in this humble style, and utterly refused to "make a spectacle of herself for their amusement."

Accordingly, Louise assisted to get the meal on, and then took her seat at the head of the table, and presided as gracefully as though it had been an elegant repast. And one, at least, of the guests thought he had never enjoyed a pleasanter meal.

A month rolled away, and it was the quiet hour of eventide at the cottage.

A cheerful wood fire illumined the room, and threw its dancing light over Louise sitting motionless near. The blaze or something else gave a soft flush to her face, making her look very lovely.

Her soft-tinted merino dress harmonized with the subdued expression of her tremulous countenance, and fell in full and graceful folds around her.

There were no lamps; an hour before, when she rose to get them, a hand had gently detained her, and quietly replaced her in her chair, and a voice tremulous with emotion had whispered,

"The firelight is so pleasant, Miss Graham, and I want to tell you something." The tone of his deep voice brought a strange flutter into her heart, which increased as Paul Browning earnestly poured forth his love—told how he had been utterly unable to leave her since the happy day that brought him to that cottage, and that his life's happiness rested upon her decision.

She hesitated, and he repeated passionately that he loved her, and implored her to speak to him.

Mastering her agitation, she finally spoke in low tone,

"I shall tell you one thing in the past which will make a difference to you, I think. You are fastidious—you will not like to hear that I have been—engaged!"

"Engaged! My God! When?"

"Last year."

"And you loved?" in low, eager tone.

A burning blush covered her face as she replied, softly, "I did!"

Mr. Browning sprang to his feet and walked the room impetuously a few moments; then, resuming his seat, he looked earnestly into her eyes.

"I hardly dare ask you the next question; it is so much to me, I dread to lose the last hope. Do you——" He hesitated and was much moved, "oh, Louise! do you still love him?"

"No!"

"Bless you for that word!" He took her hand softly in his. "One more question. Do you—can you love *me*?"

She did not reply; but he gathered abundant hope from the fluttering color, the downcast eyes, the unsuccessful attempt to speak. Dropping on a low seat by her side, where he could look into her drooping face, he went on tenderly,

"Tell me, Loui, is it life or death? Don't keep me in suspense—pronounce my sentence!"

"But I haven't told you all," she said, shyly, not meeting his eyes; "I was deserted!"

His eyes flashed. "Who is the villain? I will shoot him!"

"Nay, I haven't done yet."

"Go on."

"I was only engaged three days."

"Good! You haven't told me who yet."

"I do not mean to."

"Why?"

"For fear of accidents!"

"Is it his life or mine you care for?"

A moment's hesitation, then a little fluttering.

"Yours."

"Mine!" Joyfully kissing the little trembling hand he held. "Then you do care a little for me?"

"Mr. Browning, you have only known me a month—you know nothing about me—you would regret some day."

"Regret, Loui! If I love you better than all the world here, with these homely surroundings, under all these disadvantages, shall I regret when I see you in the sphere you are fitted to adorn?—when you have promised that you love me by becoming my wife?"

"Shall I finish that story, Mr. Browning?"

"Do. Let's have it out."

"He came here a few weeks ago."

Mr. Browning started. "What for?"

"To fulfill his engagement!"

"And you?"

"I discovered that I was perfectly indifferent to him."

Mr. Browning rose. "Now, Loui, I claim you for mine—you will not tell me so—but I shall take you." And he suited the action to the word, drawing her into his arms and pressing a warm kiss on her lips—"and I shall not let you go, darling, till you tell me when you will be my wife—and I am in no particular

hurry—you may take as long as you please." After a little silence, while he pressed her close to his heart, he went on softly, "Now, my little Lou, are you going to tell me who was the villain who treated you so?"

"Will you be good, and not expose the life of my—my Paul?"

A great softness came into his eyes, and his voice trembled with emotion as he replied, "Do you care for the life, that, since I have known you, has appeared to me so aimless and mis-spent? Do you, Luly?"

"I do more than anything else."

He kissed her passionately. "You have made me very happy, dearest. I shall try to make my life more worthy of you in the future."

Another silence, broken at last by her attempt to get away from his detaining arms, but he held her tight.

"Nay, little one, you have not said yet when you will be mine."

"I can't leave papa yet."

"Are you so indispensable to 'papa'?"

"Indeed I am. He can't get along without me."

"Neither can I. He don't love you half so well as I do."

"Oh! he has loved me so long, of course he does."

"And you don't love him as well as you do me?"

No reply.

"Do you, Luly?" trying to look into her dewy eyes. She hesitated, and her voice trembled as she began,

"He loves me so, I ought——"

"You ought to love your husband, darling, better than all the world," in a voice full of emotion.

"Oh, don't! I haven't any!" she whispered, flushing all over.

"But I mean you shall have as soon as possible. When shall it be?"

"I can't leave father now," she said, seriously. "Mother is so—don't sympathize with him—and he is just beginning to get along; besides, I can't get a girl who can supply my place."

"Of course you can't; there isn't one in the world."

"In the housekeeping, I mean."

"You can send one from New York—one of your old ones."

"But——"

"Don't raise any more objections, darling. You have given me a claim on you stronger than any other in the world."

"But you are going to be good, and not insist."

"I don't know, I am very much in favor of having my own way in this—I am very obstinate, Lou, you'll have your hands full to make me go straight, little wife. Ain't you sorry you undertook the job?"

"No. Tell me how to manage you."

"Well, you must look soft, and loving, and winning, as you do now. If you say, 'you shall' and 'you must,' I am ice and steel immediately."

Louise put her arm softly around his neck, and looked in his face smilingly.

"Well then—please, Paul—you must be good and patient for a year, and then——"

"A year!—a century! Indeed I shall not be coaxed into any such arrangement; though I like to be coaxed," he added, with laughing eyes.

"Not if I wish it very much?"

"You can't be so cruel as to wish it, dearest; only think! how can I live a year without you?"

"But we must not think only of ourselves."

"Luly, shall we leave it to 'papa'?"

"No. Papa will deny himself anything to make me happy; you must wait, anyway, till next fall!"

"Eight horrid, long months! Oh, Luly! I did not think you could be so cruel!"

"There's one thing I want you to know," said Lou, after a long silence, during which each had been striving to measure their new happiness.

"What, Lou?"

"That I never liked any one else so much;" she broke down in utter confusion. He stooped over her and looked into her eyes.

"Do you mean that you did not love him, whose name you will not tell, as well as you do me?"

"Not half so well. It was nothing—it was childish compared——" She stopped a moment, then went on, "his name is Mr. Hartman."

"What! Dudley Hartman?"

She nodded.

"He is a powerful rival, Lou. Are you sure you haven't any lingering, little bit of love for him that I need to be uneasy about?" He looked troubled; she clasped his hand in both hers, and said earnestly,

"Don't ever think of it, Paul; I never, never loved him as I do somebody else." He enclosed her again in his arms, and strong emotions kept them silent.

The door opened, and Mr. Graham entered.

"Good evening, Mr. Browning. Ah, daughter,

how pleasant your firelight is!" and he sat down by it looking a little anxiously at his daughter, who seated herself on the sofa, a little out of the light. After a vain effort to steady his voice, Mr. Browning spoke abruptly,

"Mr. Graham, when may I have my wife?"

Mr. Graham did not speak for a moment; and Lou stole softly behind him and put her arm close round his neck, resting her cheek on his gray head. He drew her round on to his knee.

"Do you want to go away from your old father, Lou?"

"No, papa!"

"Daughter, do you love him? Do you wish to be his wife?"

The answer came low and trembling,

"Yes." Her face was buried in his bosom, and she did not see her father reach out his hand to Mr. Browning, who clasped it fervently in his.

"If I must give her up, my boy, I'm glad it is to you; be worthy of her, she is the best——" He stopped abruptly, and Paul spoke earnestly,

"It shall be the effort of my life to be so."

It was an evening reception at Mrs. B——'s, two gentlemen stood looking at one approaching them, whose snowy robe floated round her like a white cloud—whose deep brown eyes were radiant with happiness—whose long, beautiful hair fell in curling masses over her fair shoulders—and whose head was crowned with a delicate wreath of bursting orange buds.

"She is more beautiful than ever, isn't she, Hartman?" said one.

"Yes," replied Mr. Hartman, "she is wonderfully altered; "I don't wonder her husband looks so happy."

"Oh! Browning's madly in love with his bride; he don't give any of the rest of us a chance at her heart."

"Report says that Mr. Bond tried all his chances long ago," said Mr. Hartman, coldly.

"By George!" said that gentleman, "he did not try as hard as another fellow I knew of, who even followed her out to that country desert to be refused."

The color deepened on Mr. Hartman's face; but he made no reply.

And Louise Browning passed on.

HIGH AND LOW.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

LITTLE Maud, with your golden hair,
The half of my wealth I'd give
For the ownership of your beauty rare,
And your innocent life to live;

And the other half for the love you keep.
Say, Maud, will you change to-day?
Will you take the bitter tears I weep,
And the gold I would cast away,

And let me live in your cottage home,
And you in my palace grand?

(Ah, me! the life you would lead alone,
Though with servants to command!)

And your peasant lover, my simple maid,
He's naught but a country clown;
Yet, Maud, I would barter my love for yours,
Though his hands are hard and brown.

He's manly, honest, and noble too,
His smile it is frank and warm;
He is kind and tender with love for you,
And strong is his bold right arm.

Prince William's hand it is pledged to me,
His heart it is cold as stone;
Ah! better a penniless life and free,
Than fetters upon a throne!

T-O-D-A-Y.

BY A. L. MUZZEY.

BEAUTIFUL day!
With its soft sunshine flowing from above,
Starring the earth with blessings thick and close
As kisses on the brows of those we love,
Or red-lipped petals in the new-born rose;
Beautiful day!

Beautiful day!
'Twould seem as it had flown out of Heaven,
It is so pure and free of worldly strife,

It soothes us like a leaf of beauty riven
From the green branches of the tree of life;
Beautiful day!

Beautiful day!
Whose quiet pulses softly thrill and beat
In harmony with Nature's choral hymn;
To live it is like sitting at God's feet,
Listening unto the song of seraphim;
Beautiful day!

THE BROKEN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER XI.

THE pain of my thoughts hunted me out of all society. I crept away into the woods, the next day, wondering what I should do, how it was my duty to act. I could not bear to see any of the family. No charge had been made, no suspicion cast on Mrs. Dennison; but it seemed to me that every member of the family must read my thoughts and condemn me for them. I felt broken down and driven forth by this woman.

I did not remember or care for the hours of breakfast or dinner; excitement had drawn all thoughts of food from my mind. This increased my languor and made me more helpless still. Why had this beautiful woman come to torment me? What had I done to be thus virtually drawn into the fields like a wild animal? I wandered off on the ridge, and sat down on the rock where I had once conversed with Mrs. Dennison. I do not know what time of the day it was; for there was no sun, and the heavens were fleecy with black clouds. My head ached sadly; but that was nothing to the pain at my heart.

A storm came up while I sat there; but I was quite unconscious of it till my clothes were wet through, and I felt all my limbs shivering with the cold. I did not think of the consequences; it seemed so natural that I should be beaten down, that I cowered under the fierce rain like a poor flower that grew by me on the rock. The sunshine might revive that—would it ever come to me?

I remember feeling a mournful companionship with this solitary blossom, and sheltering it with a corner of my wet shawl. It was some distraction to the thoughts that harassed me to fancy the pretty thing as wretched as myself. Still I sat upon the rock, and still the rain beat down upon me. At last I heard Lottie's voice through the drifting storm, calling for me in an anxious tone.

I arose and stood up, trembling from head to foot—the wet had chilled the very heart in my bosom.

"Why, what is this? Where have you been?"

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What's the matter? Ain't you a fool good and strong? Mercy! how you look—how your teeth do chatter! Now, speak out and let's know if you really are alive!" cried the kind-hearted creature, attempting to shake the wet from my shawl, but, finding that hopeless, wringing it between both hands like a washerwoman.

"I've been with her all day; haven't left her one minute alone—not even with him. When he came I planted myself by the bed, and there I stood like a monument. She kept asking for you."

"For me?" I faltered, smitten with compunction. "I did not think of that."

"You've given up thinking of anything, I'm afraid," said Lottie, shivering. "It wasn't just the thing to run off and leave me to bear the brunt of all their looks and questions! Not that I answered them—oh! no; but I wanted to get off and have a good cry as well as you."

"I am very sorry, Lottie."

"But that was nothing till she asked for you over and over again; then I'd a given anything to have jumped up and after you. Besides, Miss Jessie was hunting up and down, wondering where you were, and Mr. Lee looked like a thunder-cloud."

"Mr. Lee?"

"Yes, Mr. Lee! But there you stand, with your teeth going chatter—chatter—chatter—like a squirrel cracking hickory-nuts. Do come into the house!"

I followed her, meekly enough; she scolding, and reviling, and petting me all the way as if I had been a lapdog out of favor.

When we reached the house it was late in the afternoon. I had eaten nothing that day, and, still loathing the idea of food, felt its want in all my frame.

"Go up to your chamber, quick," said Lottie, hurrying me through the hall. "Babylon is in the drawing-room, and I wouldn't have her see you looking so like a drowned hen for nothing. Wouldn't it tickle her?"

This speech aroused me a little, and I struggled up the stairs and entered my room. Lottie followed me to the door, said something very

peremptory about changing my clothes, and went away.

What possessed me I do not know; I remember flinging off my wet shawl and shuddering, with a sense of extreme coldness, as it fell with a flash on the carpet; I remember, also, feeling how necessary it was that I should exchange my clothes for dry ones. But as I went toward the toilet, a letter lying upon it drew my attention from everything else. I had not the courage to touch it—a reptile coiled there could not have disturbed me more. So I stood looking at it in the dreary wetness of my garments, knowing what it meant, and dreading it. I took the letter up at last. It was thick and heavy; my heart sunk beneath its weight, my limbs trembled so violently, that I was obliged to sit down on the bed.

I broke the envelope. A fold of bank-notes fell into my lap, and a check, signed by Mr. Lee, with a leaf of note-paper on which there was writing, fluttered after them. I could not read the note—the whole room swam around me—a faint sickness crept to my vitals. Nothing but darkness surrounded me; into this I sank, helplessly, and lay in its somber depths for weeks. I asked if it was late, if I had overslept myself. It was Lottie to whom I spoke. She bent her face to mine; she looked into my eyes with a fervor of gladness in hers that made my nerves shrink. She caught up both my hands and kissed them; then burst out crying, and ran into the hall crying out,

"Miss Jessie, oh! Miss Jessie!"

My darling came, looking pale and harassed; but for the moment her face lighted up, and she came in eager and breathless.

"You are better, dear aunt Mattie? Say that you know me."

"Know you, my darling?"

I tried to say this, and felt very helpless when my voice died away in a strange whisper; but a glow was on my face, and I know that my lips smiled, though they could not speak.

"You know me!" she cried, joyously. "Oh! Lottie, it is true she knows us—she will get well!"

Had I been ill? Was that the reason I felt so like a little child?

Jessie read this question in my eyes and answered it, kissing my forehead with her cool lips.

"Oh! yes, aunt Mattie, so ill! Out of your head, poor soul!"

Out of my head! The thought troubled me. Why, had I anything to conceal? To question one's soul requires strength; for it is a stern

task. I was very weak, and so put the subject aside wearily. The very sight of Jessie's face had wearied me.

She sat down on the bed, and then I saw how sad and thoughtful she had become! Her very lips were pale, and her eyes were shaded by their inky lashes, which threw her whole face into mourning. Had she suffered so much because I was ill, or were there other sorrows?

She held my hand in hers, clasping it tenderly. I strove to return the caress; but my poor fingers only fluttered in hers like the wings of a birdling when it first sees food. She knew that I wanted to return her lovingness, and smiled upon me; but oh! how sad her smile was! Then I fell off into a quiet sleep.

The next day I could ask questions. How long was it? Four weeks—four weeks, in which they had been so anxious! The doctors had given me up, but she and Lottie had always hoped. It seemed as if I could not be taken from her just when she wanted me so much.

"And her mother was all well?"

Mrs. Lee was better, stronger, and more cheerful than she had been for weeks before I was taken ill. Indeed she had once crept to my chamber, and cried over me like a child.

"Mrs. Lee better, and more cheerful? Then, why was Jessie so sad?"

The dear girl turned away her face and made no answer. Her silence cut me to the heart.

Then I remembered the letter, the bank-notes, and that check, with a pang, as if some one had struck me on the heart. The grief that convulsed my face frightened Jessie; she understood it and strove to reassure me.

"It is all well," she said; "never think of it again."

She might as well have asked a wounded man to forget the bullet rankling in his flesh. How much that man had hurt me, no human being could ever tell.

"Father has been very anxious about you," she said; "I never saw him suffer so much."

"What have you done with it?" I inquired.

She knew that I meant the money and the check, and answered, gently,

"I gave them back to my father—all except the letter, which I burned."

"Thank you, dear child."

There was silence awhile. I wanted to ask a question, but it made me faint. I think she would have answered that without waiting for words, only that the subject was a pain to her as it was agony to me.

"Is she here yet?"

I knew that a whiteness was creeping over

my lips as I uttered the words, and I felt a thrill of disgust pass over Jessie.

"She is here."

The bitter distress in her voice told me all that was in her heart. But it was a subject we could not speak upon.

"I have done everything in my power to send her away; but she will take no slight, no hint, and I have no right to take decisive steps while my parents both like her so much."

"Both?" I questioned.

"Yes; at least I think so. Mother seems pleased to have her so much in the room."

"And is she much there?" I questioned, faintly.

"Yes, very often, and for hours together."

"Alone?" I inquired, starting from my pillow and falling back from weakness.

"Seldom—never, I think. Father is generally with them, and Lottie—what a dear, faithful creature she is!—will never leave the room. If they drive her out, she is sure to retreat into her own little den and will leave the door ajar."

"Faithful, good Lottie!" I murmured.

Jessie kissed me and said, with mournful lovingness, that I must not talk, for I was all the friend she had to stand by her. She hesitated a moment and added, "Except, of course, my parents."

Obedient to her gentle command, I closed my eyes; but the anxieties that had taken flight in temporary insanity crowded back upon me, and my poor brain labored fearfully under them.

Was I right—knowing what I knew, and thinking what I thought—to keep anything back from Jessie? I had been so in the habit of mingling Mrs. Dennison's acts with those of Mr. Lee, that it seemed impossible to separate them, or speak of her without condemning him, at least by implication. I could not do this with his own child; for it was very doubtful if Jessie's entire and now very evident dislike of the woman had not sprung entirely from the course she had taken with Lawrence. By word or look she had never given a sign of any other thought.

After pondering over these things in my mind, I remembered that, after all, Mr. Lee was not connected with anything I knew, except in my own suspicions; and even then I was not base enough to impute a wrong motive, much less a wrong act to him. Why should I fear, then, to speak openly to Jessie? While chained to that pillow—as I must be for days to come—who could guard Mrs. Lee as well as her own daughter?"

While these reflections passed through my

brain, Jessie had been sitting motionless on the bed, afraid to move lest she might disturb the sleep into which she fancied me to have fallen. When I opened my eyes, she smiled down upon me.

"You have been a little troubled with dreams, I fear," she said, smoothing the hair back from my temples.

"No, Jessie; I have not been asleep, but thinking. Lie down here on my pillow; I want to tell you something."

She laid her beautiful face close to mine. In a weak voice, and at intervals, I told her everything, but never once mentioning her father even remotely. Indeed there was no occasion; for I am certain he knew as little as the innocent girl at my side of that wicked night work, in which our invalid had sunk so rapidly.

I never saw horror and dismay exhibit itself so forcibly on any countenance as it appeared on that lovely face. It touched mine like marble.

"What can we do?—what must we do?" she said. "Why did you not tell papa at once?"

"I had no proof—he would not have believed me."

"But your word—who ever doubted that?"

"Her word would have prevailed against mine. Oh! Jessie, Jessie, she is a terrible woman!"

"And my mother—my poor, suffering mother! What can her object be? No dove was ever more blameless than poor, dear mamma!" she said, with tender pathos. "Was she not content with what she had done against me? But I will go at once to papa and tell him everything about her."

"No," I said, trying to hold her with my feeble hand; "he will not believe you."

"Not believe me, aunt Mattie?"

"I fear not—Jessie, don't look so wounded! But he would demand your authority, and you would, of course, give me."

"Not without your permission."

"You would have it; but all might end in her triumph over us both. You remember the letter which came to me, with money, and that check? Ask yourself if it was the work of Mr. Lee's own heart."

"No, no, I am sure it was not!"

"Yet it came on the very next day."

"And broke your heart, dear aunt Mattie. I could not understand it. The first lines about money fastened themselves upon me I don't know how. I did not think, in my fright, when Lottie told me that you were ill, about its being a private letter; still I only read that and

carried the money back. What else was in the letter I did not know; but I burned it to pacify you."

"The rest was only a kind dismissal from the house, Jessie!"

"A dismissal from the house! You—you?"

"Yes. I am only here now on sufferance," I answered, with feeble bitterness, which ended in a flood of more feeble tears.

Jessie was terribly distressed; but she made gentle efforts at soothing me, and at last I sobbed myself into quietness like a child with my head resting on her shoulder.

"But you shall never go—never while I live," she said, with her old queenliness of manner. "I may stand by and see this woman robbing me when pride forbids me to cry out; but you, my oldest, my best friend! She must not attempt that."

Her eyes sparkled, her beautiful face took a positive expression. How I loved her!

"But about my poor mother," she said; "what can we do?"

"Wait and watch," I answered.

She was very thoughtful, and the look of distress upon her face made my heart ache.

"Lottie is honest," she said. "Now I understand why she would never leave the room even to nurse you. Good girl! she has been more faithful to my mother than her own child; but who could have known this?"

"Be dutiful!" I whispered, for this conversation had taken away my last remnant of strength.

"I will, and watchful; others may doubt this. I believe——"

Just then Lottie came in, and, after closing the door, Jessie began to question her about the events of that night. To my astonishment, Lottie looked blankly in her face, and protested that she could not understand what we were thinking of. Mrs. Lee had fainted, and Miss Hyde had been called, of course, and that raised a fuss as such things generally did. This was all she knew about it.

Jessie looked at her steadily a moment and turned away.

I was astonished and grieved. What could the girl mean?

After Jessie went out, the creature came up to my bed, and, doubling up a fist, shook it in my face, thus mocking my indignant weakness.

"You're a pretty Miss Hyde to trust a secret with, you are! What possessed you to tell that? How many cooks do you mean to have in one mess of soup? She can't keep it more than you could; and the next thing will be, you and I'll

be swept out of this house like a nest of wasps. Not that I'd go, but there'd be a tussel such as never was seen here before. Of course you'd give in, and curl up like a caterpillar and a dry leaf; but I'll never do it while she lives and wants me; but that don't mean that I'm going to fly in the face of Providence and give Babylon a chance to turn me out, for it mightn't be convenient for me to get sick—not that I think your sickness isn't the genuine article, mind; I know it is more shame to 'em, but I'm bound to be on hand with a sharp eye and close tongue. Trust Miss Jessie indeed! Well, crazy folks will be crazy folks, anyway you can fix it."

I was so weary that all this scarcely made an impression on my poor brain. But I had a vague feeling that the girl was right, and that I had acted very rashly. Indeed, I was not sure that Lottie's stout denial of that woman's work might not shake even Jessie's confidence in me. The distress and excitement of these thoughts shook my poor, quivering nerves till I fell back into the old delirium, and after that no talking was allowed in my room for a long time.

No wonder Mr. Lee started as if he had seen a ghost, when I crept by him in the passage leading to his wife's chamber, the first time that I was permitted to move from my room. The color mounted to his face. He paused, turned back and gave me his hand, striving to smile.

I could not touch his hand, or even attempt to smile. He had wounded me too deeply for that.

"My dear Miss Hyde," he said, dropping the hand which I had no strength to touch, "no one can be more rejoiced than I am at your recovery. Pray forget everything that might make you think otherwise; it was all a misunderstanding."

I did not speak, but tears swelled into my eyes, and I turned away wounded a second time by his confused explanation.

Mrs. Lee was so overjoyed to have me with her again. She looked much better, and seemed more cheerful than I had seen her since Mrs. Dennison's advent in the family.

Mrs. Dennison came into the chamber while I was there. She recognized me with careless politeness, called my attention to the improvement in Mrs. Lee, and proved, in a thousand adroit ways, how completely she had crowded me out from my place in the household—even in that sick chamber where my chief usefulness lay.

I was feeble and unduly sensitive, or this

conduct would not have wounded me so keenly as it did. Spite of myself, the pain of this interview would make itself visible; so I arose and went into Lottie's room, for my strength availed no farther than that.

The young girl sat quietly in her little domicile close by the door, sewing upon some second-hand finery, but with every stitch she cast a vigilant glance into Mrs. Lee's chamber, as if such watchfulness had become a habit of which she was herself unconscious.

Lottie was always exceedingly repugnant to permitting any one into her room; but when she saw me come toward her, looking so miserably feeble, the frown left her face, and, starting up, she arranged the pillows on her little white bed, and, sweeping back the curtains, motioned me to lie down. I fell helplessly on the pretty couch, and she drew the curtains around it clouding me in lace.

"Do you feel like sleeping?" she whispered.

"No, Lottie, my heart aches too much for that."

"Then lie still and keep watch while I go out. It is ten days since I have breathed the fresh air. Can I trust you?"

"Yes, Lottie."

The creature bent down and kissed me with great feeling, she too was affected by the general depression. All her wild animal spirits seemed hushed for the time.

"I didn't mean to be hard with you the other day," she whispered, "so don't mind it. Nobody thinks more of you than this child, you may believe that."

She glided out of the room, leaving the door open. Mrs. Dennison turned her head quickly as she went out, but did not seem to observe that the bed was occupied.

I was greatly exhausted, the walk from my room to the tower, and that brief interview with Mrs. Lee, had proved more than I could bear. So I lay helplessly on the bed, watching the scene in the inner room like one in a dream. How softly that woman moved about the chamber—how low and sweet were the tones of her voice! No wonder the invalid grew calm and cheerful under such ministration; it soothed even me. Our invalid had left her sofa and sat in the easy-chair. The widow arranged her footstool and settled down upon it, covering those small feet with a cloud of muslin, while her beautiful face was uplifted, and her neck curved back with the fascinating grace of a serpent. Mrs. Lee's dark eyes were bent upon her, so full of affection that the look made my heart ache. In the stillness I could hear every

word that passed between them. I was too much exhausted for thought; but even in another state my position would have been the same, knowing what I knew and suspecting what I did, no refinement of honor would have driven me from my post.

"Then I am beginning to be a little comfort to you, dear lady," said the haughty woman, looking sweetly in that gentle face, with her eyes full of solicitude, as if the great hope of her life lay in the idea of being useful.

"Oh! a great comfort! If Jessie now were—" The sensitive heart checked her speech, and she broke off with a sigh.

Mrs. Dennison drooped her eyes in delicate sympathy, and, taking a fold of her muslin dress, began to plait it thoughtfully between her fingers.

"You must not think that Jessie neglects you," she said. "The confinements of a sick room are so irksome to youth. I am sure she loves you."

"But she used to spend half her time with me. In the morning, she would bring her work or her drawing, and spend such pleasant hours in my chamber."

"Yes, but it was before she came into society, that is sure to distract the attention. Still the dear girl must be unaware of the higher and purer happiness she sacrifices."

Mrs. Lee's face clouded, and she said, with a sad smile,

"Well, you have not permitted me to feel this. By-and-by Jessie will get some of your thoughtfulness."

"You must not think of this, my dear friend," said the widow, caressingly. "Only think how well you are getting. I say nothing of my own poor efforts; but surely Mr. Lee makes up for all deficiencies in our sweet Jessie."

Mrs. Lee's face brightened beautifully. "Oh! yes," she said, "he is with me so much now; you charm him this way, I think."

"Me? Oh! nothing like it. This change in yourself, dear friend, constitutes the charm. You were dropping into such dreary ways, and looked so ill in that eternal white dress; but now that you have consented to brighten it up with ribbons and even French caps, the change is marvelous."

"You think so," was the sweet reply. "I dare say it is true; but Jessie always liked my dress, and she has fine taste."

"But he likes something fresher and more worldly; and one dresses for a husband."

"Yes, yes; and these things do give something bright to the toilet, though Lottie scouts them."

"Well, never mind so long as *he* is pleased. We need not trouble ourselves about the opinion of a wild, crazy girl like her, or of that prudish old maid, Miss Hyde."

Mrs. Lee drew her hand from the widow's caressing clasp, and sat upright in her chair.

"Oh! don't say a word against Miss Hyde," she protested, with unusual resolution. "She is the dearest, best creature."

"I know—I know," persisted the widow, drawing a quick breath. "She is everything that is good; if she only had the power to make her amiability a little more interesting, and I may add useful; but when any person comes into a family to attend particularly one member of it, there is a possibility of her gaining too much influence. I know Miss Hyde is very deserving; but has it never struck you that your daughter's heart lies a little too exclusively with her governess?"

"No. I had not thought of that," answered Mrs. Lee.

"It was not my business, and, I dare say, there was impertinence in the observation; but when Miss Hyde was sick, your daughter scarcely left her room. I never witnessed such devoted attention."

The widow sat playing with the knots of lilac ribbon that fastened Mrs. Lee's dress as she made the observation. I saw the poor lady's face cloud, and that her lips began to quiver. She was evidently drawing the contrast between Jessie's devotion to me, and the almost total desertion of her own room. Dear lady! she had no means of knowing that the eternal presence of that woman, in her chamber, had drawn the most devoted daughter that ever lived from her bed-side. Mrs. Dennison went on with her crafty work, still playing with the knots of ribbon, and pausing now and then to blow them about, till they fluttered like butterflies under her concentrated breath.

"If we only had sweet Jessie entirely to ourselves now to join our pleasant morning readings, wouldn't it be charming? But that is hopeless so long as she gives herself entirely to one person, you know."

Mrs. Lee lifted her slender hand, passing it with troubled haste repeatedly across her forehead.

"But Miss Hyde has been such a true friend, so faithful, so every way worthy, it seems as if Jessie could not love her too much. Then she is such a favorite with Mr. Lee."

"Is she?" was the dry question which followed these remarks.

"Oh, yes! Besides I never can forget her

kindness to myself, when Mr. Lee was away so much. You know that he has a great many duties, and it is only of late that it has been in his power to stay with me so much."

"But his heart—his heart is always with you, dear friend; I noticed that from the first day of my entrance to your house. In conversation your name is always on his lips, and it is easy to see that you are never, for a moment, out of his thoughts."

Mrs. Lee leaned back in her chair, and her fine eyes filled with the brightest drops that ever sprang from a grateful heart.

"I ought to be more grateful," she murmured, sweetly; "the blessed Lord has been so good to me. Oh! if all this should lead me to think less of Him, and more—sinfully, more of my—my family."

"But this will never be, your nature is too well regulated."

"Ah! but, Mrs. Dennison, you cannot imagine—you can form no idea how I have worshipped—how I do worship my husband. From the first hour I saw him to this, when we have sunk into mid-life together, it has been one struggle to keep him from overshadowing the love of God in this poor heart!"

A heavenly expression came over that pale face, as the noble woman spoke words that the reticence of her nature had kept back, even from me, her old, tried friend, up to that hour; and now they were poured forth to the greedy ear of that woman, like an overflow of wine upon the sand—vile sand, which a thousand repulsive things had trodden over.

I could scarcely keep from crying out under the pressure of disgust that seized upon me, when the creature lifted her eyes to the heaven of that face. In my whole life I had never seen an expression like that—so quick, so unutterably vicious! That instant some evil idea was born in the woman's brain: I saw it clearly, as if the map of her bad heart had been laid out before me. This idea, born of the loving goodness of Mrs. Lee's speech, broke into her eyes as a serpent bursts the mother-egg when hot sunshine is upon it. This expression reveled in her eyes a moment, and then crept away as if it had really been a reptile which had left her eyes and coiled itself in the depths of her soul. I could detect a tone of exultation in her voice when she spoke again; but it was low still and vibrated with strange fascination on the ear.

"And you love him so much?"

"I thought in my youth that it was impossible to love him better—that it was wrong

to love any human being so much, night and morning. I prayed God to keep me clear of man-worship; but how can one pray against love to a God who is love itself? When I saw how completely my whole being gave itself to him, how impossible it was to weaken one throb of the joy that filled me at his approach, I gave up the struggle and soon rendered double gratitude to the Divine for giving him to me. It was all I could do."

"And did he love you so much?"

With what insidious craft the question was put! How quietly the new-born serpent coiled itself in her eyes as the lashes drooped over them!

"So much? That is impossible! No man—no woman ever gave so great worship to a fellow-being! He was not even aware of it, I think; for this love was a treasure that I kept closely locked. It must have been tender questioning, indeed, that could have drawn these feelings into expression."

"But still he loved you?"

"Loved me? Oh! yes; I never doubted it, even then; but after I became so helpless, so dependent on him for my very life—for if he had failed me, I must have died—the beautiful affection of his nature manifested itself. He became my support, my very being. Oh! God has been very good to me!"

"And in all this devotion, this excess of love—for so I must think it—has no distrust ever arisen between you?"

"Distrust? Who could distrust him?"

Mrs. Dennison did not seem to hear—she was musing with her eyes on the floor. At last she murmured, vaguely,

"But jealousy is the natural growth of inordinate affection. I wonder it never sprang up between you. What if he had loved another person?"

"Loved another person, and I know it? That would have been death!"

Again the woman's eyes gleamed so brightly that I could see the flash through her thick lashes. She arose and walked hurriedly up and down the room.

Mrs. Lee looked at her wonderingly.

"You think it wrong—you condemn me, as I have condemned myself a thousand times," she said, with meek pathos.

The woman returned to her seat, smiling.

"No, no. How can one woman condemn another for a fault so angelic? I only envied you the delicacy that could deem it wrong to give one's whole being up to the first element of a woman's nature—entire love."

Mrs. Lee drew a heavy breath and lay back in her chair, smiling.

"You have seen him," she said, at last. "How grand, how magnanimous he is, never forgetting me, never feeling the solitude of this room irksome, but loving it more and more; giving me hours out of each day till, of late, he almost lives in my apartment and never finds it tiresome!"

A strange smile stole over Mrs. Dennison's lips; but she did not look up, and it passed unnoticed by its object.

As they sat thus, Jessie came into the room. Mrs. Dennison did not move, but, on the contrary, leaned nearer to Mrs. Lee. Jessie paused near the door and seemed about to retire; but Mrs. Lee spoke to her, holding out a hand.

The daughter saw this and came close to her mother's chair, leaning over it; while the widow kept her place, so that every word which passed between the mother and child was subject to her vigilance. Thus the conversation was constrained, and Jessie went away with a sad look, which went to my heart.

Then Mr. Lee came into the chamber, and all was bright as sunshine again. Mrs. Dennison kept her position, and Mr. Lee bent over his wife's chair. It was a beautiful group—I have never seen three more distinguished-looking people in one tableau.

They fell into conversation, in which Mrs. Lee took her gentle part. I listened, with a strange feeling of pain, to the graceful dialogue, and ceased to wonder that the invalid had grown more cheerful under the influence of scenes like this. Perhaps my jealous thoughts invested all they said with unreal attractiveness; for jealousy, like love, creates qualities which do not exist, and I acknowledged now that the feeling which burned at my heart had many a jealous pang in it. But how could this be otherwise? For years I had been the closest friend that lady possessed; and, within the hour, had I not heard a woman, who should have been a stranger, decrying me to her as if I had been a servant she wished to see discharged?

In this way I excused the bitterness that filled my heart as the cruel scene passed before me. It was hard to bear when that woman's sweet laugh came ringing through the chamber after some witty saying which brought a thousand animated expressions into the faces of the two persons I prized above all others, but from whom she had separated me.

All the morning they spent in Mrs. Lee's room. Lottie informed me afterward that this had been their habit during my sickness. Why,

she could not tell, unless it was that Babylon was hoping to find another chance to finish her work.

I could not sleep that night, and for many a long night after that. The fever had left me very low and nervous; I could not bear to meet the annoyances which were sure to beset me if

I went into the family, and seldom left my room. I think Mrs. Lee hardly missed me. Indeed it is doubtful if my absence was a matter of regret to any one; for Jessie came to my room as a sort of shelter from the scenes that I had witnessed, and thus our family became more and more a divided one. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

TEMPTED.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD.

EAGERLY looking adown and up,
Adown and up the winding lane,
Cheeks, whence the blushes are fading out,
Presses she eagerly 'gainst the pane.
High at her vine-wreathed lattice, now,
Sitteth the beautiful Lady Maud,
While down to her dainty feet, I throw,
Shadows are creeping both long and broad.
Here in the shade of the lindens tall,
Pacing the path he should come to-night,
Keep I my watch of her father's hall,
Massey and grand in the waning light.

Was it a step that I heard, or no?
He comes, Lady Maud, he comes at last!
— 'Twas only the wind—my heart beat so—
Methought 'twas a footstep hurried past.
Why do I linger, and sigh, and fret,
Here with the owl and the dusky bat?
Always will you be sure to forget
Anything, everything, heart, but that?
Am I a fool that I love her still,
With her proud eyes and her haughty stare?
Can I not crush my love, if I will—
Crush it and leave it without a care?

Why do these memories haunt me now?
Why do I dream of the buried past?
Delicate hands on this aching brow,
Two snow-white arms are about me cast—
Hush! but only the darkness may hear—
Once, on the beach, when the tide was low,

She owned she loved me—me—do you hear?
Was it hot cruel to mock me so?
But when he came, she grew changed and proud,
There was no love in her heart for me;
I was but one of the motley crowd,
Yielding her homage on bended knee.

Hark! 'tis the dip of his boatman's oar:
Rejoice, Lady Maud, he comes at length!
I hear the boat as it gains the shore.
Courage, faint heart, can you lack for strength?
'Tis but a blow—and the work is done!
Think how he robbed you of more than life,
Ruthlessly stole the heart you had won!
How could you bear to see her his wife?
Quick! he is coming! You will not fail!
Vainly Maud waits her lover to-night,
While on the sward, in the moonbeams pale,
He shall be lying ghastly and white.

Was it an angel that seized my hand—
Turned my true steel away from his heart?
Why, in the dusk, do I falt'ring stand,
Trembling, and turning with sudden start?
Who calls me murderer? who so bold?
'Tis false! I conquered my hate at last!
See, 'tis a bloodless dagger I hold;
On through the wood he has safely past.
Father, who hearest the sinner's cry,
Pardon the dreadful thought of my brain;
Here let my love and my hate both die,
Never to spring into life again!

DREAM-LAND.

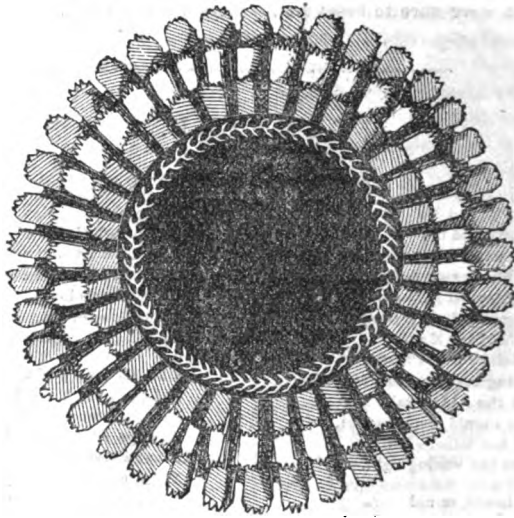
BY LIBBIN D—.

WHEN darkness covers with its pall
The dead day laid to rest—
When twilight deepens into night
E'en on the mountain's crest.
As I sit and watch the stars peep out,
When the long day's work is done,
Life's burden from my heart falls off
As, from the sky, the sun!
Then tired Reason drops the reins,
And Fancy guides the car
Which bears my thought from this working world
To a pleasant land afar;

While I dream of a life which is not mine,
Of joys which are only dreams,
Till my heart expands 'neath the sunny thought,
As a rose 'neath the Summer's beams.
Oh! pleasant the dream-land to which I go,
And sweet is my welcome there,
And my heart gains strength in that hour of joy
Its weary weight to bear;
The thirst is quenched, the tears are stayed,
(Alas! that they come again!)
For a little while I am not alone
While my Eden I regain!

TOILET-MAT.

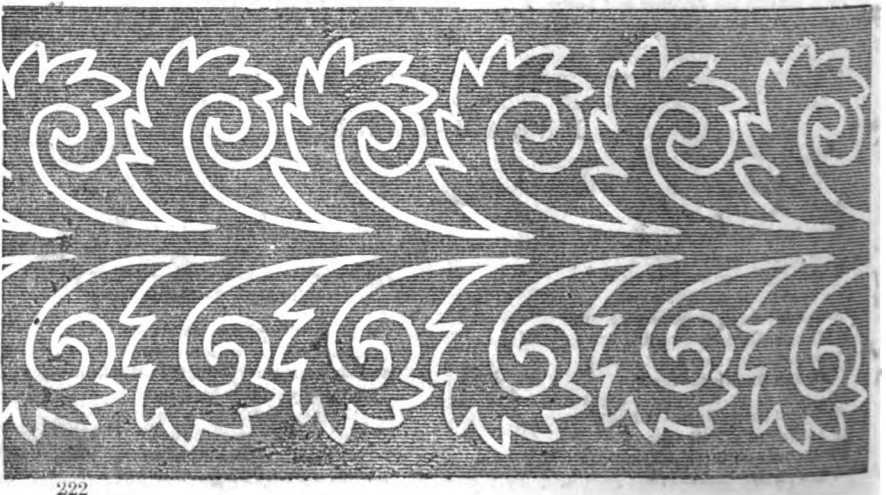
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MAKE the center of black velvet, of any size you choose. The little vine, running around this center, is to be done in chain-stitch, with gold thread. The border is to be made of three rows of quilled ribbon, or silk that is pinked on one edge. There are to be two colors employed in this border: crimson for the outside and inside, and white for the center. Line the mat with paste-board covered with silk.

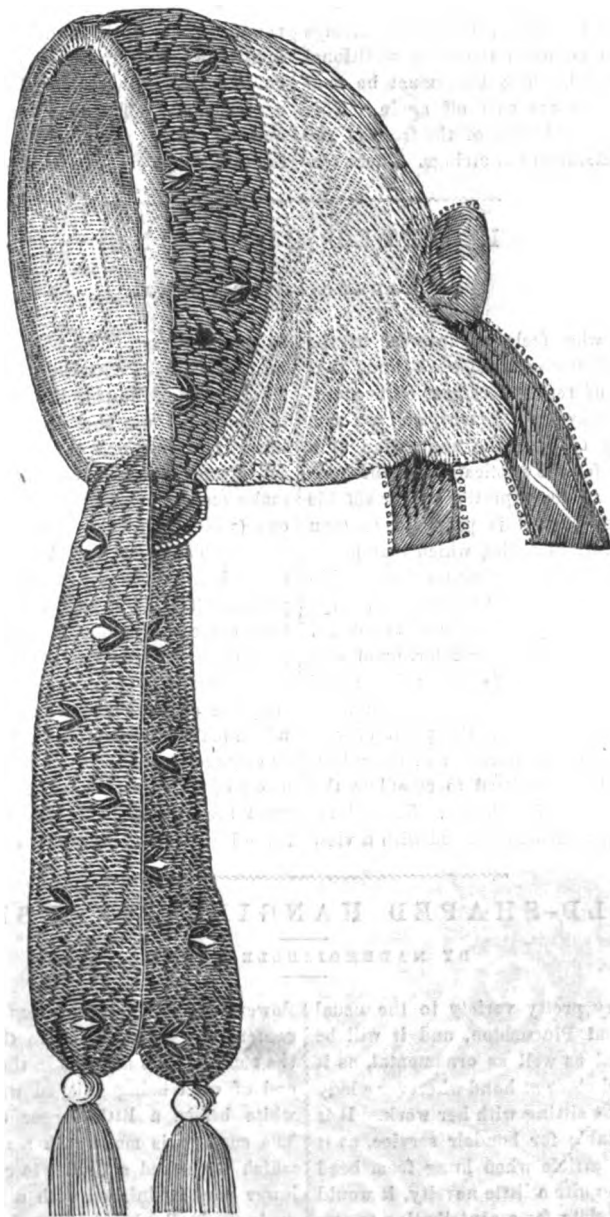
BRAIDING PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



KNITTED HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS hood is made of plain knitting, in white and blue Shetland wool. To commence, cast on seventy stitches. Knit sixty rows. Knit twenty rows, increasing one stitch at the end of every row. Cast on at each end forty additional stitches. These form the strings. Knit sixty rows. Cast off at each end the forty additional stitches. Knit twenty rows, taking two stitches together at each end of every row. There will now be seventy stitches on

the needle. Knit sixty rows. Cast off. This piece of knitting is folded in the middle of the strings, and forms two thicknesses of the hood the proper shape; but as four are required, a similar piece must be knitted according to the same directions, only a blue wool must be used instead of the white, where the strings commence—that is, when the forty additional stitches are added. The blue must be continued until these are cast off again. This forms the turn-over border of the front of the hood and the outside of the strings. These two

portions of the knitting which we have been describing are folded in the same manner, tacked together, and the blue border ornamented with three long double stitches, two in black and one in white wool, to imitate ermine. The square corners of the back are turned in to form a round. The back is drawn in about three inches in depth from the bottom to form the curtain, and a blue ribbon bow is placed in the center behind. The ends are finished with blue and white wool tassels. No. 4 wooden pins of the bell gauge size are used for this knitting.

KNITTED CUSHIONS.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

EVERY lady who feels an interest in the various sorts of Berlin wool-work finds that her box or bag of remainders goes on accumulating to an inconvenient extent, and we are, therefore, happy to offer the suggestion of a kind subscriber for the application of these increasing stores to some pretty and profitable use. With this view, it is proposed to turn them into the knitted shells, which may afterward be sewn together, forming most agreeable and comfortable cushions for the couch or easy-chair. Each shell may be either of one color, of several shades of the same color, or of distinct contrasts, according to convenience and taste. When a sufficient number has been made they must be sewn together, the point of one being placed exactly in the center of the other, and half-shells being knitted to complete the vacancies at the ends of each row. The colors, as in patchwork, must be arranged with a view

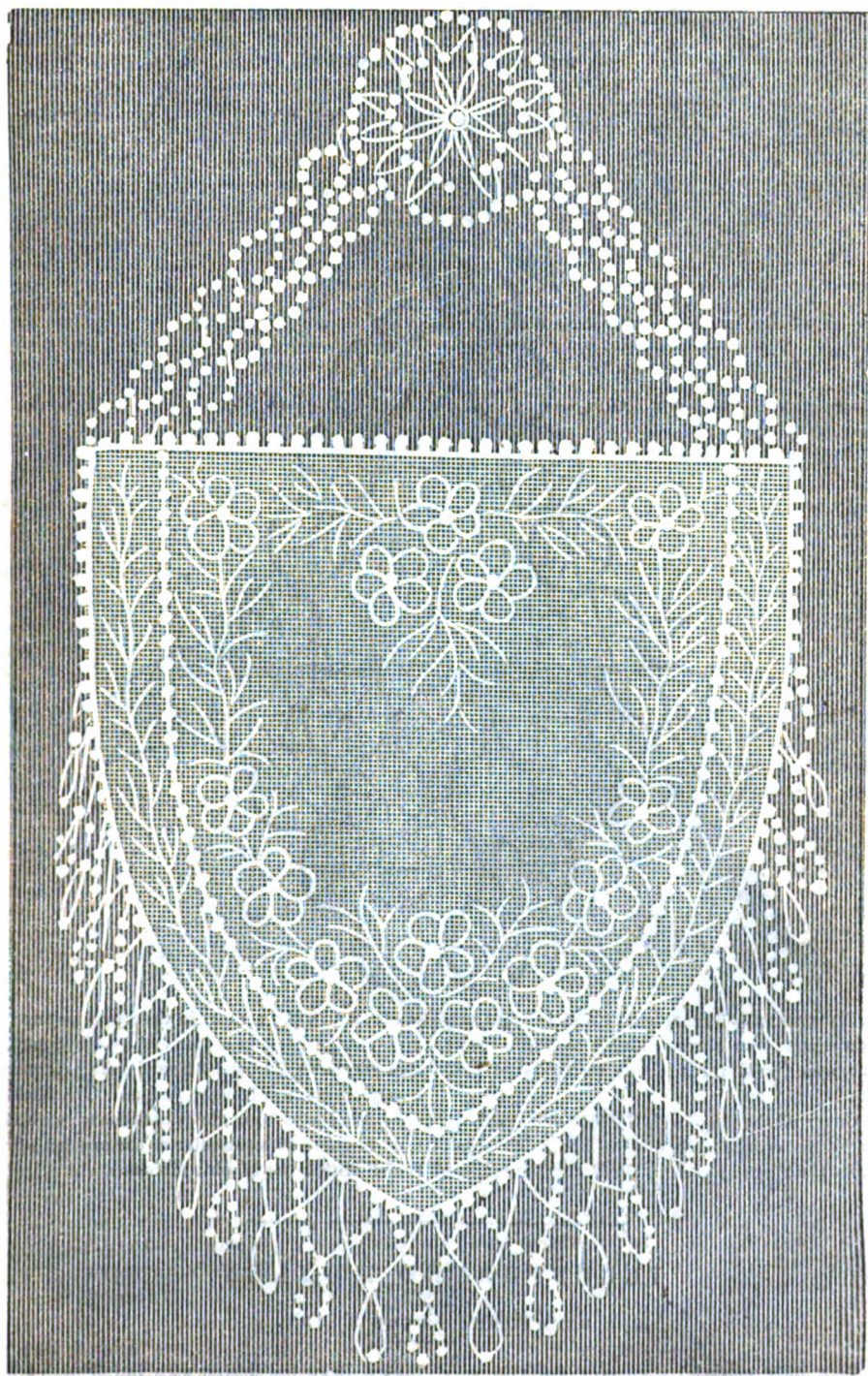
to good contrast. The edge of the cushion may be finished with a twisted cord of the various colors. The following is one of the best modes of knitting these shells:—Cast on three loops, knit, increasing one each row, until there are seven loops upon the needle. Then knit three, make one by bringing the thread forward, knit one (which is the center loop), make one, knit three. The back row has the first and last three loops knitted, the middle loops being purled. The front row, knit three, make one, knit three, make one, knit three. This completes one stripe or rib of the shell, each stripe being formed of three rows of loops. The next stripe is commenced by knitting the back row, which makes them alternate. When the shell is as large as may be desired, it is to be finished by a row of holes, and three rows of knitting, and must then be cast off. The three first and the three last rows of every row are always knitted.

SHIELD-SHAPED HANGING PINCUSHION.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

THIS is a very pretty variety to the usual square and round Pincushion, and it will be found very useful as well as ornamental, as it can be suspended close at hand wherever a lady may happen to be sitting with her work. It is also equally suitable for boudoir service, as it is a very pretty article when hung from bead chains. As it is quite a little novelty, it would be found appropriate for a contribution to any charitable bazaar. The materials of which it is composed are colored velvet and beads; these are the two sorts of white opaque and transparent, and a few gold to terminate the sprays. Steel may be substituted if preferred. The

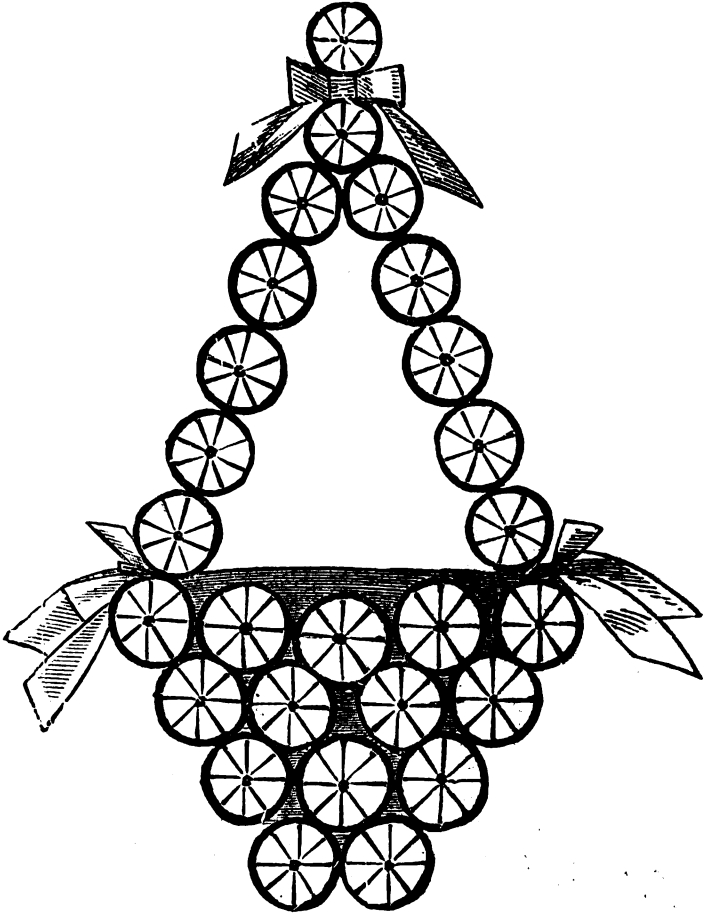
flowers are in the transparent beads, with gold centers, the leaves being in the opaque white; the small sprays are also in the clear white, the end of each being finished with three opaque white beads, a little larger than the others. The cushion is made with a mattress edge, on which is worked a border to correspond. The lower part is finished with a fringe of beads, made gradually deeper toward the center of the cushion, and formed of the two different sorts of beads. The chains are also made of the two sorts. The bow at the top of the chains may be made either as a rosette—that is, by threading the beads on fine wire, and arranging them as



a flower—or they may be rich tassels of beads, the velvet, with a few loops of gold beads in the whichever is preferred. If these are found to take centers, will look very pretty. We recommend too much time, a bow of ribbon the same color as this cushion for its ornamental appearance.

WATCH-CASE IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Twenty-six small size brass curtain rings; two skeins China blue purse twist; one spool gold thread; one string large gold beads.

Cover all the rings with the blue silk, working in single crochet; then with the gold thread cross the rings as seen in the design, darning a small spot in the center, in the same manner as in working wheels in cotton embroidery; on this spot sew one gold bead. Sew the rings together neatly as arranged in the design. The back of the pocket is to be made of cardboard, with silk to correspond with the color of the crochet work. Finish with bows of blue ribbon.

ILLUSTRATED D'OYLEY.

BY MADemoiselle ROCHE.

The only material necessary for this very pretty D'Oyley (for which see the front of the number) is white satin; and it is to be worked thus:—Draw the design with indelible ink and a quill pen, and press with a hot iron as soon as finished.

THE FALL PALETOT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THE pattern for the present month is that of the skirt of each piece will have to be lengthened the half-tight *paletot*, called the *Fall Paletot*: the about 20 inches; when lengthened, the seams

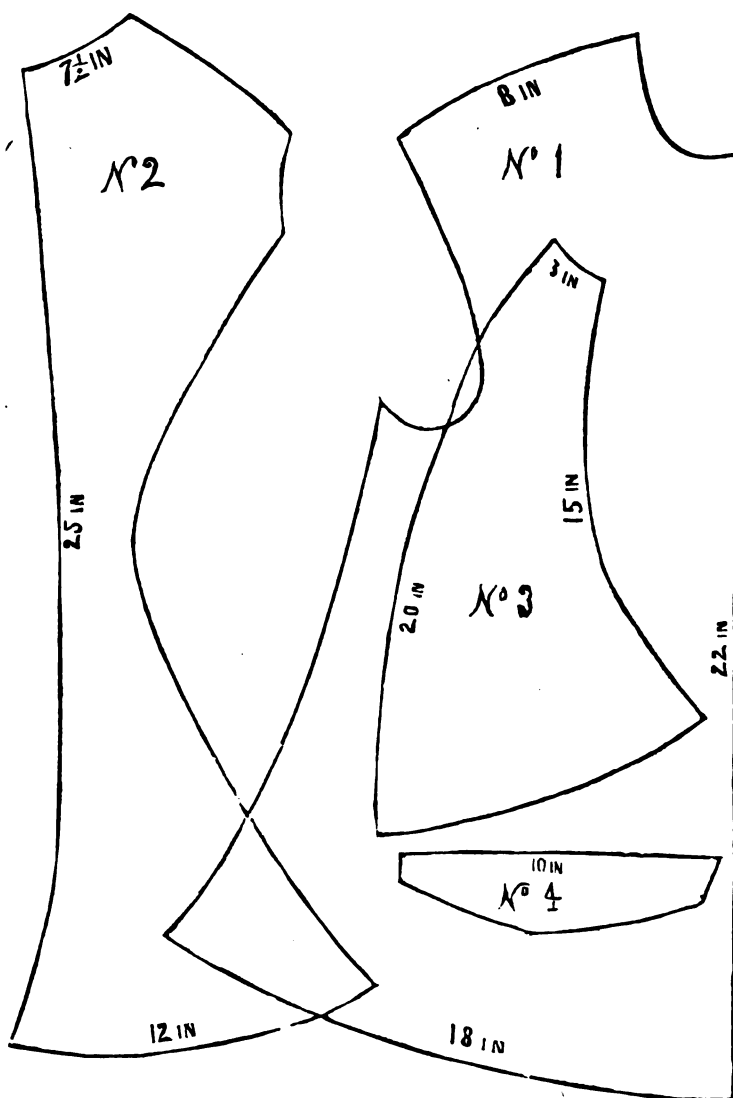


DIAGRAM OF FALL PALETOT.

may all be continued in straight lines, taking care to give the following widths to the bottom of each piece: when lengthened, the bottom of front should measure $34\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide; the bottom of side-piece 30 inches, and the bottom of the back $28\frac{1}{2}$ inches, making the total width of half the *paletot* 93 inches: when finished, the width at the bottom will be five yards and six inches. We have given the top part of sleeve only, the required slope for the under side being indicated by a pricked line: the remainder of sleeve may be cut like the engraving, or as a

wide *Isabel* or *pagoda* sleeve, or shaped at the elbow, with deep *mousquetaire* cuff, the same as that in our first plate.

This pattern will be found very useful, as it serves as a base for all half-tight *paletots* and *pardessus*, varying the style of trimming, as the pattern is made up in silk or velvet.

- No. 1. ONE FRONT.
- No. 2. HALF THE BACK.
- No. 3. SIDE-PIECE.
- No. 4. TOP OF SLEEVE.

WAIST-POUCHES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We have just received two patterns from Paris made of the same material as the dress with which they are worn, and trimmed in the same manner.



worn, suspended from the waistband by a chain and hook, and sometimes by a cord. They are made in all kinds of materials, and are embroidered in gold, silver, and jet; or they are

Last year, it will be remembered, we gave a pattern of one of those Pouches, when they first came up. Both of these patterns are new.

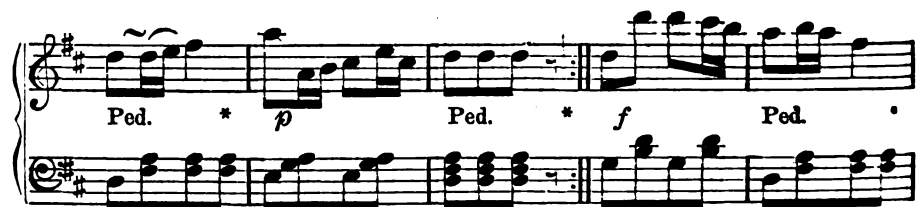
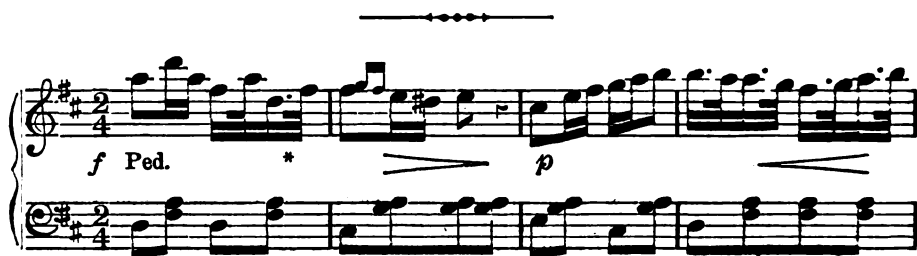
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.



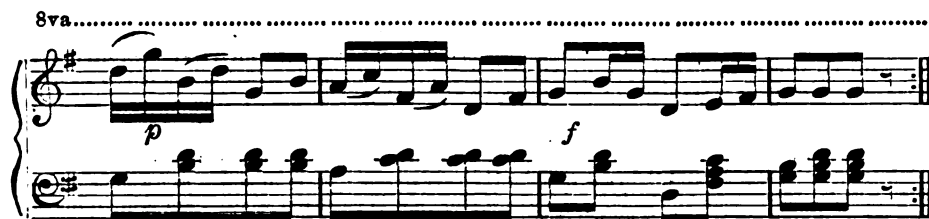
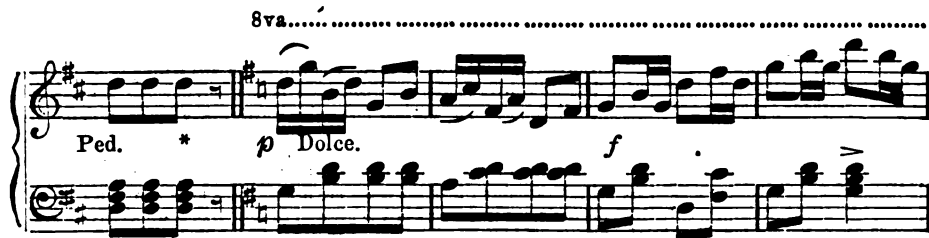
ZOUAVE SCHOTTISCH.

BY F. E. GARRETT.

BY PERMISSION OF SEP. WINNER, PROPRIETOR OF THE COPYRIGHT.



ZOUAVE SCHOTTISCH.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WHAT IS, AND WHAT IS NOT LADY-LIKE IN DRESS.—Fashion is seldom seen to exceed the bounds of nature and of grace; at least among those who possess a good taste, and are, therefore, the truest standards of style and elegance. It is an excessive ambition for novelty, and a too great eagerness for display, among the affluent, that leads to eccentricity and produces extremes. A *lady* is always distinguished by the unaffected simplicity of her dress; the chasteness of her ornaments, and the grace and ease of all her movements; and an elegant simplicity is an equal proof of taste and delicacy; and the most perfect elegance of dress appears always the most easy and the least studied.

Although Paris is the soil in which every fashion takes its rise, its influence is not so general there as with us. They study there the happy method of uniting *grace* with *fashion*, and never excuse a woman for being awkwardly dressed by saying her clothes are made in the mode. They conform to general fashion only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty. Our ladies, on the contrary, seem to have no other standard for grace but the run of the town. If fashion gives the word, every distinction of beauty, complexion, and station ceases. Bonnets all of a side, long cloaks and trailing dresses, make them as much alike as if their dress had been all fashioned by the same modiste, or ordered by the drill-sergeant of some marching regiment. The most admirable costume is not that which is most expensive, nor in the extreme of the fashion; but it is that style which is best adapted to the wearer, conveying to the mind of the observer the combined ideas of grace and comfort.

Nature for each has a different style, and each should choose what best becomes her, whether in her character of maid or matron. She should cultivate her taste by experiment and observation. She should educate the eye to the chaste and beautiful, and thus she would become more competent to judge what is most judicious and tasteful for herself, without copying, as we are too prone to do, the dress of others, whose different style, manners, and appearance, render them wrong arbiters of the dress we wear.

Art has of late made rapid progress amongst us. We require handsome patterns in our prints, room papers, table-cloths, etc., and the splashy patterns which eternally repeated the same ill-executed designs upon our walls, our curtains, and our carpets, have given place to light and graceful tracery. We used to tread on gigantic roses growing without leaves or branches from scarlet or blue baskets, while flowers of unknown species curled in distorted wreaths around. In all this we now follow nature and simplicity; and so it should be in our dress, for a multiplicity of colors distracts the eye, and though it may dazzle for awhile, it fails to convey the idea of gentility or refinement.

All nature is intensely beautiful; it appeals to us in every form and in every color; yet, whether we behold her in the gorgeous drapery of summer, or in the still richer glories of the early autumn time, with its golden grain and mellow fruit, there is nothing vulgar in the rich robe she wears, for she stands before us, glorious and beautiful, in simple majesty, and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of the starry gems that glitter on her verdant mantle. Chesterfield judiciously observes that we should study good taste in our dress as well as in our manners, seeing we are invariably judged by our appearance by those who have no means of judging of us otherwise.

It is often, indeed, the only thing observed during a casual interview or first meeting. "Appearance is something to every one, and everything to some people," and they who present a genteel exterior are mostly treated with deference and respect—always so, indeed, if to good dress they unite good manners and a courteous demeanor.

Young ladies, when they get married, should not relax their habits of personal neatness and graceful deportment, always so charming and becoming in their girlish days, and which were thought *indispensable* then in aiding them to create an agreeable impression, and setting off, in the most engaging light, their natural advantages. No fear of a young lady presenting herself before her lover, in the days of courtship, when each is solicitous to please, in a slovenly or tawdry condition. Yet too often does she drop into careless, slipshod ways in the home to which that same young man has taken her to share with him; and he is indeed an object of the greatest commiseration, whose domestic feelings cannot be gratified by the neat and lady-like appearance of her whom he has selected from the rest of her sex to make his home a bright and pleasant one.

Some will tell you their husbands raise such a "fuss" about the expense of dress. "They had rather want than ask;" but few men now-a-days refuse their wives the means of dressing genteelly, if not expensively; and if they can afford to do no more, surely it is the interest and the duty of the wife to consider so, and to turn to best advantage what she has.

To be agreeably and prettily dressed it is not necessary to be expensively so; it is all a matter of taste and judgment. An over-dressed woman is never a well-dressed woman. How many richly-dressed people do we see who, from the ill-adjustment of colors and material, we pronounce positively vulgar—gaudy paroquettes in their high-colored plumage—literally female Josephs, in their coats of many colors. A becomingly-dressed woman, no matter how cheaply so, beside such, presents by far the most lady-like appearance of the two. Excellence of dress does not mean richness of clothing nor conspicuous attire. Perfect harmony—refined simplicity—these are the charms which always fascinate.

It is too often the case that when ladies get married they cease to practice the niceties of dress, and that care and neatness in their persons which always bespeaks a refined and well cultivated mind; they "give it up," as they do their drawing and their music, and for the same reason too, implied, if not expressed, that now they have succeeded in obtaining a husband, they are *settled in life*, and need no longer worry themselves about such things; besides, *they have no time now*. *Nil queritis*, the little elegancies and accomplishments, and romance of youth, have to be laid aside, and duties of plain and sober cast claim almost incessant attention, and yet never more truly than in this instance might the old adage be quoted, "Where there's a will there's a way. Ah! if genuine taste were there, and nothing but genuine taste will wear, marriage would not spoil the harmony of music, nor the simple elegance of dress.

Then, again, a great many women excuse their own carelessness by saying, "Oh! it don't matter whether we make ourselves fine or not, our husbands never perceive the difference. They don't care a fig." But the woman who acts on this shallow principle treats neither herself nor her husband with respect; she underrates her own importance. It turns out that hitherto she has been living but for

appearance, and dressing but as an art to please, and now that her point is gained, she throws it aside, as a graceful appendage no longer necessary; and however oblivious her husband may appear to be on the score of her personal negligence, he is not so much so as she imagines; though he may say little about it, yet he likely thinks a great deal; he naturally draws comparisons between her and those more orderly, and in consequence more economical, than she. His observations are not likely to result in her favor, and she must not be surprised if his disappointment eventually recoil upon herself in indifference. Men are naturally anxious that their wives present a becoming elegance of dress and deportment. They are justly proud of them when they do so; but the slovenly woman is not calculated to excite either affection or respect.

But whilst lady-like manners, neatness, elegance, and order, cannot be too highly inculcated, nothing should be more guarded against than a vain and frivolous taste for finery and personal decorations. It is a dissipation of money and of mind. It leads away from home and home duties into scenes of gayety and expense, in the dissipating tendency of which, in the fashionable uproar, and constant whirl, dress and fashion become a passion, and she who gives herself up wholly to the cares of the toilet and its accompanying amusements, becomes little else than a well-dressed bundle of accomplishments.

CHESS FOR THE BLIND.—In some blind schools the game of chess is taught by means of a set of crooked pins being used instead of the ordinary pieces, so that a blind person may play the game on his own board, while his antagonist can use the ordinary board. Each can be considering his game without interrupting the other, as each names his move, which the other copies. There are few things more interesting than to see the numberless clever and humane arrangements which are practiced in these truly benevolent institutions for enabling those who are afflicted with blindness to use those faculties which they still possess to the greatest advantage, so that the deficiency may, as far as possible, be compensated for by mental education.

COMPULSCE.—With proper regard to diet and abundant exercise in the open air, the unpleasant consequences of an accumulation of fat may be avoided. Dr. Radcliffe recommends that the mouth should be kept shut, and the eyes open; or, in other words, that corpulent persons should eat little food, and that the quantity of sleep should be diminished. These precautions may be followed with discretion, but it may be dangerous to carry them too far.

MILK.—It is common to regard milk as little else than mere drink. But this is an error. Milk is really an article of solid food, being coagulated soon after reaching the stomach. New milk contains thirteen per cent. of digestible solids, and skim milk ten per cent.; that is, the former fully one-half, and the latter above a third, of the nutriment contained in the lean part of mutton and beef.

ORIGIN OF BACKGAMMON.—Backgammon is certainly one of the oldest games practiced still in these modern times. Two parties dispute the place of its parentage; one contending that it was invented in Greece, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and the other that it was in Wales previous to the Conquest. These two different opinions show how old the game must be.

DESCRIPTION OF NIGHT-DRESS.—The yoke of this night-dress is composed entirely of narrow tucks and insertion. The collar and cuffs are also tucked and trimmed with edging.

TO PROTECT VINES.—The water in which potatoes have been boiled is a sure preventive of the destruction of vines by the striped bug and other insects.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Tom Brown at Oxford. By the author of "School-Days at Rugby." 2 vols., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—At last we hail the completion of this novel, which has been running through "M'Millan's Magazine" for nearly two years, and which Ticknor & Fields have been reprinting in monthly numbers as fast as it appeared abroad. At any time, its genial spirit, its graphic pictures of English country life, and its deliciously told love-story would have attracted interest; but in the present dearth of fresh reading, for our book-publishers print hardly anything except what relates to war, it should be sought with avidity. The author of "Tom Brown" is one of the healthiest writers of the day, as well as one of the most agreeable; and on the whole we consider this the best of his works. The American publishers release the book in excellent style, and with a portrait of the author.

Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa. By Paul du Chaillu. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a narrative of explorations in that portion of Africa, lying immediately north and south of the river Gaboon and extending into the interior, a portion never before explored by any traveler. The book has created an astonishing sensation. Part of the scientific world pronounces it full of falsehoods; but another part thinks it entirely veracious. One of the chief points of interest in the work is its description of that gigantic ape, the Gorilla, an animal that more closely resembles man than any other of its kind.

Great Expectations. With Illustrations by McLellan. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—We have here a handsome octavo edition of Dickens' new novel. The book is spiritedly illustrated, from designs by McLellan, the well known American artist. We regard this as one of the best of Dickens' later fictions. In it, indeed, he returns, more or less, to his earlier style. The interest of the story is intense, and well-sustained; and the characters more natural than usual with this author. The volume may be had in cloth or paper covers.

Hints on the Preservation of Health in Armies. For the use of Volunteer Officers and Soldiers. By John Ordronaux, M. D. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The author of this work is professor of medical jurisprudence in Columbia College, New York. The treatise seems to be thorough. We should think its general circulation would save many valuable lives and prevent a vast deal of sickness in camps.

The Gipsy's Prophecy. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Those who admire Mrs. Southworth's writings—and is not their name legion?—will be glad to welcome this novel from her pen. It is printed in handsome type, in duodecimo form, and may be had bound in cloth, or paper, at the choice of the purchaser.

The Sea (La Mer). From the French of M. J. Michélet. Translated from the latest Paris edition. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—As the London Athenæum well says, this is a dreamy book, half-science, half-fancy, with a blending in both of sensuous imagination. It is handsomely printed.

Volunteers' Camp and Field Book. By John B. Curry. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Full of useful and general information on the art and science of war. Of many recent publications, similar in character, we regard it as one of the very best.

FEMALE EQUESTRIANISM.

THE management of the reins is the greatest difficulty in horsemanship, and, by some persons, it is a difficulty never altogether overcome. Do not pull at a horse's mouth. Work the reins continually very gently and easily; but let there be no strain on him, or he will certainly learn to pull, and lose the graceful, easy carriage of his head. A thoroughbred horse should have his mouth so light, that he may be ridden with a piece of pack-thread. But a bad rider may teach him to pull in a very few lessons. By working the mouth I mean a light, wavy motion of the hand, not tiring to the rider, and pleasing to the horse—to be acquired by practice and attention only.

The reins should never be required to assist the seat—I mean that perfect balance that enables the rider to do what she will, without interfering with the action of the horse. The perfect rider should be able to bend her body down to the stirrup on the left side, or down to the girth on the right, to throw her arms over-head, and yet her horse not swerve in the least. A lady who has a perfect seat, may throw her stirrup aside, and her reins across her horse's neck, and yet be able to guide him by the mere balance of her body, whether in walking, cantering, trotting, or galloping. I had almost forgotten to mention the whip. It should be carried in the right hand, and simply as an ornament. A good rider never requires it; a kind rider will never use it. The man who strikes the willing creature that carries him through heat and cold, through rain and wind, in spite of fatigue or thirst, degrades himself by the act. A lady—a lady—uses the hand that holds the whip but to pat and encourage. "Poor fellow! Good horse!" will do more with the noble animal than the blow.

CANTERING.—On first setting forth, the horse should be allowed to walk a short distance. Some riders gather up their reins hastily, and, before they have secured them properly, allow the animal to trot or canter off. Such a proceeding is often productive of mischief, sometimes of accident. A lady's horse should canter with the right foot. The left produces a rough, unpleasant motion and ungraceful appearance. The whole body is jerked at every stride. Should the animal have been trained to canter with the left foot, a little perseverance will soon teach him better. Hold the rein so as to tighten it slightly on the left side of the mouth, touch (not hit) him gently on the right shoulder, with the whip, and sit well back in the saddle, so as not to throw weight on the shoulder. The horse will soon understand what is required of him; but if he does not, try again after an interval of a few minutes. Straighten the reins immediately he throws out the right foot. Pat and encourage him with kind words, but repeat the operation should he change his feet, which he may do before getting accustomed to his new step. The considerate rider will not compel him to canter too long at a time, for it is very fatiguing. That it is so, is easily proved by the fact that the steed of a lady too fond of cantering becomes weak in the forelegs, or what is commonly called "groggy."

TROTTING.—Trotting, if well performed, is very graceful, but is more difficult to acquire than cantering. The rider should sit slightly more forward than for cantering, on, but not more forward than, the center of the seat, pressing the knee firmly against the saddle, and keeping the foot perfectly straight (rather turned in than out) in the stirrup. She must rise slightly, with every step of the animal, taking care to keep the shoulders quite square with the horse. To lean over one side or the other, be the inclination ever so slight, or to bring forward one shoulder more than the other, has a very bad appearance. A good horsewoman will avoid the common error of leaning forward when trotting. It is not only very ungraceful, but in the attitude nearly all power is lost. The arms are comparatively useless. Should the horse stumble, the rider risks being

thrown over his head. Her position deprives her of the power of assisting her horse to rise, whilst the additional weight thrown on his shoulders prevents him from helping himself. At all times, the broad part of the foot only should rest on the iron of the stirrup.

STARTING.—Should a horse shy, he does it generally from timidity. The common practice of forcing a horse to approach very near the object of alarm, is a foolish and useless abuse of power. He should be encouraged by words and patting on the neck, and, above all, by the fearlessness of his rider. A horse soon learns to depend greatly on his mistress. Should she start, or feel timid, he perceives it immediately, and will prick up his ears and look about him for the cause. On the other hand, I have known many real dangers encountered with safety, through the rider having sufficient presence of mind to break out into a snatch of song (all horses like singing), which has diverted his attention from the object of fear.

REARING.—Should a horse rear, lean the body forward, loosening the reins at the same moment; press both hands, if necessary, on the mane. Should, however, a horse rear so as to endanger the safety of the rider, loosen well the reins, pass the whip from the right hand to the left, double up the right hand into a fist, and hit him between the ears. Show no fear, but trot on as though nothing had occurred. Turn his head toward home, and he will be certain to repeat his feat on a future occasion. The above is rarely necessary, and should only be done in a case of urgency.

KICKING.—Should a horse kick, take care to keep him well in hand. He cannot kick unless he throws his head down, and he cannot do that if the reins are not held carelessly loose. A practiced rider can always tell when a horse is about to kick, by a peculiar motion of his body. It is instantaneous, but unmistakable. The best-tempered horse may kick, occasionally, from a rub of the saddle, or pressure on the withers. The animal should not be beaten, but the cause of his misconduct inquired into.

DISMOUNTING.—The ride being over, the horse should stand in the stable, with the girths loosened, but the saddle untouched on his back for at least twenty minutes, until cool, when it may be removed without inconvenience. Should the animal, if usually quiet, have misbehaved in any manner, the cause will generally appear as soon as the saddle is removed. Snatching the saddle from the horse's back, while it is still heated, often produces swelling, particularly if the skin be at all irritated by friction. The saddle should be sponged and dried, either in the sun, or by the harness-room or kitchen fire, before being put away. This precaution prevents the stuffing from hardening. A humane rider will always attend to the lining of the saddle; for a wrong back must be sad pain. A horse will shrink from the slightest touch of a finger on the injured part; what must, then, be the torture of the weight of a saddle and rider? We owe much pleasure to our saddle-horse; should we not do all we can to preserve him from pain?

HORTICULTURAL.

GREENHOUSE PLANTS IN ROOMS.—The various greenhouse plants which are kept in rooms require a constant supply of water, which should always be applied on the tops of the pots, and from no consideration whatever should any be suffered to remain in the water pans or saucers under the pots, particularly in the winter season, when they must also be kept clean from dead leaves, etc. When the plants begin to draw, which will be indicated by their weak and sickly appearance, and the branches growing long and weak, the tops of the shoots should be just nipped off with the

finger and thumb, or a pair of scissors, which will cause them to grow bushy and handsome. They must also be fumigated when there is any appearance of insects.

With respect to air, the plants should have a good share in fine, warm weather. It is a very common, but not a good practice, to open the under sash window, where the plants stand, as they are thus exposed to the draft, which injures them more than if they were entirely exposed to the open air. If the top sash be drawn up, or a window opened, where there are no plants, in fine weather it will prove beneficial. If the under sash be opened where the plants stand, they should be removed out of the draft to some other part of the room.

PROPAGATING CHOICE SHRUBS.—Rhododendrons, azaleas, andromedae, magnolias, and other valuable ornamental shrubs, may be successfully propagated by layering; some of them striking their roots into the ground more readily than others, but all of them rooting so that they may be taken off in a single season.

It is a practice to layer many hard-wooded plants. Roses, also, when growing on their own roots, may be layered. Moss roses are commonly layered for propagation; and every shrub or tree that throws up suckers from the root will always root quickly on being layered. Climbing plants root in general so rapidly at the joints that layering may be done without any cutting. There may be a complete length, or shoot, laid along the ground, and a stone laid on every joint, or the joints all pegged down; for they will, for the most part, root even on the surface.

The proper mode of treatment for a preparation for layering, is to plant out the shrub, whatever it may be, in a place that is convenient for the operation. Cut back the shrub pretty close to the ground if it be very young, but if it be an established plant, and the branches can be layered the first year, be it so; but all the branches that cannot be layered are to be cut back close, and the branches then layered all round. While the old branches are in the course of growing and taking root, fresh branches will be springing up for layering next season.

When the branches are layered, they ought not to be more than three or four inches out of the soil. Therefore, in the case of rhododendrons, azaleas, andromedae, laurustinæ, lilacs, and any other shrubs which have a neat head at the end of the branch, layering should be done as near the end as will allow of the head forming the plant at once; this applies especially to rhododendrons, and all others that bloom at the ends of the joints.

GROWING CUTTINGS IN FLOWER-POTS.—When cuttings of flower plants have struck root, they should at first be put into small sized pots; and, if they are not to remain a very long time in their first pots, a bit of moss at the bottom will do for drainage, as well as a piece of broken pot, though, as the latter is more conveniently to be had, it is more generally used. Let the mould or compost be filled in highest in the middle, like a cone, the top of which may be even with the top edge of the pot; raise the cuttings with a flat piece of wood formed like the blade of a knife, raising them clean out of the soil, or the pot, a few at a time. They have to be carefully treated, so that the roots, which are always tender, be not broken by the operation. Hold the root on the top of the cone, so as to spread the fibers; then put a little soil on the root and press the plant down to its place, so that the upper part of the root will be but just covered—for many plants are all the worse for being placed with the root much below the surface. The tender roots must not be pressed hard, as this would injure them, and the watering settles the roots and the soil together very well. This treatment will suit any plant, but there are some which will strike all the way up the stem if they are planted deep, such as geraniums, which would root at every joint, and many other plants which strike freely. But all hard-wooded

plants would be seriously damaged, and in many cases killed, were they what is called planted deep.

CAMELIAS.—It is a good plan, in respect to feeding the buds of camellias, to make free use of sun heat, when the afternoons are sunny, by shutting up the house early in the afternoon, say from two to three o'clock, according to the weather. Air should be given freely at all opportunities, and the plants should be syringed thoroughly early in the morning, and again at about four o'clock in the afternoon, saturating the floors and flues, or pipes, with water in the evening. The plants may be well watered at the root whenever, on examination, they shall seem to require it.

At the period of blooming, free applications of water, and the use of liquid manure in the usual way, are to be continued, though, of course, not in excess. The plants require to be kept decidedly moist at the root while in the flowering state, rather more so, indeed, than at any other period; and, if the potting and soil be right, and the drainage in every respect suitable, little harm will ensue from a liberal supply of water; still, any great extreme, either of wet or drought, will be fatal to the bud. During the period of rest, the temperature should be from fifty to fifty-five degrees by day, and from forty-five to fifty degrees by night. Nothing is necessary in addition to a lower temperature but syringing, steaming, and regular watering, with a moderate circulation of air.

TRAILING PLANTS.—The *escynanthus* is a family of plants, which have a curious trailing habit. If they are planted in equal parts of loam and peat, and suspended from the roof of a greenhouse, their shoots will hang down, and their rich scarlet or orange flowers, which are tubular and in bunches, will be developed at the ends. Sometimes they are trained up a kind of trellis, but they do not thus have so natural an appearance, and their foliage never forms so nice a surface, some of the leaves being turned under side outward, and there is too small a quantity of flower to look well in any way but that of being suspended at the ends of their shoots. They are found to bloom best when continued in small pots; for, when they are shifted much, they grow fast, and are not inclined to flower until the pots are quite filled with roots. The branches of these plants grow from eighteen inches to two feet long, if they are constantly shifted, otherwise they will flower before they are a foot in length. They are a good deal alike in character.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

A Family Stew of Beef.—Take any piece of beef good for stewing, cut it into small pieces, slice two or three large onions, and put them into the stewpan with two ounces of butter or good beef-dripping. When melted, dredge in some flour, add the meat also dredged with flour, and enough water to keep it from burning. When the gravy has drawn, fill up with boiling water, let it come to a boil gently, skim the pot well, then add a spoonful of mixed spices and a bay-leaf or two; set the pan by the side of the fire to stew slowly for a couple of hours. Eleven pounds of meat will take four hours. This dish may be thickened like Irish stew, with potatoes, or it may be served with the addition of chopped vegetables of all kinds, previously fried.

Scotch Short Bread.—Put two pounds of butter in some warm place over night, where it will gradually become soft, without at the same time melting. Take two quarters of flour, and mix with it half a pound of loaf sugar in powder, and lemon-peel and blanched sweet almonds* (in quantities according to taste) cut very fine; add all these to the butter, and knead the whole till it appears like dough; then add a tablespoonful or two of yeast; again knead it, and roll out into cakes of the proper size and thickness. Ornament the edges with candied-lemon and comfits, having previously pricked the edges with a fork.

Cottage Soup.—Take two pounds of lean beef, cut into small pieces, with a quarter pound of bacon, two pounds of mealy potatoes, three ounces of rice, carrots, turnips, and onions sliced, or leeks and cabbage. Fry the meat, cabbage, and onions in butter or dripping, the latter being the most savory; and put them into a gallon of water, to stew gently over a slow fire for three hours, putting in the carrots at the same time, but the turnips and rice only time enough to allow of their being well done; and mashing the potatoes, which should be then passed through a colander; season only with pepper and salt; keep the vessel closely covered. It will make five pints of excellent soup. *Or:*—To any quantity or kind of broth, add whatever vegetables may be in season, and stew them gently till quite tender. Then strain the soup; thicken it with flour and water, to be mixed gradually while simmering; and, when that is done, and seasoned to your taste, return the vegetables to the soup, and let it boil well for half an hour.

Potato-Wall, or edging, to serve round fricassees, forms also a pretty addition to a corner dish. Mash in a mortar as many boiled potatoes as you may want, with a good piece of butter; then, with the bowls of two silver spoons, raise a wall of it two and a half inches high within the rim of the dish to be used. Let the upper part be a little thinner than the lower; smooth it; and, after brushing it all over with egg, put it into the oven to become hot and a little colored. Before egging it, the outside may be ornamented with bits of paste cut into shapes.

Roast Onions should be done with all the skins on, and parboiled before being put before the fire. They eat well alone, with only salt and cold butter, or with roast potatoes, and are better large than small. Though called “roast,” the best way is to put them in a Dutch oven and turn them occasionally, so as to brown them equally. The half-grown, or smaller sort, are frequently dressed in this way, and served with roast mutton; and in France they are very commonly put round a dish of roast fowl.

To Stew Cabbage.—Boil a large cabbage, press it dry in a cloth, then cut it very finely, adding pepper and salt, and a few chives or green onions, also boiled separately and well chopped; put a lump of butter into a stewpan, let it melt, add the cabbage, and warm it together, stirring all the time; add a spoonful of gravy, and one of lemon-pickle, or the juice of half a lemon; let it stew for a few minutes, and then serve it.

Potato-Jelly is made from the potato flour, only boiling water must be poured upon it, but care must be taken that it be absolutely boiling, or the complete change into jelly will not take place. It does not take many minutes to thus change a raw potato into this substance, which is not only highly nutritive, but extremely agreeable to the palate when flavored with a little sugar, nutmeg, and white wine.

To Boil Rice.—Wash the rice well, and boil it in a large quantity of water; when a very little of the center of the grain remains hard, take it off the fire, strain off half or more of the hot water, fill the saucepan with cold water, and shake the rice; then strain all the water off, and the grain will separate; place the pan of rice near the fire to swell, and the center part of the grains will become tender.

To Fry Eggs.—To fry eggs nicely requires some little attention, as they are apt to become hard, black, and unpalatable. There should be plenty of butter or oil, and care taken not to let them be overdone. If ham or bacon is fried with them, it must be done first, and the eggs afterward.

Potato Omelette may be made with a mashed potato, or two ounces of potato-flour and four eggs, and seasoned with pepper, salt, and a little nutmeg. It should be made thick; and, being rather substantial, a squeeze of lemon will improve it. Fry a light brown.

DESSERTS.

Cream a la Valois.—Take four sponge-cakes, jam, three quarters of a pint of cream, sugar to taste, the juice of half lemon, quarter glass of sherry, one and a quarter ounce of isinglass. Cut the sponge-cake into thin slices; place two together, with preserve between them, and pour over them a small quantity of sherry mixed with a little brandy. Sweeten and flavor the cream with the lemon-juice and sherry; add the isinglass, which should be dissolved in a little water, and beat up the cream well. Place a little in an oiled mould; arrange the pieces of cake in the cream; then fill the mould with the remainder; let it cool, and turn it out on a dish.

A Patna Rice Pudding.—Wash a quarter of a pound of whole rice, dry it in a cloth and beat it to a powder. Set it upon the fire with a pint and a half of new milk, till it thickens, but do not let it boil; pour it out, and let it stand to cool. Add to it, some cinnamon, nutmeg, and mace, pounded, sugar to the taste, half a pound of suet, shred very small, and eight eggs well beaten with some salt. Put to it, either half a pound of currants, clean washed and dried by the fire, or some candied-lemon, citron, or orange-peel. Bake it half an hour with a puff crust under

To Make Apple Fritters.—Take one pint of milk, three eggs, salt just to taste, and as much flour as will make a batter. Beat the yolks and whites separately, add the yolks to the milk, stir in the whites with as much flour as will make a batter; have ready some tender apples, peel them, cut them in slices round the apple; take the core carefully out of the center of each slice, and to every spoonful of batter lay in a slice of the apple, which must be cut very thin. Fry them in hot lard to a light brown on both sides.

New-fashioned Apple-Pie.—Pare and quarter the apples, scald them, beat them with a spoon with some of the liquor; add grated lemon-peel, the juice of a lemon or Seville orange, or a part of a quince, when they are to be got, cloves, white sugar finely pounded, and a piece of butter; put a paste round the dish, and cover it with bars or flowers of paste—the excellence of the pie consisting of the sort of apple and the goodness of the paste; the fruit should be raised in the middle, as it shrinks in the baking.

Stewed Apples.—Peel and slice two or three good-sized apples into a small stewpan, with a few cloves and some lemon or orange-peel, and let it stew for about quarter of an hour in two glasses of white wine. It may be done while the family are at dinner, and the apples eat better than in a pie. They should be thrown into cold water when sliced, to prevent their becoming dry and discolored. The apples may be also mixed with pears or plums, and will be found excellent.

Baked Quinces.—To be eaten with sugar and cream. Take fair ripe quinces, bake them rather quicker than apples, cut them open and remove the core, which will come out, if the fruit is properly cooked, like a nut from the shell. Sprinkle on white sugar, and eat them before they are quite cooled, adding milk or cream. Our informant says the fruit cooked and eaten in this manner has a delicious flavor, which would scarcely be imagined.

Pippin Tarts.—Pare thin two Seville or China Oranges, boil the peel tender, and shred it fine; pare and core a dozen of good-sized apples, and put them in a stewpan, with as little water as possible; when half-done, add half-pound of sugar, the orange-peel, and juice; boil till pretty thick. When cold, put it into a shallow dish, or pattypans lined with paste, to turn out, and be eaten cold.

Baked Custard.—Boil and sweeten with fine sugar, a pint of milk, and another of cream, with a stick of cinnamon and a bit of lemon-peel, fill the cups, and bake for ten minutes.

HOME-MADE WINES.

Excellent Raisin Wine.—To every gallon of spring water put eight pounds of fresh Smyrnas, in a large tub; stir it thoroughly, every day, for a month; then press the raisins, in a horse-hair bag, as dry as possible; put the liquor into a cask, and, when it has done hissing, pour in a bottle of the best brandy; stop it close for twelve months; then rack it off, but without the dregs; filter them through a bag of flannel of three or four folds; add the clear to the quantity, and pour one or two quarts of brandy, according to the size of the vessel. Stop it up, and, at the end of three years, you may either bottle it or drink it from the cask. Raisin wine would be extremely good if made rich of the fruit, and kept long, which improves the flavor greatly.

Ginger Wine.—To every gallon of water take two pounds of loaf-sugar and two ounces of bruised ginger; boil them together for an hour; put the liquor into a vessel to cool; when tepid, add the juice and peel of six lemons, and a toast covered with yeast; cover it over, and when it begins to ferment, put it into the cask; let it ferment two or three weeks. Before putting in the bung, put to it half a pound of raisins to every gallon; they need not be stoned, but are best just split open. This wine may be racked in another month, and isinglass put to clarify it. Bottle it in three or four weeks, and it is soon fit to drink, though, if properly fermented, it will keep a year or two and improve.

Raisin Wine.—To every six gallons of water put two ounces of hops and the largest stalks of the Malaga raisins, and boil it for a-quarter of an hour; strain it, and, when nearly cold, pour it on the fruit, allowing six and a-half pounds—of which one-fifth should be Smyrna raisins—to every gallon of water; let it stand for six weeks, stirring it every day; press the fruit, and then put the liquor into the cask; rack it in six weeks, or as soon as it is fine, and to every six gallons add a bottle of the best French brandy.

Grape Champagne.—Gather the grapes when they are just turning, or about half-ripe. Pound them in a tub, and to every quart of fruit put two quarts of water. Let it stand in a mash-tub for fourteen days; then draw it off, and to every gallon of liquor add three pounds of lump-sugar. When the sugar is dissolved, cask it, and, after it has done working, bung it down. In about six months it will be fit to drink, when it should be bottled, and the corks tied down, or wired, if it is to be kept more than a year.

Elder Wine.—Pour four quarts of water upon eight quarts of berries, and let it stand a day or two; then boil it for about an hour, strain it, and put three pounds of moist sugar to every gallon of wine; then add one ounce of cloves and cinnamon, with two ounces of ginger; boil it again, and work it with a toast dipped in yeast.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Restore Flowers.—Most flowers begin to droop and fade after being kept during twenty-four hours in water; a few may be revived by substituting fresh water, but all (the most fugacious, such as poppy, and, perhaps, one or two others excepted) may be restored by the use of hot water. For this purpose place the flowers in scalding water, deep enough to cover about one-third of the length of the stem. By the time the water has become cold, the flowers will have become erect and fresh. Then cut off the coddled ends of the stems and put them into cold water.

White Cement for Crockery, Glass, etc.—Take four pounds of white glue, one and a-half pound of dry white lead, half a pound of isinglass, one gallon of soft water, one quart of alcohol, and half a pint of white varnish. Dissolve the glue and isinglass in the water, by gentle heat if preferred, stir in the lead, put the alcohol in the varnish, and mix the whole together. This is useful for wood-work, and will firmly unite painted surfaces.

Substitute for Soap.—As an article of domestic economy, fuller's earth might be employed in the cleansing and scouring of anything woolen, it being an excellent substitute for soap, of which great quantities are consumed that might be saved in house cleaning. The sawdust of fir and pine trees contains a very large proportion of resinous and saponaceous matter, so that it has been usually employed, by the country people of Norway and Sweden, instead of soap, in washing coarse linen.

French Furniture Polish.—One pint of boiled linseed oil, one pint of mastic varnish, one half-pint of alcohol, three ounces of gum shellac, and one stick of red sealing-wax. Dissolve the shellac in the alcohol, by heat, and the sealing-wax in the oil; then mix all together. Apply to the furniture with a piece of soft flannel, and rub it smartly till dry.

A Receipt for Removing Ink-spots from Mahogany.—Apply spirits of salt with a bit of rag till the ink disappears. Or:—Put a few drops of spirits of nitre in a teaspoonful of water, touch the spot with a feather dipped in the mixture, and, on the ink disappearing, rub it over, immediately, with a rag wetted in cold water.

Court Plaster.—Court plaster is prepared by first brushing over a thin, black silk with a solution of isinglass in proof spirit, to which is added a little benzoin; this process is repeated three or four times. It is afterward finished with tincture of black balsam of Peru.

Food for a Parrot.—A little Indian corn may be allowed to a parrot; but it is desirable to steep it for two days in water, before it is given to the bird. It is a singular fact that parsley will poison a parrot.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE MULL.—The skirt is trimmed with three fluted flounces. The body is laid in small plaits, and the wide, short sleeve is trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Bows of blue ribbon decorate the sleeves, body, and waist. Head-dress a wreath of flowers.

FIG. II.—VISITING DRESS OF PURPLE SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with a fluted flounce, which narrows and runs up the skirt in two places on each side. The body is high and plain; the sleeves wide and cut open far up on the arm, both back and front, and trimmed with a narrow fluted ruffle. Bonnet of white crape, with purple silk cape and strings, and trimmed with small white plumes.

FIG. III.—WHITE BODY, laid in small tucks, trimmed with narrow edging. Full bishop sleeve, tucked above the wrist. This, and the three following, have been furnished us by Madame Demorest and other modistes of New York. The remainder of our patterns are from Paris.

FIG. IV.—MORNING DRESS OF SLATE-COLORED FOULARD SILK, trimmed with blue ribbon gathered in the middle, and with blue ribbon bows.

FIG. V.—FALL TALMA OF DRAB CLOTH.—This talma is laid in large plaits at the waist, but falls loose over the arms and in front. It is trimmed at the back with two large gimp ornaments.

FIG. VI.—SILK MANTILLA, trimmed with three ruffles, the lowest one being the widest.

FIG. VII.—MUSLIN CORSAGE, of the form styled in Paris the *Duchesse de Guise*. In front and behind there is a plastron, ornamented with quillings of muslin and rows of insertion. The sleeves are demi-wide, and have revers, trimmed with quillings of muslin, and edged with guilpore.

FIG. VIII.—MUSLIN UNDER-SLEEVE, called the Regency. The lower part is trimmed with two quillings of Valenciennes, having between them a bouillon of muslin. In the quillings of Valenciennes small bows of blue velvet are intermingled.

FIG. IX.—NECK-TIE OF BLACK SILK, ornamented with braid, and having two ends in Solferino silk.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The fashionable trimmings for dresses continue to be flat bands of plain silk, plaitings, and flounces. Narrow flounces edged with silk of a contrasting color are, above all, in favor. But the mode of flouncing depends much on fancy; seven, nine, or twelve flounces of equal width may be employed to trim a dress. If it is preferred, the trimming may consist of one broad flounce surmounted by several narrow ones; or flounces of medium width may be placed in groups of three, with a flat band of silk between the groups. Many dresses are made without flounces. Some consist of a skirt, jacket, and gilet, or vest, all composed of the same material, and this style of dress has, of late, frequently been preferred to the peignoir for morning costume.

For morning wear and the promenade, bodies are made either high, closing to the throat, or in the *Agnes Sorrel* style, that is, half-high, and cut square both back and front; for thin materials, full bishop sleeves are preferred.

A very stylish costume for the promenade is a dress and long *casaque* or basque of thin silk, of some very light and delicate color, the bottom of dress and *casaque* bound with narrow black velvet: a *ruche* of black lace forming a Greek border up the fronts and continued round the neck, the wide sleeves finished to correspond.

Many dresses intended for plain walking costume consist of black silk. They are variously ornamented. For the skirt, a trimming of narrow flounces is a favorite style. Some have a tablier or front trimming composed of frills pinked, and of graduated width, with one or two flounces passing round the edge of the skirt at the back, and uniting with the tablier on each side at the lower part. A pinked *ruche* of the silk heads the flounces, and is carried up each side of the front trimming as far as the waist. The corsages of out-door dresses are always high, and usually buttoned up the front; those without a point are in the majority, pointed corsages being now adopted chiefly in evening dress. Sleeves vary much in shape: for instance, some are shaped to the elbow, and have cuffs; others are demi-wide, open at the ends, with revers, and plaited in at the armholes. Another form for sleeves consists of two puffs and a frill.

SKIRTS are worn as ample and full as ever, and are generally gored to throw them out at the bottom. Stiff muslin petticoats, with flounces, or one deep flounce at the bottom, are very suitable for wearing with thin muslin, barege, or unlined silk dresses, as they set the dresses out in a more graceful manner than does a very large crinoline.

A VISITING DRESS, of drab or gray silk, is very pretty made with three narrow pinked flounces at the bottom, each flounce edged with a row of blue pinked silk just peeping below the gray. A broad band of blue silk is put on close to the top flounce. The sleeves should be trimmed in the same manner, and the body made plain, buttoned to the throat with blue buttons. For a dinner dress, the low body should be corded with blue, with a puffed tulle berthe lined with blue silk, and trimmed with blue ruffles. The short sleeves should be composed of one puffing of gray and one of blue silk, with a narrow white blonde between each, and at the top a large puffing of white tulle. For visiting, a white tulle bonnet, trimmed with velvet and blue flowers, should accompany this dress; and for evening wear, a wreath of white chrysanthemums, or a blue velvet coronet with pearl stars, and a pearl comb.

A very pretty little *PELERINE*, to wear with a low body, may be made of plain net or muslin covered with narrow tucks; it should be made pointed behind, with ends crossing in front, and trimmed round the neck with a ruching of narrow lace, and outside with two rows of wider lace. The sleeves to wear with this pelerine should be made, to correspond, with two puffings at the top, and a deep frill with a series of narrow tucks, finished off by a double row of broad lace.

A charming novelty for wearing over low bodies consists of pieces of velvet not narrower than an inch, tacked together at equal distances, forming squares, and is pointed both behind and before. Sometimes white or black net is placed underneath the velvet, and sometimes a fullness of net is gathered in to the top row and drawn with a narrow velvet round the neck.

MOURNING TOILETS.—To those of our readers who require mourning toilets, perhaps the following suggestions may be useful:—A black crinoline bonnet, trimmed inside and out with branches of black lilac; with this bonnet, a black barege or grenadine dress with very tiny flounces, and a shawl of the same material, would be very suitable. For slighter mourning, a black silk dress, with five narrow flounces at the bottom, edged with lilac silk; a black silk mantle, trimmed with lace, and a lace pelerine; and a white tulle, or crepe bonnet, bound with black velvet, trimmed outside with a black and white rosette, or a bunch of black and white feathers, and inside with a bandeau of violets.

KID GLOVES with double buttons are more fashionable than those with single ones. Light and delicate coats should always be worn with the best kind of toilet.

BONNETS are not worn quite so much raised in front as they were last season; still there is a great deal of trimming used at the top, and very little or none at all at the sides. Plain straw bonnets are worn for simple toilets; whilst those for more dressy wear are made of tulle, crepe, white horsehair, rice straw, etc.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF BLUE SILK.—The skirt is plain, the pockets only being trimmed with quillings of silk. The body is low, plaited lengthwise in front, across the middle of which is a quilling of silk. Short puffed sleeves, finished with a quilling. A puffing of tulle finishes the dress around the neck.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The pants and jacket are of gray cashmere, trimmed with black braid. The pants are very wide, and reach only a little below the knee. A white vest and linen collar, with a black neck-tie, complete this pretty costume.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Blouses and jackets are still adapted for very young boys. One of the newest blouses we have seen is composed of gray poplin, and trimmed with rows of crimson velvet and crimson velvet buttons. The costume just completed for a little boy of six years of age, consists of a jacket and trousers of brown cashmere trimmed with black velvet. A sash of black silk with fringed ends is fastened on the left side. Out-of-doors, small round hats with broad brims turned up flat, are in favor both for boys and girls. They may be trimmed with an aigrette, a cock's plume, or a long ostrich feather twisted round the hat.

We have seen some very pretty little dresses in a new assortment of children's costumes. A suit for a little boy consists of trousers and jacket of gray cashmere figured with black. The trousers are wide and the jacket is open, and both are ornamented with colored soutaches. A full puffed shirt is worn with the dress, and out-of-doors a sailor's hat of Leghorn, trimmed round the crown with a band of fancy straw and a row of black velvet.

Several dresses are composed of gray or blue poplin, trimmed with bands of another color. Some elegant *casques* or basques of gray poplin have been prepared for little girls; they have revers in silk of a color differing from that of the poplin, and the pockets and sleeves are ornamented with a trimming of the same silk. Girls, as well as boys, wear paelettes or coats open in front and with revers, and they are made so as not to fit very closely to the figure. With some costumes boots and short gaiters are worn, and white trousers ornamented with needle-work.



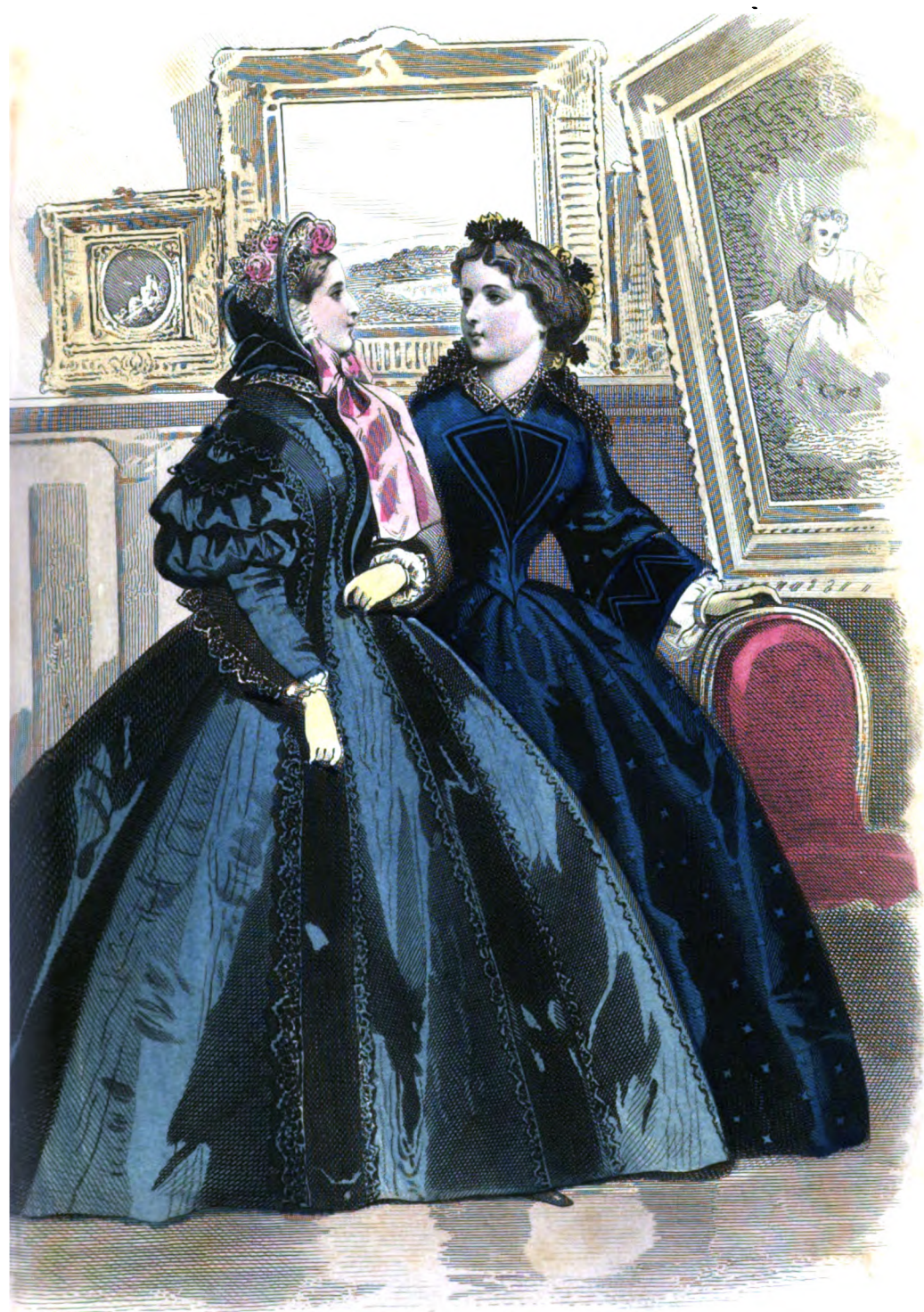
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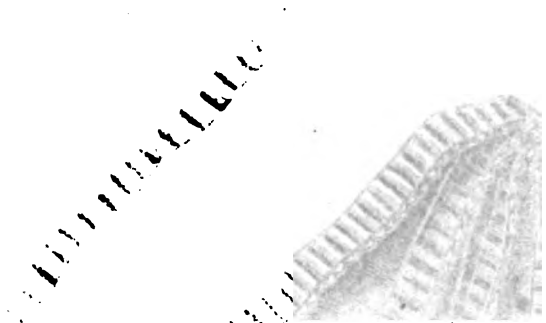


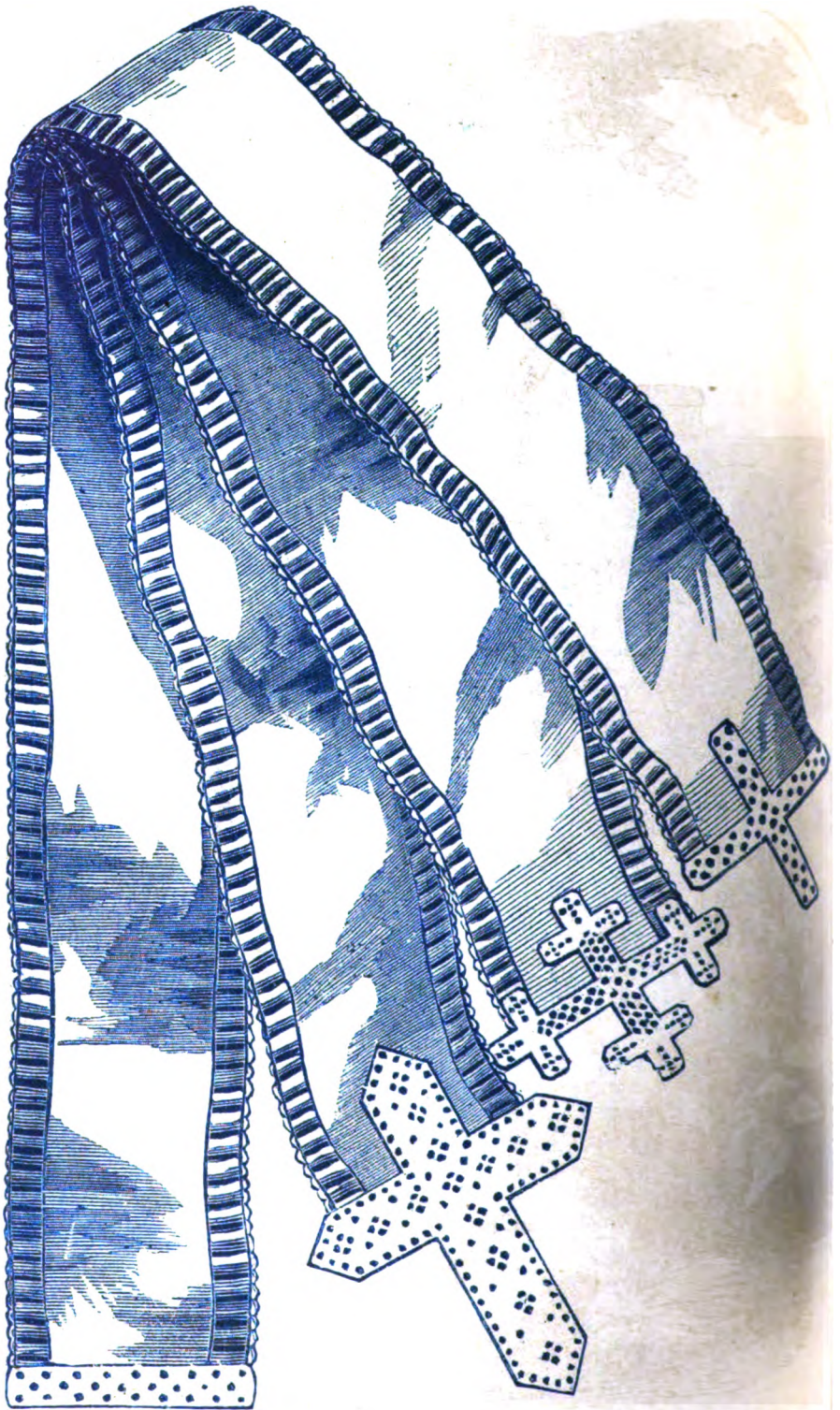




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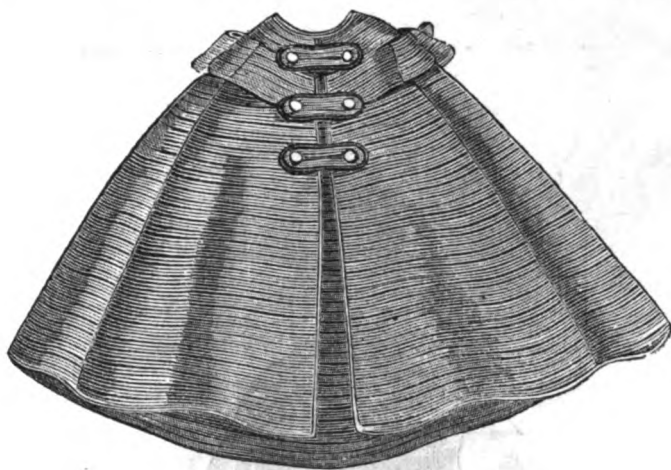


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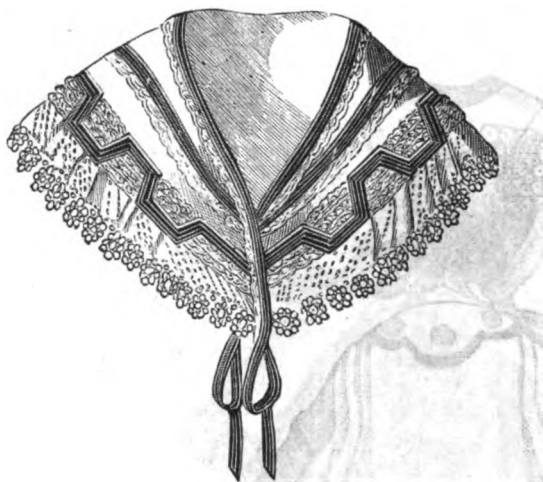
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.



THE AGNES.



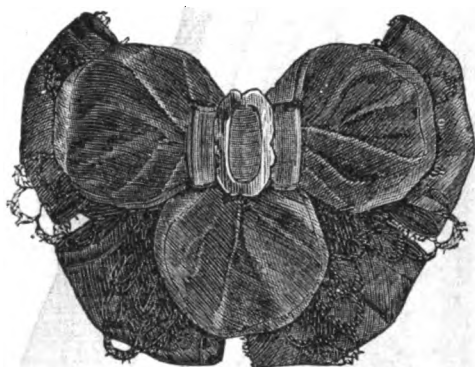
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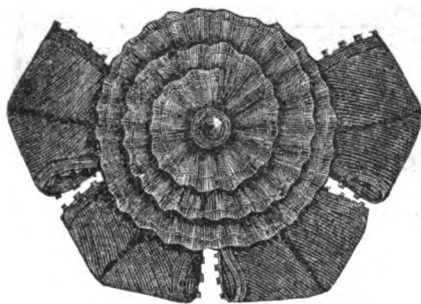
NEW STYLE CAPE.



HEAD-DRESS.



ROSETTE FOR SHOE.



ROSETTE FOR SHOE.



ROSETTE FOR SHOE.



LITTLE GIRL'S CASAQUE.



BOY'S CLOAK FOR FALL.



THE CLOTILDE.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XL.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1861.

No. 4.

A PERFECT SAVAGE.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"ELLA, read this," said Mr. Clarkson, tossing a letter to his daughter, as he came into the room where she sat sewing.

Like a dutiful daughter she obeyed.

"Well, papa, the spare room is ready. When will he come?"

"To-night. He will stay two or three months. I don't suppose it will be very pleasant, dear; but as he is my cousin Tom's only child, I can scarcely refuse to receive him, as a visitor, for a short time."

"Where is Scrimptown, father?" said Ella, referring to the date of the letter.

"In Washington Territory. Poor Tom, after his wife died, became a perfect Timon, and resolved to avoid all intercourse with humanity. He took Lionel, this boy, with him, and emigrated to the far West. He gave no one his address; wrote no word home; and this letter, communicating the news of his death, and his son's wish to see something of city life, is the first I have heard of him for eighteen years."

"How old is my cousin?"

"Let me see! Lionel must be nearly thirty."

"And has lived all his life at Scrimptown?"

"Since he was ten or twelve years old. I expect he is a perfect savage, my love: but we must be hospitable for poor Tom's sake. He was my classmate. Dear, dear! how time flies! Is dinner ready, Ella?"

"There's the bell, now," said the little housekeeper, laying aside her work; and the father and daughter left the room.

"Aunt Lizzie," said Ella, as they met an elderly lady in the hall, "we expect a visitor to-night. A young gentleman, auntie. Trim up your best cap, auntie, to set at him."

"Tom Boyd's son," said Mr. Clarkson, handing her the letter.

"Tom dead! Poor fellow! Well, Lionel was a pretty boy."

Dinner over, Mr. Clarkson was enjoying his

nap on the sofa, aunt Lizzie was knitting, and Ella reading, when the parlor door opened, and a tall, very tall figure, filled the vacated space.

"Is Mr. Clarkson here?" A deep, not unmusical voice asking this question roused the sleeping man, who sat up and looked at the speaker.

"I am Lionel Boyd, sir."

"And heartily welcome here!" said Mr. Clarkson, grasping his hands. "Ella, my dear, your cousin. Lizzie, you remember Lionel's father?"

Probably if the choice had been offered him, Lionel would rather have faced a loaded cannon than the two graceful, elegantly dressed ladies who now greeted him; but he bowed silently, and then turning his back on both, sat down beside Mr. Clarkson; aunt Lizzie arched her eyebrows, Ella shrugged her shoulders, and then with one exchanged glance they resumed their seats.

Ella's thoughts ran something in this style:

"H'm, manners are scarce in Crimptown, so are tailors, I guess. Light great-coat coming to his heels, twenty years old if it's a day; and where did the animal get that hat he keeps on to show its beauty I presume? What boots! Brown as an Indian. A perfect savage! I'll go make him talk. Cousin Lionel!" she said, aloud.

The young man started as if she had fired a pistol at his ear, and turned his chair to face her, with a jerk that almost upset the young lady's gravity.

"Ma'am!"

"I hope you had a pleasant journey."

"Cold, ma'am, awful!"

"I have noticed that it is apt to be so in January."

"It is in our parts, ma'am!"

"What shall I say now?" thought Ella. "How the man stares!"

A sudden jerk of her cousin's chair back to its first position, made the muscles round her mouth so rebellious that she was glad he did not see her. Mr. Clarkson succeeded rather better in drawing forth the young man's conversational powers; but his awkward bashfulness, whenever Ella joined into the chat, made the afternoon a mixture of ludicrous and embarrassing attempts to entertain him.

Tea time was still worse. The useful hat was removed only upon Mr. Clarkson's giving a mild hint to that effect, and, like Dickens' Captain Cuttle, he seemed lost without feeling it upon his head. His dark hair was very long, and curled almost like a girl's in his neck; he wore a heavy beard and moustache, through which glimpses of white, even teeth appeared; his eyes, which he never raised, were large and very dark, and altogether he was a fine specimen of a handsome Western man; but his old-fashioned, ill-fitting clothes, his extreme bashfulness and ludicrous terror of Ella and her aunt made his emotions constrained; and he seemed to Ella to fairly swell his hands and feet, so much did they appear to be in the owner's way. He stirred his tea with all the energy necessary to dig a well, and then swallowed it scalding hot at one mouthful; he dried the tears which followed this operation with his napkin, and then put that article into his pocket. Ella's inquiries and offers to serve him with the food before him were the occasion of such a deluge of crimson over his face, and such nervous jerking movements, that finally, in sheer pity, she left him to her father.

Days glided into weeks. At Mr. Clarkson's suggestion, Lionel had his outer man put into civilized trim by a barber and tailor; but Ella made no progress in her endeavors to place him at his ease. He went out with her father every day, and she soon heard of his investing large sums of money in different business concerns, and of his intelligence, and shrewd, "wide awake" conversation among men; but—did she propose music? he listened with grave attention, but not a word of comment could she win; the proposal to introduce him to her friends seemed to fairly convulse him with terror; and one evening, when she gave a party, he vanished, and was not seen till morning, when he was found wrapped in a blanket, fast asleep in the summer-house in the garden.

"Bother the man!" muttered the little beauty, as she sat, one day, turning the leaves of some new music, "I can't get him out of my head. Here he has been for one whole month actually in the house with me, and I know no more about

him than if he lived at the North Pole. He's as mute as a fish; not a compliment, not a word if we sit together for hours, except yes, ma'am, no, ma'am, as if I were his grandmother."

"Cousin Ella!"

The deep, grave tones were close beside her. She started up, for in her cousin's face was no sign of bashfulness, no awkwardness in his position, only a sad earnestness.

"I am the bearer of news that will pain you," and two strong hands prisoned her little ones as he put her gently in her chair again, and bent over her. "I came because I am, I feel, a better messenger than one of your father's clerks!"

"Father!"

"Has had a bad fall, cousin. No, you cannot go. He will be here immediately. I will not deceive you; he is very much injured."

"How?"

"He slipped on the ice, at the head of a flight of steps. A carriage stopped! He is here. Will you have his room ready when I come?"

Wisely he gave her something to do, for she threw off the faintness of terror and went to her father's room. Her cousin came soon, and in his strong arms he held her dear father, who smiled to Ella as Lionel placed him gently upon the bed.

A week of pain followed the fall—cruel, agonizing pain, and the cousins were constant watchers. In the earnest desire to be useful, Lionel forgot to be bashful; and many a tear of tenderness started to the father's eyes, as he saw the strong man's care for the little nurse. Every hour found him at his post, now altering the invalid's position, now gently, tenderly comforting the pale girl. All that doctor's skill and tender nursing could do was vain, and Ella had the agony of an orphan's grief to bear. It was a bitter blow and seemed unendurable. For weeks she was in a state of entire apathy, smiling sadly when she found the traces of her cousin's care at every step, but pining, sinking under her grief. Another blow fell, but it roused instead of crushing her. Her father's affairs were found to be in a complicated state, and the knot was finally unraveled only to show that he died penniless.

"A teacher, Ella?"

"Yes, cousin, I am sure of my music and German."

"But—I—it may be premature, Ella. I did not mean to say anything now—while—trouble—I know I am an uncouth savage, not fit for such a dainty darling—I mean—I—"

Crimson and confused he stood after this

eloquent address, and, strange to stay, her color and embarrassment equaled his own.

"Ella!"

"Yes."

"I am rich—I mean poor if you will let me give you—I mean——"

"You mean that you would like to marry Ella and go shares," said aunt Lizzie, from the other side of the room.

"Just so!" said the Western man, emphatically; and he took the little figure to his broad breast, where the poor sorrowful head rested content to find its home with THE PERFECT SAVAGE.

A DAY DREAM.

BY SYLVIA A. LAWSON.

GRAY clouds are drawn across the sky,
The winds are lone to-day,
I heed them not, as dreamily
My wayward spirit strays;
I hold within my hand a gem
Which sunny pencils draw,
While busy fancy crowds my brain
With thoughts of every hue;
And the hours go on,
And the sun creeps down
Under the folds of gray;
Yet the sweet content,
With the strong peace blent,
Passeth not with them away.

A charm lies in this quiet face
Whereon I feast mine eyes,
My words the spell can never trace
Which deep within it lies;
The bearded lip, the firm, proud mouth,
The forehead's clear, wide swell;
The noble head, with dark brown wealth,
The sunbeams traced them well;
And it seemeth now
'Neath that clear, wide brow,
The eyes were searching mine,
And I turn away
From the burning ray
Only to look again.

I have gazed long on this pictured face,
And gazing there I dream
Till what the golden sunbeams traced
A breathing soul doth seem;
Wherein by those dark and dreamy eyes
That upward gaze on me,
I know a shadowy fountain lies
Deep as the Tropic sea;
And a dream sweeps on
With the lone winds' moan,
And Fancy hence doth bear,
While these glorious eyes,
Like the starlit skies,
A sweet smile seem to wear.

This living face I may not see
On earth, yet Memory will
Trace, with her subtle imagery,
This semblance on her walls;
And when in dreamy days she turns
And gilds her treasures o'er,
This will she wrap in golden haze
As sunshine wraps the shore;
And the sweet content,
Which with peace is blent,
Perchance will come again,
And the world below
With soft light glow,
Like sunshine after rain!

"SHE DIED."

BY MARIAN WINSLOW.

Yes, clasp her waxen finger-tips
And lay her on her side;
That same sweet smile was on her lips
When she died!

Draw close that blind, the garish light
Mocks with its streaming tide;
'Tis well the roses were so bright
When she died!

I've strewn them thick around her bed,
And on her shroud beside;
Those buds have withered round her head
Since she died!

Withered! Ah! well, 'tis for the best,
Pale roses were her pride!

And they and she have both found rest
Since she died!

When you were gone her cheek grew white;
"There's nothing left," she sighed;
Her blue eye lost its azure light,
And she died!

Oh! 'tis too late to mourn your sin
And curse your cruel pride,
You'd give your life one word to win;
But she died!

There—if you want to kiss her brow,
(How swift life's moments glide!)
They're bringing in the coffin now,
Ah! she died!

THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

THE winter of 1860-61 will be long remembered by our laboring classes. They were just beginning to rise again after the depression of '57, and to say that "such times could not return," when all at once the panic seized our business circles. The great wheels of our factories ceased in their noisy whirl, and the hammers of our foundries were stilled. Men who had been hurrying to and fro, buying and selling, stopped in their haste, looked each other in the face, appalled, and asked where it would all end. Aye, worse than that, for these had, perhaps, only to relinquish some accustomed luxury; but there were other men, without capital, men dependant upon the labor of their hands and the sweat of their brow for the bread to feed their families; these looked in the faces of wives and children, and also asked, "Where will it all end?" All winter long, these men were making strange acquaintance with Want; the mere cessation of accustomed labor would of itself have been depressing; but now fire was wanted, clothing was wanted, food was wanted, which could not be supplied, while great strong hands, and willing hearts, were forced to be idle. People talked of better times in the spring, and the poor waited and hoped; but the spring came, but not better times. At last, on the twentieth of April, a gloom fell on the city like a great pall. It seemed, as one looked at the wan faces and staid steps of the people, as if the heart of the nation had ceased to beat; Sumter was taken; the great republic, which her true sons had so loved, seemed to be in her death-throes, and "men's hearts failed them for fear." But that great heart had not stopped: for a moment only it seemed to stand still; then, with one great bound, such a life-current was sent through all the sturdy frame, as made it seem immortal. Men, who yesterday despaired, to-day rose up and said, "Our great mother has need of these strong arms;" and hunger and want were forgotten in their love for their country. America may probably never see such days again, as those few following the fall of Fort Sumter. Streets were crowded with the populace hurrying to and fro; the city was filled with a low murmur, like the under-tone of the sea; flags waved from every window, from

private carriages, from public vehicles; old men and little boys alike wore the sacred "red, white, and blue;" and dainty ladies appeared in the colors. The "Star Spangled Banner" was sung in parlors; at the corners of the street; at the opera, when the people rose from pit to dome at the first notes, breathless, reverent, till the flags floated down, and then such applause went through the house at the sight as will never be forgotten. These were demonstrations in which every one partook; but unquiet sleepers awoke with a thrill of fear, in the dead of the night, at the unaccustomed solemn tramp of great bodies of men, who passed in long columns through the still streets, walking as with one step, keeping a most ominous silence.

Many a wife and mother, in the laboring classes, held fearful watches on these nights. To them, poor souls! their country was an abstraction, their husbands and sons the only reality.

"What if he's listed!" white lips had murmured, as hour after hour passed on, and *he* had not come.

In a small, tidy room, a pale, anxious looking woman sat waiting. She would sew by fit; then glancing toward the trundle-bed, where a little boy slept, she would cautiously raise the window, as if fearful of disturbing him, and gaze wistfully up and down the street. Presently a well known step was heard through the quiet of the night; then it ascended the stairs, and Margaret Campbell laughed at herself for having felt so worried.

But there was a troubled look on the face of the husband as he entered the room, which the wife soon saw.

"Oh! George, you haven't——" she said; it was all she could say, then burst into tears.

"It was the best I could do for you and Georgie, Margaret," was the reply. "There is no chance for getting work I don't know when; and you'll be taken care of as a volunteer's wife, besides getting my pay. God knows I don't want to leave you, wife, but we'll all starve together here; and these great strong arms may do some good for the old stars and stripes yet."

"Oh! George, what do I care about the stars and stripes? I'll never see you again, I know; and then I'll die, and Georgie be left an orphan."

At this terrible view of the case, even the volunteer, secretly thirsting for action and glory, looked dismayed.

It had been a hard winter for George Campbell's family. Late in the fall he had found himself without employment: a wife and child to be supported, and no use to be made of his stalwart frame. The money which he had laid by for a "rainy day," was gradually consumed, with all their economy. Margaret had kept herself in pin-money, and dressed Georgie, and, on anniversaries, made little presents to her husband, by working for a hatter. But hats were a luxury, which it would not do to renew too often now; the business became dull, and she lost her work.

Ever since the call for volunteers had been made, George Campbell had had vague notions of enlisting. No work offered; the tidy little house had been exchanged for a single room; all superfluities had been sold, and the leather purse in his pocket rung with an empty sound. The husband well knew the tears he would have to encounter from his wife, and long held back; but as day by day passed, and his loathing for this life of inaction increased, he determined to take the step without consulting her, and then get over the trial as best he could.

Margaret gradually became more reconciled to the idea. George's consolatory remark, "Our sergeant says that not more'n one man in six hundred gets killed, and I'm not likely to be the man, you know, wife," had a wonderful effect.

Then, too, the popular enthusiasm was running so high, that to be the wife or the mother of a volunteer was a kind of patent of nobility in her set, and Margaret, little woman, was not without her harmless vanities. And she even laughed, and took a walk, hanging on her husband's arm, with Georgie by her side, late one afternoon, when she knew that all the gossips would be at the doors and windows, when George first made his appearance in his new uniform.

The well-worn leather purse had been handed over to Margaret's keeping, as the time for departure drew nigh; and she had counted over and over again the little remaining silver, ckeing it out as best she could, denying herself almost the necessaries of life to supply her husband and child, and to save enough to put some nice little tit-bit in the haversack, the day of the march.

The armory of George's company presented a curious enough sight that bright May day; only such a sight, though, as all other armories presented on like occasions. Some of the men were eager for the fray, boisterous, loudly hoping they would soon have a chance at the enemy; others sat apathetically watching the pranks and practical jokes of the younger part of the company; whilst others again drew off to quiet corners to take leave of mothers, wives, and sweet-hearts. Many a brawny fellow picked up his child and pretended to play and fondle with it, in order to thrust his eyes, filled with tears, down among the curls, as he hoped unsuspected; many a kiss was given by lips that were more used to cursing, as softer feelings than had been known for a long time stirred the heart; many a horny hand dried the eyes of sobbing wives with faded old cotton handkerchiefs. Arms were slipped around the waists of pretty girls by hopeful lovers; daguerreotypes and locks of hair were exchanged; and the whole company sent forth by the women, with prayers and hopes, and the certainty that each particular man was a hero.

"Only three months, little woman—that soon passes, you know—and, maybe, I'll come back a captain, or something—there's no telling. Take care of Georgie, and don't let him forget his papa," said George Campbell, as he put his boy down on the floor.

Margaret sobbed and sobbed, but could not answer. She only leaned against the strong frame of her husband, who suddenly took both herself and the boy in his arms together, gave them an embrace and a kiss, and then disappeared to join the ranks.

For two or three days Margaret seemed stunned. She was not self-reliant, and now she constantly felt the need of her husband, wanting to consult him in matters she would not have thought of had he been there. Then, as she grew more accustomed to her situation, she would borrow newspapers, and eagerly ask if there were any news of "the Seventy-first." Or, if her old employer had given her a hat or so to line and bind, she would feel rich enough to buy a paper for herself, for two or three days. If, by any chance, "the Seventy-first" was mentioned, if it was only a change of camp, or being furnished with new arms, she would cut the article out and lay it by with her marriage-certificate and other little valuables, and her husband's occasional letters were first read to admiring friends and acquaintances, and then placed with them.

And so the time wore on. Margaret was

dreadfully poor, but she could yet have her room, and get food at a grocer's close by, on credit; for she was known to be an upright woman, and that she would discharge the debt as soon as the volunteers were paid off. And a happy day it was for her when George sent her his pay. She rushed down to her landlord and the grocer, in all the pride of a full purse, paid what she owed, and then committed the extravagance of a new calico dress for herself, and a pair of shoes and a shilling straw hat for Georgie.

Every day a great battle was expected—a victory as much as a battle.

At last the news came. Manassas had been fought—and lost. Again men looked in each other's faces, appalled; again the great heart of the country seemed to stand still with fear. Then came the reaction. We seemed to have been carelessly resting before; now armies suddenly started up, fresh, eager for the battle.

But alas! alas! In many a sorrowing home the loss of a great battle was not thought of; it was only the loss of those who were the dearest on earth to poor, quivering human hearts.

"Was 'the Seventy-first' in it?" asked Margaret Campbell, as she held Georgie's hand, standing before a knot of people who were listening to the newspaper being read by the grocer.

"Yes, Mrs. Campbell; but they weren't close up to the masked batteries; and it's the masked batteries, you know, that plays the deuce with our men," replied the kind-hearted grocer. Margaret listened eagerly, with white lips, but could gather nothing more that interested her.

"Is there any list?" she asked at last.

"It's too soon yet, ma'am; but don't be down-hearted. It's the Zouaves that's the most cut up," was the reply.

But the next day she got the list. She rapidly ran her eyes over the names and began to breathe freer, when, suddenly, she saw among the killed "George Campbell."

She had been standing in the middle of her room, scanning the paper, and now she sank down in a heap on the floor. Georgie spoke, but she did not hear; she only moaned and rocked herself back and forth in her helplessness. The little fellow at last got frightened, went up to her and put his arms around her neck; and then she clasped him to her, and the tears came.

Kind neighbors went in and out, comforting her as best they could, feeding poor little Georgie on cakes and candies because he was

fatherless, and, for days, tenderly caring for the desolate widow.

At last she began to look her future in the face, and thought she saw nothing but starvation before her.

She had hoarded the money sent by George with miserly care; but it was nearly gone. She had never applied to the Relief-Fund for help, because a certain pride had kept her back, a dislike to accept charity, and because she knew there were so many receiving the money without the right to it—shameless women, putting forth false claims. But now it was different; she could no longer support her child and herself. Day after day she walked the large city, asking for work—work of any kind; and night after night she went home exhausted by hunger and fatigue. Georgie was constantly regaled, by the neighbors and the grocer, with crackers, lumps of sugar, bits of cheese, or huge slices of bread and butter; and she was constantly asked in to take a "friendly dish of tea." But she knew that she could not always live in this way; so she at last applied to the Relief-Fund.

The man at the desk glanced at the paper which she handed him; then gave it back, saying,

"This 'is of no use. Can't do anything; it's informal. Sorry, ma'am, but must stick to rules," he added, as he saw the pale, terror-stricken woman nervously crumpling the bit of paper in her hand, then look down at the child by her side. But it was an every day occurrence, such as this, and the man did not really want heart, he was only bound by rules, and was terribly hurried by the pressure around him.

So Margaret walked home, wondering what she should do—whether to drown herself and Georgie would not be the best.

She could no longer afford to keep even the one room which she now rented; she must take a smaller one in a narrower street. So, selling everything but the barest necessities, she moved, eluding the inquiries of her neighbors as to her new residence.

The summer months thus passed on. A little money was picked up now and then by binding a few hats, or doing a day's washing or cleaning; but so fearful was she of debt that she almost starved herself.

At last the autumn set in with its usual cold storm. The last penny had been expended, and for two days she had scarcely tasted food. Georgie had fared somewhat better, for his mother had denied herself for him. Twilight

was closing in, and she had sunk on her coverless bed, an hour before, in utter exhaustion. The boy grew lonely in the dark, cold room. He went to the window and leaned his head on his hands and looked out; but he saw the big policeman, who lived around the corner, go by and look up, so he drew away in fear. Poor little fellow! the burly man, with tight blue frock coat, who so often had something terrible-looking in his hand, was now as awful to him as to the evil doers he intended to keep in order. He then groped about for a whip made for him by his mother, some days before, with a crooked stick and a bit of red tape, and, mounted on the rickety table, began to drive stage. But he could not arrange the chairs for horses to suit him, so he crept back to the window to get companionship in the street, if he could. But there was no one there; the rain came down, and the cold and damp penetrated the room, and he grew terribly chilled. At last he called to his mother, but she gave no answer; he called again, but still none; then he looked in terror around the room, where menacing shapes took form in the shadows; he could not bear it, so he sunk on his knees by the side of the bed.

Between his sobs he said, "Our Father," and then, after a little pause, as if wondering if this was enough, "Here I lay me down to sleep." But the prayer and little verse seemed not to suit the occasion; so still kneeling, he thought for a moment and said, "God bless dear mamma, and bring dear papa safe home, and take care of Georgie." Then he remembered that he had no father, and in his cold and loneliness crept up beside his mother and cried himself to sleep.

For two days a man in military dress had been haunting the old locality of Margaret Campbell's home. The neighbors thronged around him, all eager to know how the dead had come to life again; but George was too anxious to find his wife and son to answer their inquiries, save that he had been left on the battle-field for dead, had been picked up by the enemy, had been ill for a long time, and

had, as soon as he was able to travel, managed to escape and hastened home. At last he thought he had found the clue, and about the time that little Georgie had cried himself to sleep, he had hailed the policeman, and felt certain that his wife and child were near.

"Oh! it's sure to be the ones you want; a poor, pale little woman, that looks as if all the life had been washed out of her; and a bright little chap of a boy with a curly pate. Let me go first and kind of break the way for you, you know, or else she may think you are a ghost," said the kind-hearted policeman.

So he stumbled up the dark, narrow stairs and into the dark room; then being unable to grope his way, he called imperiously to the woman below stairs for a light. It is wonderful how quickly these men, invested with a "little brief authority," are attended to. A light was brought. Margaret was aroused, brandy was forced down her throat, and glimmering hopes held out to her that her husband had only been wounded.

Gradually the whole flood of light was let in on her. She was nearly bewildered by it, and was scarcely made to see the thing plainly when she was in her husband's arms.

George Campbell soon became a hero in the neighborhood, and the burly policeman looked upon him as his own especial protege. A comfortable room was taken in the policeman's house, where groups of the Campbells' old friends often gathered to hear of the great battle of Manassas, and how those awful batteries had been taken and lost, and how George had been left on the field for dead.

Margaret thinks her husband a wonderful man; and, as he is going to re-enlist as soon as he has recruited his strength, she fully expects him to come back a colonel at least. This time her husband has made more effectual arrangements for her comfort than he did in his ignorance before; and the policeman has promised that he and his "old woman," as he calls his wife, will look after Margaret and Georgie.

MUSINGS: A SONNET.

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

WHEN pendent twilight shades the trembling waves,
And o'er the ocean murky shadows creep,
And quick retire the whirlwinds to their caves,
Sweeping the quivering surface of the deep;
Or when the crescent beams in liquid light,
And the loud furies of the tempest sleep—
Whilst silence rides upon the wings of night,

And hovering sea-birds solemn stillness keep;
With gaze-ful orb I view the blue expanse,
And the pale moon gleaming mildly bright,
Gilding the green waters with a glowy light;
Or, wonder-tranced, the evening star survey,
And, rapt in thought, explore the realms of endless day.

HARLEY BROOKS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Frank Lee Benedict, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 192.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Harley Brooks began to recover and was able to sit up, be read to, or even talk a little, he could scarcely bear me to leave his sight. That it was a great pleasure to me to be so employed I will not deny; and surely I need not be blamed for snatching eagerly at that one glimpse of sunlight in the darkness which had spread about my life, and through which, as far as any human judgment could see, I must go down to the eternal resting-place.

We never talked openly of the past in our many conversations, although there must unavoidably have been allusions to all that was so constantly in the thoughts of each; but it was wiser for a season, at least, that the memories of that time should have no voice.

As soon as his health was entirely restored, he intended to return again to his professional duties. I was glad to find that, notwithstanding the ample fortune he possessed, he did not intend to sink down into a life of inactivity.

Occupation, some strong necessity to take an interest in that which goes on in the world about us, are absolutely essential to a mind that has been unbinged by long and settled suffering. Harley Brooks was too wise, too clear-sighted not to feel that, and he made his resolutions accordingly.

I respected him more than ever, because I saw that he had struggled manfully against his sorrow, and that he would never permit it to become his master. I pity the person upon whose character a great calamity does not have an ennobling and purifying effect. I can understand that petty troubles may belittle the mind, because they force the thoughts down into a narrow round, and so cramp them that it is with difficulty they rise out of that miserable routine; but a great sorrow has a certain dignity about it which no other event in life offers; employed aright, it becomes the noblest treasure man can possess.

I know it is difficult to feel this at first; it is very hard to take up existence again after it has been despoiled of all that made it beautiful; it would seem so much easier to turn upon one's

pillow and die there; but I do know that after the first terrible struggle the burthen lightens and the path grows less rugged.

Ah! do not think that in these remarks I am seeking to glorify my own character. I blush even now to recall my weakness, although I will do myself the justice to say that I strove to do right and not to make my grief a sin; but I was very, very weak.

It was of Harley Brooks that I was thinking. He accepted this fate as only a grand nature could have done, and it was from watching him that I learned so thoroughly to understand and despise the feebleness of my own disposition and resolves.

At last there was no longer any excuse for my remaining at the house; Brooks was so far recovered that he had already set a day for his return to the city. His cousin was to accompany him; but in the following summer they would return. During my lonely winter I could look forward to that promise and find consolation in it.

Jael had been several times to see me, and grumbled somewhat at my prolonged visit; although she would have been greatly displeased had I left the house as long as there was an invalid in it to whom my presence could bring the slightest pleasure. I am afraid the truth was, Jael had grown so accustomed to fault-finding, that she could not have rid herself of the habit if she had tried.

However, when I did return home, she appeared delighted to have me back once more, insisting that I looked bright and like myself again; although she coddled me as if I had been a baby, and would scarcely allow me to stir from my chair, so I knew by that how much I was altered. In fact, the change had been gradual, and dated more than a year back, but she had not observed it until after my absence.

The day before they left for the city, Harley Brooks and his cousin came to see me. They spent a long afternoon at my house—it was a very pleasant one.

While Jael was busy showing the old maid some wonderful improvements in her dairy,

Harley and I went out to walk a little about the grounds.

It was the middle of November, even later, I think. The trees were naked, the latest autumn flowers had died, but the air was so balmy, the sun shone so deliciously, that everything appeared lovely in spite of its desolation.

"Jane," he said, abruptly, "I want to thank you for all the good you have done me; but I have no words."

"I have done so little," I answered, feeling the tears near my eyes; "a really strong, courageous person might have helped you."

"You have done more than any other human being could," he returned; "it is by your very gentleness, your patient devotion, your true, earnest faith, that you have shown me the path I ought to follow."

I felt ashamed to hear him speak so—it would have seemed a sort of falsehood for me to have listened in silence.

"You must not speak so," I said; "if you could know how weak I am——"

He stopped me with a smile—not the bright, joyous expression of other days, which had lighted up his face into such marvelous beauty—but a smile so full of resignation and sweetness that it was even more lovely.

"You might allow me to praise you a little," he said, "though that is not the word to employ."

"I am satisfied," I answered, "if anything I could do has given you a moment's pleasure."

"You have made life endurable to me," he said, earnestly; "except for you, I should have sunk into a miserable misanthrope, made my trouble a curse, and proved such to myself and everybody about me."

He had so little self-appreciation that he gave me the credit which was due his own strong, manly nature. But I will not make him believe that; and it troubled me so much to feel myself praised for something in which my share had been too slight to be perceptible, that I tried to turn it off with a sort of jest.

"We shall not agree," I said; "so let us leave the subject and rest satisfied with our separate convictions."

He gave me a look so sad that I feared I had hurt his feelings.

"I did not mean to speak so lightly," I hastened to add; but he interrupted me,

"No, no, it was not that! Just then your voice sounded so much like—like hers."

He turned away his head for an instant; but when he looked at me again his face had cleared. I was at a loss for words; somehow there was a

little chill at my heart which I could not control.

"I want to say one thing," he said, speaking with considerable effort. "If the time should ever come that she reproached herself at all, tell her that from me she never received any blame. I understand how helpless she was, God knows I pity her far more than I do myself."

Neither of us had strength to pursue that subject. We turned abruptly from it, and with the pain we might have felt if we had come suddenly upon her grave in the golden quiet of that afternoon.

Very soon Miss Brooks came out of the house and joined us, her cheerful, sensible face brought us back to the safer level of every day things.

"Jael has been making me admire her domains," she said; "I really think she fell in love with me because I could appreciate her peculiar way of doing things."

"Then you have won a great triumph," Harley said; "that old woman is not an indiscriminate lover of her species!"

"She actually told me I had 'some sense,'" returned Miss Brooks; "and she liked a woman that wasn't too 'fancified' to know a milk-pan when she saw one."

We all laughed at that, and I said,

"Jael's admiration could go no farther—you have won her whole heart, Marian."

So we stood there talking cheerfully for a few moments longer, watching the sunset and conversing of the next summer. Then Jael summoned us into the house to tea, and not long after that they were obliged to return home.

They stopped, for an instant, as they drove past the next morning: then I was alone once more.

CHAPTER X.

BEFORE he went away, Harley Brooks asked permission to write to me; but several weeks passed before I received his first letter. It was a very pleasant one, cheerful and kindly—what it was to me I need not tell.

From Amy, too, there came letters, but they were as brief and unsatisfactory as ever. They had been in Spain and the northern part of Italy, but had returned to Paris, where they were to spend the winter. Gossiping letters in the newspapers, from foreign correspondents, spoke of Amy's beauty and the princely splendor in which she lived; but I knew my child well enough to be certain that neither admiration nor wealth could suffice for her happiness.

About the middle of the winter I received

news of Isabella Quintard's death. It was a great shock, although I cannot speak falsely enough to say that she was at all dear to me. It was the very knowledge of her treachery and wrong doing which made me tremble when I heard that she was gone. She died very suddenly; she had just returned from a ball. She went up to her room and sat down; when her maid came in she found her dead. I had always thought she had a disease of the heart; but she would have no medical advice, would not even allow the possibility of such a malady to be hinted at.

I was glad to remember that I had pitied more than I blamed her. Poor woman! she had but a short time allowed her to enjoy the affluence purchased at the expense of her niece's happiness.

The winter was shorter than the previous one had been. I watched the spring approach with different feelings from those I had before experienced. The budding of every tree, the blossoming of each flower brought me nearer the season, which was unconsciously fraught with deeper interest to me than it ought to have possessed.

I did not know it—I never thought my poor heart would have been so weak, and it guarded its feeble ray of sunlight so jealously that I did not perceive from whence it gathered that brightness.

In June, Marian Brooks returned to their country-seat, and Harley followed her very soon. He had grown older, graver; but his eyes looked out with a steady, earnest look, which told of the inner strength he had gained.

They were both with me a great deal. We had much tranquil enjoyment—it might have seemed monotonous to other people—but we had suffered so much it was only an agreeable repose, like resting by a tranquil stream after battling with a fierce tempest.

Jael was the first to rouse me to any perception of the change which had come upon me; she did it unconsciously and out of the delight of her heart.

She stopped me one day as I was passing through the hall and gave me an approving nod.

"You're getting your color back," said she; "look like a Christian once more—humph! That comes of going out and seeing the sun once in the while."

Her words startled me for an instant; but if any shadow of the truth came upon me, I put it aside before it had gathered strength enough to serve as a warning.

"A body sees you smile now," she continued; "and I tell you what, without that your face is no better than a rainy day."

"Poor old face!" I said; "don't abuse it, Jael."

"I ain't likely to," retorted she; "what I grumble at is your not taking pains enough with it."

"It is just as it pleased heaven that it should be," I replied.

"Well," she returned, triumphantly, "heaven didn't mean you to let it look so doleful and white when it gave it to you."

She tossed her head, evidently considering that she had completely crushed me by that argument. I laughed, one must have been in very wretched spirits when that old woman's oddity and obstinacy could not have roused a smile.

"That's right," she said; "now that's a Christian sort of sound—your mouth was just made for it."

"Really, Jael, you grow so complimentary that I hardly know you."

"Bah!" said Jael; "I tell the truth—it's my way! If you looked poky I'd say so; never could find a bridle that fitted my tongue. I know I'm sort o' sassy; but goodness, Miss Jane, you know me better than to mind it."

She often called me by my girlish name; she had known me from a child, so that to my ears it had only an affectionate sound.

"I do indeed, Jael," I replied; "you have been a kind friend to me——"

"Now stop!" she exclaimed. "Don't want to hear another word! I ain't kind; I'm crosser'n two sticks—don't I know it? I was born so—come into the world on Friday—can't help it."

She could not endure to be praised, and looked so comical in her distress that it made me smile.

"That's better," said she; "I can stand being laughed at; but I don't want to be set up with fine words."

"But you will hear the truth?"

"No," said Jael, stoutly, "I won't, and that's all about it. You're going out to ride, ain't you?"

"Yes; my friends are coming for me."

"That's right; enjoy yourself a little, no use to go about like a funeral procession all the time. Nice folks they be—like to see a woman that has the courage to live without hunting up a husband. As for Mr. Brooks, I tell you there's few like him, and I know it—got the marks in his face—there."

She started off, quite astonished by her own eloquence; and I heard her grumbling and

muttering as she passed through the hall, probably by way of atoning for her weakness in having lavished so much approbation upon any mere mortal.

I went to my room, wondering a little if in that seeming repose I had only fallen upon a false peace, which would suddenly give way and precipitate me into a darkness deeper than that in which I had before struggled. But I soon convinced myself that I need have no fear; and with my old weakness put the reflection aside and returned to my quiet employments, only disturbed by the pain which it caused me whenever I thought of Amy and her fate.

Still, even where she was concerned, I found a sort of comfort, as if everything connected with my destiny conspired to make me accept that season of quiet without fear. Amy's letters grew more cheerful—she began to speak of a return home—they might be with me early in the following spring; either that hope, or some cause with which I was ignorant, made her lighter of heart, more like herself, as I could plainly see, than she had been since her marriage.

"Maybe the happiness will come in time," said Jael, to whom I read portions of the letter, for the old woman had grown to be more a friend and protectress than domestic; uneducated and blunt as she was, her sympathies were acute; and where she loved, she possessed an intensity and devotion I have seldom seen equalled in more refined natures. She accepted sacrifice as a mere matter of course, and would have been astonished, and probably considered any person little better than an idiot who ventured to insinuate that she deserved any merit for so doing.

"The happiness may come," she repeated; "those young things ain't like folks that have lived longer and know what poor creatures we be!"

"If I could only see her, Jael; one look at her face would be answer enough to all that I long to know."

"Maybe it's better not; by the time she comes she'll have got used to her husband and her life—tell you, there's nothing like that."

"Getting used to life!" It is a hard doctrine, and yet I believe that Jael was right.

"She'll never be what she was," pursued the old woman; "but who don't change? You see roses is short lived things!"

Jael left me with that sententious remark, which I supposed intended to apply to one's early dreams and fancies. But this is only to show how it was that I gradually learned to

think of my darling without that keen pain which had troubled me before.

Yes, I fancied her growing content—I wanted to believe it, and it is so easy to give credence where the heart leans. I believed that I should one day see her with new hopes and interests, looking tranquilly upon the past, grown so distant and indistinct, that no shadow from its faded hues would have the power to trouble her soul.

All this I thought, and consoled myself with the belief; while she—oh! Amy, Amy!

CHAPTER XI.

THAT winter I met with an accident, which confined me for several weeks to my bed. I had been down to the village upon some business, and slipped on the ice—I had a terrible fall, and was picked up senseless. No bones were broken, however, but I was laid up for a long time; really quite ill for a period, as a low sort of fever set in.

During that season, Jael watched over me with untiring kindness, and made me half-forget the discomforts of a sick room by her quaint drollery.

I wondered very much that I received no letters from Amy. Her silence was unaccountable, and I worried so much that Jael was obliged to confess a letter had come, but the doctor had forbidden it to be given to me while I was so ill.

"What reason could he have?" I asked, in surprise.

"Because," said Jael, falteringly, "there's bad news in it."

I started up frightened and sick at heart.

"My child, my Amy!"

"No," returned Jael, "it's not her; the old doctor had a note, too, so I know; but——"

"Speak, Jael, for mercy's sake!"

"Our Amy is a widow!" she said, in a low voice.

I fell back upon my pillow; such a world of emotions tugged at my heart that my senses reeled. When I could speak and see once more, I made Jael give me the letter. I broke the seal and glanced down the page—it was written at different dates—the latest several weeks back.

"And she is alone!" I exclaimed, in agony. "Oh! Jael, I must go to her at once."

I started up with an insane idea that I could fly that moment; but Jael fairly forced me back upon the sofa.

"She's doing very well—she has good friends with her. The doctor wrote her that you was sick and wouldn't be told then; she didn't want

you to go over—no time to make a voyage—she'll be here soon now."

I heard her indistinctly, I was already poring over that letter. It had been begun by her husband's sick bed; he had been wounded in a duel, and only lived a week after his hurt; it was finished after his funeral.

The pages breathed nothing but patience and resignation, so different from her old impatience and pride; yet I comprehended, for the first time, what the child had suffered. She was with the family of the American Ambassador, intimate friends of hers. She begged me not to come to her—as early as possible she should sail.

A postscript mentioned the time of her departure. She would be with me in a fortnight.

"She is coming, Jael!" I cried.

"I know it," she replied, gruffly; but the great tears were streaming down her cheeks all the while. "You don't know what a brute that man was—the doctor has heard—he almost killed her, and she bore it without a word—oh! poor, little Miss Amy!"

She broke down completely; but I could not rest until I had every detail. Fortunately the doctor came in. He was an old and valued friend, and from him I learned all the information that he had gained. It was only general, but I heard enough to see God's providence in saving my child from that man.

It was, perhaps, fortunate that my injuries still caused me a good deal of pain; for I was so anxious and restless that if I had been able all the while to think of Amy, I should have gone distracted.

In justice to myself let me say one thing. There was no other subject to which my mind wandered; the strong maternal love in my heart, powerful, I believe, as it could have been had I been indeed her mother, prevented my thinking of anything but my child. It put my wasted little hopes and poor, feeble dreams completely aside—nay, they did not even intrude upon me; had they done so, my feelings were so wholly engrossed that, for the time, I should scarcely have recognized them.

The days passed. How eagerly I watched their flight! I cannot describe my feelings. I had believed myself forever separated from my child; to have her thus suddenly restored to me seemed almost as great a miracle as it would if some loved one were to rise from the dead and come back to gladden a mourning household by his presence.

At the close of the fortnight I was able to leave my room, to go down stairs to see, with

my own eyes, that everything was arranged just as my darling had been pleased formerly to have it. There were a good many little relics connected with our happy days, which I had put religiously aside—the sight of them had been too painful during the darkness of my bereavement. Now I brought them out and settled them in their old places with such joy and thanksgiving as only one who has passed through a similar trial could at all understand.

There were a few days more of anxious waiting—enough to startle my heart with a dread of greater evils; but I silenced them in haste. I could not fear them—now that the darkness and tempest had passed, God would not crush my heart with a sorrow deeper than any that had gone before.

Old Dr. Andrews had gone down to the city. He would not permit me to make even that short journey, and I knew that it was wiser for me to wait in our house for my child's return, although my poor, foolish heart ached at the thought that I might have seen her a few hours earlier than I should there be able to do.

It came at last—the telegraphic message which he had promised—so brief, yet bringing such new life to my soul! The steamer was in—all was well!

I sat down, weak as an infant, and Jael, on her knees by my side, prayed, and sobbed, and buried her face in her apron to drown her hysteric cries. I was very quiet—it seemed an effort to me even to breathe—I was stunned by the close approach of such happiness. It was well that I had been prepared; if it had come suddenly upon me, I believe that I should have died—died of joy and gratitude. Easier, easier far I learned then than to die of grief.

We counted by hours. The afternoon passed—the short spring twilight faded—the lamps were lighted in my little parlor, and there I sat, motionless, listening to every sound in dumb eagerness, and by my side crouched Jael, admonishing me to bear up, and all the while sobbing and crying till her face was a sight to behold.

There was a sound of wheels. Jael ran out of the room; but if my life had depended upon it I could not have moved. I heard Jael's shriek of joy—the doctor's cheerful voice; but only crouched lower in my chair, agonized by that very excess of joy.

There was a little tumult in the hall—several persons speaking at once—then I heard that voice whose echoes I had so pined for, that had come to me so often, in my sleep, in accents of

pity, or appealing for help—heard it clearly as it cried,

“Mother! mother!”

I saw a slight figure, clad in black, standing in the door-way. I half-rose. Again that call went up,

“Mother! mother!”

I felt myself clasped in Amy’s arms, her kisses and tears warm on my cheek; but for several moments I could only lie still in that death-like trance.

Then the mist cleared from before my eyes, my strength came back. I clasped my child to my heart and looked once again into her face. That pale, changed face, worn and altered as if the storms of half a life had swept over it since we parted, but lovely still; more beautiful than ever it seemed to me from the holy resignation and patience, which had taken the place of its girlish bloom.

“Speak to me, mother!” she cried. “I can’t believe it until I hear your voice.”

“Amy, Amy, my daughter! oh, my daughter!”

There we clung together and wept unrestrainedly encircled in each other’s arms. When I grew more composed and could look up, I saw that Jael and the old doctor had stolen away and left me alone with my child.

I cannot tell what we said—I do not know if we talked; but the very touch of her hand, the sight of her face, was happiness enough.

That night I slept with my child cradled upon my heart, as I had so often done during her young days—slept the quiet, unbroken slumber of the old life—for the first time since those terrible misfortunes entered our peaceful dwelling.

CHAPTER XII.

AMY was so feeble and ill, that for several days she did little but lie on a sofa in my room, and be tended and fondled by Jael and myself. She was greatly changed; I feared at first that she was in a decline, but the old doctor reassured me. He said her illness was only owing to mental trouble—that now she could have rest for body and mind she would speedily recover.

The details of her married life Amy never gave me; enough was told to give me a clear idea of what her sufferings had been. That man and her aunt had so wrought upon her mind, that she was nearly insane at the time of her marriage. When something like reason came back, the ocean swept between her and her past life—between her and happiness swept a sea still darker and more impassable.

Mr. Sanderson was a bad man, addicted to gambling, and almost every other vice that could be named. His wealth was immense, they lived in a style of princely magnificence; but Amy was a slave. He had married her from one of those hasty passions which men conceive. He liked opposition, he was determined by every means to make her his wife. But when he had imprisoned the poor bird and she could not hide her trouble, he grew to hate, although she tried her utmost to comply with all his wishes.

What followed every one can imagine. Alas! there are only too many women who could answer from the experiences of their own thwarted lives!

He hated her, yet he was furiously jealous of her; she had never heard of the offer I made to live with them. He insisted upon her going every night to balls or parties, and he would follow to play the spy upon her conduct. He threw every sort of temptation in her way, but that my child scorned—there was no danger for her as there might have been for many of her age.

He left her comparatively a small portion of his fortune, but even that she would not touch, it was added to the amount he left his relatives.

“I could not have it, mother,” she said, looking at me with her wild eyes, which did not lose for months the frightened look they had caught during that time of trial; “it would have killed me to have taken it!”

Miserable man, his death was caused by his own vices. Some disgraceful quarrel at a gaming-table led to the duel in which he lost his life. We soon ceased to talk of him—he had gone to a higher Judge, it was not for us to pass sentence upon him.

It was a long, long time before Harley Brooks’ name was mentioned. I began to think—let me own the truth—I tried to believe that during her suffering all love for him had gone out of her heart; you see how weak and wicked I was even then, after all the good heaven had bestowed upon me.

One day, as we were driving past his house, Amy asked who had Mr. Phillips’ place.

“Don’t you know?” I asked.

“I only heard that he was dead. To whom did he leave his property?”

I must have looked strangely at her, so that she gathered some perception of the truth.

“To whom?” she repeated.

“Harley Brooks owns it now,” I said.

She leaned back in the carriage and turned away her face; but I caught the ghastly whiteness which settled upon it. Neither of us spoke

again during the drive home. As soon as possible I hurried to my own room that I might be alone.

Once again I stood face to face with my own heart; I saw that I had allowed the old dream to come back; but I was stronger then. Oh! believe me when I say that after the long vigil I kept that night, I rose calm and satisfied; the restoration of my child would comfort me for all else—there was now a holy sorrow in making that renunciation.

Yes, I suffered, but it was no longer the hopeless agony of the first trial; I was willing to suffer for Amy's sake, and I could trust to God and the future.

I felt it my duty to write to Brooks. I did so, simply saying that Amy was with me—my home was hers now. He did not answer that letter; I had not expected him to do so.

It was late in the summer before he came into our neighborhood. Amy had recovered something of her old looks, but the girlish spirits, the light-heartedness were gone forever. She was lovelier than before; sorrow had developed her into a grand, true woman.

We were sitting in our little parlor when Brooks and his cousin called. Amy made a start as if to run away; then sat down, pale as death, but perfectly calm.

After all, they met quietly enough. No stranger would have perceived there was anything unusual going on; although in secret I was so nervous that it seemed each instant that I must cry out.

He called occasionally at the house, treating Amy, as he did me, with quiet courtesy. There was nothing of the old frankness and trust; I began in my heart to accuse him of being like other men.

He went away as he came. Amy did not offer me any confidence—I could not thrust mine upon her.

I feared that she might find the winter very lonely in that place, and proposed spending it in the city; but she shrank in dread from the proposal.

"Only let me have quiet," she pleaded; "I should die, mother, to go out into the world again; let me stay here with you."

We remained, I was only too glad to do so. The winter was not a wretched one. If Amy suffered, it was in secret; and whatever those pangs might have been, before spring she found that help and guidance by which we can alone learn to bear our trials. After that knowledge,

I felt that God had blessed me far beyond my deservings.

Another spring came and passed. Amy's season of mourning was over; and, I do not think we were wrong, we put all memory of that bad man out of our hearts.

I looked daily for Harley Brooks, but he did not come. At last, his cousin wrote me they were to spend the summer in traveling. I told Amy; the fingers trembled a little over her sewing, but she betrayed no other sign of emotion.

"He must need relaxation," was all she said; "I believe he works very hard."

I felt terribly indignant—I could give up my own happiness, content with that which might be granted my child. Yet he, the man who had loved her, could not forgive the misfortunes forced upon her by others.

It was a bright September day—the anniversary of that upon which I had given Amy to Harley Brooks. She had spent nearly the whole of it in her own room; I knew where her thoughts were, and would not intrude upon her privacy.

As twilight came on, I sat in the verandah brooding sadly over her future; and, when I chanced to look up, Harley Brooks was approaching the house.

When I saw his face, I knew that he had not come to make an ordinary visit. He paused for no common-place courtesies. He took my hand between both his and said,

"I can speak now. Dear friend, will you give me my little Amy again?"

I burst into tears—blessed tears of thankfulness! At that moment her voice sounded from within; she was singing an old mass which was a special favorite with both. He dropped my hand without a word and disappeared.

There I sat in the sunset for a long time, my heart full of a happiness beyond anything which earthly affection could have brought. When I heard my name called I entered the house.

Amy and Harley Brooks stood before me in the old library, the last gold of the sunset cast its radiance about them like a promise. Once more they knelt at my feet for a blessing; and when I gave it, no human dream intruded to dim its purity.

It ended thus—the trial, the suffering; and the new life which opened to them led far even from the memories of the past. I live with them still in our pleasant home; little children play about my knees; new hopes and joys spring up every day—I bless God and am content.

THE END.

THE CLAIM IN CHANCERY.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

I STOOPED down, and pushing aside the long, rank grass, read, from the flat, half-buried tomb-stone, the following inscription:

Here lieth
ye bodie of

LLEWELLYN CHOUGH, formerly PENRYN,
born at Penryn, Cornwall, July 20th, A. D. 1635,
died at Boston, October 10th, A. D. 1686.

He resteth here
in assured hopes of
a glorious immortality.

Above the inscription was a rudely sculptured coat of arms, which, as this is not a heraldic treatise, I need not describe. Suffice it to say it was the shield of which I had been in search.

"Eureka," I cried, "it is found: and the widow and her little boy are the true heirs to the great Penryn estates, which have been in chancery for so many years."

But to explain my enthusiasm I must go back to the beginning of my story.

When I was a student at law, and in the last year of my probation, the usually gloomy office, with its tall, dusty book-cases, crowded with volumes in law calf, was brightened up, one afternoon, by the entrance of a lady, clad in widow's weeds, and leading a little boy. I say a lady, because, though her dress was of the plainest black, it was worn in a way that only social cultivation gives; and besides, her face, when she threw back her veil, had that indescribable air of refinement which is best known by the name of high-bred. She was still comparatively young, not over twenty-five, and was strangely beautiful. Her face, in its meek sadness, told a tale of trials nobly endured, which went, I could see, to the heart of my preceptor at once, though that heart had been hardened by the experience of forty and odd years at the bar, the school of all schools to make one suspicious of human nature. Her little boy, about five years old, a timid lad, stood by her side and clung to her dress for protection, looking first at my grim preceptor, and then at me, as if the old lawyer had been Jack the Giant Killer and I his lawful heir.

The business of Mrs. Chough, for such was the name by which she had been announced, was soon dispatched: it was some trifling matter, I have now forgotten what; and when she had left the room, I remained a long while in thought.

The next day I said to my preceptor, "I wonder if that boy, who was here yesterday, isn't the heir to the great Penryn estates?"

"What!" cried he. "Heir of the great chancery estate, which has been advertised in all the newspapers these forty years, and to which Tom, Dick, and Harry, Penryns all, have been making claim in vain? Nonsense!"

"The same."

The old lawyer answered only by a laugh.

"You laugh," said I. "But, while you were talking with the mother, I coaxed the little fellow to my side, got him on my knee, and asked his name. It was Llewellyn Chough."

"And an ugly name enough," replied my preceptor, coolly ignoring my triumphant air. "Besides, the estates in chancery belong to the Penryns, wherever they may be, and not to anybody of the name of Chough. My own opinion is that the line has died out. I was consulted, by one of the claimants, some thirty years ago, and that was the conclusion I came to."

"I have read your notes in the case," I said. "I came across them, the other day, among papers of your old client. But, perhaps, you have forgotten that the heirs of the last person who died seized of the estate, were proved to have been exhausted, for six successive generations back, and that the only claimant who would have a chance must be a descendant of Sir Reginald Penryn, who died toward the close of the great civil war. This Sir Reginald had two sons, his oldest, Reginald, who succeeded him, and a second son."

"I remember it."

"And do you remember that the missing son was named Llewellyn?"

"So he was," answered my preceptor, after putting his fore-finger to his forehead for an instant. "But what has that to do with the matter? If you refer, as I suppose, to the boy's

name, it is a mere coincidence. You will never make a reputation as a lawyer if you jump at conclusions in that fashion."

"I am not jumping at conclusions. I think I can almost prove that this boy is heir to the Penryn estate. I can certainly, if I can only find an old tomb-stone, which I have seen somewhere."

The old lawyer laughed incredulously.

"I should like to know," he said, "how you have reached this conclusion. It is," he continued, in a bantering tone, "by some logical legerdemain, I suppose. An intellectual, Chinese Juggler feat."

"I will begin at the beginning, then," I said, perfectly unmoved. "You admit that surnames are pretty certain criterions of race. For instance, if I hear a man called Smith I know he is of Saxon descent, and that his ancestor hammered iron, or shaped silver-ware, sometime back in the middle ages. A Snider, or a Schwartz, I know to be Teutonic."

"I have not devoted the attention to such studies, which you seem to," answered my preceptor, seeing I paused for a reply; "but I believe you are correct."

"To go a step deeper. Names ending in *son*, like Anderson, are unmistakably Scandinavian, and even if found in Scotland, or the North of England, originated in Sweden, Denmark, or Norway. Names terminating in *ing* are Saxon, *ing* having the same meaning substantially as the Greek patronymic, *ides*, so that Snelling means the children of Snell, or, to translate the latter word also, the children of the brisk, nimble man. Fitzgerald is Norman French, as O'Connor and McMichael are Celtic, the one belonging to the Gaelic branch of that race, the other to the Cymbrian."

"But I don't see your drift. O'Connors, McMichaels, and Fitzgeralds can be found over half the world."

"Because you and I are living after several generations of emigration. There has been, within the last two centuries, another dispersion of Babel, so to speak. Given a man's surname, however, and one can tell, pretty certainly, where his ancestors lived two hundred years ago. Now Llewellyn is not such a common name that it can easily be mistaken. And though used as a Christian name in this case, it bears on my subject as much as if it were a surname."

"But if I know anything about it, Llewellyn is a Welsh name, while these estates are Cornish."

"That's a point in my favor. If you had read over your notes as lately as I have, you

would remember that Sir Reginald, who died in 1655, married a Welsh heiress, a fact that comes out prominently in your notes, because her estates were settled on the second son, who squandered the property and was then lost sight of."

"I recollect it now."

"Her father's name was Llewellyn."

"Ah!" cried the lawyer, briskly. "That is a point."

"Yes; for if I could establish that the real name of this lad was Penryn, and not Chough, his having so singular a Christian name as Llewellyn would help, considerably, to link him with Sir Reginald's family?"

"Certainly. At least it would bring the case within the limits of possibility."

"And if I could prove that this Christian name was a family name, and had been borne by the lad's father and grandfather before him, it would elevate my hypothesis into the regions of the probable?"

"Assuredly."

"Well, I asked the child, at first from mere curiosity I confess, what his father's name was, and he said Llewellyn. Afterward I heard his mother tell you, in connection with the business you were discussing, that her husband and his father had the same name, and that it was an old family name."

"I remember it."

"This is not all. The child had a prayer-book in his hand. It was quite old, an Oxford edition of the last century. I suppose he and his mother had been to afternoon service at St. Peter's; there was such a service yesterday. I know; and taking the book idly up in my hand, I saw, to my surprise, an engraved coat of arms pasted in front of it. Such things, you know, are not very common, especially with persons who seem to be as straitened in means as Mrs. Chough. The coat of arms was gules, a chevron argent, between three crows of the field."

"A fig for your heraldic jargon," said my preceptor, laughingly. "I know little about such old-world trumpery and care less."

"Yet, anti-republican as it seems, it is a means, sometimes, of tracing out descents, which, otherwise, might never be recovered. It is a pity, indeed, that more attention has not been paid to the subject. Up to the war of Independence, it was a common thing for the younger sons of noblemen, and the sons of younger sons, to emigrate to this country; and in many cases, the elder branches having failed, the descendants of these emigrants have become the true heirs of the titles and estates, and

would have inherited them but for their neglect of the family tree and the attendant coat of arms. I have no doubt that many a vast estate, and more than one lordship, which has been adjudged to British claimants, would have come to American citizens, if the latter had not lost the proofs of their rights. Only a few years ago, a poor half-pay captain established his right to be Earl of Huntington, by going back more than a century, all intermediate lines having failed. A curious instance of the value of a coat of arms, as evidence, has come within my own knowledge lately. There is a branch of the Howard family, in this country, whose traditions say their original ancestor here was a cadet of the ducal house of Norfolk. At first sight, however, their coat of arms seemed to contradict this claim, having no escutcheon on the bend, as the ducal Howards have. But the Howard arms, as quartered by the fourth duke, who was beheaded by that jealous old virago, Queen Elizabeth, were precisely like those of this American family, that is, they were without the escutcheon on the bend, which seems to have been adopted subsequently. So here the tradition, you see, was borne out by the family arms."

"Well, that is curious. I see your antiquarian studies have not been thrown away. But how does this coat of arms, which you found in the prayer-book, bear on the present question?"

"It is the coat of arms that belongs to the Penryn family."

"What? That begins to look like proof. But perhaps," he added, with an old lawyer's proverbial caution, "the arms had been pasted in there without any right."

"I satisfied myself on that matter last night. I made bold to visit Mrs. Chough. She has several antique pieces of silver-ware, all engraved with these same Penryn arms."

My preceptor appeared staggered. He mused, for a few minutes, then said,

"But all this may be only a coincidence. The similarity does not establish a certainty. The difference of name is fatal to your theory."

"Not at all. Families continually change their surnames. The Washingtons, for example, were originally called Heyward, and took their last name from the estate of Wessington, meaning a 'brook in a meadow by the sea,' and since corrupted into Washington. And, if I am not mistaken, it was through his coat of arms that the ancestry of the immortal chief was traced out. Now my hypothesis is that the original name of the Penryns was Chough."

"That is a bold guess."

"Not so bold as you think. Chough is the Cornish for crow. The arms are three crows, you see: and the crest is a crow. Now surnames, as you are well aware, did not come into general use till the thirteenth century, and were often adopted from the cognizance worn in battle. The Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury, derive their family name from the Talbot dog, and bear the crest to this day. The thing is common among our own Indians. We hear continually of some great chief, called the Bear, or the Eagle, or the Crow. Now, why wasn't this family originally the Choughs? And why may they not have dropped that name, afterward, for that of their largest estate, as the Washingtons for example?"

"If you could prove that indeed?"

"That brings me to the most curious part of the whole affair. I am sure I have seen, somewhere, a tomb-stone, with both these names on it. I have always had a fancy for looking up old epitaphs, and have visited most of the ancient grave-yards in the country. Now if I could only find that tomb-stone."

"You have dreamed of it."

"No. I remember it too vividly for that."

"Well," said my preceptor, taking up a bill in equity, "I wish you success. Get that link in your chain of evidence and your client will have a pretty strong case. But you'll recover it," he added, with a sly twinkle, "about the time of the Greek Kalends."

The next morning I was early at the office, with a portmanteau in hand, waiting for my preceptor to come down.

"I am going to Boston," I said, as soon as he made his appearance. "I have dreamed of that tomb-stone. It is in the old burying-ground there, on Copp's Hill."

The septuagenarian lawyer raised his spectacles, and looked at me as if he thought I was crazy.

"Excellent fun!" he said at last. "My coolest-headed student a believer in dreams." And he took his seat laughing.

"I do not believe in dreams," I answered, "at least not in the sense in which you mean. Did you ever read De Quincey?"

"De Quincey? De Quincey? There never was such a lawyer."

It was my turn to smile. "He is not a legal writer," I replied, "but only an essayist——"

"Humph!" said the lawyer, contemptuously.

"De Quincey," I went on, "has compared the memory to a palimpsest. The old monks, wanting parchment to write on, frequently took ancient copies of Greek or Roman authors, and

having prepared the skin, though without obliterating the original text, covered it with their legends of the saints. Other priestly hands, centuries after, by a similar process, used the same parchment for their chronicles of the times. In our day, skillful manipulators, removing the chronicles, and the lives of the saints, have restored to the world the pure text of Pliny or Horace, Plato or Homer. Now De Quincey says that the memory is like these palimpsests: a fact, once written on it, may be covered up by the accumulation of other facts; but the fact itself does not perish; and sometime it will see the light."

"How does this apply?"

"In this way. I *had* seen that tomb-stone, as I thought I had. But other things, crowding on my memory, had buried it beyond power of recall. Last night, going to bed full of this matter, my brain kept working during sleep, and the result was, that, finally, I recalled, in the guise of a dream, the whole circumstance. I saw the tomb-stone, a low, flat one, of a sort of grayish stone, with a wide crack through the middle, quite sunk in the ground and half-covered with long, lush grass. It is in one of the lateral walks of the Copp's Hill grave-yard, about ten feet from a cross-path. I could go

to the place blindfolded, if I was at the gate of the cemetery."

"How do you know so much about this particular grave-yard?"

"Some of my maternal ancestors lie buried there."

What success attended my expedition, the reader has already learned. The date of the deceased's birth, at Penryn, tallied, I will add, with that of the second son of whom we were in search. The proof was complete. On my return to Philadelphia, competent counsel were engaged, the case followed up, and the widow's little boy shown to be descended from the Beeton exile, and so re-established in the estates of his ancestors. Curious enough, it was proved, on examining the records of the Penryn family, that the original name had been Chough. Why the emigrant returned to the old surname is only matter of conjecture. Perhaps he thought a landless exile had no right to a traditional title.

All this happened more years ago than I care to tell. Whether the old tomb-stone can still be seen, or whether, even if intact, its inscription has become illegible, perhaps some Boston reader can tell. I tell the tale to show how logic sometimes seems only good guessing.

CORNEIL.

BY MRS. F. A. MOORE.

Oh! flashing soul! was it a dream—

A dream I dreamed long years ago?

Or did thy presence, real and true,

Like a sweet fount my life o'erflow?

Young, glowing maiden! were thine eyes

Of sleeping fire, twin, starry nights?

Was not thy long hair ebon black,

Whereon the sun made golden lights?

Did not thy young feet touch the earth

As daintily as lapwings dip?

Did not a rare smile come to make
Its rose-red nest upon thy lip?

Wert thou a dream, or wert thou real?

Ah! now I know with sudden pain:

I hear a far off tolling bell,

And that wild day comes back again—

A day when thy dark eyes were sealed,

And thy young feet were still. Corneil;

When, swooning on thy cruel grave,

My torn heart knew thou wert too real!

THE LIGHT THAT SHINES.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The light that shines, my dearest one,

From out thy beaming eyes,

Is far more bright and beautiful

Than stars in Summer skies;

And thy sweet songs, which often I

Have heard thee daily sing,

Are softer, purer, sweeter far

Than notes of early Spring.

Thy form has in it so much grace,

That, when by me 'tis seen,

I in thy motions fondly trace

The bearing of a queen:

And there's not one upon this earth

More beautiful and fair,

That can with thee in elegance

Or witchery compare.

THE NURSERY GOVERNESS.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

"WANTED—as nursery governess—a French woman who is willing to make herself generally useful. Apply at No. — Cedar street, between the hours of ten and three."

Such was the advertisement which caught the glad eye of the orphan Pauline Dupres.

Pauline was not versed in the full meaning of the phrase, "make herself generally useful;" and "nursery governess," although below the post which she had been endeavoring to obtain, only called up visions of various cherubs of tender years, whom she was to teach to lisp the language of *la belle France*. And as she was passionately fond of cherubs, she looked upon her future duties as a pathway of roses.

She studied the advertisement again: "between ten and three." It was now after ten, and she would lose no time, for fear that other applicants would be before her. There were tears in her eyes as Pauline looked around the room where her father had so lately died; but it was the only room they had in the humble lodging-house, and now, at the prospect of leaving it, she began to feel a greater attachment for it. The little black bonnet and shawl were very plain, but worn with that grace which a French woman gives to the most commonplace attire; and the soft waves of brown hair that rested against the *crepe*, the pretty eyes of some indescribable color, the dimpled chin and delicately-tinged cheek, formed altogether a very pleasant picture.

Sixpences appeared in the light of rather large coin to our young adventuress as she resolutely repulsed the advances of omnibus drivers and plodded all the weary way on foot to No. — Cedar street. She was not accustomed, however, to pedestrian excursions in that quarter of New York, and she started nervously at the heavy barrels and boxes that were rolled almost on her feet—the horses, and carts, and wheelbarrows, that seemed to have the one object of her destruction before them—and the dreadful noise and confusion that surrounded her on all sides.

When she reached No. —, she trembled so that she could scarcely stand; and, very much bewildered to find herself in a great, dark-looking place, thickly piled with immense bags,

and with a mammoth rope depending from some unknown point in the air, she was quite undecided what step to take next, when two or three gentlemen appeared, and she managed to utter the word "advertisement."

"Here, Jim!" called one of the gentlemen. "You're wanted."

And an elegant-looking young man stepped forward, with an expression of surprise on his face that was only equaled by Pauline's. He could not be more than twenty-three—and she had pictured to herself a substantial *pater familias* of forty. There was something in his face, too, that was strangely familiar; and he caught many furtive glances directed to him from those downcast eyes.

It was necessary, however, to be dignified under the circumstances; and, after a second or so spent in regarding each other with unfeigned astonishment, Mr. James Brocklehurst "proceeded to business" by requesting his visitor to be seated—on one of the bags—and then put to her the very searching, and, as it seemed to him, most apropos question,

"You are fond of children, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," replied Pauline, innocently, "I am very fond of them, indeed. Have you many children, sir?" she ventured to ask.

"Well, not a great many," was the grave reply. "I think we shall be able to get along. Can you be ready to leave the city this afternoon?"

This was quite sudden; but Pauline remembered, with a sigh, that there was no one to consult now, and her humble wardrobe was all in readiness. So she signified her assent, and, after receiving a few instructions respecting the starting point, she was dismissed by her youthful employer under the pleasant consciousness that he had transacted the business very thoroughly.

When Pauline returned to the quiet room, from which she had been trying to get away for the last two weeks, she quite broke down and wept bitterly. In that room her father had faded and died, and it seemed like breaking the last link that connected them together. Pauline's mother, who had slept, for many years, in her distant grave, was an English

woman, while her father was a French refugee, who, on emigrating to this country, called himself Dupres; but it was whispered that he had a right to the patrician *de*, and that various articles in his possession were marked "C. de P."

The old man, older in sorrow than in years, watched over his only child with jealous care, toiling unremittingly over the few pupils that he was able to obtain, but angrily refusing Pauline's request that she might be allowed to assist him. No, his petted child should not come in contact with strangers for her daily bread, she should be educated for the position of a lady, to which she was entitled; and he bestowed more care on her education than that of any pupil under his charge.

When the old man died, he charged his daughter to get a situation as soon as possible as governess in some family, where she would be shielded from all danger.

The poor child found it no easy matter to obtain a situation as governess. Without friends, without influence, without references, what was she to do when the market was already overstocked? She studied the newspaper advertisements daily—being too poor to venture an advertisement on her own account—but with no success; the few applications she had ventured to make had been invariably answered by an examining glance from head to foot, and a cold, "You will not suit."

"You are much too pretty, child," said the kind hearted landlady, when Pauline came home in tears from one of these discouraging expeditions, "the ladies would give all their jewels for those cheeks of yours—to say nothing of hair and eyes."

But Pauline, who was not at all given to vanity, mournfully shook her head; and began to be afraid that there must be something depraved in her nature, which showed itself in her face and repelled all confidence in her. So matters went on, until that morning when she found herself engaged, as "nursery governess," to go out of town that very afternoon, and take up her residence in a family of strangers.

It was very bewildering certainly, and made her feel more lonely than ever. Of course, the most natural proceeding, under the circumstances, was to have "a good cry"—that over, Pauline went to her other duties.

Packing does not take long where there is not much to pack; and punctually at the time appointed, with the landlady's benediction still ringing in her ears, the young "nursery governess" found herself at the depot of the Hudson river railroad.

Mr. Brocklehurst was punctual, too; and, having placed Pauline in a seat, his handsome face and waving hair seemed to be flitting about in all directions; at one moment, he was standing, with a cigar in his mouth, giving directions respecting a vast quantity of hampers and boxes that he seemed to have in charge—then he was in the midst of an admiring group, laughing and talking with great rapidity—then he would bestow a friendly nod upon Pauline—and finally, just as the cars started, he came in, and established himself as her *vis-à-vis*.

He appeared to have settled the point that had troubled him for sometime, whether to treat his companion as a young lady, or as a servant; for Pauline, who regarded him very calmly as the respectable head of a family, carried herself with a quiet dignity that rendered anything but the young lady phase altogether out of the question.

Mr. Brocklehurst did not "exert himself to be agreeable"—it was not necessary, for he was naturally agreeable, *without* exertion; but studying the face before him, with its peach-like bloom, and lovely, varying expression, he quite lost sight of the "nursery governess," and almost persuaded himself that a young lady scion of some aristocratic family had been placed in his charge, whom it was his duty to make as happy as possible under the circumstances.

Pauline found the ride very pleasant, and almost forgot that she was going among strangers, and with a stranger of whose existence she had not been conscious twenty-four hours previously.

The conductor called out, "Horsetown Station!" and Mr. Brocklehurst, with some hurried remark about "looking alive," which Pauline studied for sometime afterward without being able to make anything of it, started up with one of his quick movements, and conveyed his charge out of the cars, and into a plain Rockaway, before she quite realized what had occurred.

A pair of elegant horses were attached to the Rockaway; and a smallish, pock-marked man, all capes and large buttons, was attached to the horses. In fact, he idolized them, and never failed to run down all the other quadrupeds that they met on the road. He bowed low at sight of Pauline; and remarking deferentially, "My mistress was expecting the young lady, sir," waited patiently until Mr. Brocklehurst had assisted Pauline into the carriage, arranged all the baggage, and finally sprung in himself—when the careful coachman proceeded to screw up the door of the vehicle, as though the

inmates had been prisoners of war, and he never intended to let them out again.

A mischievous sort of smile hovered around Mr. James Brocklehurst's mouth when "Enery," as he called himself, made his one remark about Pauline; and he was evidently in the quiet enjoyment of future fun.

The drive of two miles was very beautiful; through lanes fringed with apple trees in full bloom, wafting incense all around—past cottages and villas that seemed too lovely for any but poets to live in—and all these pictures framed in that soft, exquisite green that became veritable velvet when it reached the grass.

The Rockaway stopped at a handsome iron gate, that divided the close, hawthorn hedge in two parts. When "Enery" ("Cape Henry," his master called him) had swung back the barrier, they drove slowly through a green arch of overhanging boughs, until, at length, the mansion came in sight. It was a magnificent place—not showy, but substantial; and all around were noble trees and hills, and a clear view of the river dancing and sparkling in the sunset.

A stout, grand-looking, elderly lady, with a very firm mouth, and much addicted to ancient lace and rustling silks, was drawn up in state on the piazza, watching with benignant condescension the wild antics of a pretty, fairy-like creature, who was playing with a child about eighteen months old.

As the Rockaway "hove in sight," to use a nautical phrase, the elder lady slowly mounted an eye-glass, and remarking to her daughter with a dignified want of emotion, "Angelina, she has come," advanced to Pauline, and taking her in her arms in a manner calculated not to disturb her attire, bestowed an aristocratic embrace upon the bewildered girl—while the younger lady exclaimed enthusiastically, "I am so glad to see you!" and gave her a sort of bird-like kiss, that was, nevertheless, very sweet. Pauline's eyes filled with tears at this kind reception; and she stooped down over the child, who was a beautiful, noble-looking boy, large for his age, and full of life and mischief.

When Mr. Brocklehurst perceived that his mother was just on the point of asking Pauline innumerable questions about things which she could not possibly understand, he remarked with a certain malicious calmness,

"Mother, this is Miss Dupres, who has kindly consented to take charge of Clarence."

"James!" exclaimed the dowager, in a tone that might have suited Mrs. Siddons if she had had occasion to say, "You have stabbed me to the heart!"

"Why, Jimmy!" whispered his sister, half-laughing and half-pouting, "what ever possessed you? I told you 'a steady, respectable woman!'"

"Do you mean to insinuate anything against Miss Dupres' steadiness or respectability?" asked the gentleman, with mock severity.

"Why, no," replied little Mrs. Lidstone, too much astonished to say anything; "of course not—but she is so very young and pretty!"

"Not hanging crimes, I believe?" continued her brother.

"I supposed," said Mrs. Brocklehurst, impressively, with the injured consciousness of having been cheated out of an embrace under false pretences, "that I was receiving the daughter of my old friend, Solwell Fines."

"As all the Solwell Fineses whom I have ever seen were labeled with hooked noses, small, green eyes, and a general ashiness of complexion, I do not see how it was possible to make such a mistake," replied her son, with as much *sang froid* as though he had not been at the bottom of this atrocious piece of business.

"For shame, Jimmy!" said his sister, in an undertone; but she laughed, nevertheless, in the happy consciousness that she did not look like the Solwell Fineses. "Do you not know," she continued, "that mamma hopes that 'the daughter of her old friend' will, one of these days, be *her* daughter?"

Mr. James made a face expressive of intense disgust; and consoled himself for the unpleasant picture thus conjured up, by taking a look at Pauline. Her eyes were full of tears, and she was evidently uncomfortable.

"Have I done wrongly in coming here?" she asked, in so sweet a voice, and with such an appealing glance at her only acquaintance in the group, that Mrs. Lidstone's tender heart was touched at once.

"Not at all," said she, in the pretty, caressing way that was habitual with her, "but we have been very stupid, and made a very silly mistake. Here, Jimmy," she continued, "take charge of your nephew, while I initiate Miss Dupres into her duties."

The young mother sprang lightly up the stairs, humming a tune as she went, and conducted Pauline into a pretty room with windows on all sides.

"This is the nursery," said she, "and Clarence will sleep with you. You will wash and dress him, and have the entire charge of him. He is a dear little fellow."

Mrs. Lidstone said this as though *her* recommendation was all that would be required in a

court of justice. But Pauline was surprised, and somewhat disappointed.

"I thought," said she, "Mr. Brocklehurst gave me to understand that there were older children. He said that he had not a great many—but I did not suppose that there was only a baby."

"*He!*" repeated Mrs. Lidstone, in amused surprise, "what a scamp that fellow is! He is not my husband," she continued, "but my brother. Mr. Lidstone is spending the summer in Europe, on business, and I am staying with my mother in the meantime. My nurse left me rather suddenly—and my brother, Mr. Brocklehurst, promised to look for a French nursery governess; but I had no idea of his bringing one up so soon, or," she added, rather hesitatingly, but with a kindly-admiring smile at Pauline, "of his making the selection that he did. It is just like men, though."

The young girl's face crimsoned, as she replied, with a quivering lip, "Before my father died, he desired me to get a situation as governess—and when I answered this advertisement, I did not suppose that it would be very different. I am afraid that I should not understand taking the entire charge of the baby."

Mrs. Lidstone was very much interested. "You are alone then?" she asked, in so kind a tone that Pauline burst into tears, as she replied in the affirmative.

The young wife and mother quite forgot that she was the daughter of the aristocratic Mrs. Brocklehurst; and the woman in her flashed out to meet Pauline's mute appeal; and, putting her arm around the sobbing girl, she pressed a gentle, sisterly kiss on her forehead, whispering softly, "I am so sorry for you! Stay with me, and I will do all that I can to make you happy—for I am sure that I shall love you very much."

"You are very kind," replied Pauline, gratefully; "but are you willing to trust the baby with me? I am very ignorant."

"We will attend to that," said Mrs. Lidstone, cheerfully; "but take off your things; now, and I will see that you have some tea—you look tired."

The little lady, herself, removed the shawl and bonnet, and all Pauline's pretty hair fell about her face. "Oh! Jimmy, Jimmy!" thought his sister, half-comically and half-seriously, "what have you brought upon yourself?" And with the second thought that her experience in engaging a "nursery governess" had been decidedly unique, she ran down stairs to attack the imperturbable "Jimmy."

"Oh, you wretch!" she exclaimed, shaking a not very formidable fist at her laughing brother, "a pretty scrape you have gotten us into by bringing me a nursery governess selected only for her beauty! I have a great mind to make you wash and dress Clarence, yourself, for you probably understand the business as well as she does. She doesn't seem to know what she was expected to do—and I don't believe you asked her a single question!"

"Yes, I did," was the triumphant reply; "I asked her if she was fond of children."

A peal of merry laughter, so clear and ringing that it was a pleasure to hear it, burst from Mrs. Lidstone's pretty mouth; and, catching the infection, her brother laughed too.

"Come, Angy," said he, coaxingly, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar, they were on the piazza, "don't be too hard on a fellow. The dowager-duchess has already treated me to an oration, commencing: 'I am *very* much astonished, James'—and you know to what *that* is generally the prelude?"

"Don't I, though?" replied his sister, with a pretty shrug of the shoulders; "but it is very naughty of you, Jimmy, to call mamma 'the dowager-duchess'—you really must behave yourself!"

"I am behaving," said the impracticable James; "but really, Angy," he continued, "the girl looked so pretty and lady-like that I could not help engaging her; and I know that you objected to one applicant because she wasn't handsome enough."

"Oh! that was only that little German girl, 'Darty,' as her mother called her, (corruption of Dorothy); I don't think that a mouth stretching from ear to ear, a turned-up nose, freckles, and red hair, a pleasant combination to have continually in one's sight; but that is no reason why I should go to the opposite extreme, and get a Venus for a nursery maid."

"Nursery governess, if you please," said her brother, correcting her, "our little friend is somewhat of a stickler for right terms. I have no doubt that you will like her very much, though."

"I have no doubt that I shall," was the reply, "but I didn't advertise for 'some one to like'—I advertised for a nursery governess."

All this time, Master Clarence had been by no means so quiet as one might be led to suppose. By no manner of means. While the brother and sister were talking, he had made a variety of extraordinary noises, clutched at his uncle's cigar, treated his moustache with the utmost disrespect, kicked and screamed, and

maltreated his relative, because the relative's watch and chain were not given over to destruction at his hands—and otherwise asserted himself; until Mrs. Brocklehurst, as unruffled as ever, remarked from the drawing-room window, where she sat in dignified isolation,

"Angelina, it is time that child was put to bed."

"Where do you wish me to land this nuisance?" inquired Mr. James, as though just aroused to a sense of his nephew's existence.

"Take care, sir!" said his sister, threateningly, "and follow me very carefully up stairs."

"This side up with care," was the laughing reply, as he made a feint of turning the urchin upside down; a performance which gave such satisfaction to the namesake of him, who, as tradition says, came to his death by stumbling, in this attitude, into a vessel filled with an intoxicating beverage, that he kicked lustily for an *encore*. His ill-used uncle compromised matters by placing him astride his back, and pretending to be a very fast horse; and both laughing heartily, and with very disordered hair, plunged into the sleeping apartment to be occupied by Master Clarence for the night.

"I shall take him into my room," said Mrs. Lidstone; "that poor child, for she looks like nothing else, is tired out—and besides, I am sure that she wouldn't know what to do with him."

"I don't believe that she would," rejoined her brother, surveying his nephew gravely, as though he had been a complicated piece of machinery, to be taken apart every night and put together every morning, "I am sure I shouldn't. Which things come off, and which stay on?"

"Go down stairs, sir!" was the laughing reply, "I shall never get Clarence to sleep while you are here."

"It is my opinion that you will never get him to sleep under *any* circumstances," said the uncle, consolingly; "such a diabolically-*wide awake* expression I never saw in any human baby's eyes."

Mr. James dodged something that was aimed at his head; and ran off, whistling, "Hear me, Norma!"

"Would you like to come and see me put the baby to bed?" asked Mrs. Lidstone, looking in upon Pauline, who, having bathed her hands and face in cold water, and partaken of some refreshment, felt very much brighter.

"No! go away!" shouted Master Clarence, very distinctly; further expressing his disapprobation by flinging one of his shoes at

Pauline. In a few moments, however, conquered by her pretty face and sweet smile, he was playing bo-peep with her from behind the folds of his mother's dress; and in an incredibly short space of time the "diabolically-wide-awake expression" had faded from his eyes, and the waxen lids were closed tightly over them. His baby lips had whispered incompletely, "Now, I lay me down to sleep," to which was added a petition to "bess dear papa and mamma, and ga'ma, and naughty Dimmy," which was the only style in which he could be persuaded to name his harum-scarum uncle. Mrs. Lidstone softly withdrew her finger from the little hand that had closed tightly on it, and glided down stairs, after whispering to Pauline that it was not necessary to watch him.

But the young girl was fascinated by the picture; for there is none more beautiful than that of a sleeping child. The dignity of an emperor sits upon his brow, while the mouth, cut with a rich fullness, seems, half-smiling, half in awe, to whisper, "The angels are near."

The door was open, and a shaded lamp burned in the room. When James Brocklehurst looked in, an hour or two later, at his sister's request, there were two Statues of Sleep carved in warm flesh: that of the girl was lying partly on the floor, with a head of bright, disheveled hair pressed against the side of the crib. He stood in the doorway for a moment or two, and then, with a half-sigh of pity, slowly turned away.

"Do you suppose," asked Mrs. Brocklehurst, when the trio were gathered around the tea-table, "that this young person is capable of 'making herself generally useful?'"

"Young man by the name of Guppy," muttered Mr. James, in disapproval of his mother's term; but no one noticed it.

Mrs. Lidstone looked at her brother, and her brother looked at her, and both laughed. "I never thought of it, mamma!" exclaimed the little lady.

"It appears to me," continued the dowager, as though her opinion had been the deliberate conviction of years, "that the most sensible disposal to make of this young person would be to return her to her friends."

"She has not a very extensive family connection," replied her son, drily; he had managed to obtain these facts. "I believe her nearest relative is the landlady with whom she lodged—if that can be termed a relative."

Mrs. Brocklehurst turned to another subject as gracefully as though the small circumstance of the young person's existence had faded from her mind. But the next morning she resolved

to test Pauline's capacities for herself; and, armed with ribbon, lace, and *et ceteras*, she made an excursion into the domain of the nursery governess, and requested her to put them together.

The result was highly satisfactory—for it was just the kind of work that Pauline liked—and Mrs. Lidstone was loud in her praises of the tasteful head-dress, which, she declared, had a truly Parisian air, while the dowager graciously condescended to express a well-bred degree of pleasure. Pauline *could* "make herself generally useful." Pieces of ribbon seemed to twist themselves naturally into graceful combinations in her skillful fingers, and her taste in arranging Mrs. Lidstone's lovely, light-brown hair, which had a trick of breaking loose from all restraint, was universally admired. They were very kind to her, and Pauline was almost happy. Almost; for the past was yet too recent to be very soon forgotten.

When Mr. Brocklehurst chanced to encounter the nursery governess he was always very respectful, addressed her as "Miss Dupres," and treated her with the same deference that marked his manner toward all ladies. But, somehow, he was always thinking of her.

One day there arrived at the Brocklehurst mansion an immense quantity of baggage, to which was attached a sallow, discontented-looking young lady, with the appearance of being half-asleep and generally disgusted with everything, and a very smart, bustling lady's maid.

Mr. Brocklehurst groaned inwardly at this arrival; for the discontented-looking young lady was Miss Fines, the daughter of Mrs. Brocklehurst's "old friend," who had gone to Paris to be educated, some years ago, as plain "Clara," and had come back as still plainer Claribelle. As she had not been visible to the American eye since her childhood, it was not so surprising that the dowager should make the mistake she did respecting Pauline; but a single glance convinced her son that the distinguishing characteristics of the Solwell Fineses were not lacking in Miss Claribelle. He made a hasty escape, without being discovered, and, observing his little nephew rolling about on the grass, in a shady part of the grounds, and Pauline not far off, he was seized with a sudden desire for a romp with Master Clarence.

Miss Claribelle Fines was a dead weight on the hands of her entertainers. She would not be entertained—could get up no enthusiasm for anything—voted the country a bore—and spent most of her time on the bed, reading French novels.

"I should like to be informed," said Mr. James Brocklehurst, one evening, when the young lady, after being more than usually aggravating, had retired to her own apartment, "what that interesting female ever was created for? So far I have been unable to discover."

"For some sensible young man to take her and her half-million into his own hands," replied his mother, significantly.

Mr. James made use of a hasty but expressive term, that called forth a severely-disapproving glance from the dowager, and then betook himself to a solitary walk.

In the course of his ramble he saw two figures at a little distance, and, having come almost upon them before he was aware of their presence, he was arrested by hearing Pauline's voice in tones of indignation. Her companion, whom he had recognized as the coachman, replied very coolly,

"There's no need to be so huffy, young 'oman. I've offered you a comfortable 'ome, and a 'ouse of your hown; if you don't fancy it, you can say so without talking of hinsults. I know that I ain't much to look at; but there's hother thinks besides looks——"

"Leave this place, sir, instantly!" exclaimed James Brocklehurst, with flashing eyes; for Pauline, overcome by a feeling of degradation and insult, was sobbing wildly.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man, saucily; "didn't know I was hinterfering"—a remark unheard by Pauline, but not lost upon the gentleman.

"I am very sorry," he began, "that anything has occurred to distress you; I cannot understand the man's impertinence."

"He wanted—to marry me—I believe," said Pauline, with an effort.

"The scoundrel!" muttered Mr. Brocklehurst between his teeth; and before Pauline had at all recovered from the effects of one proposal, she was obliged to listen to another.

She was surprised, and, in her secret heart, there was a thrill of pleasure. But she remembered her situation, and prepared, heroically, to do her duty. Never would she marry, she had long resolved, into a family where she would be despised.

"Please do not talk so," she sobbed; "think of your mother and sister. If I lose this place, I shall be turned upon the world again. And you must never think of me in any other light than as the poor French girl to whom you were very kind."

He urged her again, but she was inflexible; and he said to himself she did not love him.

In silence he walked beside her until they reached the house.

The next day "Cape Henry" was dismissed.

"Werry good, sir," was the cool reply; "there's plenty of 'osses in the world."

"James," said Mrs. Brocklehurst, confidentially, "I shall really be glad when that girl goes; she worries me to death! Her maid, too, is the plague of my life, and quarrels with the servants continually."

"Then you wouldn't exactly fancy Miss Claribelle for a daughter-in-law?"

"No," replied the dowager, quite energetically, "there is nothing like being in the same house with people to find out their disagreeable qualities. There is more true ladyism in that girl," she continued, pointing to Pauline, who had just passed, "than in a dozen Claribelles."

"You are right, mother," said he, gravely; "but you have no idea how much true ladyism there is in my sister's nursery governess," and, not sparing himself, he gave an account of his last night's interview with Pauline.

To say that Mrs. Brocklehurst was shocked, would be but a faint expression of her feelings; she scarcely knew, however, whether to be most indignant at her son for offering himself to Pauline, or at the latter for refusing him. In her dilemma she consulted her daughter.

Mrs. Lidstone, however, was but a degenerate scion of a noble family; for she exclaimed, with such a disappointed face,

"Oh! mamma, what a pity! I am so sorry she could not love him! It would be such a safeguard for James!"

"A safeguard," repeated Mrs. Brocklehurst, indignantly. "for my son to marry a nursery governess!"

"But she ought not to be a nursery governess," replied her daughter, bravely. "James tells me that she is really of a noble family; and you know, mamma, that you profess to think more of family than of anything else. Pauline is very refined and very charming, and I could love her dearly as a sister."

Mrs. Brocklehurst was more bewildered than

she had ever been in her whole life before. She studied Pauline surreptitiously, and watched her son, who had become so melancholy that he smoked all the time. What would people say to such a *mesalliance*? But then she could easily tell them that Pauline was deprived of her ancestral rights by adverse circumstances; and the girl certainly had the air of a dutchess. Perhaps it *would* be a good thing for James.

The result of all these cogitations and observations—which occupied some time—was a summons, one day, to Pauline to attend the two ladies in a private conference; and, very much astonished and bewildered, the young girl was solicited, by mother and daughter, to take Mr. James Brocklehurst into serious consideration.

Poor Pauline! That declaration had revealed to her the state of her own heart. In secret she had long loved the son; but she had only discovered it then. Since that time she had labored earnestly to dismiss him from her heart; but, like too many others, had not succeeded. And now to be solicited, so unexpectedly, by his mother and sister, to accept him:—it was too much for her, and she burst into tears.

The next day Miss Claribelle Fines departed suddenly, with a fixed resolution never to make a visit again at a country-house under any circumstances. She was not, we may suppose, particularly regretted.

The engagement of Pauline to the rich young Mr. Brocklehurst was the town-talk for a whole month. Some pished and others wondered; envious belles declared the bride-elect had no style; and dowagers, who had marriageable daughters, vowed she was an adventuress.

But now she has been "the rich and fashionable" Mrs. Brocklehurst for years, and nobody dares to question her taste or her "unimpeachable descent." But it is at home, in her own family circle, that she is best loved, because there she is best known; and never has even Mrs. Brocklehurst senior regretted that "Jimmy" refused to marry half a million, preferring rather the portionless NURSERY GOVERNESS.

A CONTENTED MIND.

'Mid all the jewels of the earth
You never yet will find
That jewel of the matchless worth,
Of a contented mind.

Go, search along Atlantic's strands,
Go, dig in India's mines,
Where, deep embedded in the sands,
The precious diamond shines.

Go, seek the ruby on the plain,
The coral in the sea,
The silver in the mountain vein—
And bring them all to me.

I'd give thee more for ev'ry beam
From a contented mind,
Than for each gem of golden gleam
That you will ever find.

H. A. B.

THE STORY OF A WALL-FLOWER.

BY GABRIELLE LEE.

MILDRED CLARE—the young lady whom I wish to introduce to you—is a member of that fraternity whom society scornfully classes under the head of wall-flowers. I admit the circumstance without a shudder, for to me the obnoxious epithet suggests only remembrances of roses, red and impassioned, climbing over a low stone wall, and ready to pleasure the eye of the meanest wayfarer with their beauty and blushes. Neither can I forget that wall-fruits are ever the sweetest, or cease to remember, though tasted so long ago, the magical flavor of peach, and pear, and plum, brought to perfection through the medium of which I speak. Therefore trust me when I say, that this favoring grace of the wall may develop quite as desirable characteristics in the human growth as in the horticultural.

At all events, it cannot be asserted that the class, to which I allude, are by any means useless members of society. Ask forlorn and elderly bachelordom, grown too stiff for redowas and the "German," who endures its small talk, and accepts its ices and small civilities with unabated and smiling politeness? Inquire of patient Benedicts, waiting for gay young wives to complete that "one last dance," who allays their anguish by skillful divertisement and adroit questionings concerning the darlings of the nursery and other kindred topics? Then see if their reply will not embrace that fraternity whose claims to your attention I am laboring to assert.

Whatever the answer may be, one thing is certain, that of all the plants of the parterre, those yclept wall-flowers are the most knowing. Sitting in quiet corners, they discern, in spite of caresses and honied words, who love and who hate; which will be the marriage of convenience, and which the union of affection; together with divers other matters hidden from those, who, involved in the game themselves, cannot comprehend what is so plainly visible to those outside of it. All that has been said will apply particularly to Mildred Clare. Looking on from some quiet nook of observation, she discovered numerous elements in the atmosphere about her; all of which discoveries she meant, some day, should be of advantage to her.

The nearest relatives Mildred had in the world

were her cousins, the St. Johns, and for some years past their home had been hers. The young ladies, Helen and Louise St. John, were fine-looking girls, with dashing, vivacious manners, accustomed, wherever they came, to find a welcome. The only son, Vincent St. John, unlike his sisters, possessed a temperament somewhat slow and phlegmatic, and was alternately vexed and teased by them; but in the end admitted to be the "best natured fellow in the world."

Now Mildred was an exceedingly pleasant person to live with, and there was not a member of the family who had not a cordial liking for her. She had a sufficient income of her own, which she spent unassumingly in the gratification of certain quiet, but not inexpensive tastes, and in works of charity, for which the world was not one whit the wiser. The Miss St. Johns, while they accepted the numerous kindnesses of which their cousin was the dispenser, yet felt that she possessed attributes which rendered her unlike themselves; their intimate friends were not apt to be hers, nor were their tastes exactly hers, and they acknowledged the distinction between them by wishing, not unfrequently, that they were "half as good as cousin Mildred."

But of all the St. Johns, Vincent's appreciation of Mildred was the most decided. Her influence over him was great. He often declared her the most "sensible" girl within the range of his acquaintance; and for many a brave, manly idea that found its way into his honest brain, and lodged there, he stood indebted to her whom he was wont to call "cousin Mill."

Good, worldly-minded Mrs. St. John, observing all this, was accustomed to whisper to her friends, that it was easy to see in what quarter the "wind blew." And, for her part, she was "perfectly satisfied. Mildred was such a good girl, and Vincent would make any woman happy," etc., etc.

But the young people in question understood one another better. Vincent had long ago acknowledged to himself, with a little heartache, that cousin Mill was "a deal too clever to be ever contented to jog through life with him."

Just at present the St. Johns are spending

the summer at Newport. They are beginning to tire of the daily routine of making endless toilets, taking the same drives, and repeating the same programme generally, when a new zest is given to these diurnal duties by the arrival at the "Ocean" of Mrs. Leonard Paxton. This lady was a belle, a wit, and a beauty, and, moreover, the wife of a millionaire, and so expectation was on the *qui vive*. It was amusing to notice the next morning, at breakfast, the eager eyes that watched the door, waiting for the appearance of Mrs. Paxton. Some women guilty of the almost unpardonable violation of taste, that of appearing in the morning with a profusion of jewelry and dresses *decolletes*, occupied themselves in wondering, internally, whether the wife of the millionaire could possibly present a more "dressy" appearance than themselves. But Mrs. Paxton, fatigued by her journey perhaps, did not bestow her presence upon them at breakfast, nor yet at dinner. In the evening the weekly hop was to take place, and she could not fail to favor them. While those present are awaiting her advent, a few words concerning Mildred.

She sits somewhat withdrawn from the rest, her cousin Vincent beside her, as he is apt to be. To use an expression of the latter, Mildred never took any pains to "make the most of herself." If her income was expended, it was certainly not in the purchase of an expensive wardrobe. She always wore gray or brown, or some other undecided neutral tint, in no way remarkable. Now Mildred was a brunette, with a skin clear and somewhat pale, soft gray eyes, and hair noticeably black; to all such the above tints are peculiarly inappropriate and unbecoming. And in this connection, let me utter a protest against the prevailing passion for gray. It is a serviceable color certainly, suitable for traveling and similar occasions, and well fitted for those somewhat advanced in years at any time. But why must it salute our eyes in every direction? Why must we pass group after group of ladies, many of them young and pretty, and all attired in the inevitable gray? Nature teaches us more wisely; when in good-humor she rejoices in skies of brilliant blue, sunlight of clear gold, and rainbow-tinted flowers. It is only when sad, or out of temper, that she gives us skies of drab and leaden-hued mists. Therefore *merci*, ladies fair, and bestow upon us once more those charming tints so well suited to the bloom of youth and grace!

There was some excuse, however, for Mildred; her early life had been saddened by the loss of those she loved, and she had worn sad-colored

garments so much, that now bright ones seemed out of place to her. To-night she has on a mist-colored tissue, the effect of which almost totally annuls that of the clear, decided tints, which are the predominant characteristics of her style.

"You are not enjoying yourself at all," says Vincent; "nobody but me to talk to."

Mildred replied, with a pleasant smile, that "Nobody but me" is a very kind and interesting companion.

Just here, the music striking up, a brilliant idea seemed to flash upon Vincent. He started off, and presently returned with a young man gotten up in the most faultless style. This gentleman eyed Mildred somewhat dubiously; then elevating his eyebrows in patronizing tones, extended an invitation for the redowa.

Disregarding a vigorous nudge from Vincent, Mildred returned quietly.

"Fancy dances are quite out of my line, sir."

The gentleman elevated his eyebrows still further, plainly expressing in his face, "What upon earth are you good for then?" and bestowing an indignant glance upon Vincent, whom he evidently regarded as having intentionally deceived him, stalked off.

"Now, cousin Mill," broke out St. John, in an injured tone, "that's the way you serve me. I introduce you to the best dancer in the room, and you refuse him. Don't tell me you can't dance, for you know you've tried to teach me, and would have succeeded if anybody could, only I'm so awkward nobody can. You'll never make any stir in society if you do so, depend upon it."

Mildred had just returned serenely, "My time has not come yet, cousin mine;" when there was a little stir and a sudden turning of heads, and Mrs. Leonard Paxton came floating down the long room, attired in an Indian fabric so fine as to be almost impalpable. There was not a bracelet on her perfect arms, nor did her breast or hair acknowledge the sparkle of a single jewel. Divers of the ladies present, who on this warm July evening were wearing heavy brocades and ornaments in profusion, gave vent to ejaculations of disappointment and surprise. "Patience! nobody would ever think that she was the wife of a millionaire. Why I thought she'd be dressed to kill, with lots of diamonds on at the very least." Ah! well, if we Americans are the cutest people under the sun, we have a deal to learn in matters of taste!

Mrs. Paxton had been at Newport about a week, when the various ladies of her acquaintance were invited to hold a conference in her private parlors, among them the St. Johns. Each

one eagerly complied, in a flutter of curiosity to know what the invitation might forbode. When they had assembled, Mrs. Paxton, taking a position in the center, said,

"I have no doubt, ladies, that like myself, you are beginning to find Newport fearfully dull."

Now most of those addressed were enjoying themselves wonderfully. But then Mrs. Leonard Paxton had given them to understand that this was impossible, so they all murmured in chorus,

"Intolerable! A perfect bore!"

All but Mildred, who merely smiled a little.

"Well," continued their hostess, "it occurred to me that if we could get up a concert, tableau, or, better than all, a play, it would relieve the monotony. I have applied to several *litterateurs* of my acquaintance for assistance, but they plead overtasked brains, or offer MSS. which the theater managers have been so blind to their own interests as to reject. Now it would be a pleasant revenge if we could get up something fresh and sparkling among ourselves."

The ladies all agreed that this would be "charming indeed;" but then, who would have the daring to take the initiatory step? So there was much discussion and various plans proposed, but nothing decided upon; finally the ladies, taking out their watches, declared in tones of horror that there were barely two hours left to dress for dinner, and dispersed, with the exception of Mildred, who remained behind.

"Well, Miss Clare," exclaimed Mrs. Paxton, laughing heartily, "I imagine, something like myself, you can accomplish a toilet in half an hour."

"Or less," returned Miss Clare; then added, "You were anxious for a play, you said."

"Yes," was the rejoinder; "that is, if I can possibly coax or threaten anybody into writing one."

"You have no need to attempt either method; I will furnish what you require."

Mrs. Paxton "took in" the speaker, standing quietly beside her in a morning dress, in color that of a dead leaf, the abundant hair hidden under a brown net, and the serene face possessing a mouth where resolution and latent power were tempered by sweetness. Mrs. Paxton was a quick reader of character, and in a minute she returned cordially,

"I'm sure I can trust entirely to you, Miss Clare. When would your production be ready?"

Mildred thought a moment, then answered, "A week from to-day. And in the meantime this is a secret between us."

During the ensuing week, Mildred spent most of the time in her room; this was nothing new, only the St. Johns remarked that Mrs. Paxton seemed to have taken a "wonderful fancy" to Mildred.

On the day she had promised, the latter tapped at Mrs. Paxton's door, then entering, drew an MS. from her pocket; while her companion, courteous, yet prepared for criticism withal, placed herself in readiness to listen. Mildred's play was in two acts, satirical, witty, and not without a deal of the pathetic. Not for nothing had Mildred patiently analyzed the restless, glittering life of society; not for nothing had her eyes been keen and shrewd, and her judgments accurate and true! Mrs. Paxton listened quietly until the expiration of the first act, then broke into exclamations of delight,

"My dear, I never dreamed you were so clever. I've seen and heard these people talk time and again. Scribe himself could not have written a more piquant *comédie de société* than you have done. It is certain to be a success, and you are the best girl in the world for writing it."

The next day, Mrs. Paxton allotted the parts. Mildred refused to act; but Helen and Louise St. John were not of the same mind; and the former smiled to herself as she saw them cast in parts that could not have suited their style more exactly if prepared expressly for them. Under Mrs. Paxton's energetic supervision there was no lagging. In ten days the whole affair was in readiness, and the "Ocean" electrified by an invitation to witness the performance of an original play, author unknown.

Two or three days beforehand, Mrs. Paxton, knocking at Mildred's door, said with an affection of timidity, "May I come in, Miss Clare?" Then added, as she entered, "Since I know you are so clever, I am half-afraid of you."

"Keep your sarcasms for some one else," retorted Mildred. "You know very well it is I who should be afraid of you."

"I am come on an especial errand," said Mrs. Paxton, presently; "but I trust you will not think it an impertinent one."

"An impossibility," declared Mildred.

"Well then, my dear child, I wish to know why you will wear those sober drabs, and grays, and browns, as is your invariable habit. Allow me to insinuate that they are totally unsuited to you."

"Because," returned the object of this attack, with a little sigh, "I never thought bright colors seemed to belong to me somehow."

"Nonsense! Now be a good child, and see if you can't find something in your wardrobe that doesn't look as if it were intended for somebody fifty years old at least."

Mildred complied with this request; and after opening various drawers and receptacles, finally produced a very pretty pink silk of the variety styled *glace*.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Paxton, opening her eyes in affected astonishment, "I didn't thing you were capable of possessing such an article, you little Quakeress."

"Well," rejoined Mildred, apologetically. "The fact is, a dear friend of mine went out West, where she married, and I traveled all that distance to be her bridesmaid; and by her especial request wore this very dress. I never had it on but that once. Wasn't I a good friend to do all that?" concluded the speaker, laughingly.

"I think you are, Mildred," rejoined Mrs. Paxton, with unusual softness; then continued coaxingly, "and now you have some black lace to wear over it, I'm sure?"

"You insatiable woman!" laughed Mildred. "But I think I can accommodate you, I always keep a supply of that on hand; black lace is quite unobtrusive, you know."

"Not over pink silk," denied Mrs. Paxton, taking the lace and disposing it in graceful folds over the dress, whose shining surface showed the fine web with its unique design to especial advantage. As she completed this, she said deprecatingly, "I have some pearls, which you will surely do me the favor to wear with this. They would do nicely together."

With a little touch of pride in her aspect, Mildred opened a drawer, and producing therefrom a case of white velvet, handed it to Mrs. Paxton. The latter, opening it, found it contained a set of coral of that rare and lovely rose-color, that seems as if it had been dyed by a sunset; its beauty was enhanced by a flagee setting, fine and delicate enough to have been the work of a fairy. Mrs. Paxton laid the corals admiringly upon the silk, saying, "See, they match exactly. I would not have guessed that you had such exquisite taste." For this lady, though so well accustomed to magnificence of attire, had the good sense to judge of costume far more by its harmony and general effect than by its costliness.

Mildred's reply to this last remark was a dainty little smile that just curled the edges of her mouth. At this Mrs. Paxton shook her head, accused Mildred of being "sly;" then, kissing her on the forehead with a tenderness

she did not often show, finished by saying, "Having relieved my mind, I think I'll go," and went accordingly.

On the appointed evening, Mildred assisted her cousins Helen and Louise to costume themselves for their parts, arranging their hair after a fashion peculiar to herself, in large, full curls especially becoming to the face, and listening amusedly, meantime, to their conjectures as to who had been the author of the play they were, that night, to assist in performing.

Helen was positive it was that tall, distinguished-looking man, with the long, floating beard, she had seen hovering around; while Louise inclined to the belief that a certain slim youth with fair hair was the guilty party. Mildred affirmed stoutly her belief that it was neither; then, having performed her office of *friseur*, departed to make her own *toilette*.

This work completed, she sought the parlor belonging to their suite of rooms. Entering, she found Vincent waiting for them.

"Why, cousin Mill!" he exclaimed ecstatically. "Now that looks something like!" Then rising, honest Vincent looked down at Mildred, and, with his good child's heart in his eyes, asked, pleadingly, "Couldn't you give a fellow a kiss, little cousin?"

Mildred, with a pretty movement, held up her cheek and let the petitioner's moustache sweep against it for a moment. Just here Helen and Louise came in, and they, too, exclaimed over Mildred's becoming *toilette*, declaring she looked as "sweet as possible."

Mildred turned away, with tears in her eyes, thinking of the mother and sisters she had lost so long ago, and wondering if they were glad to know that there were some left to love her still. After a little chat, Helen and Louise adjourned to the "green-room," as they gleefully termed it, leaving their cousin in Vincent's charge.

Well, Mildred's play was acted, and that before an audience upon whom, for the most part, not one of the vivacious repartees was lost, not an atom of the sparkling wit thrown away.

During its progress there was much wonder and many conjectures as to the individual by whom it had been written: it must certainly be the work of Mr. A., or B., or C., all of them well-known *litterateurs*. At the close of the last act, when the applause had a little subsided, there was a loud call for the author.

After a little, Mrs. Paxton, who had taken a leading part, floated into the room, upon a gentleman's arm, and said, in her simple, graceful way,

"Ladies and gentlemen! Allow me to thank you, on my own behalf and that of Miss Mildred Clare, for the kind reception you have given her play this evening."

Hereupon there was more applause, and presently every one knew that "Miss Mildred Clare" was the young lady in rose-color and black lace, and discovered still further that genius was expressed in every line of her face; for there is nothing that opens the eyes of society so wonderfully as success. Then every one must crowd about Miss Clare, and congratulate her; and the St. Johns were so proud and pleased, particularly honest Vincent, who smiled behind his moustache in a *furor* of delight!

Good, worldly-minded Mrs. St. John waved her ostrich plumes in triumph, and moved about among her friends, declaring, confidentially, that she had always said Mildred was "such a good girl," but she had never dreamed her niece was a "genius." And now, of course, she was more pleased than ever that a certain

event—they understood to what she alluded—was likely to take place, and so on, and so on.

We will pursue Mildred's career no further, but leave her in the midst of her triumph. It is enough to say that, though she never obtained celebrity, either as belle or beauty, yet she was certainly was forever after missing from the ranks of the wall-flowers. For society, with all its glitter, and penchant for frittering life away, cannot, refuse to do homage to talent when once it undeniably asserts itself.

Vincent St. John married a charming little woman, who thought there was nobody in the world as clever or as good as he; and to her he would often talk of his "dear cousin Mill." And as he saw, from time to time, how Mildred's society was sought after by those of noble attainments and intellectual tastes, he would make the oft-repeated declaration to his little wife, that "whatever others had thought, he had always foreseen it was in her." Said it, standing for numberless perfections and attainments, possessed by "dear cousin Mill."

BELOVED.

BY A. L. MUZZEY.

THEY called her Mary. 'Tis the sweetest name

E'er mortal bore; one that should never be
Trumpeted coarsely by the voice of fame,

But loved and revered for its purity,
Shrined in the heart's home thoughts, and cherished there,
Sacred as household prayer.

Well, she was beautiful. Wherefore? How true,

I cannot answer pleasingly. Her eyes
May have been black or hazel, brown or blue,

Such a strange mist about my memory lies;
But I have dreamed, and—if dreams do not err—
The angels look like her.

I knew that she was eyes unto the blind,

Ears to the deaf, and feet unto the lame;
And that her heart was pitiful and kind,
Free of its pardon, chary of its blame;
And this did make her beautiful, you know
The good are always so.

Worthy a crown, albeit she knew it not;
Her life was humble, yet she was content;
She thought no task ignoble if it brought
Joy unto others, and her days were spent
In quiet acts of kindness, worthier far
Than deeds of heroes are.

Not always they whom multitudes applaud,

Though worthy, are the worthiest of praise;
There is a courage which is born of God,
Revealed by those who walk in hidden ways:
Bearing life's burdens, in all time and place,
With patient, loving grace.

To exhaust all power of good in one grand act

Were not so hard as treading, day by day,
The round of thankless duties, sadly tracked
By the heart's blood and tears, the weary way.
This she, whose worth my pen is weak to tell,
Had learned, alas! too well.

Oh! the old, old story! Often her lips

Would falter giving comfort, and grow white—
For her heart struggled in the black eclipse
Of a great sorrow—but she knew that light
Sprang at God's word, from darkness; so her trust
Bowed not unto the dust.

For she was one who would not be betrayed

To think that evil which the Master wills;
And with calm faith, and courage undismayed,
She kissed the smiting hand, and through life's ills
Passed—as the gold by the fierce furnace tried—
Tempered, and purified.

What if I write from morning until night,

From night till morning? Words give empty praise:
Haply there walketh daily in your sight
One whose pure love, sweet trust, and quiet ways
Striketh an Eden strain amidst the jar
Of your life's ceaseless war.

Not Martha, cumbered with her temporal cares,

Hath power to make your days with joy replete;
She the world's vexed and troubled visage wears,
While Mary, sitting at the Master's feet,
Maketh your life, through her unconscious worth,
A Heaven upon the earth.

MADGE EVELYN.

BY MRS. H. C. FISHER.

CHAPTER I.

SWEET Madge Evelyn! Darling Madge! Sunny-eyed and golden-haired—delicate as a rose-leaf—with cheeks of the tint that dwells in the sea-shell's heart, and mouth like a scarlet June cherry cleft in twain. Bless you! Madge never had a grudge against anything. Anger couldn't dwell in her loving heart any more than a vulture in a dove-cot.

Madge lived in a pretty brown house under the hill, with roses, jasmine, heliotrope, and all manner of sweet-scented and beautiful blossoms springing up round it, and clambering over it, till it looked like a huge bouquet: but such a bouquet as would have made a flower-vender's fortune, if he could have paraded a tithe of its beauties. And the lark and the red-bird, the robin and blue-jay, the brown thrasher and the humming-bird, said it was the fairest nook they had seen in all their travels. And they trilled their sweetest lays for the little maid that came and went among the leafy arcades, and loved every feather of them dearly. Who mocked their sweetest warbling with such gurgles of merry laughter, as made them look wild for their reputations as songsters.

In front of the house were clustered a few splendid maples, and farther away, two or three horse-chestnuts, with their tropical-looking foliage. Close by the gate, on one side, a catalpa flaunted its broad leaves, and on the other a weeping-willow trailed its pendent wreaths almost to the ground. Behind the house was the orchard, and off to the right broad fields of grain. On the left, at a good stone's throw from the house, was the hill; the Nob we used to call it. It was a very steep, very high hill, and covered with verdure as long as a blade of grass was visible.

Madge went to the village school. Mr. Jefferson, our teacher, was lame, and walked with an exceeding painful limp, assisted only by a stout cane—crutches for some reason he never would use. Between the master and Madge existed a peculiar bond of sympathy. She never half-worried his life out of him as the rest of us did, with our perverseness and dullness, our mischief and idleness. She it was

who brought him huge bunches of the sweetest flowers that grew at Rose Cottage; who plucked for him the first harvest apple that the sun matured; who hoarded golden pippins, prime russets, and pound sweets for his delectation, and stores of hickory-nut meats, white, crisp, and delicate, were garnered for his especial benefit. She it was who sprang if his cane dropped, and deftly restored it to his wondering grasp; who picked up his silver-bowed spectacles, and gave him the book open to the place. Upon her sun tressed head his weary hand rested fondly, and I am sure with a blessing.

Among all the saucy pupils that clustered there, the sauciest was the master's own boy, Ned. He sat on the same form as Madge, a few feet away, close under the master's eye; but, in spite of all watching, he was at the bottom of most of the roguery practiced there. He was a lithe, handsome boy, with dark, twinkling, funny eyes, and wavy chestnut locks, that would straggle over his broad forehead and get into his eyes, especially when the master was looking, and he was knee deep in mischief. A boy who loved his father dearly, but loved fun too well.

He and Madge were great friends too; and many a basting the scapegrace had missed, because his little playmate stood between him and harm. She couldn't help laughing, for her life she couldn't, at some of his pranks, for she had a keen and ready appreciation of the ludicrous; but the next instant she implored him with her eyes to be good. To this he usually deigned no reply, save by some more extravagant contortion of his droll, handsome face, or some more roguish caper. The only safety was to avert her eyes, and never once look at him.

One sunny afternoon in August, the heat was oppressive, the scholars were listless and uneasy, and the master had a doleful time bringing them into some kind of order. He was busy now setting copies, when suddenly an immense "paper wad" flew across the room, and struck "spat" on the opposite wall. There was a pause. The master never raised his eyes, and in a moment another followed, and another.

But setting copies was a darling occupation, and every faculty of the master's was absorbed.

But the fun was gaining ground; and at last a suppressed titter and the landing of an ill-aimed wad upon his desk, caused the master to lift his head. He knit his brow wrathfully at the interruption, and cast keen glances over the room for the offender. Directly all was quiet; and pointing to his ferule, and saying angrily, "The first one who disturbs me will get punished," he resumed his task.

For five minutes silence reigned. Roguish Ned noiselessly shifted his seat till he was directly behind Madge, and in full view of the master; and then softly rising to his feet, he took aim with his elder pop-gun at the desk. The shot told; actually striking Master Jefferson's pen and blurring the paper; while Ned, aghast at his own temerity, dropped into a seat, and ciphered away as indefatigably as though he had never even heard of a pop-gun or paper wad.

But it was too late. It was impossible but that the master should have seen the direction from which the offence came; but, contrary to all expectation, his glance of angry surprise paused at Madge instead of going on to Ned. She, poor child! had only been startled from her books by the whirr of the unlucky wad past her ear. She had caught a glimpse of the offender, and now, with astonished dismay flushing her cheeks, looked much more like the guilty one than Ned. She cowered and shrunk from the master's glance, frightened and tearful.

There was a hush of breathless expectation, and then the master spoke. It is impossible to describe his tone of sorrowful consternation as he said,

"Was that you, Madge?"

Her red lip quivered, but she only looked at him without speaking.

"I wouldn't have believed it. I didn't think that of you."

He was evidently possessed with the idea that she was the offender, and unutterably dismayed at thought of the punishment he had promised. Ned, the rascal, never raised his head; but we who sat in ranges could see the crimson glow spreading over his bowed face.

The master leaned his head on his hand in sorrowful perplexity. He was a man who seldom threatened, but he always kept his word to the letter when he did.

Madge took a long breath and looked round. The glances of sympathy that met her eye were too much. Her sweet face drooped to the desk, and then we heard Madge sob. I am sure we

all felt enough like crying now, and our looks said as plain as words, "You'd better confess now, Mister Ned, or we'll tell on you."

He leaned over the desk whispering in her ear, "He shan't whip you, Madge; I'll tell him I did it." She raised her head at that and thrust him back, saying, "No, no;" drying her tears and growing resolute to save Ned, as she had often done before, though not exactly in this way, from merited punishment. Many a woman has done the same for the man she loved; and such women are made of the sterner stuff martyrs and heroes come of. Madge was a brave girl! She knew the punishment would be severe if it fell on Ned, while she believed the lightest stroke possible to that terrible ferule would be dealt out to her.

But to be punished at all, to have her dear, kind master think she could so offend him: there was the rub. But she never quailed; and when Master Jefferson took up his ferule with a sigh and said, "Come here;" though she grew white even to her lips, she rose and walked to the desk with a firm step. "Give me your hand," after a pause. It was extended—a rosy, trembling thing, that a savage could not have struck deliberately.

The master took it in his. I don't know what he would have done. He looked as thoroughly miserable as I ever saw any man; but on that very instant Ned stood before him, throwing back his abundant locks from his fine face, and saying,

"She didn't do it, sir; I'm the one to whip."

You had better believe there was a scene then, and that we all took to blowing our noses and rubbing our eyes in a very suspicious way. The master himself was not exempt from this epidemic of tears. Madge leaned heavily against the desk looking ready to faint, while Ned smiled fearlessly.

But this pretty dissolving scene couldn't last always, of course. People must come back to common sense; and there was Ned waiting to be whipped, as though it was the pleasantest thing in the world. And whipped he was, the rascal, though Madge entreated that he might be forgiven, with all the eloquence she was capable of. I suspect the strokes fell lighter than usual, however, for the master's heart was softened and his eyes sad.

There was a caress in every word he said to Madge after that, and, when school was out, she walked quite to his gate with him, chatting in her cheery way that was always like cordial to his heart. Ned, too, for a wonder, moderated his usual wild pace to the steps of his parent,

and walked along, with a very unusual gravity in his roguish eyes.

Ned was a better boy after that.

"Madge shall never cry for me again," he said; and from being always at the foot of his class he came to stand at the head—astonishing his father not a little by his sudden docility and studiousness.

CHAPTER II.

MADGE is now eighteen; but the same child face lifts itself to yours, in greeting, as it did years ago, when she was only ten. She has grown, but she is still only a larger edition of little Madge. There is the same sunny expression in the violet eyes, the same music in her laugh. Sorrow has not touched her, or, if it has, has left her bright spirit undimmed. There isn't a sad heart within miles of Rose Cottage that she hasn't cheered with her kindly utterances, her ready sympathy, her solid favors, when the hard times pressed them closely.

And the hard times came nearer and nearer, and settled at last on Rose Cottage. Madge was the only child of her mother, and she was a widow. By some means the homestead had become encumbered, and, at last, it passed out of their hands into those of a hard and relentless creditor. Here was trouble for her; and who was to ward it off from her? Her mother was an invalid, and it would be next to death to remove her from the home endeared by so many fond recollections. Madge said it should not be done. They would rent the place if they could not own it.

"But how shall we pay the rent, child?" said her mother.

"I will earn it," laughed Madge.

"You earn it? You look like earning money."

Mrs. Evelyn smiled sadly as she surveyed the childish figure before her.

"I feel like it, too. Won't I show you what I can do?"

"But what can you do? You can't go away from home, dear."

"That is just it. I think I shall have to; but then I shall write so often it will be almost like being home."

"Where would you go?"

"Oh, to the city, of course. I have already written Mrs. Briggs on the subject, and she tells me of a very good situation that I think will just suit me."

Mrs. Evelyn listened in perfect amazement, while the gay girl rattled on thus about her projects with as much apparent light-hearted-

ness as if it was a pleasure trip she was talking of. She could not readily bring her mind to consent to part with her only and tenderly reared child; but, after all, it seemed the only way, and she hoped it would not be for long. Madge herself was far from feeling so buoyant and self-reliant as she pretended.

CHAPTER III.

THE situation Madge had accepted was as saleswoman in a large mercantile establishment, where women were the principal employees.

One would have thought anything would have suited her better. Perhaps it would; but this paid the best, and hence became necessarily her choice.

Madge took her place immediately, like a true woman, thinking it no condescension that she should labor, since it had become necessary; ennobling every station she filled, bringing it up to her level, and never sinking below her own proper sphere. Possessed of excellent health, thankful that it was so well with her, she wasted no time in useless repinings. She missed her home comfort; but she said to herself, "It's not right to grieve about it." And so here, as at home, she cheered her associates with many a fitly-spoken word, many a small favor, smilingly rendered; but, more than all, by her unvarying light-heartedness. She looked as strangely out of place, in that great palace of a store, as a violet or wild rose would have done. Yet when once you had seen her there, with her white fingers fluttering among silks and laces, brocades and satins, you would think she would be strangely missed if ever she went away.

I forgot to tell you that, long before, Mr. Jefferson and Ned had gone to the city to live. Report said that Ned had become a lawyer, and bade fair to travel fast on the road to wealth and distinction.

One day, as Madge was showing a lady some lace and embroidery, a gentleman came in, in great haste, asking to see some gloves. No other girl being near, Madge pushed a box of gloves toward him, without leaving the lady, but casting curious and well-pleased glances at the gentleman. She recognized the handsome features, dark eyes, and wavy hair. It was Ned Jefferson. How fearful she was that the lady would not finish her shopping before he left!

The lady went at last, and Madge turned to her other customer. Ned was still tumbling over the gloves, unable to suit himself. She

remembered this little tinge of fastidiousness as peculiar to him when she had last known him. If he had looked up, he could not have failed to recognize her; and Madge smiled at the confusion he was making, and handed him box after box, without a word.

"Is this all you have?" said he.

"All the varieties, I believe." And Madge smiled again, queerly, as she surveyed the littered counter.

Something in her tone struck him, and he raised his eyes to her face for the first time. An exclamation burst from his lips.

"Little Madge!"

"At your service, sir," she laughed, with the least nod of her graceful head. "How do you do?" And the small hand he had never forgotten since the ferule threatened it, was extended over the counter and warmly grasped. The moment after she was called away to wait on a fashionable group that had just come in; but not till Ned had inquired her address.

Madge boarded with Mrs. Briggs, the friend already spoken of; and as she sat in the parlor, that evening, waiting for Ned to come—as she knew he would—she listened, well pleased, to her companions' discussion of him. They knew him, by reputation, a talented, rising lawyer; and some of them remarked, that report said he was likely to marry into one of the wealthiest families in the city. He certainly was very intimate with Miss A——, and she was a charming girl.

There was the slightest possible curl of Madge's lips at the last words. She had seen Miss A——, she said, and believed she was a very fine young lady; but she wouldn't suit Ned, she was confident.

She was more than ever confident of it after Ned had been there, and they had talked over all the old times—when she had thought to herself how much handsomer he was than ever, and how proud she was of him—just as a dear old friend, of course!

His father was still living, though very infirm; and on the following evening Ned came again and took her to see her dear old master. Words would fail to paint the old man's delight at seeing "little Madge," as he persisted in calling her.

"I didn't believe she had changed a whit, and she hasn't," he said, with his trembling hand on the head she had bowed to conceal her tears at sight of the change in him. "Come often, my child," he said, at parting; "the sight of you does me good."

And so it happened that Madge often spent

an evening with her old master, smoothing his pillow, reading to him, and performing for him many little services, such as she alone could. You may be sure Ned didn't suffer trifles to keep him from home at such times; but his business was of that kind that it compelled him often to be absent. So he deemed himself perfectly justifiable in calling upon her to make it up, and Madge was escorted by him to whatever was rare in the line of lecturing, theatrical, or operatic entertainments. Ned was a bright, particular star in the eyes of the fair; and great was the flutter and wonderment among certain ones as to who was the dainty, graceful creature who hung on his proud arm, robed as exquisitely as any of them, aye, more so; for though the fabric was simple, Madge possessed a taste as rare and delicate as the queen of the flowers, and combined in her apparel such harmonies of coloring as produced a result few of them could even approach. Many recognized the face that waited "behind the counter" but dimly, or striving in vain to recall where they had seen it.

That was a pleasant year. Madge went occasionally, during it, to Rose Cottage, and, each time, left at home a charm from her cheering presence that acted like balm upon her invalid mother. But soon after the close of the year there came a letter from Mrs. Evelyn, saying that she had just received notice that Rose Cottage was sold. She should be compelled soon to leave, she supposed; and, "After all," she wrote, "though I shall doubtless miss my home very much, I long so for your company, my dear child, that I think I should have to come and live with you anyhow. So see if you can find comfortable quarters for me, and, if you can spare the time, come home once more."

Of course, Madge consulted Ned and his father, and Ned declared he knew of rooms that would exactly suit them; she might leave it entirely to him, and go home as soon as she liked.

With this trouble off her mind, she took the afternoon train for home, reaching there a little before dark. As she stepped upon the platform, at the station, who should make his appearance, trying very hard to look unconscious, but Ned Jefferson? He made some trifling remark about a sudden business call in that direction; but it must have been very singular business, indeed, to flutter Ned Jefferson so: and Madge took his proffered arm in bewildered wonderment.

They were half-way to Rose Cottage before either spoke, and then Madge asked when he returned to the city?

"It is uncertain," he said; "possibly not till you do."

"Who, then, will engage our rooms for us?" exclaimed Madge.

"It is already attended to," was the quiet reply, with the least possible approach to a smile.

"Why, Ned, you haven't had a second to spare for that, if you came out on the same train I did; and, if I am to believe the evidence of my senses, you certainly did."

As they passed through the gate, Ned stopped and pulled one of the long, slender boughs from the willow, saying, in the old, energetic way,

"Madge, I want to know——"

Here he came to a full pause.

"Want to know what, Ned? You act as though you were bewitched."

"I believe I am," he replied, biting his lips; "but 'tis no fault of mine."

Madge did not answer him, but ran up the steps to greet her mother, who sat in the window, looking out for her; while Ned, stripping the willow leaves from their stalk, with a vindictive sweep of his hand, tossed the bare stem off into the bushes, saying audibly, "I don't believe she cares *that* for me!" He lingered a little to give the mother and daughter time for greeting, and to collect his own scattered thoughts; then he came forward, and was warmly greeted by Mrs. Evelyn, who had shared Madge's partiality for him when a boy, and was truly glad to see him. Madge laughed and chatted vigorously, and her cheeks looked hot with the excitement of being home, or something else. Ned, too, seemed to gain in spirits every instant, so that they were a very merry trio. No one would have thought that Rose Cottage, and their banishment therefrom, was uppermost in the thoughts of them all; but it was.

Mrs. Evelyn retired early; and Madge, having called a servant to show Master Ned to his room, bade him "Good-night," in the servant's presence, and went out upon the porch to cool her fevered cheeks previous to seeking rest. The night was pleasant. A soft breeze came up from the flowers, breathing balm, and the full moon hung in the zenith, flooding the air with radiance. Madge sat down on the lower step of the porch, thinking how beautiful it all was, and inexpressibly saddened at leaving it—grieved much for herself, but more for her mother. Then she thought how strange Ned acted coming up the walk, and her cheek grew hot again there all by herself. Suddenly there was a footfall behind her.

"He isn't coming out here, I hope," she said to herself; and she sat quite still, without so much as turning her head.

Some one stood beside her. She knew, without looking, that it was Ned. He stood a few seconds, waiting for her to notice him; but she didn't. At last he said,

"Madge, what a coward you are! Are you afraid to hear what I have to say?"

No reply.

"If you say so, my lips shall be sealed."

Still no reply.

"Madge Evelyn, I want to know——" he paused again. "Shall I tell you what, little Madge?" And, stooping, he held both hands before her.

Her head drooped an instant; and then, putting her own hands in his, she stood up, turning her shy, bashful face quite away from him, but saying, bravely,

"Yes, Ned."

"I want to know if you love me?"

She flashed a saucy glance at him, sparkling with smiles and blushes, and saying,

"Why should I?"

He stifled the words with kisses, saying,

"Because I love you. Now, do you, you witch?"

Of course she did; and, of course, Mrs. Evelyn was as propitious as could be expected, when the young people consulted her the next morning.

They were married very quietly, and the dear father and master were there to behold the felicitous event and rejoice.

"Where would you like to live?" said Ned Jefferson to Madge, the morning before the wedding.

"Oh, anywhere, seeing we can't have Rose Cottage," said Madge, with a scarcely suppressed sigh.

"But what if we can have Rose Cottage?"

"What if we can—what do you mean?"

"That you needn't leave Rose Cottage if you would like better to stay here."

"Of course I should; but how can we?"

"I don't know anybody who has a better right. It is yours, if the court knows itself. Did you suppose I was going to let the dear old place be sold to strangers while I had means to help it?"

"It was you Mr. Crompton sold it to, then?"

"Exactly. It's my wedding gift, Madge."

His voice was tremulous with happiness, and Madge thanked him with tears in her loving eyes, and in the way he liked best. Lovers know how that was.

THE BROKEN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER XII.

I HAD soon cause to regret my rashness in having opened my heart to Jessie. The dear girl was too frank and high-minded for a secret of that kind to rest safely with her. She believed all that I suspected, and with this belief came a perfect loathing of the woman who was now her forced guest, which nothing could conceal. I saw that this subject was preying upon her, and repented keenly having given her the bitter fruit of knowledge before it was an absolute necessity; Lottie was wiser in the rude kindness of her attempt to put me down.

I did not grow strong, the harassing trouble at my heart kept me nervous and irritable. If a person entered my room suddenly, I would start and cry out—if I met any of the family in the grounds, my first impulse was to hide away, or pretend to be occupied till they passed. Lottie scolded me, not in her old way, but with a sort of tearful authority. The humor and drollery of her rare character was changed into quaint sarcasm. The serpent creeping through our house had bitten her most severely of all. To Mrs. Lee the girl was more humble and heedful than ever; to us she was abrupt.

This state of things could not continue without results. With feelings smoldering like the fire which turns wood into charcoal, this general irritation would break forth.

Jessie was the first to give way. For some time she had scarcely spoken to Mrs. Dennison, except in a grave, quiet fashion, which was as far from rudeness as it was from cordial hospitality. Sometimes this checked Mrs. Dennison's great flow of spirits, and she would take on a look of gentle martyrdom, that must have had a peculiar fascination to one who did not understand her. I do not know how it arose, for I had left the table; but one day Jessie came into the library to which I had retreated. Looking greatly excited, her eyes were full of troubled fire, and there was a stern pressure of the beautiful lips that I had never seen before. She did not speak, but, walking up to the window, stood looking at it steadily, as if some beautiful landscape lay beyond which she was examining

through the gorgeous coloring, admitted of nothing beyond its own richness.

It was a gloomy day outside, and her face looked more sorrowfully sombre from all our surroundings.

I had arisen and was going toward her, when the door opened and Mr. Lee came in. How much the father and child looked alike at the moment. I had never seen either of them so imperial in their anger before.

Mr. Lee did not observe me, I think, but he walked across the library and laid one hand on Jessie's shoulder as she stood with her back toward him. She drew aside and looked up in her father's face.

"Jessie," he said, "what is the meaning of this? What have you been saying to wound Mrs. Dennison so terribly?"

Jessie struggled with herself, I could detect it by the blue veins that rose along her neck and forehead; but her countenance changed in nothing, and she answered his stern question steadily.

"I have done nothing that should wound Mrs. Dennison, father."

"But I left you at the breakfast-table with our guest tranquil as usual. When I came back you are gone, and I find her in tears."

"I cannot answer for the lady's tears, father. She was shedding none when I came out of the breakfast-room."

"This is an evasion, Jessie. I insist upon knowing what passed between you and our guest after I left the room."

"You have a right to question me, father; but indeed I cannot tell you. Mrs. Dennison said something about what we should do next winter; and I looked at her a moment, in displeasure perhaps, for she has already staid far beyond the time usual for our guests; and I am not aware that any one has extended a second invitation to her. I certainly have not."

Mr. Lee's face darkened.

"And is this what you have done? Given her one of your haughty looks, and at my table, Jessie Lee?"

"Father!"

"Do not call me father. Do not speak to me again until you have apologized to the lady for this rudeness."

Mr. Lee's voice was stern, almost cruel, as he said this. Jessie grew pale as death.

"Father, I cannot apologize for anything I have done; it is impossible when the lady entered a complaint to you——"

Mr. Lee interrupted her.

"Mrs. Dennison entered no complaint."

"Oh, father! and you were ready to condemn me without a word! When was this so before?"

"When were you rebellious before?"

Jessie's lips began to quiver.

"When did we have trouble before? When was it that we became a divided family?" she said. "Never till I was unhappy enough to invite this lady here."

"She was your own guest, and you have treated her cruelly," said Mr. Lee, softening a little.

"No, father, not cruelly; coldly perhaps, but not cruelly!"

"And why coldly?"

"Because I do not like Mrs. Dennison."

"And why, pray?"

"Because she comes between you and your own child—between you and your own wife—because——"

"Jessie," I said, rising from my seat, and, for the first time, becoming visible to Mr. Lee. "Jessie."

"It is well, madam, that you are here to check her. Another word and she would have been no longer a daughter of mine."

He was white as marble. Never in my life had I seen him so agitated.

Jessie looked at him sorrowfully. There was something more than anger in his face, a wild, troubled doubt, that made him tremble. Jessie laid her hand on his arm, and her lips quivered into a smile.

"Oh, father! listen to me. Let this lady go and take us back to your heart again; her influence here has been terrible."

He shook off her hand, drew himself up, and spoke with proud calmness,

"Jessie, be careful if you would not forfeit my love; at once be careful."

Jessie drew back and leaned on my shoulder, trembling from head to foot. The idea that her father could ever really turn against her, had entered her heart for the first time. She was so white that her very face terrified me. "Speak to him," she whispered, "speak to him."

I was about to say something, but Mr. Lee waved his hand, silencing me with a haughty

gesture. Jessie stood up and spoke in a low, sad voice,

"Father, if I have done wrong, tell me how to atone for it, and I will obey you."

Mr. Lee turned away, walking the room three or four times before he answered. Then he took Jessie's cold hand, with some degree of returning kindness, while she stood, with downcast eyes, waiting for the humiliation his words would convey.

"Be yourself again, my child; conquer your unreasonable prejudice against the lady who has been of great service to your mother, and is in every way estimable. I do not ask any unnecessary humiliation of my daughter; but be your own gracious self again, Jessie, and she will understand that you are sorry."

Jessie bent her bowed head a little lower, in token of acquiescence, and, bending his grand head, Mr. Lee kissed her. Then, turning to me, he said, with stern significance,

"You will remember, Miss Hyde, these scenes are not to be renewed."

When he was gone, Jessie threw herself on the floor, and, folding her arms in the seat of an easy-chair, moaned piteously. She did not cry—the pain at her proud heart seemed too hot for tears. I tried to console her; but she only murmured,

"You were right: I am not fit to be trusted with such things. They burn me like fire."

After this scene our house was quiet as the grave—not a laugh sounded within its walls, not a brilliant word enlightened the stiff monotony. Jessie kept her promise. Nothing could be sweeter, or more gracious, than her manner toward Mrs. Dennison; but all this was accompanied by no warmth. It was impossible to find fault with anything she did or said, yet her submission seemed to annoy our guest more than anything. It proved how deep was the gulf which lay between them.

As for me, nothing could render my position more disagreeable than it had already become a few days after that scene in the library. I was sitting with Mrs. Lee, while Lottie went out for a little recreation. Mr. Lee, Mrs. Dennison, and Jessie had gone out on horse-back, and, with the enemy away, Lottie thought that I might be trusted with her charge; but while Mrs. Dennison was in the mansion, she never would leave her post on any consideration. With all the keen longings of youth for change, this confinement, voluntary though it was, told painfully on the young girl, and when she did get a few moments of freedom, it was seized upon as a bird darts from its cage.

That morning she was gone some time, having taken a run through the grounds with a favorite dog that always followed her footsteps. I saw them rioting up and down among the flower-beds, with a feeling of thankfulness that anything on earth could find enjoyment when my heart was so heavy! Mrs. Lee was unusually silent that day, and, without asking me to read, amused herself with a book of engravings that Mr. Lee had ordered for her from the town. I felt the change. Every day this lady, who had been my dear friend so long, seemed more and more independent of me. Lottie she still clung to, but I had become a useless waif in the household.

While thinking over these depressing truths, I watched Lottie with a vague sensation of regret. All at once I saw her stop, beat the dog back, and shade her eyes with one hand. It was only one of our people, who had been over to the town, who had attracted her observation. I saw the man beckon to her. She darted down the walk, along the sloping lawn, and over the wall, holding out her hands for a package which he held out. There was some talking between them as the man gathered up his bridle, while she examined something in her hands which seemed like a letter. Then, nodding her head repeatedly, she ran toward the house.

I cannot tell why it was, but these movements interested me greatly. A strange sort of apprehension took possession of me, and I began to wonder what the letters could be about—if any of them related to me, and if new trouble was coming. In the midst of these vague thoughts, Lottie came into the room, with a letter in her hands.

"I left all the rest, papers, books, and trash, on the hall table," she cried, joyously; "but here's a letter for the dear mistress, and I brought it up. Such a nice letter—white and satiny as the leaves of a water-lily! I know there is something sweet and nice in it that will make you smile."

She went up to Mrs. Lee, dropped on one knee at her feet—a common thing with the strange girl—and held up the letter between her hands.

Mrs. Lee took it, with a pink flush of the cheek. During her long illness she had gradually given up writing, and a letter, directly to herself, was an event sufficiently rare to create a little excitement. Lottie's prophecy regarding the letter brought a smile to those usually pale lips. She broke the seal, took the letter from its envelop, and murmured, pleasantly,

"If it is something very pleasant, you shall have a nice dress, Lottie."

This promise kept the girl on her knees, reading the face of her mistress with keen eagerness. She saw it change as if a flash of fire passed over it; then a cold, gray tint settled over it so gradually, that no one could tell when it came, and then Lottie sprang to her feet with a sharp cry.

Mrs. Lee had fainted—no, not that; no common fainting fit ever took a form so painful—a look of unutterable misery had settled on the face, exquisite as the agony which has become immortal in the features of that marble father who strives to rescue his children from the writhing serpents in the Vatican.

Mrs. Lee had fallen sideways in her chair. The movement had been gradual, and accompanied the gray changes of her face with such stillness, that its meaning did not strike Lottie till she sprang up and uttered that cry.

We lifted the lady from her chair and laid her on the bed. She gave no sign of life, but seemed to be growing colder and colder. Lottie attempted to draw the letter from her hand, but her fingers clung to it with a tenacity which could not be forced without wounding the hand; so we left the paper in her grasp.

What we did I cannot tell. Everything that two frightened creatures could devise we attempted in order to restore her; but it seemed to me an age before any sign of life returned. At last a shiver passed over her, and, with her disengaged hand, she tore at the muslin over her bosom as if some pain were burning at her heart, and then I saw her poor lips redden for the first time—but it was with blood. Piteously she opened her eyes and looked into ours. She could not have recovered then, nor did she remember what event had brought this upon her. I could tell when the first dawn of a recollection came upon her, for she rustled the letter in her hand as if to be sure it was there, and a reality; then the pain all came back to her features, and the blood came in heavier drops up from her broken heart.

They came back from a long ride while she lay thus. We had sent for the doctor, and sat by her in helpless grief, waiting his arrival. I went out to meet Jessie, intending to break the painful intelligence of her mother's illness to her with gentleness. She was coming up the steps with a harassed look. The weight of her skirts seemed to drag at her frail strength. Mrs. Dennison was lower down the steps, looking over her shoulder at Mr. Lee, and talking in a gay, excited manner that did not seem

quite natural. Jessie looked upward, with a weary, sad glance, as I came down the walk, and I saw that the company of this woman was oppressing her dreadfully.

I was so pale in those days that my countenance did not frighten Jessie, as it might have done in happier times; thus I was obliged to tell her in words that something had happened to injure her mother, and that she lay in great danger in the tower room. I shall never forget the wild agony of those eyes. She did not speak a word, but passed me like a shadow. Mrs. Dennison's strained laugh followed her with a sound of the most cruel mockery I ever heard. It was altogether unintentional. The woman had not seen me, nor was she aware that Jessie had disappeared; she was only bantering words with her host in her usual fashion, while he was preparing to follow up the steps.

I stood upon the edge of the terrace and watched them as they came up. There was no cheerfulness in the woman. Her cheeks were hot and red, her eyes full of restless fire. She understood my countenance better than Jessie had done; for a look of something like affright swept her face, and the heavy riding-skirt dropped from her hold, entangling her feet till she stumbled and almost fell.

Mr. Lee sprang forward and saved her from utter prostration.

"What is the matter? What has happened?" he questioned.

She laughed nervously.

"Nothing. It was Miss Hyde standing there like a Nemesis that startled me."

Mr. Lee cast a glance upward, and muttered something in an undertone, at which she said,

"How unkind you are to the poor thing!"

I had hesitated to tell Mr. Lee that his wife was on her death-bed—the shock at my own heart was so painful that I pitied him; but now a cruel strength came over me, and I said at once, in a cold, hard way,

"Your wife is ill, sir, very ill—I fear dying."

He left that woman standing alone in her cowardly sin, and went swiftly, as his daughter had done, toward the tower room. Mrs. Dennison gave a light scream and followed, demanding of me how it had happened, and who had been near to harm the dear saint.

I gave her no answer; the very sound of her voice made me shudder with fresh loathing. She had been pale for a moment, but now all the fire came into her countenance again, and she passed me haughtily, saying,

"Stupid as ever—I will inquire for myself!"

She did inquire, and the very sound of her voice made the poor victim on the bed shake till the counterpane moved like snow disturbed by the wind. Jessie was holding the pale hand, and, feeling it quiver, she clasped it closer and said to Mrs. Dennison,

"Madam, your voice troubles my mother; please to leave us alone."

Mr. Lee looked from his daughter to the woman; but it was no time for anger—he only lifted one hand to deprecate further noise, and bent over his wife with such solemn tenderness in his eyes as I had never seen there before.

"My wife, my poor wife!" he said, sheltering the frail form with his arm, as if that could keep death away.

She heard him, and the tension on her delicate nerves relaxed. The letter, which had been hitherto clinched in one hand, fell away and rustled to the floor. Mrs. Dennison picked it up, folded it deliberately, and held it toward Mr. Lee.

"This has just fallen from her hand," she said; "it may have some reference to this strange attack."

Again that shiver ran through Mrs. Lee's form, and her face contracted with the pain, while fresh drops of crimson gathered on her lips.

"Madam, your presence tortures her," said Jessie; "these attacks come and go with your voice."

"My friend, my dear, sweet friend! will you not give me one look before I go?"

Mrs. Dennison bent over the bed as she spoke, and, sure enough, Mrs. Lee opened her eyes wide and turned them on the woman's face. Never shall I forget that look! Its wounded pathos haunts me yet. It dwelt on that face, which grew slowly pallid, for a full half-minute, and then turned away.

Mrs. Dennison was awed; but, feeling our eyes upon her, she took strength, and, with a pathetic "Farewell" on her lips, pressed them to those of Mrs. Lee. There was a faint struggle, a gasping cry broke from the bed, and when Mrs. Dennison lifted her face, a drop of fresh blood crimsoned her lips. She did not know it; but, with the red blood burning there, retreated into Lottie's room, where she hovered over the scene as if afraid to leave it entirely.

Mr. Lee forgot everything in the anxiety for his wife. When her eyes turned sorrowfully upon him, he cried out,

"Oh! speak to me, speak to me, my wife! Give some sign that I have not come too late!"

The most wonderful expression I ever saw

stole over that face; it came like moonlight on dark waters, a gleam of hope breaking through the agonies of death. Her lips moved. He bent down and listened.

"You have loved me?"

There was no noise; but we knew that she was saying this by the movement of her lips.

For an instant Mr. Lee seemed stunned. The question struck him to the soul; then his noble head was uplifted, and, looking tenderly into those wistful eyes, he said, "I have always loved you, my wife."

That expression deepened on her face. She lifted her hands feebly, and, understanding the sign, he raised her to his bosom. The muslin drapery of her sleeve got entangled in his dress. I attempted to disengage it while her face lay on his bosom. In doing this I touched her hand, the frail fingers clasped mine with the tenacious feebleness of an infant's; and, laying my palm on Mr. Lee's hand, she pressed them softly together, whispering, "Be good to her."

His hand trembled, indeed he shook all over, while my poor hand lay quivering on his. I drew it away with hushed breath. She was dying on his bosom; her eyes were uplifted to his; her breath came in faint gasps; the two frail hands folded themselves; and as the mists of night settle on a lily, that dear face hardened into the marble of death.

I cannot remember all that passed after this, who came into the room, or who went out. I only know that the stillness of death was in the house, the pain of life in our hearts. Sweet sufferer, gentle lady! How white and still she lay on the pretty French bed, with its volumes of lace brooding over her like the clouds in which we imagine seraphs to be sleeping! There was no noisy grief in the room. Even Mrs. Dennison had fled to her own apartment; the suddenness of our calamity had shocked even her.

Lottie knelt by the bed, her face buried in the clothes, dumb and still. Jessie clung to her father, and he was striving to comfort her; but struggle against it as he would, the force of a mighty anguish spoke out in his broken words.

Those were sad days during which she lay in that tower room. We had the dead to ourselves, that woman never intruded on us. Cora came each day informing us that her mistress was ill from grief. He heard the message, but gave no sign beyond a grave inquiry. The sadness in his face deepened every hour; stern thoughts perhaps had stamped the sorrow deeply in his soul. There was something more than natural

grief there, gleams of remorse broke through all the rest.

The night before Mrs. Lee was buried, I went into her room; to sleep was impossible, and I longed to be alone with her once more. I am no enthusiast, and have little superstition, but it seems to me impossible to doubt that the dead are often with us on this side the eternal shore. We feel their presence in the heart of hearts without caring to see it with the sense.

How young she looked—how good and quiet! Some white flowers lay on the pillow with rich colors burning in their hearts, that cast a sort of illumination over the frozen stillness of her face. The white draperies gathered above her, the shaded lights stealing like star-gleams through the room, made the stillness of death holy! I sat down by the bed, in the great easy-chair which she had occupied when Lottie came in with the letter. A faint perfume of violets hung about the cushions, and on the seat lay the delicate handkerchief she had been using. It seemed only a moment since I had seen her resting tranquilly among the cushions that supported me. Could death be so cruelly sudden?

I wept quietly as these thoughts filled my mind, and with them came vague conjectures regarding the letter which had apparently produced a result so fatal. Who had written that letter? What could the subject have been? Where was it now? I remembered that Mr. Lee had taken it mechanically from Mrs. Dennison's hand and put it in his pocket, evidently unconscious of its mysterious importance. Surely the woman could have had nothing to fear from that letter; at any rate, she had held no part in its fatal delivery. Then who could have possessed the power to break the frail life which had been quenched? It was all a painful enigma, impossible to solve; but the great, mournful fact lay before me. My friend—the best friend I had ever known on earth—was dead.

As I thought these things sadly over, a faint stir in the bed draperies made me start and hold my breath. It was Lottie, who had been all the time crouching close to the floor, guarding the remains of her mistress in profound stillness. The light was so dim that I had not been aware of her presence till then. Such companionship did not disturb me; indeed without the faithful girl that death chamber would have been desolate indeed.

"Lottie," I said, in a whisper—"Lottie, is it you?"

She was sitting on the floor, with both arms locked around her knees, on which her forehead

rested. The girl looked up, and her heavy eyes met mine.

"Yes, it's me, Miss Hyde; I haven't left her a minute since then," she said, drearily. "Don't ask me to go away—I couldn't do it."

"Ask you to go away, Lottie? Oh! no, my poor girl! We have watched together in this room many a time; but never in this sad way."

"I know it," she said; "you were always good to her, and she felt it. But tell me, Miss Hyde, do you think it was the letter I brought that laid her there?"

"I cannot tell. Still it must have been, she was so well only a moment before it touched her hand. Who could have written it?"

"I have been thinking and thinking, Miss Hyde. The writing was like Miss Jessie's, I thought so at the time."

"Miss Jessie's! Are you sure?"

"So it seemed to me; but I've got the envelop, look for yourself."

I took the crumpled envelop which she took from her bosom and held toward me. It was of creamy white paper, very thick, and with an inner lining of blue, a color that Jessie affected where it could be delicately introduced among her stationery. The writing was like hers, but with a slight appearance of disguise.

"You see," said Lottie, still in a whisper, "it looks like Miss Jessie's; but what could she write to her about?"

"It is strange," I murmured.

"Terribly strange! I can't make it out. All the time, for two whole nights and days, I have thought of it; and the more I think the darker it all grows. Oh! if she could only speak; but that will never be again——"

Her voice broke here, and, clasping her knees tighter, she began rocking to and fro, uttering faint, dry moans, that went to my heart. Lottie had not shed a tear since her mistress' death.

"Never again—never again!" she kept whispering.

"Don't, Lottie," I said; "it breaks my heart to hear you go on in this way."

She looked at me earnestly; then dropped her face and said with infinite pathos,

"Oh! that my heart could break!"

I bent over her.

"Be comforted, Lottie. If our friend could speak, this is what she would say."

"Don't, don't. Who could be comforted, and she lying there like a beautiful lily broken off at the stem? Look at her, Miss Hyde, and see if the smile is there yet."

"Yes, Lottie, there is a heavenly look on her face. See for yourself."

"No, no, I cannot stand it; in the morning I will kiss her hands for the last time. Let her sleep with the angels to-night; I won't come between her and them. They will take care of her now, she don't want me."

"Oh, Lottie!"

She shook her head disconsolately, then it sunk on her knees once more, and was not lifted again all night; still I do not think she slept a moment. Jessie came to her mother's room late that night. Lottie did not move; but I arose to go, knowing how sacred were the rights of an only child; but she asked me to stay, saying—oh! how sadly—that her mother's true friend could not be in the way even there.

I told her that Lottie was watching, and had not once left her place by the bed. She went round to where the girl was crouching and kissed that portion of the forehead left exposed by the folded arms. Then, for the first time, I heard low sobs break from the faithful creature, and felt glad to know that she was crying.

"She is happy," said Jessie, with unutterable sadness. "It seems as if I should never shed tears again."

She came back to where I was sitting, and sinking on the footstool that always stood near the chair, her head fell on my lap, her hands clasped themselves under the pale forehead, and thus she lay, heavy and still, weary with pain, but sleepless, till the day dawned.

That morning Mrs. Lee was to be buried.

With the first gray of dawn, we heard Mr. Lee's step coming up from the library below, where he had passed the night. Jessie and I arose, and, bending over that calm face, left our solemn kisses on the lips and went away, giving her up to the man she had loved so devotedly. Even Lottie was aroused by his approach, and, rising to her feet, went heavily into her own little room, which was soon filled with bitter sobs.

We met Mr. Lee on the stairs. He had not been in bed that night and looked strangely haggard. No words passed among us; but Jessie and her father exchanged a mournful glance, that was more eloquent than language.

It rained when we took her away from her home, and a heavy gloom lay upon the beautiful landscape she had loved so well. Across the terrace, and down the flight of steps bordered with flowers that wept heavy drops, she passed away into the valley down to her eternal rest. On a rise of ground on the verge of the hills, we paused amid a cluster of white stones where sods lay in a heap, and the torn earth contrasted mournfully with the fresh grass. As

we neared the hill, a burst of sunshine broke the clouds asunder and lighted us forward. There were no sobs at the grave, our sorrow was very silent and solemn as death itself. The very air seemed thrilled with awe as the funeral service rose upon it. Some one, Lottie I suppose, had laid a garland of white flowers on the coffin, knotted together with snowy ribbons. As they lowered the coffin the wind took these ribbons, and they fluttered up from the grave like the wings of an angel striving to rise heavenward; and through the first shovel full of earth rose a faint perfume pressed from the flowers which the gravel had bruised upon her bosom.

It was all over, and we returned to the house. On the steps, Mrs. Dennison stood to receive us clothed in white, with black ribbons knotting up the sleeves and clustering at the bosom. This was the first time I had seen her since that fatal day.

Nothing could have been more decorous than her demeanor; her beautiful eyes seemed heavy with unshed tears, and Christianity itself is not more gentle than her tone and manner appeared.

"Come," she said, addressing our Jessie, "let us mourn together as friends who have lost one which is dearest to us. If I have ever pained you, dear Jessie, forgive me for her sake."

Mr. Lee heard this, and looked wistfully at his daughter. Poor girl! she was too heart-broken for resentment, and held forth her hand. Mr. Lee stepped forward and laid his hand on those that the beautiful woman had just clasped.

"Jessie," he said, in a voice that thrilled all within its influence, "remember this lady was very dear to your mother."

Jessie did not answer; I think she could not command words, but she bent her head in acquiescence and passed into the house. It is a strange thing to say, but I believe that the few weeks that followed Mrs. Lee's funeral were the most tranquil of any that had preceded them since Mrs. Dennison came to our house. The great central object of interest in the household was at rest. All the little cares that had occupied us were over; the very altar of our household had been torn away, and for a long time we found it impossible to find new channels of interest, or settle ourselves down to anything. There was no longer an attempt at amusing our guest, and she did not seem to require it; indeed, from all appearances she had become a member of the family. We seldom met now, but kept our own rooms. Jessie became sadder and sadder each day; nothing interested her; she absolutely pined to follow her mother.

Compacts made in a state of excited feeling

are seldom lasting. If Jessie's heart had softened toward Mrs. Dennison in the extremity of her grief, it came back to the old stand-point as that grief took thought; something more subtle than her own will held her confidence back. But this was no time for excitement of any kind; the depth of grief into which we had fallen kept all worldly passions back. So, as I have said, we were more tranquil than of old.

Poor Lottie! she went about the house like a poor, wounded bird that had seen its nest destroyed. Without asking for leave, she had arranged Mrs. Lee's room, in the tower chamber, exactly as it had been during her mistress' life, and guarded it from her own pretty den with all the vigilance of old time. If any one entered the chamber and touched an article that had been Mrs. Lee's, Lottie would cry out as if struck by a sudden pang, and fall into a nervous tremor till the intruder had departed. She never allowed any one, not even Jessie, to enter the room without following her like a watch dog.

No one wondered at this. The devotion of that girl to her mistress had been something wonderful. That she should feel great attachment to anything belonging to her was beautifully natural. So it happened that she fell into possession of the rooms in the tower, and secluded herself there, taking little interest in anything else.

Some days after things had settled into this state, old Mrs. Bosworth came over in her heavy family carriage. In our sadness, this became an event, and both Jessie and I left our room to meet her, grateful for anything that showed real sympathy for our bereavement.

The sorrows which this good old lady had passed through, placed her in delicate sympathy with us. She met Jessie with such motherly gentleness, that tears came into the young creature's eyes almost for the first time since our loss. The old lady saw this, and, drawing the agitated face to hers, kissed it.

"We have been very sorry for you, Miss Lee. Indeed, ours has been a house of mourning also; for there are cases where the same grief touches many hearts. I have wept for you, my child—prayed for you."

"I know it—I was sure of it," answered Jessie, resting her proud young head on the old lady's shoulder, and weeping those soft, warm tears that relieve the heart so much. "I have thought of you and of him. Tell me that your grandson is no worse."

The old lady kissed her again, and tenderly smoothed the glossy hair upon her temples.

"He is no worse, dear child—a little better, I think, since we have been quite alone—the tranquillity has done him good."

"I should like to see him," said Jessie. "Miss Hyde and I have missed him so much in our loneliness."

The old lady cast a grateful glance at me; then, turning to Jessie, she said,

"It would make him strong enough to come if he knew that his sweet friend desired it."

Jessie looked at that dear old face earnestly, and smiled through her tears.

"You are very kind."

While we were sitting together, Mr. Lee came in. He had seen Mrs. Bosworth's carriage at the door, and, knowing how seldom the old lady went out, sought her to pay his respects.

It is seldom that two persons so thoroughly bred and so singularly intelligent as Mr. Lee and our visitor ever meet. Notwithstanding the sorrow that oppressed us, the conversation that sprang out of the first greeting brought cheerfulness with it. They did not talk directly of our loss, but every subject touched upon had a tinge of sadness in it, which betrayed the buried feelings and sympathy which lay behind. I had not believed that such power of pleasing could be carried into extreme old age as this old lady manifested. While she was conversing, Mrs. Dennison came in, much to our astonishment; for, of late, she had rather avoided both

Jessie and myself. Mr. Lee presented her to our visitor, who put on her stateliest manner, and, after rising, stood as if ready to go; but her clear eyes were fixed on Mrs. Dennison's face, and she seemed reading her to the soul.

I think that Mrs. Dennison was, for once, awed by the moral force opposed to her; for such it really was. The graceful flippancy of manner, which most people considered so captivating, refused to come into action, and, for the moment, she really was awkward.

"I did not know that you had guests," said the old lady, with a stiff bend of the head. "If I remember, Mr. Lawrence told me that this lady would leave the neighborhood about the time he did."

The color flashed into Mrs. Dennison's face, and she replied, with suppressed anger,

"Mr. Lawrence presumed, madam, when he ventured to regulate my movements by his own."

Again the old lady gave her a quiet, searching look, and, without replying, moved toward the door.

Jessie and I went down to the terrace with the old lady, while Mr. Lee took her to the carriage. As the attendant opened the door, young Bosworth leaned forward and reached forth his hand to help her in. Jessie caught one glimpse of the pale face, and, turning away, walked slowly into the garden. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

GOD'S WORLD IS BEAUTIFUL.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Oh! there are some whose discontent,
And selfish hopes and fears,
Would make this world so beautiful
A vale of sighs and tears;
They little know that love and truth,
And all the virtues fair,
Must inward lie before they're seen
Or even felt elsewhere;
And though God's beauties, on this earth,
Are strewn on every side,
Yet are they passed unheeded by,
And dimmed by pomp and pride.

There's not a spot upon this earth
But what is fresh and fair;
The flowers, as in Eden's nooks,
Still perfume all the air;
The ocean's bed is filled with gems,
And mermaids, in their caves,
Play with the treasures that are tossed
To them by ocean's waves;
And though this world has many spots
As dark as dark can be,
Yet still some charm could be discerned
If men could only see.

If those who bask in wisdom's smiles
Would draw aside the pall,
And let the sun of knowledge shine
Within the hearts of all;
If they would on the highway cast
The seeds of truth and love,
Soon would the flowers of beauty bloom
As in God's home above;
And then, instead of this bright world
Been but a vale of tears,
The rainbow Hope would span the gulf
Between our sighs and fears.

Within the drooping hearts of all
The lamp of love would burn
If filled with kindly oil, for which
We, all of us, do yearn;
And many a heart would be made glad,
And, on oblivion's tomb,
The flowers of love and kindness would
In gorgeous beauty bloom;
Then, oh! remember if the heart
Would see God's beauties rare,
That truth and love must inward lie
Before they're seen elsewhere.

THE CLOUDED HOUSEHOLD.

BY LOUISE SMITH.

"AND isn't tea ready yet, Anna?"

Harley Hilton spoke the words in a quick, impatient tone, entering his wife's sitting-room with hurried steps, and awakening the infant which by long and patient watching she had lulled to sleep.

"It's a pity you couldn't have tea ready as I told you," he continued. "Dr. Garnett invited me to ride into the country with him this evening, and now he'll have to wait an hour." And Mr. Hilton strode across the room with a clouded brow.

"But, Harley, it was impossible, for Nellie has been so cross all evening that——" But Mrs. Hilton stopped short, as she thought how unmerited was his rebuke. Thus another chilling reproach had damped the ardor of her early love, and another icy barrier was erected between two hearts bound together by the strongest earthly ties.

Again she quieted the infant into slumber, and, with a deepening shadow of melancholy upon her features, left the room.

"I know she looked weary," soliloquized the husband, as he paused in his rapid march across the apartment with some inward compunction for his unkind words; "but then it's so provoking."

Almost an hour had elapsed. Harley Hilton remembered how uncomplainingly his wife had remained at home during the long summer days, while he, fatigued and disgusted with clamor and dust, had so often, with disinterested friends, repaired to some rural retreat for rest and recreation.

"Would you like to go out riding this evening, Anna?" he asked, after a long mental conflict, entering the sultry apartment and laying his hand familiarly upon the shoulder of his wife.

"Oh! no; the company of Dr. Garnett would be more agreeable to you—I do not wish to deprive you of that pleasure."

Mrs. Hilton spoke in cold, measured tones, at the same time receding from her husband's touch; and with a proud, disdainful look, unconscious of the icy barrier that each unkind word and look contributed to erect between them, she turned away. Again the clouds

gathered about the brow of Harley Hilton, and the evil propensities of his nature rose up. He left the room and did not return for hours.

A few minutes afterward, Mrs. Anderson, a neighbor, came in.

"What! in tears, Anna? Oh! this is sinful when the heavens are so serene, and the fading sunlight seems to conspire to drive away every shadow of care."

The words were spoken in a cheerful tone, and the speaker pushed back her gingham sun-bonnet and dropped contentedly into a chair. Her face was radiant with the happiness her lips expressed, and her unselfish heart throbbed freely with the blissful assurance of a "conscience devoid of offence toward God and man."

"I can't help it," was the melancholy reply, as Mrs. Hilton turned her eyes, glistening with tear-drops, upon the face of her companion; "everything looks gloomy to me. What is there in this world but trouble?"

"Much, Anna," and Mrs. Anderson turned toward the infant, who, with flushed cheeks and throbbing temples, was uneasily slumbering by her side. "Yes, there is much besides trouble," she reiterated; "there is happiness in living for those we love—ministering to the needy, and in living for heaven. Self, Anna, must be dethroned," she continued, "and a love supreme reign in the heart, before that happiness can be known."

Mrs. Hilton remained silent, for the words sent conviction to her soul. How often had she lamented over her own real or imaginary wrongs, forgetful that every heart has its sorrows, and that it is through "great tribulation" that all must enter into the kingdom of heaven!

Late that evening Harley came home.

"Shade the lamp a little, Harley; Nellie seems very restless," said the wife; and she looked anxiously into the face of her husband, as they watched through the long, wearisome hours by the infant's couch. All the anxiety of a mother's heart was awakened for the little sufferer, and the evening's anger was forgotten.

But when the morning had pushed aside her dusky curtain, the blushing tint of health had forever faded from that cherub's cheek, and its

radiant eyes were glazed by the icy touch of death!

Mrs. Anderson clasped its dimpled hands upon its pulseless bosom and laid it in the little crib by the open window, where the honeysuckle's sweet fragrance scented the morning breeze.

"'Of such is the kingdom of heaven,' dear husband," murmured the mother, with a look of resignation, as her fingers strayed caress-

ingly among the auburn locks that shaded the alabaster brow now cold and still.

"Let us meet her there," and the wife's pale cheek was once more pillowed upon the husband's bosom; while the barrier of contention, that had long separated their joys and sorrows, seemed, by the glow of affection, to be melting away. The cloud that had long overshadowed the household had vanished.

MOONLIGHT.

BY R. G. JOHNSTON.

Now hath the night attained its noon,
And through the quiet skies the moon
Roams like a banished queen who goes
Seeking a haven of repose;
Yet finding none to give her rest,
With mournful face pursues her quest;
While stars, like maids within her train,
Sharing her exile and her pain,
Look on her beauty with sad eyes,
Wherein a reverent pity lies.
No darkling vapors intervene
To mar the clearness of the scene,
As slow she walks in solemn pride
Amid the welkin's silver tide.
Sweet beautifier of the night!
Oh! might'st thou bless us still with light!
For with the glory of thy beams
Thou bringest mirth and blissful dreams.
Many a time when night has spread
Her gorgeous mantle overhead;
And zephyrs babbled to the trees
Sweet breathed and soothing melodies;
And tuneful crickets all around
Made low response to the sound;
I've lingered here, beneath the tree,
Drinking the bliss that flows from thee,
Until the mystic bell has tolled
Its solemn peal far o'er the wold,
To summon forth the sprites who keep

Their watch o'er mortals while they sleep.
And as I watched with pleased surprise
Thy form ascending through the skies,
Till all thy beauty was revealed,
And at thy shrine rapt Nature kneeled,
A dreamy rapture softly stole
Like plaintive music o'er my soul;
And in my dreams I saw the earth
As it will be when all its worth
Shall be expressed, and woe and hate
No more shall make it desolate.
Then at each step sweet flowers shall grow,
And with opposing colors glow;
And ripe fruits shower from the trees,
Kissed off their branches by the breeze;
And songsters make the air resound
With ever-gushing mellow sound,
And from the splendor of their wings
Shake favors fit for proudest kings;
And beings walk in loveliness,
Seeking whom they may greatly bless,
And with enchanting voices sing,
"Oh! holy, holy is our King!"
While forests lift their branches high
And make a murmur in the sky;
And caverns and abysses lone,
Throughout their depths make solemn moan;
And all the streams their voices raise
To join the swelling hymn of praise.

A PORTRAIT.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

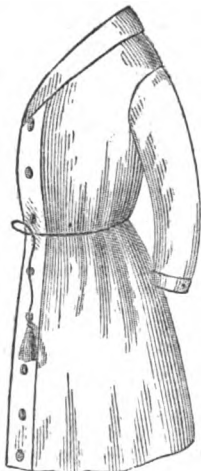
Hers was no saintly character
Surpassing Nature's common stature,
You might find many a gentle one
In life's green places that could match her;
She was not learned, was not great,
Nor hers was beauty's royal state;
But there was glory in her eye
A monarch's kingdom could not buy;
She bought it where the pearl of price
Is purchased by the true believer,
It could not dim with falling tears,
Nor at the grave's dark portals leave her;
Sweet words of cheer unconscious fell
As dew upon earth's burning bosom,

Refreshing, blessing all below,
Touching each bud of good to blossom;
Best counsels, twined with kindest deeds,
To sternest hearts found easy entrance.
Her lamp, forever trimmed and bright,
Woke careless sleepers to repentance;
No hour but some one blessed her name;
No day but chronicled her doings
In Heaven's fair register; she made
This sad world glad with love's o'erflowings;
She needed not an artist's hand
To paint a halo round her brow,
He saw her while she walked on earth,
As in God's sight she standeth now.

CHILDREN'S FALL DRESSES.

BY MME. DEMOREST.

THE fall styles are unusually pretty, as will be seen from our engravings for this month.



GENTLEMAN'S WRAPPER.—Cut sack shape, with a seam in the center of the back, which fits it sufficiently to have the garment plain in the back. Confined by a cord at the waist, plain coat sleeve. Requires seven yards of cashmere, if the figure is such that it cannot be reversed; if it can be, six yards will do for a person of ordinary height.



ELVA DRESS.—This dress, for a child of eight years, is something in the same style as the "Nellie" dress, excepting that the gore terminates in tabs, which extend over the short puffed sleeve: upon the waist, and also upon the skirt. The body is plain; the skirt plaited. Requires eight yards of silk.

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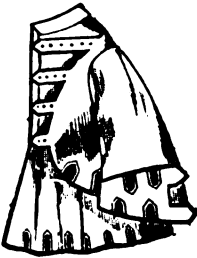
SERENA APRON.—For a Miss of nine years—made in chambré. Would require five yards. The waist is carried down the skirt, and forms a gore. Both front and back are alike. The sides are a plain breadth gathered to a band. This is a low neck apron, simply joined at the shoulders with a bow and ends.



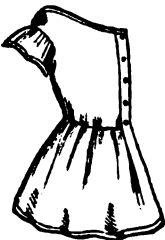
BOY'S SUIT.—Of plain light French cassimere, for a boy of eight years. The pants are laid in box plaits, and finished with a wide waistband. The jacket is plain, slightly cut away, and rounded off from the front, in the most approved French style, and finished with side pockets. Neatly tucked shirt, with a single row of embroidery, turn-down collar, and Prince of Wales neck tie, such as is furnished by Devlin, Hudson & Co., New York.



THE PRAIRIE FLOWER.—The "Prairie Flower" is as charming, when made up in suitable materials, as the blossom whose name it bears. It is simply a small bishop, with cuff and cap, and a sort of scalloped cap laid over the front of the sleeve. It may be made in rep silk, or any rich goods, but is not adapted to thin materials.



UNION COAT.—This little coat is proper for a child from two to five years. Made of poplin; the back is in plain sack fashion, and the front partly covered by a fancy jacket, which extends to the side-seams under the arm, and is fastened in the front by straps across the breast. The sleeve is plain, excepting a cuff, which terminates at its center in rounded tabs. The trimming may be velvet or flat braid, and buttons. The quantity of material required is three yards, three eighth yard wide.



WARREN DRESS.—Dress for a child of three to five years, and may be worn with either skirts or knee pants. It is cut in three pieces, front, back, and sleeve; the skirt and waist are cut all

in one, cut two-thirds of the way across the waist, both back and front, to allow the additional fullness required in the skirt, there are two box plaits in the front, and in the back of the skirt each side. Of double width material, it requires one and a half yards.



EMPIRE COAT.—A pleasant coat for boys of five to seven years. Any light material will do for this coat, which has a jacket waist, box plaited behind, over a full skirt. In front the jacket is plain, and turned back *en revers* from the waist beneath, which buttons down the front. Trimming of flat braid. Plain loose sleeve, with cuff turned back. Four yards of poplin will make it.

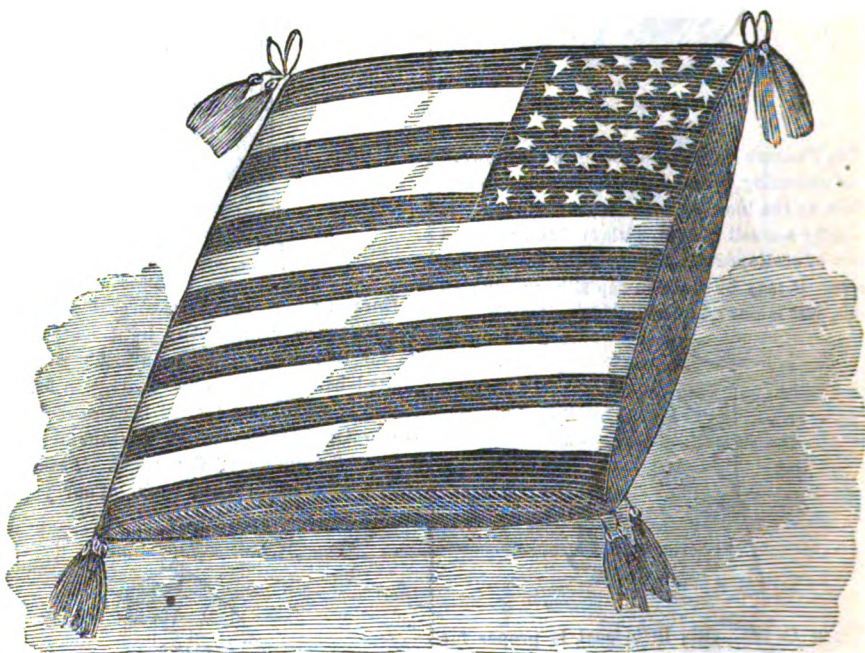


WALKING COAT—FRONT VIEW.—Walking Coat for a boy from five to seven. Is sack front, with box plait running from the shoulder, and tacked down with buttons to bottom of waist; buttons down the front; back of waist plain; skirt laid on in box plaits; with a little pointed polka, sleeves half-wide, with a cuff ornamented with buttons. A small square collar. Is pretty in plain woollens or plain poplin. Requires three yards of material.

Mme. Demorest, 473 Broadway, New York, furnishes patterns of all the latest Paris fashions. They can be procured, either by mail or express, in great variety, for either ladies or children, by addressing her, post-paid. Inquiries, in reference to such matters, should be addressed to her, and not to the literary editors of "Peterson."

UNION SOFA PILLOW IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



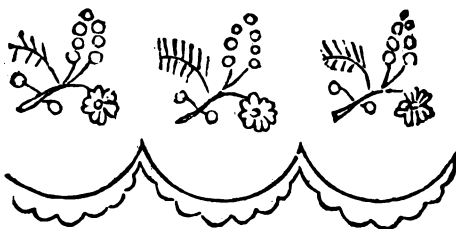
MATERIALS.—Six oz. red double zephyr; six oz. white double zephyr; four oz. blue double zephyr.

With the red wool make a ch of 6. Work in Princess Royal stitch a strip long enough for a side of a cushion. The same with the white wool, making 3 long white stripes, 4 long red ones, 8 red, and 3 white a little more than half the length. For the field, make a ch of 42

stitches, work 38 rows, and on it work 34 stars in cross stitch with the white wool. Finish with worsted cord and tassels of red, white, and blue. Both sides of cushion may be alike, or the under side of worsted damask if preferred. The quantity of material given is enough for both sides.

A full description of the Princess Royal stitch has been given in one of the back numbers.

EDGING.

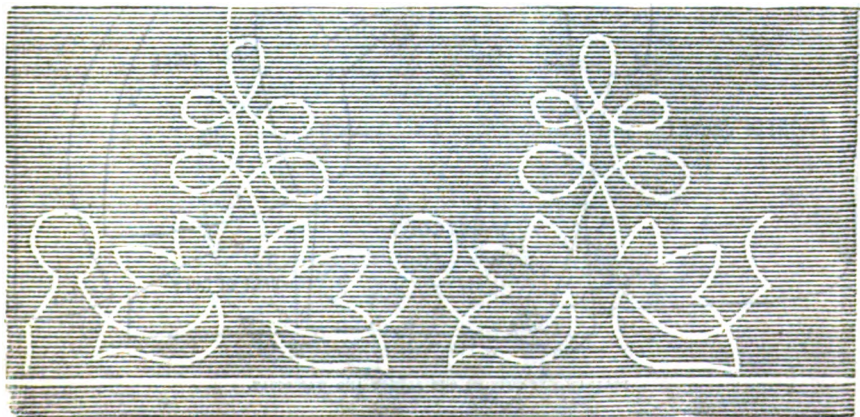


LOOSE JACKET AND WAISTCOAT FOR BOY.

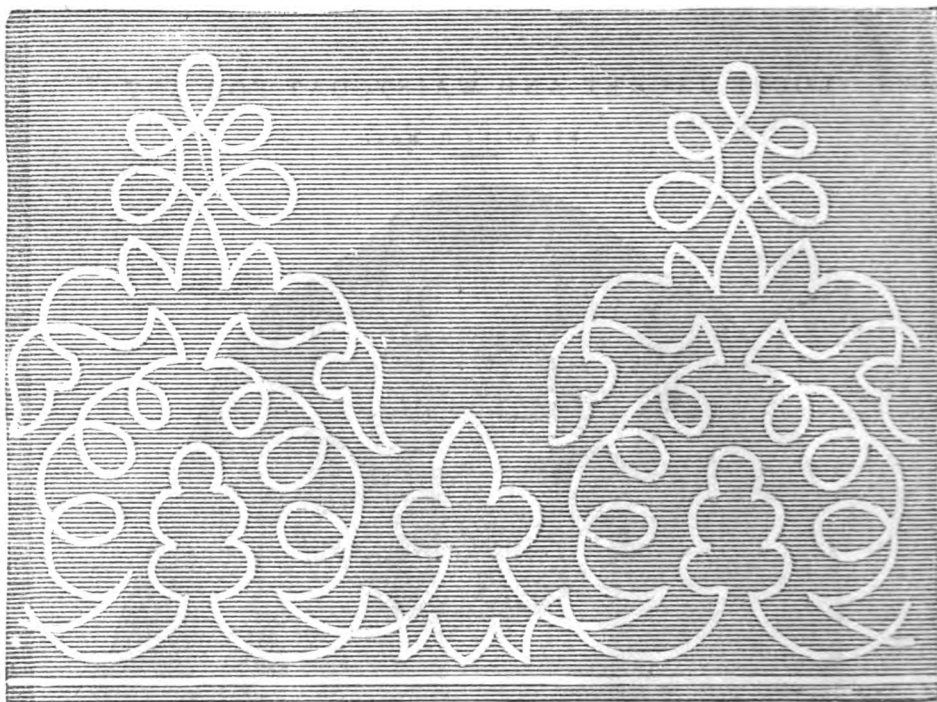
BY EMILY H. MAY.



This is a pretty pattern for a boy of three or four years of age, of cloth suitable for the season. The sleeve is four years old. The material may be any sort of cloth, as will be



BRAIDING DESIGN FOR THE TURNED-BACK CUFF AND WAISTCOAT.



BRAIDING DESIGN FOR TRIMMING ROUND THE JACKET.

seen in the illustration, and the waistcoat is } one garment. The broad braiding design which
 and waistcoat. } we also give is for trimming round the jacket,

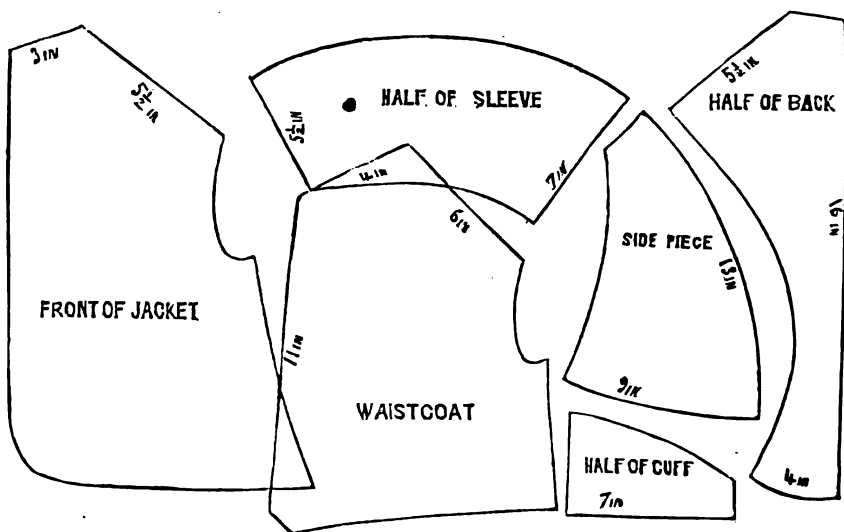
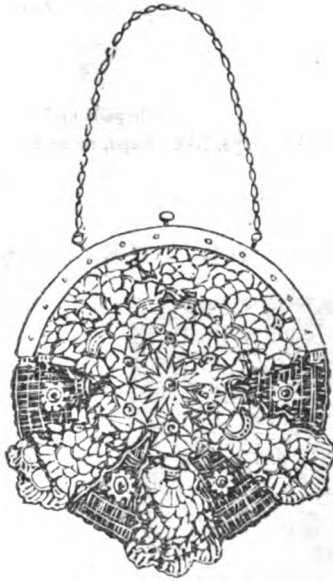


DIAGRAM FOR CUTTING OUT JACKET AND WAISTCOAT.

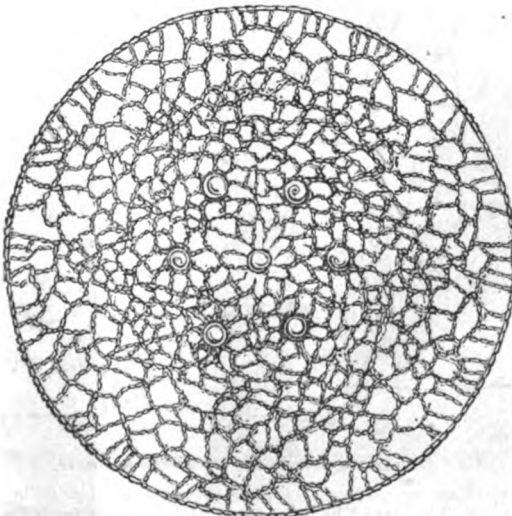
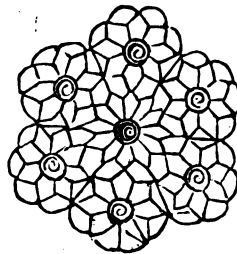
and the narrow one for the turned back cuff } equally suitable for ladies' loose or tight jackets
 and waistcoat. } We annex also a diagram by which to cut it out.

LADY'S PURSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS beautiful purse is composed of two circles, which are made as follows. Do seven little roses separately, of the size of the one given opposite, of gold thread. In the center of each a bead is placed. Then join them together, as in the following engraving, surrounding them by a chain-stitch in black silk. Finish the circle by following the pattern, using red silk. We repeat, two of these circles are to be thus made.





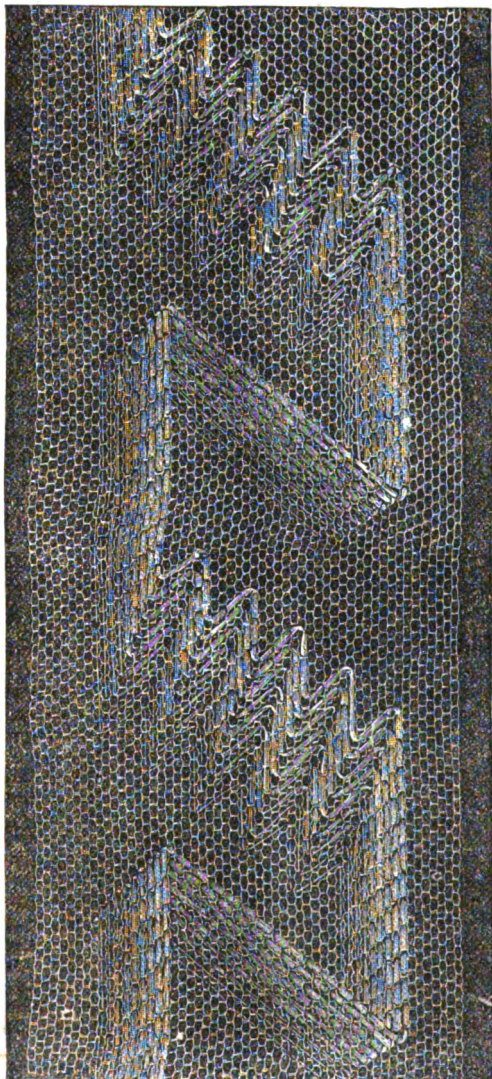
Next make four, or eight, double flaps, like

the foregoing, in black silk; the eyelet in gold thread, with a white bead in the center. Join the flaps to the circle. Between these flaps, put three festoons, like the following, in gold

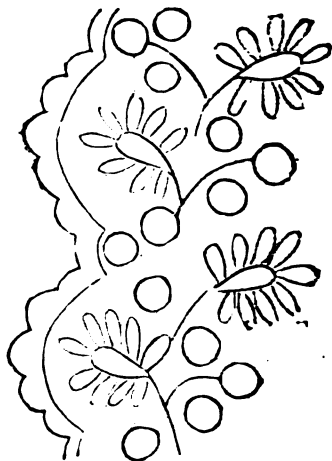


thread and a chain-stitch, passing over the flaps, so as not to break the thread.

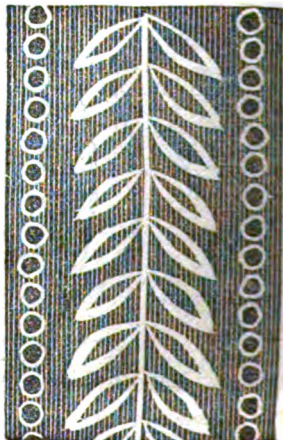
VARIETIES FOR THE WORK-TABLE.



DESIGN FOR DARNING A PATTERN IN BOBBINET LACE.



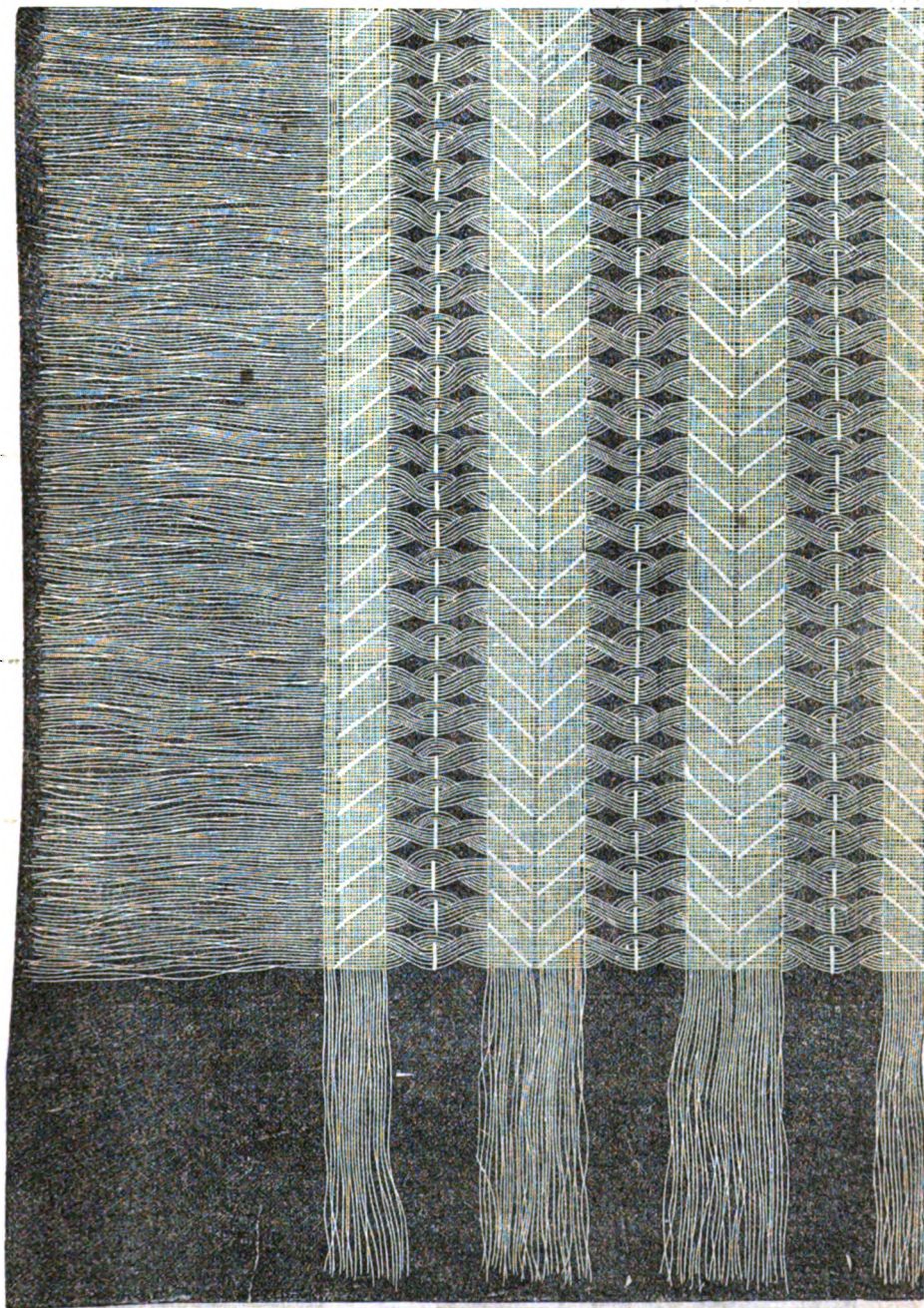
EDGING.



INSERTION.

COVER FOR A SMALL TRAY,
OR FOR A BREAD OR BISCUIT BASKET.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



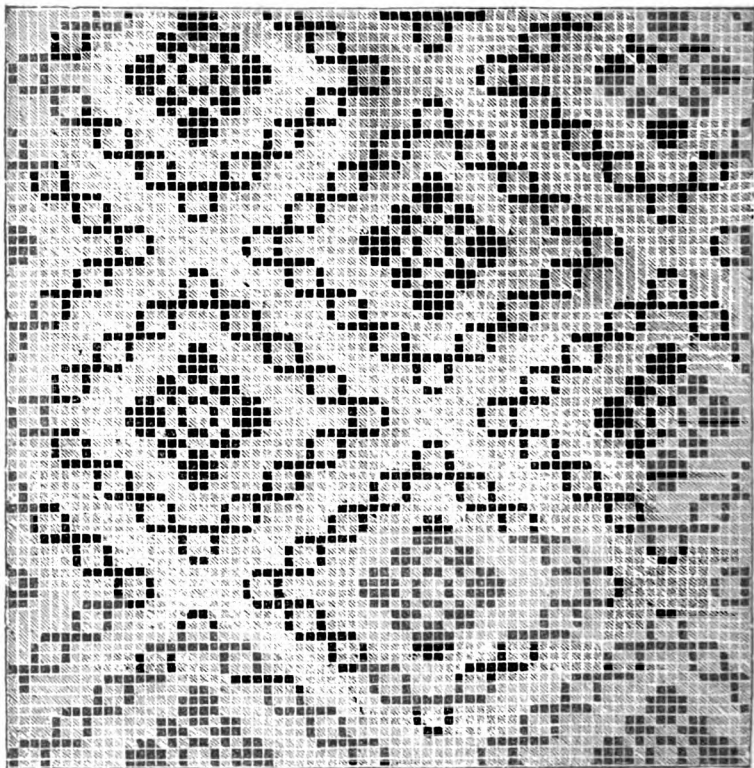
THE materials required for making this cover are white linen and coarse white embroidery cotton. The work is remarkably effective, and extremely easy of execution. The linen em-

ployed must not be very fine, and should be rather loose in texture. When cut to the required size, the first thing to be done is to ravel out the threads, for the purpose of forming the fringe, which may be about an inch in breadth. It should be at first made only on three sides—viz: along the selvage and the two cross sides, the opposite selvage side being left till the work is nearly completed. For the work, draw out twenty-seven threads close together, then leave a space, and draw out twenty-seven more threads in the same manner. The space from which the threads are drawn is worked in a kind of open-stitch, with coarse embroidery cotton. Twelve threads are taken up with the

needle, and fixed by a back-stitch. Six threads are dropped, and then, again, twelve are taken up in the same manner as before, thus forming the sort of chain pattern shown in the illustration. From the middle of the opaque stripe a single thread is drawn, and worked in common hem-stitch, and on each side narrow stripes in satin-stitch form a sort of herringbone pattern. The work consists entirely of a series of opaque and open stripes. When the requisite number of stripes are formed, the fringe should be made on the fourth side, and the cover is completed. This sort of work may be applied to various other objects besides the cover here described.

ANTIMACASSAR.

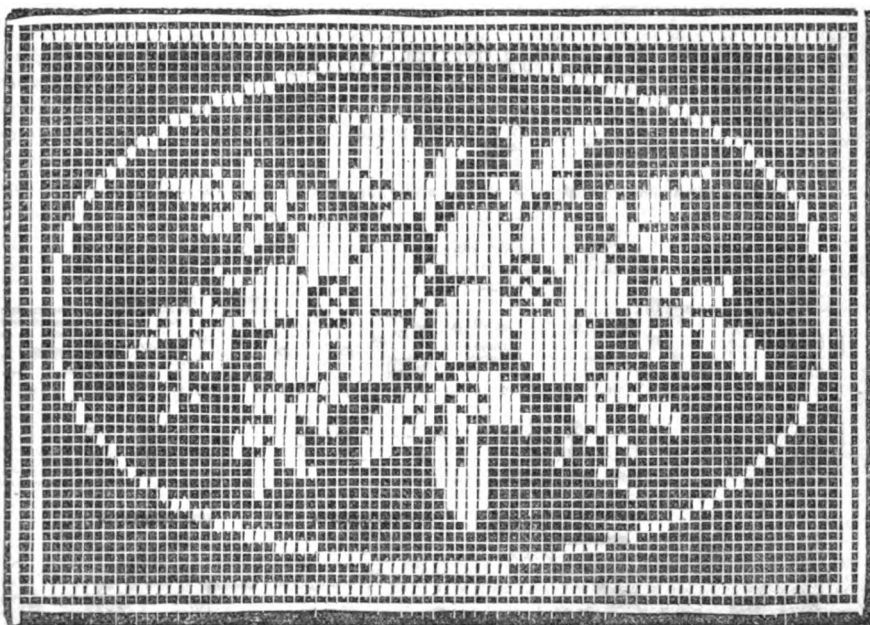
BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



This pattern will be found very effective for any of the many purposes to which crochet and an Antimacassar or Toilet-cover; or, indeed, netting may be adapted.

PATTERN FOR A SERVIETTE.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



THE Serviette may be worked either in crochet } The oblong form is sometimes preferable to the
or netting, and it should be bordered by a fringe. } square, especially for a tray.

BOOK-MARKER.

BY MRS JANE WEAVER.

FOR this see front of number.

MATERIALS.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of dark blue ribbon, the width given in design; 1 bunch of opaque white beads, small size; some fine white perforated cardboard.

With the beads work the crosses upon the cardboard, sewing a bead for every dot given in the design. Work two of each kind, stitch them together back to back, inserting the ribbon as seen in the design. Care must be taken

in cutting out the crosses after they are worked, as much of their beauty depends upon the neatness and precision with which they are cut. Confine the three ribbons at the other end with a small piece of cardboard, in the same way as the crosses. The effect of this book-marker is very beautiful, the ribbons seem to be tipped with ivory; and nothing could be prettier than the combination of the Roman, Greek, and Maltese crosses.

EDGING.



THE FASCINATION SCHOTTISCH.

BY A LADY.

BY PERMISSION OF SEP. WINNER, PROPRIETOR OF THE COPYRIGHT.

PIANO.



FASCINATION SCHOTTISCH.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WHAT INFLUENCE HAS RACE.—It is a frequent expression "that race is everything." Good qualities or bad, it is said, run in the blood. We are not prepared to contradict this assertion absolutely. But we incline to think that the influence of race is overrated. To maintain the unalterable character of races is really to assail the unity of the race; and to assail the unity of the race is to strike at the universal brotherhood of man. On the other hand, if all existing races, as Scripture teaches, have descended from one common stock, there is no reason why civilization, climate, and other causes may not gradually restore the lowest to the condition of the highest: and this restoration is a doctrine which is inculcated, not only in the Bible, but by all the wisest philosophers also. Progress, it is taught, is a law of humanity. Man, either individually or collectively, cannot stand still; advance or recede he must; and if the moral world is not to be a failure, which Providence surely will not permit, the race must finally have its millennium.

This reasoning is sustained by experience. Take our own race as an example. It is indisputable that the great body of the American people is descended from English, Irish, German, or Scandinavian ancestors. But what were these ancestors two thousand years ago? Nay, what were they even a thousand years ago? The red Indian was hardly less civilized. When Charlemagne carried fire and sword among the Pagan Saxons; when the Romans, in the days of Tacitus, invaded Germany; when Caesar landed in Britain; our forefathers dwelt in huts as rude as those occupied by New Zealanders now, knew nothing of the arts of civilization, and were savage and brutal, to a proverb, in their social life. If it has been race, alone, which has elevated them from this degraded condition, how came it that race did not prevent them from originally sinking to it? Either our ancestors were first created barbarians, and, if so, races can radically alter, for ours has; or they declined into the barbarians from which they emerged, and in that event also it is proved that races can alter.

It is the boast of our race, peculiarly, that it loves personal independence. That such is a characteristic of the race, at present, it would be folly to deny. But how long has this sentiment distinguished it? It is but a few centuries since the majority of Englishmen were slaves, either slaves held as a personal chattel, or predial slaves, that is, serfs of the soil. A hundred years have not elapsed since serfdom prevailed in many parts of Germany. To this day, a race possessing many high qualities, we mean the Slavonian race, is just emerging from slavery. Why, if Briton and Teuton were so high in the scale of races, were so indomitable in their love of freedom, did they tamely submit, century after century, to the degradation of personal servitude? The popular idea about race will not bear scrutiny. Race has, doubtless, something to do with progress; but the influence of race has been vastly overrated. No race is so degraded, that it cannot hope to rise; none so advanced, that it may not, if it neglects the laws of God, recede.

A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.—In our next number we shall introduce a new contributor, a retired lawyer, whose recollections will be occasionally contributed to "Peterson." The first of the series, "The Murder in the Glen Ross," a tragedy that occurred in Virginia, a few years ago, will occupy portions of both the November and December number.

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MRS. E. BARRETT BROWNING.—In the death of this lady, the best female poet English literature has to boast of, Italy and freedom have lost one of their truest friends. Her untimely decease recalls to our memory the following poem, the finest of its kind, we think, in our language. Many of our readers, doubtless, have read it before, but even these will thank us for recalling it to them. It is the poem by which we would choose to remember even Mrs. Browning. Tens of thousands of American hearts will beat responsive to it.

A COURT LADY.

Her hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with purple were dark,
Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and restless spark.
Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in race;
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.

Never was lady on earth more true as a woman and wife,
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in manners and life.

She stood in the early morning, and said to her maidens,
"Bring
That silken robe made ready to wear at the court of the king.

"Bring me the clasps of diamonds, lucid, clear of the mete,
Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me the small at the throat.

"Diamonds to fasten the hair, and diamonds to fasten the sleeves,
Laces to drop from their rays, like a powder of snow from the eaves."

Gorgeous she entered the sunlight which gathered her up
in a flame,
While, straight in her open carriage, she to the hospital came.

In she went at the door, and gazing from end to end,
"Many and low are the pallets, but each is the place of a friend."

Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a young man's bed;
Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop of his head.

"Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art thou," she cried,
And smiled like Italy on him: he dreamed in her face and died.

Pale with his passing soul, she went on still to a second:
He was a grave, hard man, whose years by dungeons were reckoned.

Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his life were sorer,
"Art thou a Romagnole?" Her eyes drove lightnings before her.

"Austrian and priest had joined to double and tighten the cord
Able to bind thee, oh! strong one!—free by the stroke of a sword."

"Now be grave for the rest of us, using the life overcast
To ripen our wine of the present (too new) in glooms of the past."

Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a face like a girl's,
Young, and pathetic with dying—a deep black hole in the curls.

"Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou, dreaming in pain,
Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list of the slain?"

Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheeks with her hands;
"Blessed is she who has borne thee, although she should weep as she stands."

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried off by a ball;
Kneeling—"Oh! more than my brother! how shall I thank thee for all!"

"Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and line,
But thou hast fought for a stranger, in hate of wrong not thine.

"Happy are all free people, too strong to be dispossessed;
But blessed are those among nations, who dare to be strong for the rest!"

Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch where pined
One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope out of mind.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at the name,
But two great crystal tears were all that faltered and came.

Only a tear for Venice?—she turned as in passion and loss,
And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if she were kissing the cross.

Faint with that strain of heart she moved on then to another,
Stern and strong in his death, "And dost thou suffer, my brother!"

Holding his hand in hers:—"Out of the Piedmont lion
Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweetest to live or die on."

Holding his cold, rough hands—"Well, oh! well have ye done
In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be noble alone."

Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her feet with a spring—
"That was a Piedmontese! and this is the Court of the King."

THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL.—This beautiful mezzotint illustrates a scene in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "The Monastery"—that in which the White Lady, the guardian spirit of the house of Avenel, appears to Halbert. The interview is generally familiar to readers. But for the benefit of those to whom it is not, we quote the description.

"Halbert cast the leathern brogue or buskin from his right foot, planted himself in a firm posture, unsheathed his sword, and first looking around to collect his resolution, he bowed three times deliberately toward the holly-tree, and as often to the little fountain, repeating at the same time, with a determined voice, the following rhyme:

'Thrice to the holly-brake—
Thrice to the well:—
I bid thee awake,
White Maid of Avenel!

Moon gleams on the Lake—
Moon glows on the Fell:—
Wake thee, oh! wake,
White Maid of Avenel!"

These lines were hardly uttered, when there stood the figure of a female clothed in white, within three steps of Halbert Glendinning."

CLUBS FOR NEXT YEAR.—It is not too early to begin to get up clubs for next year. Many fail to make their clubs large enough, by neglecting to begin till after their friends have promised for other magazines. This Magazine is so much cheaper than others of its class that thousands, who never took it before, will take it for 1862, if its merits are only laid before them. We trust to our friends to do this for us. Everything that a lady can want in a magazine is to be found in "Peterson" at a price one-third less than in other first-class periodicals. Remember, too, that while this Magazine is not surpassed by any one in its Fashions, Work-Table Department, Receipts, etc., etc., it has the reputation of excelling any other lady's magazine in its literature and engravings.

ARMY COURTESHIP.—This capital engraving requires no description. It tells its own story. A match to it, "Navy Courtship," will appear in our November number.

INDIA MUSLINS.—At the present day, the uneducated Hindoo girl, by the use of her hands simply, could surpass the dexterity and fineness of texture-productions of the most perfect machinery, in the manufacture of cotton and muslin cloths. In England, cotton has been spun so fine, that it would require a thread of four hundred and ninety miles in length to weigh a pound; but the Hindoo girl had, by her hands, constructed a thread which would require to be extended one thousand miles to weigh a pound; and the Deccan muslins of her manufacture, when spread on the ground, and covered with dew, are no longer visible.

POLITENESS.—La Bruyere has well said that the spirit of politeness consists in our giving such an attention to our manners and language, that those around us are left content with us and with themselves.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Recreations of a Country Parson. Second Series. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is one of the most delightful books that has appeared for years. It is only equaled, indeed, by its predecessor, to which it makes a second series, and which came out about a twelvemonth ago. The "Recreations" are a collection of essays, chiefly on matters of every day life, written, not in a hard, didactic spirit, but tersely, gracefully, and suggestively. Indeed, this suggestiveness is one of the charms of the "Country Parson." He tells you few things that are absolutely new; his thoughts, in fact, are your own thoughts; but though, in a dreamy way, you have had precisely his very ideas come up to you often and often, they were never before so clearly brought out or so methodically arranged. Your vanity is flattered continually by the reflection, "This is just what I have often thought," while your taste is gratified by the generally graceful way the "Parson" has of "putting things." As a rule, the more cultivated the reader is, the more he or she will like "The Recreations." Ticknor & Fields have brought out the volume in an unusually elegant style even for them.

Great Expectations. "Household Edition of Dickens." By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—In our last number we noticed the appearance of an octavo edition of this novel. We have now an elegant duodecimo edition, profusely illustrated, to match the other volumes of Peterson & Brothers' famous "Household Edition" of Dickens. A second perusal of "Great Expectations" has confirmed the opinion we expressed last month, that this is the best fiction its author has written within the last twenty years. Dickens, in his freshest days, never surpassed the description of the convict in "the meshes," as given in this volume: the whole chapter is wonderful. Peterson & Brothers have now published several different editions of this novel, which may be had at all prices from fifty cents up to a dollar and a half. For our own taste we prefer the present edition.

Philip Thaxter. A Novel. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—Though this appears anonymously, we are not sure it is by a fresh author. There are turns of expression, modes of thought, and management of incidents, which remind us, more or less, of an American novelist already known to fame. But whether "Philip Thaxter" is by a new writer, or not, it is a fiction of considerable merit and interest. There is no attempt at fine writing in it, no maudlin sentimentality, but an honest desire to describe life and character as they really exist. The hero, consequently, is not immaculate, and if the heroine is so, or nearly so, it is by right of her prerogative as a woman. Part of the story is carried on in New England, and part in California; and if life in the latter place

is as truthfully depicted as in the former, the work, in every part, is unusually accurate. There is an excellent moral in the story.

The Silent Woman. By the author of "King's Cope." 1 vol., 8 co. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.—This is that rarest of books, now-a-days, a real, old-fashioned love-story. The character of Coellia, for she is the true heroine, though Lena was evidently intended for it, is fresh, animated, and life-like; and everybody rejoices, when, at the end, she marries the Marquis of Hurstonceaux. We feel that, when she becomes Duchess of Axminster, she will adorn that high station, instead of being adorned by it. Uncle Ned is also a character we like. All the actors, however, excepting Lena, are well-drawn.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

THE INVISIBLE SPRINGS.—Take two pieces of white cotton cord, precisely alike in length; double each of them separately, so that their ends meet; then tie them together very neatly, with a bit of fine cotton thread, at the part where they double (i. e. the middle). This must all be done beforehand.

When you are about to exhibit the trick, hand round two other pieces of cord, exactly similar in length and appearance to those which you have prepared, but not tied, and desire your company to examine them. You then return to your table, placing these cords at the edge, so that they fall (apparently accidentally) to the ground, behind the table; stoop to pick them up, but take up the prepared ones instead, which you have previously placed there, and lay them on the table.

Having proceeded thus far, you take round for examination three ivory rings; those given to children when teething, and which may be bought at any of the toyshops, are the best for your purpose. When the rings have undergone a sufficient scrutiny, pass the prepared double cords through them, and give the two ends of one cord to one person to hold, and the two ends of the other to another. Do not let them pull hard, or the thread will break, and your trick be discovered. Request the two persons to approach each other, and desire each to give you one end of the cord which he holds, leaving to him the choice. You then say, that, to make all fast, you will tie these two ends together, which you do, bringing the knot down so as to touch the rings; and returning to each person the end of the cord next to him, you state that this trick is performed by the rule of contrary, and that when you desire them to pull hard, they are to slacken, and *vice versa*, which is likely to create much laughter, as they are certain of making many mistakes at first.

During this time, you are holding the rings on the forefinger of each hand, and with the other fingers preventing your assistants from separating the cords prematurely, during their mistakes; you at length desire them, in a loud voice, to slacken, when they will pull hard, which will break the thread, the rings remaining in your hands, whilst the strings will remain unbroken: let them be again examined, and desire them to look for the springs in the rings.

THE MIRACULOUS APPLE.—To divide an apple into several parts, without breaking the rind:—Pass a needle and thread under the rind of the apple, which is easily done by putting the needle in again at the same hole it came out of; and so passing on till you have gone round the apple. Then take both ends of the thread in your hands and draw it out; by which means the apple will be divided into two parts. In the same manner, you may divide it into as many parts as you please, and yet the rind will remain entire. Present the apple to any one to peel, and it will immediately fall to pieces.

THE PHANTOM AT COMMAND.—This feat is performed by means of confederacy. Having privately apprised your confederate that when he hears you strike one blow, it signifies the letter A; when you strike two, it means B; and so on for the rest of the alphabet, you state to the company, that if any one will walk into the adjoining room, and have the door locked upon him, you will cause any animal to appear to him which any person may name.

In order to deter every one except your confederate from accepting the offer, you announce, at the same time, that the person who volunteers to be shut up in the room must be possessed of considerable courage, or he had better not undertake it. Having thus gained your end, you give your confederate a lamp, which burns with a very dismal light; telling him, in the hearing of the company, to place it in the middle of the floor, and not to feel alarmed at what he may happen to see. You then usher him into the room, and lock the door.

You next take a piece of black paper, and a bit of chalk, and giving them to one of the party, you tell him to write the name of any animal he wishes to appear to the person shut up in the room. This being done, you receive back the paper, and after showing it round to the company, you fold it up, burn it in the candle or lamp, and throw the ashes into a mortar; casting in at the same time a powder, which you state to be possessed of very miraculous properties.

Having taken care to read what was written, you proceed to pound the ashes in the mortar thus: Supposing the word written to be Cat, you begin by stirring the pestle round the mortar several times, and then strike three distinct blows, loud enough for the confederate to hear, and by which he knows that the first letter of the word is C. You next make some irregular evolutions of the pestle round the mortar, that it may not appear to the company that you give nothing but blows, and you then strike one blow to denote A. Work the pestle about again, and then strike twenty blows, which he will know to mean T; finishing your manœuvre by working the pestle about the mortar; the object being to make the blows as little remarkable as possible. You then call aloud to your confederate, and ask him what he sees. At first he is to make no reply; but presently afterward, he cries out that he is so frightened he cannot tell you. At length, after being interrogated several times, he says that something has appeared to him which very much resembles a Cat.

That no mistake may be made, each party should repeat to himself the letters of the alphabet in the order of the blows.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

To Pickle Onions.—Gather your onions, when quite dry and ripe, all about the same size, not too small. Wash the dirt off them (do not pare them); make a strong solution of salt and cold water, into which put a gallon or two of onions, or as many as you wish to pickle. Change the water and salt twice a day, morning and night, for three days, saving the last water they were in; then take the outside skin off. Have a tin saucepan, large enough, or nearly so, to hold them, as they are always best all done together, into which put the last water the onions were in, and take as much milk and add to the water, so as to make it half-milk and half-water; to this add a double handful of salt; put your onions in it; have a skimmer with holes. Put on cold, and stand by and watch them. Keep constantly—from the time you put your saucepan on the fire till the milk and water begins to boil—turning the onions, those at the bottom to the top, and the top ones to the bottom, and so on, with your skimmer; the milk and water will run through the holes. The onions will become trans-

parent. Let the milk and water, after it boils, boil for about ten minutes, keeping the onions stirred, but in stirring them be particular not to break one of them. Then have ready a large pail, or pan, with a large colander, into which turn them to drain, covering them with a cloth to keep in the steam. Place on a table an old cloth of some kind, two or three times doubled; place the onions in it while quite hot; have an old piece of blanket or flannel, and cover it also close over them, keeping in the steam. Let them remain thus till the next day, when they will be quite cold, and look yellow and shriveled; take off the shriveled skins, when they will look as white as snow. Have a pan ready, and put your onions in it; then make a strong pickle of vinegar, the best you can get, to which add a quarter of a pound of the best white whole ginger, bruised, a good teaspoonful of Cayenne, half an ounce of allspice, a quarter of an ounce of cloves, half an ounce of whole nutmeg, bruised, a small quantity of cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce of mace, the like quantity of whole mustard seeds. Boil all these up, and pour boiling hot in your pan, over your onions; cover very closely, so as to keep in all the steam, and let them stand till quite cold, which will be the next day; but they will not be hurt if left till the following day, when you must have some wide-mouthed bottles ready (and your bungs and corks), into which put your onions; or you may put them into jars, but be sure they are well bunged or corked, with a piece of bladder tied over each jar; before doing which put a good tablespoonful of the best olive oil over each bottle or jar. Let them stand in a cool place at least a month or six weeks, when you may try their goodness; they will be beautifully white, and eat crisp, without the least softness, and will keep good many months. They are some little trouble to do, but if you are fond of good pickled onions, the trouble will be well repaid.

Apple Snow.—Ten good-sized apples, the whites of ten eggs, the rind of one lemon, half a pound of pounded sugar. Peel, core, and cut the apples into quarters, put them into a saucepan with the lemon-peel and rather less than half a pint of water. When they are tender, take out the peel, beat them to a pulp, let them cool, and stir them to the whites of the eggs, which should be previously beaten to a strong froth. Add the sifted sugar, and continue the whisking until the mixture becomes quite stiff; and either heap it on a glass dish, or serve it in small glasses. The dish may be garnished with preserved barberries, or strips of bright-colored jelly; and a dish of custards should be served with it, or a jug of cream. The apples must be stewed from thirty to forty minutes.

Hot-Cross-Buns.—Rub four ounces of butter into two pounds of flour, add four ounces of sugar, and of ground ginger, cinnamon, and mace mixed together, one ounce and a-half. Put a spoonful or two of cream into a cupful of yeast, and as much good milk as will make the above into a light paste. Set it near the fire to rise. The buns will bake quickly on tins. When half-done, press the form of a cross with a tin mould in the center.

Toad-in-a-Hole may be thought a very humble dish, but if well dressed is very good. Make a common batter of eggs, flour, and milk, but rather thicker than usual, and put in the center of it a fowl boned and stuffed with forcemeat; let it be entirely covered with the batter, then bake it. Two pounds of beef, or any kind of meat, may be seasoned and dressed in the same manner.

To Keep French Beans green until Christmas.—Be sure to have them sufficiently young not to require stringing. Place them in an earthen pan, and between every layer strew a thick covering of salt—thus, a layer of beans and a layer of salt alternately until the pan is full. Then cover close with leather, skin, or any other substance which will keep it airtight.

Bride Cake.—Wash two and a half pounds of fresh butter in plain water first, and then in rose-water; beat the butter to a cream; beat twenty eggs, yolks and whites separately, half an hour each. Have ready two and a half pounds of the finest flour, well dried and kept hot, likewise one and a half pounds of sugar pounded and sifted, one ounce of spice in fine powder, three pounds of currants nicely cleaned and dry, half a pound of almonds blanched, and three-quarters of a pound of sweetmeats cut, not too thin. Let all be kept by the fire, mix all the dry ingredients, pour the eggs strained to the butter, but beat the whites of the eggs to a strong froth; mix half a pint of sweet wine with the same quantity of brandy, pour it to the butter and eggs, mix well, then have all the dry things put in by degrees; beat them very thoroughly—you can hardly do it too much. Having half a pound of stoned jar-raisons chopped as fine as possible, mix them carefully, so that there should be no lump, and add a teaspoonful of orange-flower water; beat the ingredients together a full hour at least. Have a hoop well buttered; take a white paper, doubled and buttered, and put in the pan round the edge; do not fill it more than three parts with batter, as space should be allowed for rising. Bake in a quick oven. It will require full three hours. In making cakes of a larger size, put at the rate of eight eggs to every pound of flour, and other ingredients in the same proportion. The cake must be covered with an icing.

Cracknels.—One pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of currants, half a pound of butter, and a little cream; season with a little mace, and add as many eggs as will make the whole into a rather stiff paste. Make it up in round balls, or pull four together with a fork, and dip them (before baking) in rough-pounded loaf-sugar.

Apple Egg Pudding.—Beat an egg well, then add a gill of water or milk, seven tablespoonfuls of flour, and a salt-spoonful of salt; mix well together. Pare and cut into pieces three apples; stir them into the batter. Boil it in a cloth an hour and a quarter; if in a basin a little longer. Eat with melted butter flavored with lemon.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPTS.

To Strengthen the Voice.—The best method of effecting this is by constant practice; care being taken to avoid over-extraining the voice, and to leave off whenever any symptoms of hoarseness appear. All sudden chills should be avoided, and if abroad late at night, a warm cloak or shawl should be worn, and the veil kept down. A raw egg is recommended as useful for the voice; but a preserved fig, such as are sold at the grocers', is as efficacious, and much more palatable. *Or:*—Go into a field three times a day, and converse with a friend at one hundred and twenty feet distance, for twenty minutes each time, extending the voice so as every word may be distinctly heard. At the same time let each hand grasp the elbows behind the back.

To Clean Silks.—Dresses cleaned by the following method have not the appearance of being cleaned:—Quarter of a pound of honey, quarter of a pound of soft soap, two wine-glasses of gin, three gills of boiling water. Mix, and let stand until blood-warm. Spread the silk on a clean table, with a cloth under it—there must be no gathers. Dip a nail-brush into the mixture, and rub the silk well, especially where there are stains, or the most dirt or spots, and with a sponge wet the whole breadth generally, and rub gently. Then rinse the silk in cold, soft water; hang it up to drain, and iron it damp. The quantity stated is for a plain dress.

How to make old Writing Legible.—Take six or seven bruised galls, and put to them a pint of strong white wine; let it stand in the sun forty-eight hours; dip a brush into it, and wash the writing.

Stains of Wine, Fruit, etc., after they have been long in Linen.—Rub the part on each side with yellow soap; then lay on a mixture of starch in cold water very thick; rub it well in, and expose the linen to the sun and air till the stain comes out. If not removed in three or four days, rub that off and renew the process. When dry, it may be sprinkled with a little water. Many other stains may be taken out by dipping the linen in sour buttermilk, and drying it in a hot sun. Then wash it in cold water, and dry it, two or three times a day.

To Preserve Steel Goods from Rust.—After bright grates have been thoroughly cleaned, they should be dusted over with unslaked lime, and thus left until wanted. All the coils of piano wires are thus sprinkled, and will keep from rust for many years. Table-knives, which are not in constant use, ought to be put in a case in which sifted quick-lime is placed about eight inches deep. They should be plucked to the top of the blades, but the lime should not touch the handles.

Ironmoulds should be wetted, then laid on a hot water-plate, and a little essential salt of lemons put on the part. If the linen becomes dry, wet it, and renew the process, observing that the plate is kept boiling hot. Much of the powder sold under the name of salt of lemons is a spurious preparation: and therefore it is necessary to dip the linen in a good deal of water, and wash it as soon as the stain is removed, to prevent the part from being worn into holes by the acid.

Fried Cucumber.—Take a full-grown cucumber, ripe, but still solid, and slice it thin—that is, not over a quarter of an inch thick—and dip the slices in a flour batter so as to coat them, and then fry them in very hot lard, and plenty of it (not in a greased skillet), and eat them hot. Slices of salt fat pork, treated in the same way, are a good accompaniment. In both cases the batter should be cooked of an even light brown.

Cucumber Farces.—Take full-grown cucumbers, peel them, divide them lengthwise, remove the seeds, and replace them with any sort of forcemeat, seasoned with a few drops of Chili vinegar; then tie them together with thread; dip them in batter, and fry them. In Russia, cucumbers are preserved throughout the winter by being merely salted; and they are commonly eaten raw, but without vinegar, and unpeeled.

Grape Wine.—Take twenty pounds of grapes, very ripe and picked clean, pour upon them six quarts of boiling water, cover them close, and, before they are cold, break the grapes with the hand; let them stand three days, then strain them as dry as possible, and stir into the liquor ten pounds of sugar; tun it the next day, and it will work itself pure; lay the bung on it until it has done hissing.

To Silver Ivory.—Immerse the Ivory in a weak solution of nitrate of silver, and let it remain until the solution has given it a deep yellow color; then take it out and immerse it in a tumbler of clean water, and expose it in water to the rays of the sun. In about three hours the Ivory acquires a black color; but the black surface, on being rubbed, is soon changed to a brilliant silver.

To Clean Head and Clothes-Brushes.—Put a tablespoonful of pearlash into a pint of boiling water. Having fastened a bit of sponge to the end of a stick, dip it into the solution, and wash the brush with it. Next pour over it some clean, hot water, and put it aside for a short time; then drain and wipe it with a cloth, and dry it before the fire.

A Cheap Preserve.—Three pounds of apples, three pounds of pears, three pounds of plums, cut in small pieces, stoned and cored, and three pounds of loaf-sugar. Boil for thirty minutes.

To Prevent Onions from Affecting the Eyes when being Peeled.—Put a piece of bread on the point of a knife, and occasionally smell at it.

Wood Staining.—A decoction of walnut or hickory bark, with a small quantity of alum in it, to give permanency to the color, will make an excellent dye. Wood of a white color receives, from the application of this liquid, a beautiful yellow tinge, which is not liable to fade. It is particularly adapted for furniture made of maple.

For taking Grease out of Colored Silk.—Take French chalk, finely scraped, and put it on the grease spot, holding it near the fire, or over a warm iron reversed. This will cause the grease to melt, the French chalk will absorb it, and it may then be brushed or rubbed off.

To make soft Pomatum.—Beat half a pound of unmited fresh lard in common water; then soak and beat it in two rose-waters, drain it, and beat it with two spoonfuls of brandy; let it drain from this; add to it some essence of lemon, and keep it in small pots.

Essence of Ginger.—Take three ounces of ground ginger, two ounces of lemon-peel cut very thin, put these into a quart of brandy; let it stand a fortnight, shaking it once or twice every day; strain it through a linen cloth, and bottle.

To Stew Onions.—Peel, flour, and fry them gently of a fine brown, but do not blacken them; then put them into a small stewpan, with a little gravy, pepper, and salt; cover and stew gently for two hours.

RECEIPTS FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

Broth of Beef, Mutton, and Veal.—Put two pounds of lean beef, one pound of scrag of veal, one pound of scrag of mutton, sweet herbs, and ten peppercorns, into a saucpan, with five quarts of water; simmer to three quarts, and clear off the fat when cold. Add one onion, if approved. Soup or broth made of different meats is more supporting, as well as better flavored. To remove the fat, take it off when cold as clean as possible; and if there be still any remaining, lay a bit of clean blotting-paper on the broth when in the basin, and it will take up every particle. Or, if the broth is wanted before there is time to let it get cold, put a piece of cork up the narrow end of a funnel, pour the broth into it, let it stand for a few minutes, and the fat will rise to the top; remove the cork, and draw off into a basin as much of the broth as is wanted, which will be perfectly free from fat.

Apple Water is very delicate. Cut two large apples in slices, and pour one quart of boiling water on them; or on roasted apples; strain in two or three hours, and sweeten lightly. Or:—Peel and quarter four large rennet apples, or any other firm acid apple. Put them into one quart of water with the peel of half a lemon and a handful of washed currants; let all boil for one hour, then strain it; add sugar to taste. Let it stand till cold. A little wine may be added to it when about to be drunk.

White Wine Whey.—Put half a pint of new milk on the fire; the moment it boils up, pour in as much sound raisin wine as will completely turn it, and make it look clear; let it boil up, then set the saucpan aside till the curd subsides, and do not stir it. Pour the whey off, and add to it half a pint of boiling water and a bit of white sugar. Thus you will have a whey perfectly cleared of milky particles, and as weak as you choose to make it.

Whey.—Put one pint of warm milk into a vessel before the fire, and add to it half a tablespoonful of rennet. When the curd forms, cut it into squares to allow the whey to escape. Then put it on a sieve, and drain it carefully. The milk may also be turned with lemon-juice; and the curds may be eaten with sugar and nutmeg, but not by a sick person.

Ground Rice Milk.—Boil one spoonful of ground rice, rubbed down smooth, with one pint and a half of milk, a bit of cinnamon, lemon-peel, and nutmeg. Sweeten when nearly done.

Vinegar and Lemon Whey.—Pour into boiling milk as much vinegar or lemon-juice as will make a small quantity quite clear, dilute with hot water to an agreeable acid, add a bit or two of sugar. This is less heating than if made of wine, and, if only to excite perspiration, answers as well.

Caudle is made in various ways. Make a fine smooth gruel of halfgrits; strain it when boiled well; stir it at different times till cold. When to be used, add sugar, wine, and lemon-peel, with nutmeg. Some like a spoonful of brandy besides the wine; others like lemon-juice.

MAKING FEATHER FLOWERS.

THE ART OF MAKING FEATHER FLOWERS is scarcely known or practiced in this country; but they can be made to equal foreign productions from the plumage of the common goose, and will, at trifling expense, produce bouquets of all the garden favorites.

1. Procure good white goose or swan's feathers, and free them from down, except a little on the shaft of the feather.

2. Having procured two good specimens of the flower you wish to imitate, pull off the petals of one, and, with tissue paper, cut out the shape of each size, leaving the shaft of the feather half an inch longer than the petal of the flower; bend the feather with the thumb and finger to the proper shape.

3. **TO MAKE THE STEM AND HEART OF A FLOWER.**—Take a piece of wire six inches long; across the top lay a small piece of cotton wool, turn the wire over it, and wind it round until it is the size of the heart, or center of the flower you are going to imitate. If a single flower, cover it with paste or velvet of the proper color, and round it must be arranged the stamens; these are made of fine Indian silk, or feathers may be used for this purpose. After the petals have been attached, the silk or feather is dipped into gum, and then into the farina. Place the petals round, one at a time, and wind them on with Moravian cotton, No. 4; arrange them as nearly like the flower you have for a copy as possible. Cut the stems of the feathers even, and then make the calix of feathers, cut like the pattern or natural flower. For small flowers the calix is made with paste. Cover the stems with paper or silk the same as the flowers; the paper must be cut in narrow strips, about a quarter of an inch wide.

TO MAKE THE PASTES OF THE CALIX, HEARTS, AND BUDS OF FLOWERS.—Take common white starch and mix it with gum water until it is the substance of thick treacle; color it with the dyes used for the feathers, and keep it from the air.

TO MAKE THE FARINA.—Use common ground rice, mixed into a stiff paste with any dye; dry it before the fire, and when quite hard, pound it to a fine powder. The buds, berries, and hearts of some double flowers are made with cotton wool, wound around wire, moulded to the shape with thumb and finger. Smooth it over with gum water, and when dry, cover the buds, berries, or calix with the proper colored pastes: they will require one or two coats, and may be shaded with a little paint, and then gummed and left to dry.

Flowers of two or more shades or colors are variegated with water-colors, mixed with lemon-juice, ultramarine and chrome for blue, and gold may also be used in powder, mixed with lemon-juice and gum water.

The materials required are some good white goose or swan's feathers; a little fine wire, different sizes; a few skeins of fine floss silk, some good cotton wool or wadding, a reel of No. 4, Moravian cotton, a skein of Indian silk, the starch and gum for pastes, and a pair of small sharp scissors, a few sheets of colored silk paper, and some water-colors, with the following dyes.

TO DYE FEATHERS BLUE.—Into two pennyworths of oil of vitriol, mix two pennyworths of the best indigo in powder; let it stand a day or two; when wanted shake it well, and into a quart of boiling water put one tablespoonful of the liquid. Stir it well, put the feathers in, and let them simmer a few minutes.

TO DYE FEATHERS YELLOW.—Put a tablespoonful of the best turmeric into a quart of boiling water; when well mixed put in the feathers. More or less of the turmeric will give them different shades, and a very small quantity of soda will give them an orange hue.

TO DYE FEATHERS GREEN.—Mix the indigo liquid with turmeric, and pour boiling water over it; let the feathers simmer in the dye until they have acquired the shade you want them.

PINK DYE.—Three good pink saucers in a quart of boiling water, with a small quantity of cream of tartar. If a deep color is required, use four saucers. Let the feathers remain in the dye several hours.

TO DYE FEATHERS LILAC.—About two teaspoonfuls of cudbear, into about a quart of boiling water; let it simmer a few minutes before you put in the feathers. A small quantity of cream of tartar turns the color from lilac to amethyst.

TO DYE FEATHERS RED.—Into a quart of boiling water dissolve a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, put in one tablespoonful of prepared cochineal, and then a few drops of muriate of tin. N. B.—This dye is expensive, and scarlet flowers are best made with the plumage of the red ibis, which can generally be had of a bird-fancier.

BEFORE THE FEATHERS ARE DYED they must be put into hot water, and let them drain before they are put into the dyes. After they are taken out of the dye, rinse them two or three times in clear cold water (except the red), which must only be done once. Then lay them on a tray, over which a cloth has been spread, before a good fire; when they begin to dry and unfold, draw each feather gently between your thumb and finger, until it regains its proper shape.

THE LEAVES OF THE FLOWERS are made of green feathers, cut like those of the natural flower, and serrated at the edge with a very small pair of scissors. For the calix of a moss-rose the down is left on the feather, and is a very good representation of the moss on the natural flower.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF SMOKE-COLORED SILK.—It is made in the Polonaise style, body and skirt in one. It is trimmed with three bands of black velvet, two of which pass from the shoulders down the sides of the skirt, the third passing from the neck down the front. These bands are edged with rows of narrow black lace. The sleeves are tight to above the elbow, where they are headed by two large puffs. The jockey or cap, with the trimming on the lower part of the sleeve, is of velvet, edged with lace. Bonnet of pink silk, trimmed with roses.

FIG. II.—HOUSE DRESS OF BLUE SILK FIGURED WITH STARS.—The skirt is full and long, but quite plain. The body is high, with a short point at the back as well as in front. It has two lappels opening in front of black velvet. The sleeves are moderately loose, with a black velvet cuff. Head-dress of black lace and flame-colored flowers.

FIG. III.—THE CLOTHES OF GRAY SILK, SPOTTED WITH BLACK.—The skirt finished at the edge by a very narrow quilled frill of the same. The sleeves fit closely to the arm, with a full puff, forming an epaulette on the shoulder. Round the waist is worn the Ceinture Medicale. It is made of black velvet. In front it has one point up and two down, the latter finished with small tassels. At the back it has one point up and three down, finished with tassels. A broad ceinture of black silk, fringed at the ends, is fastened on the left side of the waist. The pelerine, of muslin and guipure,

is in the form of a halfhandkerchief. The point at the back is pinned down to the corsage, and the two points in front are left to hang loosely.

FIG. IV.—THE AGNES.—This cloak is made of black silk. It is very long, and trimmed at the bottom with two ruffles, which are pinked at the edges. The lower ruffle is much the deepest. A full hood trimmed with gimp ornaments finishes the cloak.

FIG. V.—THE CATHARINE, a cloak of gray cloth, plaited full on the shoulders, with very large flowing sleeves. The collar, sleeves, and bottom of the cloak are bound with dark purple ribbon.

FIG. VI.—HEAD-DRESS, composed of black lace and crimson ostrich feathers.

FIG. VII.—CAPE of thin white muslin, black velvet and lace.

GENERAL REMARKS.—But comparatively few new goods have appeared this fall, and those are of an inexpensive kind. There are many varieties of woolen material for dresses; poplins of all qualities and prices; and silks, but less costly than those heretofore worn. Plain colors still continue in favor. Browns, grays, and other neutral tints, are the most fashionable, if we except black, which is as popular as ever. A toilet composed principally of black may be sombre, but it is always elegant.

There is nothing decidedly new as yet in the make of dresses.

SKIRTS are still fuller at the bottom than at the top, and are generally trimmed with flounces, quillings, etc. Some new dresses have been made with six or seven flounces, which extend above the knee; higher than they have been worn for a year or so past. Trimmings down the whole length of the front of the dress are also popular. These consist usually of quillings of ribbon, or puffings of silk, bows of ribbon and buttons, as the taste or material of which the dress is composed may dictate.

A very beautiful dress for half-mourning has been made of black silk, with a row of black ribbon bows down the front, each bow having a jet buckle in the center. The sleeves were coat-sleeves, that is, partially tight to the arm, with a deep, turned-up cuff. Another very pretty dress for the fall is called the *Beatrix*, and is made of black grenadine with cherry-colored bees. It has only one deep flounce surmounted by a band of plain silk edged with cherry-color, and raised on each side of the skirt by a large bow of pinked silk, cherry and black. The body was plain, but completed by a wide waistband which reproduces the two colors of the dress, and the sleeves were trimmed with a frill raised by two bows matching those on the skirt.

We have seen among some dresses for a bride, another dress composed of silver-gray *pou-de-soie*. On the lower part of the skirt are two bands of blue velvet bordered with an edging of white blonde. Two bands of the same pass *en tablier* up the front of the skirt. The low corsage is not pointed, and has a berthe of the same material as the dress, trimmed with blue velvet edged with blonde. The short sleeves are in puffs. When the pelerine is worn with this dress, long sleeves, formed of two puffs of silk separated by narrow bands of velvet, are attached to the short sleeves.

MORNING DRESSES are frequently cut in the *Polonoise* style, body and skirt in one piece, gored. Sometimes a loose jacket of the same material as the dress is worn over the *Polonoise*. This is particularly desirable for cold weather, or for an invalid. A morning dress called the "baby robe-de-chambre," is made with a *slightly* full waist, back and front, and is trimmed with a double *ruche* of quilling of silk of two shades. These *ruches* go around the neck, and are continued all the way down the front, and around the bottom of the skirt. The waist may be confined by a cord and tassel, belt, or ribbon of the color of the trimming.

BRADING in black on white pique or marcella is very fashionable for morning dresses. A morning dress of this material, braided down the front of the skirt, or round the hem, with black braid, looks very stylish. We saw one of these dresses made with a Zouave jacket, braided up the front, round the bottom, and on the sleeves to match the skirt. A clear muslin chemisette with a braided trimming, and a small collar with braided ends, completed this toilet. The back of the jacket was made to draw and un-draw at pleasure.

LONG SASHERS, which are usually an accompaniment to dressy toilets, are generally worn fastened at the side, and are made with long bows; they are also frequently worn crossed in the front, but with no bows, and are fastened with a buckle. Sometimes, too, sashes are worn with ends crossing behind as well as in front, but the ends are then much shorter.

MANTLES still continue large, as a general fashion; but efforts are being made to introduce smaller ones. For winter wear the large ones are preferable.

SHAWLS are very popular. For present use grenadine is much worn. We have noticed some very pretty black grenadine ones, embroidered only on the small point which falls over the large ones. One of these shawls was trimmed all round with a piece of crossway lilac silk, and embroidered in silk on the small point with branches of fuchsias in lilac. A white cashmere shawl was braided in an arabesque pattern in black all round, and on the small point a rich design, nearly filling up the corner. This article was exceedingly *distingue*. For colder weather, shawls of these styles are being prepared of black silk and cloth. These latter are usually trimmed with a row of black lace, headed by a jet trimming.

BONNETS continue large. The newest style of face trimming consists of a wreath of flowers which lie far down on the forehead. The bonnet also comes far over the face. This is becoming to but few faces, carried to the extreme it now is, though a bonnet which *slightly* droops is generally the most becoming which can be worn. Black straw bonnets are very much worn this autumn. The usual trimming is of red, or forest green, deep pink, dark blue or lilac. One of the prettiest which we have seen is of black horsehair, trimmed inside and out with bunches of red and black cherries. The cape is of black ribbon banded with red. White straw bonnets, trimmed with white ribbon and white ostrich plumes, or with black velvet and black plumes, are very elegant.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The coat is made of gray cloth, with a dark-blue plaid, and is trimmed with galloon and buttons of dark blue. White straw hat with a black brim, ornamented with a long white ostrich plume.

FIG. II.—BABY'S ROBE OF JACONET MUSLIN, richly embroidered down the whole length of the front.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The skirt is of gray cashmere, trimmed with two bands of Solferino colored cashmere set on with rows of black velvet. The jacket and sash are of Solferino colored cashmere, trimmed with narrow black velvet. Gray hat with Solferino colored velvet band and plumes.

FIG. IV.—COAT FOR A BOY OF TEN YEARS OF AGE, made of brown tweed or water-proof cloth. The lappels in front are made so they can be buttoned over if necessary.

FIG. V.—CASAQUE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—It is of heavy drab cloth, with trimming of a darker shade of cloth.

FIG. VI.—A SHORT CLOAK FOR AN INFANT IN SHORT DRESSES.—This cloak is of two shades of gray cloth, striped. There is a small hood, gathered and tied by a ribbon at the back.



Drawn by W. G. G. G.

Engraved & Coloured by J. H. B.

THE LITTLE NURSE.

By MRS. J. H. B.





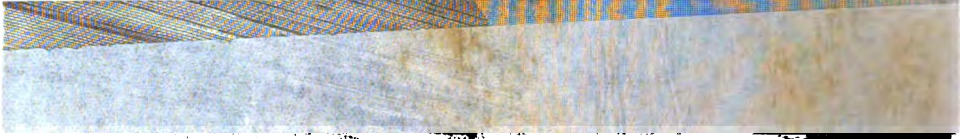
Engraved & Printed by Wm. B. Smith

LES MODES PARISIENNES
NOVEMBER.

1851

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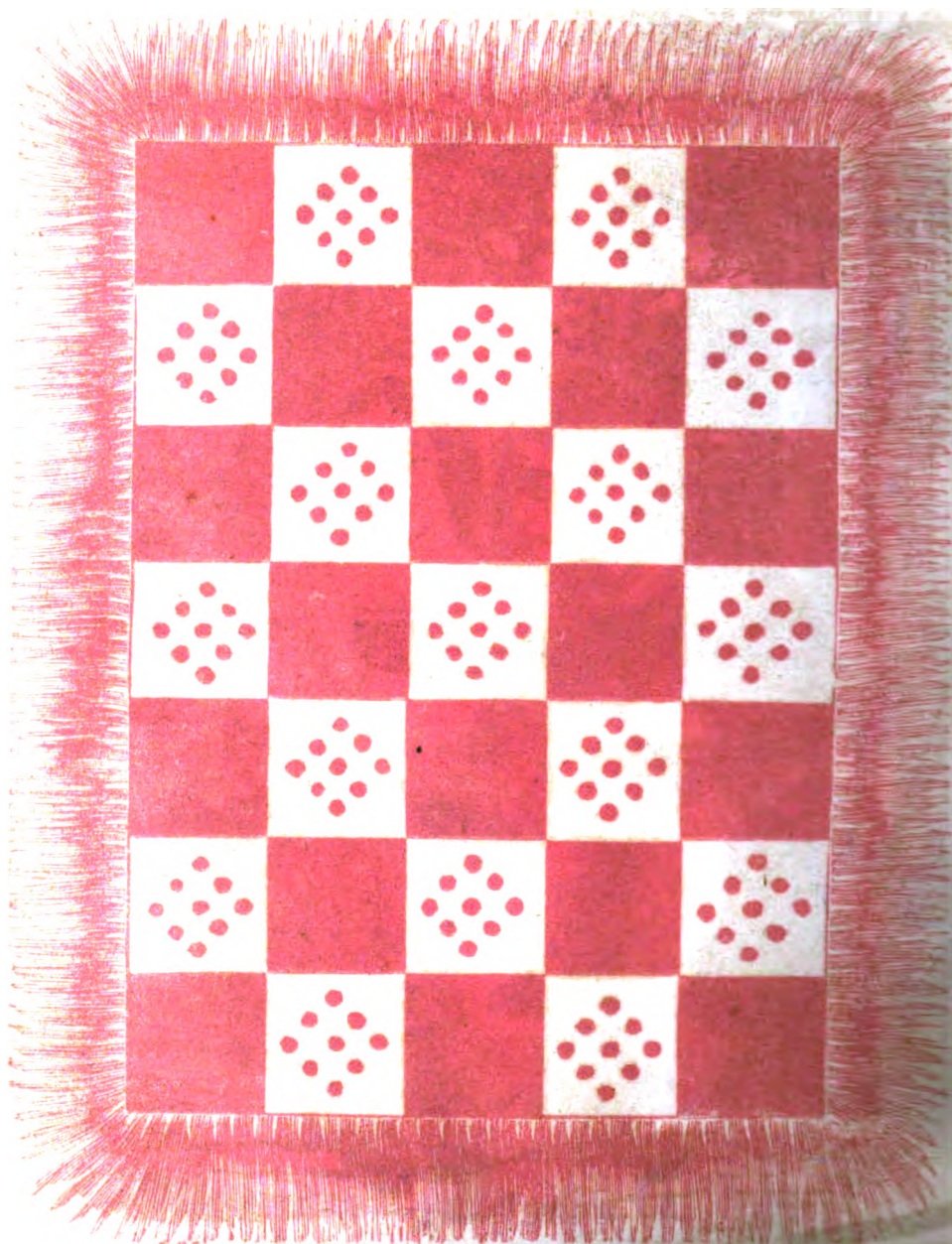




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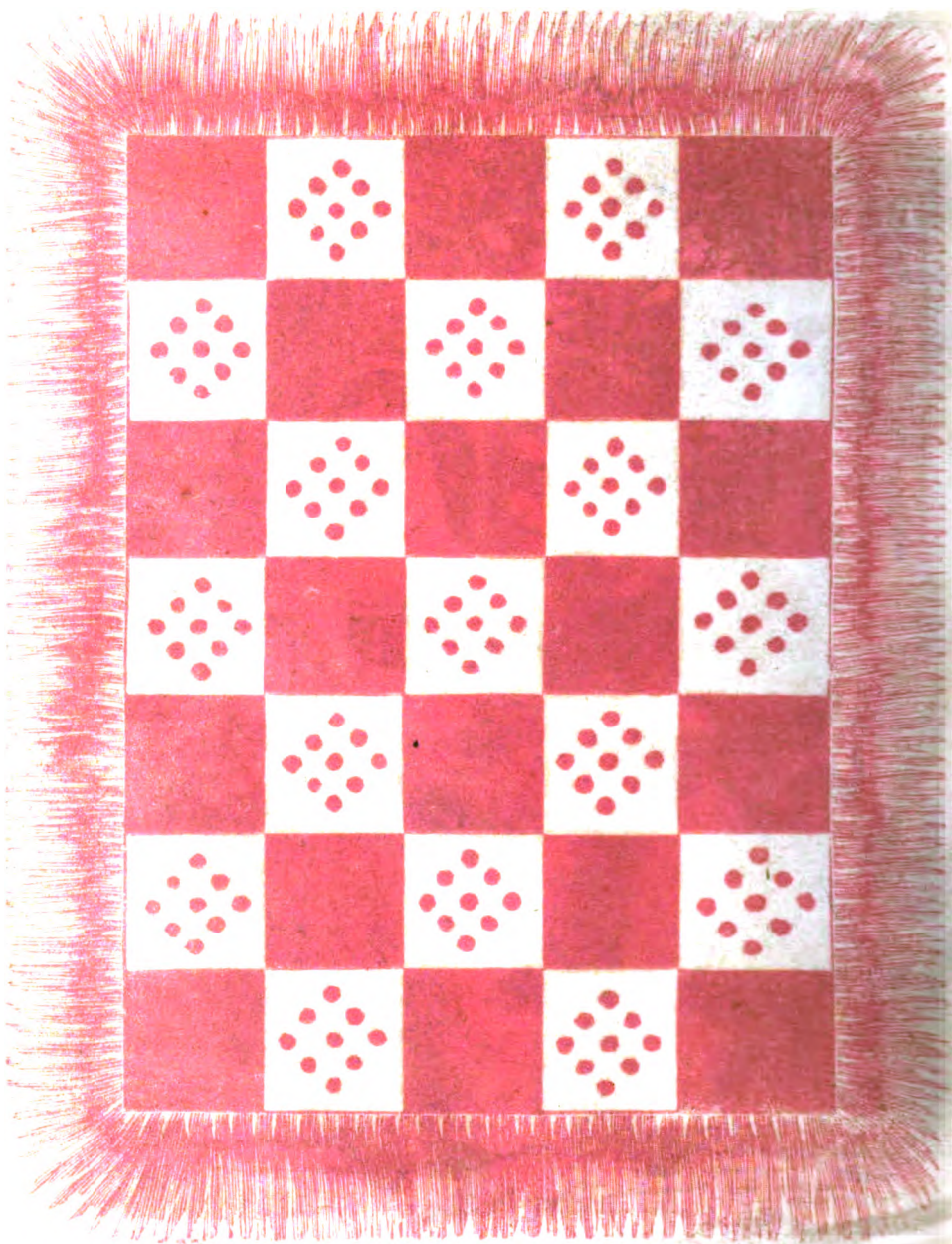


Knitted Crib Cover--Peterson's Magazine, November, 1861.





NAVY COURTSHIP.



Knitted Crib Cover--Feterson's **Magazine**, November, 1861.





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JEANIE

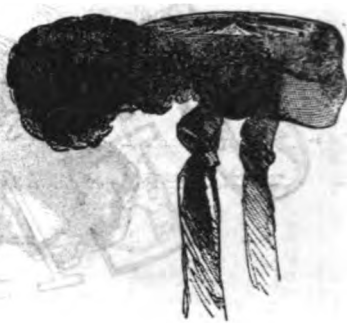
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THE VENETIA.



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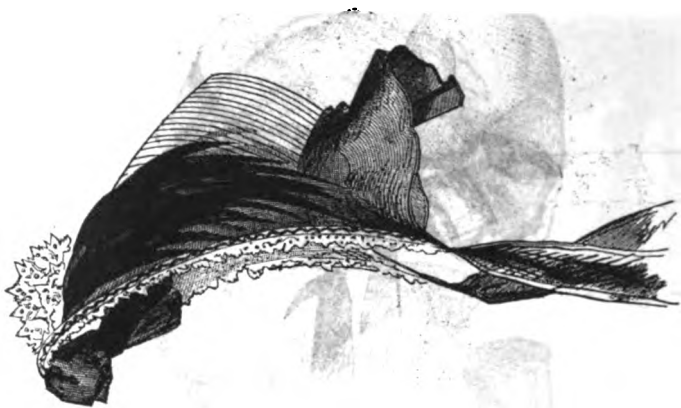
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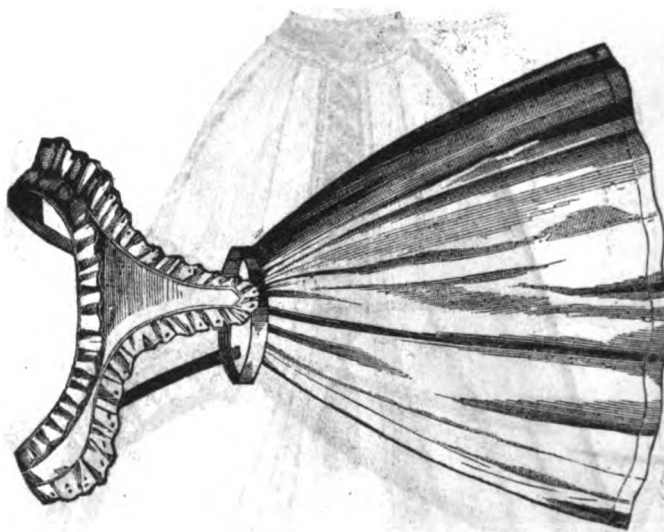
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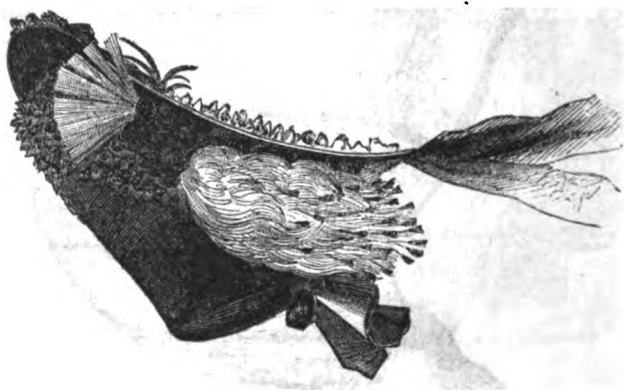
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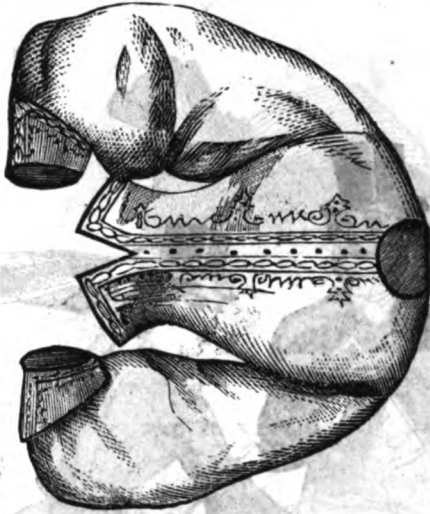


PATTERN FOR APRON.

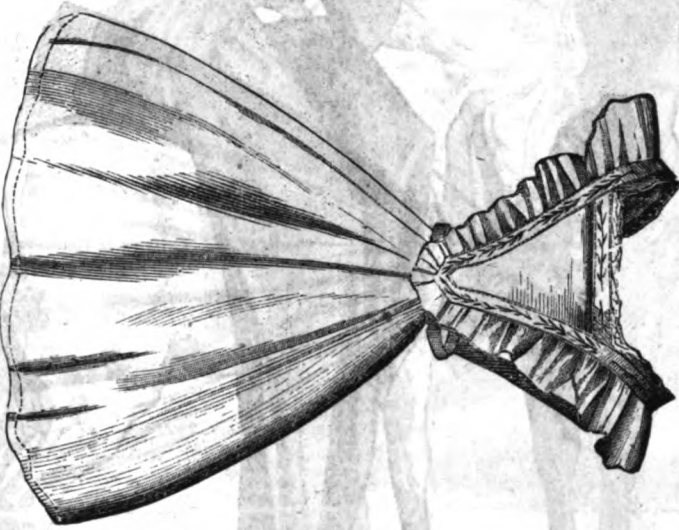


WINTER BONNET.

ZOUAVE VEST.



PATTERN FOR APRON.



ZOUAVE JACKET.





LATEST EQUESTRIAN FASHIONS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XL.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1861.

No. 5.

RICHARD GRAY.

BY S. E. E. PIDSLEY.

I.

THE twilight of the short winter day was fast approaching when Richard Gray sat alone in his library. The bright fire piled up high in the grate; the crimson curtains shutting out all but a hand's breadth of the snow; the rich, deep colors of the carpet; the rare paintings from the hand of old masters; and the dark book-cases filled with the choicest volumes, made a pleasant setting for the picture in the foreground.

But Richard Gray thought not of all this, as he sat silently before the grate, his head resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed on the fire. His dark hair fell over a hand neither small nor delicate, and shaded a face, which, spite of its strength and intellect, might almost have been called plain—if you did not see his eyes. It was not a young face either. One look would tell you that the brightness of youth had gone; but left, what it does not always leave, the calm strength of manhood. That face was a pleasant page to read, as the lights and shadows of thought passed over it. The lines around the mouth moved; the brow contracted as if with pain; then a smile followed by a sigh. Then the lip grew firm, the lines around it hard, the brow quivered for an instant, and he said half-aloud, "No, I never thought it would come to this." His head went down upon the table beside him, and for the next few minutes the room was perfectly silent.

His dog, who had been lying on the other side of the fire, winking and blinking in the flame-light, now rose, went slowly to his master's chair and laid his head upon his knee, as if by this silent caress to tell him of his sympathy. For some time he was unnoticed; but at last a hand was laid upon his head, and he answered with a bark of delight. Richard Gray raised his head from the table and looked down into the dog's loving eyes, slowly stroking him the while.

"Poor Death! We lead but a sorry life now when Une is gone—little Une. But you do not feel it as I do, Death, old fellow! You will not miss her as I shall morning, noon, and night—the touch of her hand—her step in the hall—her cousinly kisses, seldom given—our morning readings and evening rides. Une, little Une! But I shall never ask her to come back to us—if she ever comes, it must be of her own free will. Do you hear, Death? Of her own free will—it took her away, it shall bring her back. And it will. When she comes she will be most welcome—her place will be ready for her; but it may be years first. We can wait."

He sat and looked into the fire then, the shadow of all those waiting years lying on his face. Death went back to his place; the clock struck; the fire grew low and sent up fitful jets of flame; the clock struck once and again; the fire lay a heap of white ashes beneath the grate; the room was perfectly dark, save a strip of moonlight on the carpet; and Death snored loudly in his sleep before his master moved again.

When the morrow came, Richard Gray went his accustomed way, as if a torrent had not rolled over his soul and swept away its all. He was no coward, though the sunlight of his life seemed gone. All the hopes, aims, and plans of years had been crushed in one moment. He was stunned, for an instant reënson grappled hand in hand with agony; but the victory was gained.

Une, his little cousin, had been left to his care by her father on his death bed, with the prayer that she might ever be as his own. Faithfully he had kept his promise. He brought her to his beautiful home, gave her the best instructors, and even in all the duties of his profession (which were not light) he had always time for Une and her happiness. Day by day he had guided her in her studies, watched with earnest

pleasure the rapid unfolding and expanding of her mind, quelled her willfulness and perverseness by his own strong will, been to her parent, guardian, and friend. If he had been more, if he had loved her better, he did not know it until he lost her. She was eighteen and he thirty-five when she told him she must leave him. They had been sitting in the library, Dr. Gray's favorite room. It was evening, and he had been reading to her. She sat on the opposite side of the table sewing, or pretending to; for the stitches grew but slowly under her fingers. She was paler than usual; her firm lip was more closely compressed; and her eyes looked deeper and darker than their wont. Yet it was a mood which well suited her beautiful face. Richard Gray thought so as he looked at her over his book. Often in the pauses of reading, when he had stopped to answer a question of hers, her lips would part as if she wished to ask something she dared not, but closed them again as she murmured to herself, "Not yet—wait." The book had been laid aside, then came a few minutes' conversation, followed by prayers. Une took her lamp—set it down again and said quietly, yet firmly, "Mr. Gray, can you spare me a few minutes?"

"Certainly, my child. What is it?"

"I have been offered a situation in a common school. I wish to accept it; but of course would not do so until I had consulted you. I trust you will see the benefits to be derived from it, and that it will be better for me to go away."

Go away? Une, his child! He had never thought of it before. She wished it—and he? But he put that aside. He looked down at the little form standing before him; at the pale, womanly face, from which the dark hair was plainly banded; at her large eyes, in which he read her earnestness, and the quiet, resolute mouth which told him of her firmness. She was a woman—he saw it for the first time. Une waited for his answer. She thought his face looked ghastly pale; but knew it could not be, when the next moment he spoke so quietly, almost coldly,

"Why do you wish to go away, Une?"

"Because—much as I thank you, can never thank you enough for your kindness—I wish to be independent."

"Independent? Child! you do not realize what you are doing! You cannot support yourself, and I shall not consent to your trying."

"Then I must go without it," she said, decidedly. She paused a moment, but as he did not speak went on. "You have been to me in all these years more than a guardian, more than

a friend; I believe my welfare has always laid near your heart, and I thank you for it. My gratitude I can never prove; but, believe me, I am not ungrateful. Years ago I told you that when I could teach I should support myself. That time has now come. Through the sickness of a teacher I can obtain a situation. To-morrow, if I wish it, my duties can begin."

"Une, you need not be dependent; stay here, my child, in the home which will be so lonely without you—one word and it will be yours. I do not ask you to be my child—it is no parent's love I give you—I did not know its depth till now. Une, will you stay?"

In his earnestness he bent toward her and laid his hand on her head. She looked up steadily in his face then and said, "Mr. Gray, you do not mean what you say—you think you do; but your love is not what you think it—you think I cannot bear the life I have chosen for myself—you pity me—because I am a woman you think I must be weak. So you think, I know. I know that a woman may be brave, strong, independent, relying on herself, thinking for herself, sustained in herself—you think otherwise—I will prove it."

"And destroy your heart in doing it! Be it so. But, Une Percey, you will live to see the day when you will look back to this hour and wish you could blot it from your memory. When you could almost curse yourself for the pride which wrecked your happiness. I do not blame you for not loving me—that is no fault of yours; but it is your fault, your sin, to crush your heart, foster your pride, and aim to be a man when God has made you a woman. You will see this some day; but the suffering of your blindness I would fain keep from you. You have chosen your life—live it. Henceforth our paths will be wide apart; but remember, if you ever want a friend, if my time, influence, life can ever serve you, they are yours. We shall not meet again—as friends. If you cannot be all, you must be nothing. God bless and keep you, my child, and grant you may never know the bitterness of giving all and gaining—nothing."

The voice, which suffering had made cold and hollow, trembled at the last; but the face Une looked upon was firm and cold. If she would have yielded before, that glance strengthened her pride—she did not waver.

"Good-by, Mr. Gray. You will forgive me?"

She held out her hand. He took it as one touches the picture of one "loved once," over whose grave the snows of many winters have fallen, and over whose memory the dust of distrust lies thick.

"Forgive you? Freely, fully. May God forgive you the wrong you do your own soul. If you ever see this—if in after years you can ever love me, remember that my home and heart are yours. For that time I can wait."

He turned away. Une went to her own room. Her pillow that night was wet with tears; but they could not drown her pride. All that night a figure paced up and down the library, a man whose tall form was bent with suffering, a face ghastly in the moonlight, a heart struggling in agony. They did not meet again. Dr. Gray was not at home in the morning; and when he returned Une was gone. The next evening, he sat in the library alone, looked his misery fully in the face, and, trusting in God's strength, said he could bear it.

II.

He is a brave man, who, when he has risked his all at one throw and lost it, dares to live his life anew, take up the broken warp and woof and weave them, smooth as may be, in the web of right and duty—suffering, enduring, loving to the end. Few can do this truly. Some grow reckless, doubting, scornful; others weak, cowardly, miserable—few dare to be, to do, and to suffer. Richard Gray did all this. He did not think his life aimless, endless, because he had lost its greatest blessing, because his home was empty, his heart desolate. He knew there was work enough to do, and bravely he set himself to do it. There were no weak repinings, no vain murmurings. God's grace and a firm will made him strong, strong to live and suffer. I do not say there were no yearnings for what he had lost, no longings for what had been and might never be again. That when he sat by his lonely fireside he did not miss her, night after night—aye, year after year, miss her always; but it was the craving of strength, not of weakness. His faith was strong, and he believed she would come back. He did not ask when or how, but his trust was great in a "compelling faith," and he felt it would bring her to him again. So he went his way calmly, bravely, in patient suffering, in earnest doing, in fearless living.

And Une? Her pride was strong, and she did not falter. Her bravery was worthy of a better cause. She worked faithfully for her pupils; and when she returned to her boarding-place, after the day's toil, weary and sometimes disheartened, she had the comfort of feeling that she had done her duty. Yet this did not satisfy her. Perhaps she had made the mistake of so many, and expected to feel happy and satisfied from what, at most, could only give her content

and peace. But her disappointment was crushed back—she would not acknowledge it to herself. "She was tired," she said, as she choked down the pain; "when she could rest she would be better." When would she rest?

Two years passed away marked by few outward changes. The look of suffering once seen on Dr. Gray's face had settled into one of quiet sorrow; his smile was more gentle; his manner more kind; he was a truer Christian, a nobler man. Suffering had done much for him, as suffering borne patiently, used rightly, always will do. Still he hoped, loved, waited; would it be in vain? Une had grown paler, thinner, quieter. Her lip was firmer; her step quicker; her eyes darker, restless, varying. The years had worn her—their impress was plainly marked upon her face. That look of care and unrest, so pitiful to see, shone there as distinctly as her pride. If the struggle had begun it was not ended—the fiercest of the fight was yet to come. Not that her face would have said all this to one who did not know her life and aims, and few knew them, fewer understood them. All this time Richard Gray and Une Percey had not met. Living within a few streets of each other, they were as wide asunder as the poles. Once indeed they had almost passed each other in the street; but Dr. Gray quickly passed to the other side, leaving Une angry at herself for feeling his marked avoidance.

It was just two years from when they had parted, that they met face to face in the sick room of one of Une's pupils. There was no escape, and a cold recognition passed between them. The doctor had prescribed for his patient and was leaving the room, when he slowly went back, stood before Une and said, "Child, you are, or ought to be, an invalid yourself, this is no place for you; go now, and I will stay in your place."

"I am very well, thank you—I need no rest, and shall stay."

"As you will," he replied, coldly.

That was the one break in their estrangement—the one meeting in the five years in which they were as strangers. With four of those years ended Une's mistake. The struggle had been long and fierce; but it ended in a glorious defeat. The worn, weary heart ceased its strivings, and baffled pride folded its ambitious wings. She saw her woman's mission and woman's sphere clearly then, and that she had been wrong in trying to make herself other than what she should be, a true woman. And then came the remembrance of those words spoken so long ago—so long—and she knew

that Richard Gray was right. Then with it all was the consciousness that she would have given worlds to hear him say once more that he loved her, that his home was her home, his heart hers. For two long years she had not looked in his face, and the longing to see him again grew intense. "If she ever wanted a friend, his time, influence, life were hers." But she could not ask him to be her friend; now she could understand how he had said so bitterly, "If you cannot be all, you must be nothing." If they ever met, if they were more than strangers, Une would not have wrecked her happiness by her delicacy, she would have let him see that he had waited long enough—if he loved her—but she could not seek him unsought; now she must wait. If he loved her—the thought came day by day, did he love her still? She knew his firm, unchanging nature; but—he might have seen ere this how unworthy she was of his love, and then——. She hardly dared to think the rest. She must wait.

One year had gone on heavy wings, and Une's little vacation had come, finding her weak, and weary, and needing rest—rest that she could not have, she thought. Scarcely a week of it had passed, when she left her home one evening hurriedly, restlessly, with a more care-worn, unhappy look than she had ever worn before. Swiftly she went on through several streets and stood at Dr. Gray's door. She rang the bell and asked for the housekeeper. She was shown to Mrs. Lawton's room, who had lived there ever since Une's childhood. As soon as the lady had expressed her surprise at the meeting, Une asked to see Dr. Gray. Mrs. Lawton assured her that it was impossible, as the nurse and physician were the only ones admitted to his room. Whereupon Une, with the characteristic independence which had so confounded the good lady in years gone by, assured her that she should see him and assist in taking care of him, which was just what she came for. "But, Miss Une," urged Mrs. Lawton, "he has a most dangerous fever and it will not be safe."

"Mrs. Lawton," said Une, raising her pale face and speaking most decidedly, "Mrs. Lawton, I knew the danger before I came, and I do not shrink from it now—you must indeed think me cowardly and ungrateful, not to be willing to risk my life, if needs be, to serve one to whom I owe so much."

She moved to leave the room, Mrs. Lawton led the way and left her at Dr. Gray's door. The darkened chamber, medicine and prescriptions, and the flushed face lying on the tumbled pillow sent a chill to Une's heart. She settled

it quietly with the nurse, by telling her that she was a friend, who had come to take her place for a little space while she rested, then received her directions and sent her away.

She took her station by the sick man's side, ministered to his wants, and heard him in his delirium begging her to come to him; he had waited so long—so many years, must he wait always? And Une could only smooth his hair back from his heated forehead, and tell him she had come to stay always if he wanted her, that she would never leave him more, and be answered by that delirious look or the pitiful jargon of insanity. Poor Une! for days she never left his side, night and day she kept her unwearied watch. She grew thinner and paler, more anxious and fearful, until the crisis was past, and the physician led her, weeping tears of joy, from the room. She slept two or three hours, and then returned to her post. Dr. Gray was sleeping quietly as a child, his regular breathing and pale, unfevered cheek told her that the danger was past, and her tears fell fast as she thanked God for the mercy she had so little deserved. At last he awoke and looked at her with the safe, happy expression of a child, who has started from a fearful dream and found itself in its mother's arms.

"Une," he said.

"Hush!" she laid her finger on his lips, "you must not talk now—you have been very sick, and you must be quiet."

"But you have come back to me?" he said, faintly.

"Yes," she answered.

She bent over, as she spoke, and pressed a kiss on his forehead, and he lay quietly, contentedly for the next hour with his hand in hers.

Every day he grew stronger, and blessed the sickness which had brought back to him his greatest treasure. Une read or talked to him every morning as he could bear it; but he always sent her away before she got tired, as he said; for he well knew how her continual watching must have wearied her. And Une? She thought she should never be tired again.

And one bright June morning, there was a quiet little wedding at St. Paul's, and Richard Gray took home his bride. And whenever, in after years, Mrs. Gray was asked her opinion of so-called "strong-minded women," she always gave it frankly, and assured her questioner that the only true woman is she who is content with the lot God gives her, who never assumes duties which are not her own, or strives to be other than what she is—a woman.

TWO STRAY CARPET-BAGS.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

EVERYBODY seemed hot, cross, and uncomfortable that left the cars at Littleton. The August sun has seldom looked down on a more ill-humored group of pleasure-seekers. On the long platform heaps of baggage were piled up in inextricable confusion, cross children were dragged along unwillingly by their nurses, fat gentlemen complained or swore according to their natures at the unnecessary delay, fat ladies fanned themselves, but rejoiced in perspective in plenty of cold water and towels, young ladies knew that they looked ugly in soiled collars and dusty faces, and even their faultless tempers were tried by *that*, and young gentlemen began to think the whole White Mountain affair a humbug, except the trout.

Two of these same young gentlemen were seated on a pile of trunks, their hats drawn over their faces, occasionally slapping their boots with their canes, occasionally yawning, and sometimes exchanging a dissatisfied remark about the Littleton Station and White Mountain traveling. At last the stages came rattling up to the platform, trunks were strapped on, and the passengers stowed closely in the inside. The two gentlemen had been dislodged from their seats, and now stood lounging against the door-post.

"I say, Harry," said the taller of the two, "don't let us go to the Profile, see what a crowd, any number of Flora McFlimseys, I'll warrant, judging from those immense trunks. The idea of bringing all Madison Square to the Mountains! Is no place to be sacred from the gauzes and crinolines that beset one at home, I wonder?"

"Not knowing, I can't say," was Harry Saunders' answer—"I've never been beset in that way, wish I had been, for gauze is just the most bewitching thing in the world; and as to crinoline, why, old fellow, when hoops first came up I could have fallen in love with a barrel that had them on. But I don't care where we go—if there is a founce within a mile of me I shall find it out—I'm as keen after the feminine creature as a pointer is after a bird, and can sight it just as soon."

"All in for the Profile?" called one driver.

"Any one else for the Flume?" asked another.

"The Flume let it be," said the taller of the two young men, as he surveyed the three coaches, the one for the Flume being much less full than the other two.

When once in motion, the twelve miles were not so disagreeable after all—the road was frequently through pleasant woods, cool and aromatic after the heat of the day; and by sundown two of the stages had whirled up to the piazza of the Profile. Of course everybody rushed from the parlors and halls, as is the American fashion, whenever there is an arrival at a watering-place; causing ladies to stumble down the steps of the stage, drop cabas, or tear dresses; and making gentlemen jerk out their female companions in their haste to get out of the way of the scrutiny of so many eyes, and invariably step backward on the particularly sore corn of some one who has crowded up behind.

But one of the coaches contained a more deliberate party than usual. The gentleman stepped out slowly, and politely but plainly elbowed those who had crowded too near him, and in the most deliberate manner, handed out one, two, three ladies. There were no cabas dropped, no dresses torn, but each stepped out as if she was the German princess who was being inspected by her future mother-in-law, and whose crown was to be decided by the manner in which she left her carriage. The style of the whole party left the impression of "traveled people" on the spectators.

The names entered upon the book at the desk were "George Harvey, wife, and two daughters, New York."

"35 and 36, two nice rooms, mamma. Well, American hotels *are* superior in comfort to any abroad; but ain't we dusty and ugly? Do look at yourself, Jennie, we are just two frights," and the youngest of the party commenced flapping the dust from her bonnet, and shaking her traveling cloak vigorously from the window.

Mamma's voice was heard through the closed door from the next room in a soothing flow of talk, as the two girls proceeded to disencumber themselves from their traveling-dresses.

"I don't know what ails the key of my carpet-bag," said the elder, as she knelt upon the floor, worrying at the lock till she was red in

the face, "I never had such trouble with it before;" and she gave it another jerk and pull that brought the bag open with a snap.

"Why, Nora, see here, what's this?" she exclaimed, in amazement, as she pulled out first a shaving-case, then a traveling-cap, half a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, a volume of the "Professor at the Breakfast-Table," a couple of pairs of gloves, and other odds and ends which gentlemen in traveling are apt to thrust into small carpet-bags.

"Well, these are of no use to me," said Jennie, in despair. "What am I to do with a shaving-case, pray? Brushes, combs, dressing sacque, slippers, and all my comforts gone."

"Oh! you can use mine till your bag turns up," said Nora, laughingly; "what a higgledy-piggledy style of packing that chap had. Well, his handkerchiefs *are* fine, and I'm not much a judge of shaving-cases, to be sure, but that looks well appointed."

"Oh!" answered the stately Jennie, "it belongs to some fastidious fellow, I dare say, a Maccaroni, as he would have been styled a century ago, 'an it,' as Mrs. Piozzie says, who combines the dandy with the wit in proper proportions; *vide* the silver-mounted dressing-case and the 'Professor,'" and, plunging her face into a basin of water, she seemed to wash away all thoughts of the carpet-bag and its owner.

All inquiry for the missing carpet-bag at the office was of no avail; but Jennie was too much of a traveler to let it disturb her stately equanimity.

An hour or so later, the two gentlemen who had decided upon "The Flume," were seated in one of its comfortable, home-like chambers.

"Tom, I wish we had gone to the Profile House," said Harry Saunders, "it looked so cool and pleasant, as we drove past there to-night, and there were lots of pretty girls on the piazza."

"The girls be hanged," replied Tom Drayton; "don't you see enough of them at home without coming to the Mountains for them? I thought you came here to view the beauties of nature, not of art;" and Tom, who prided himself on his insensibility to female charms, proceeded to unlock his carpet-bag.

"What in the dence ails the thing?" he asked, presently, "I can do nothing with it;" and with some few objurgatory sentences, he pulled and tugged till the little lock was wrenched open.

"But what is this?" he cried; "I never wore such a thing," and he held up a dainty white dressing sacque, such as fastidious ladies love

to wear; "do look, Harry, how it is figured off with ruffles, and laces, and furbelows. She's got a pretty little throat though, hasn't she, if that fits around it?"

"That's what they call a short-gown," said Harry, oracularly; "I know, I've seen old aunt Jane, away up in the country, wear them; short-gown and petticoat, that's it;" and Harry puffed away at his cigar, holding the article in question between his fingers, and examining it carefully.

"But there's no petticoat here," replied Tom, as he turned out the contents of the carpet-bag on the floor.

"Well, that's a short-gown-and petticoat, at any rate—I say, Tom, maybe she sleeps in it," and at this suggestion, Tom folded the thing up smoothly and reverently as possible, and went on examining the other articles.

"What a dainty perfume there is about these things," he said.

"Pitchoulie," was Harry's laconic answer, for Harry was always laconic with a cigar between his lips.

"Pitchoulie be hanged—I hate pitchoulie," said Tom. "No, this is some delicate scent, like new-mown hay, or violets; it must be violets; she's not a vulgar woman, for a vulgar woman always likes strong perfumes."

The examination still went on. "She must have a dainty little hand, look at this glove, a six, I declare; and see these brushes—how clean they are," for Tom was fastidious. "Ivory-backed brushes and tortoise-shell dressing combs—yes, she's a lady."

"But what are all these jim-cracks for?" asked Harry, picking up one article after another from the elegantly fitted dressing-case. "By Jove, Tom, she drinks though, here's a patent cork-screw."

Tom Drayton had looked uneasily at Harry's rough handling of what he called "jim-cracks;" but when he said that "she" drank, it was too much for his patience.

"It's a boot-hook, you fool, a little thing like that for brandy!" was his indignant reply.

"Don't believe it—it's for brandy—look further, and I'm sure you'll find the bottle," puffed out Harry.

"And what a foot she's got, ain't they dainty, Harry?" And Tom held up a pair of little bronze kid slippers exquisitely embroidered in blue silk.

"Cinderella!" quoth the friend.

"She's a blonde, I know," said Drayton, "brunettes never wear blue; why, they're not much too big for my little sister Emily's doll;

then she's got no corns, I am sure, from the shape—I hate a woman with corns."

"They're too tight, I dare say," responded Harry, amused at the interest his rather *blase* friend Drayton took in the contents of a carpet-bag.

Tom was about to answer petulantly, when he came across a pile of pocket-handkerchiefs. There were embroidered initials in the corner.

"V. R.—those are her initials—I wonder who V. R. is?"

"Victoria Regia," said Harry, with a puff.

"You be hanged, Saunders; look, these are as fine as a cobweb, no lace or flummery about them, only a broad seam at the edge, and those letters."

"That's crochet stitch," answered his friend, sententially.

He probably meant hem-stitch; but considering himself much better posted in a woman's belongings than Drayton was, he felt bound to give him all the knowledge in his power.

Tom folded up the handkerchiefs only a little less reverently than he had done the dressing sacque, and was about returning them to the carpet-bag, when he exclaimed angrily,

"Harry, you're a brute to smoke your con-founded cigar among these things. How they will smell! almost all that delicate violet perfume has gone already."

We suppose Tom Drayton forgot to place the slippers in the carpet-bag, for when he went to bed they stood on the top of the bag on a chair close by him. In truth, under his assumed indifference, he had a large vein of romance, of which he was somewhat ashamed, and endeavored to hide it, if not crush it, by an unusually cold exterior.

The next morning, Harry called out as soon as he was awake,

"Oh! Tom, I saw Victoria Regia last night in a dream. Do you know that she is a dried-up, little, withered, maiden lady of a certain age, with scraggy neck, and peaked nose? If you only knew the rage she was in at your laying profane hands on her short-gown-and-petticoat, and such like! She asked my advice as a lawyer, whether on those grounds she couldn't sue you for a breach of promise."

Tom raised himself on his elbow to be sure that the carpet-bag and slippers occupied their position of the night before, then fell back to dream of "V. R."

"I don't think calling her Victoria Regia was such a bad idea, Harry—I dare say she's just as chaste and stately as that wonderful lily——"

"And'll be as hard to get," quoth Harry. "Maybe she's married, Tom, and then it's a sin to think of her, you know."

The quiet of the Flume was disturbed that morning, as it is every morning during the White Mountain season, by gay parties of sight-seers. Wagon load after wagon load had bowled over the fine road from the Profile House toward the Flume, and filled with gay jest and laughter the place where for eight months in the year nature sits alone in such silent beauty.

The White Mountains were old haunts of Tom Drayton's, so whilst so many were springing forward from stone to stone, admiring this, and wondering at that, he sat quietly scrutinizing the parties as they came up, wondering whether "V. R." was among them.

Harry pointed out many ladies as the probable owner of the carpet-bag, tall ones and short ones, thick ones and thin ones, much to Tom's disgust.

"There's a fine-looking girl, the tall one," at last said Saunders, as a gentleman slowly passed them with some ladies under his care.

"Dowdy," said Tom, "affects the English style of doing things, wears a hat like a wash-basin, and a dress as gray as the rocks; and, by George, what a foot! why I could wear her boots;" and Tom took to thinking of the odd glove and embroidered slippers in his room at the Flume House.

"Well, but that's sensible for such an excursion as this; when you must equal Blondin himself, if you don't tumble from some of these slippery rocks, or narrow planks, and get a ducking. And, besides, I thought you hated gauze and crinoline, when we came in the Mountains."

"Oh! it makes me angry to see all the women go about looking like gray squirrels—a livery of gray in fact."

Tom was cross and unreasonable because he had not yet seen his ideal "V. R."

None of this conversation had been lost upon the lady about whom it took place, for, in passing up the Flume, they were met by a current of people coming down, and were obliged to wait behind the rock on which the two young men were sitting with their backs to them.

A little nervous scream attracted the gentlemen's attention to the fact, and Saunders sprang up just in time to rescue Nora Harvey from a severe fall. She was holding on by a projecting piece of the rock to keep from slipping further, and her father was crowded in between two fat women, unable to help her.

Harry thought she was the most charming

girl in the world, as she blushed and thanked him, and said how foolish she was to scream; but a rude boy had given her a push which made her lose her balance—and he immediately fell violently in love, (a way that Harry had,) though he said he thought it right to tell Tom that he believed this to be the veritable Victoria Regia. Tom said, "Nonsense!" and felt somewhat uncomfortable under the scrutiny which he had undergone from the searching gray eyes of the tall girl whom he had called a "dowdy," as Harry received the thanks of Mrs. Harvey.

The sun was setting, as it seems to us that it sets nowhere else, at the Profile House. Already the valley looked as if it was in the shadow of death, gray, solemn, pathetic; the wild cry of the eagles from their eyrie on the cliffs was the only sound to be heard. Above the gray of the valley rose the majestic head of Mt. Lafayette bathed in the violet hues of the setting sun. Every peak caught the glory and seemed to laugh in the fullness of a new life. The brightness above made the darkness below only the more tender and mysterious. The profile itself, that wonderful freak of nature, had an expression of human agony, as one looked up at its sad stone face, sculptured there centuries and centuries ago, as if some rock-bound Prometheus had been turned to stone. It wore a look of painful waiting; melancholy, unexpected, as though deliverance was never to come. Thick shadows were on the water, which was deserted at this hour for its more cheerful neighbor, Echo Lake, by all except Mr. Harvey's party. Mr. Harvey was making such little memoranda in his note-book, as a *paterfamilias* usually does, when he has to handle the purse a good deal; Mrs. Harvey was reading; Nora was seated on the platform arranging some marvelously beautiful mosses; whilst Jennie sat with her head on her hand looking up at that sphinx-like face. Just then two gentlemen sauntered toward the lake. Mr. Harvey glanced up, then arose and said to one of them,

"I believe you are the gentleman who rescued my daughter yesterday. I was so wedged in that I could neither help her nor thank you, but permit me to thank you now."

Harry Saunders looked as if he thought his "lines had fallen on pleasant places," at this opportune chance to make a further acquaintance with the sparkling beauty who had so bewitched him yesterday.

The gentlemen took seats and the conversation became general. Nora went on grouping her mosses demurely, looking up now and then

with a saucy glance to throw in a gay word here and there: Jennie most of the while keeping a dignified silence.

Tom Drayton wondered whether the elegant-looking girl before him could be the one whose costume he had so abused the day before; but a flash of the gray eyes told him that it was not only she, but that his remarks had not been forgotten. His gaze constantly wandered to the tall figure clothed in black silk, unrelieved except by a bow of scarlet velvet at the throat. But such a throat as it was! It rose round and white as a marble column from the graceful shoulders, and was crowned by the well-poised head, that was habitually held a little erect, giving a touch of pride to the whole carriage. The mouth was sweet, tender, faultless; the round curves of the cheek and chin perfect in their beauty. But whatever unusual gentleness lay in the mouth, or arch spirit in the chin, seemed belied by the quiet searching of the dark gray eyes. Some called them violet eyes; they were, perhaps, when happy or tender mists floated over them, but they were not so on this evening. For Jennie was a true woman, and could not forget that she had been called a "dowdy"—she, one of the most fastidious girls living. So she sat, scarcely changing her position after the gentlemen joined them, with her head resting on her hand. Well, perhaps she was a little bit of a coquette; we would not like to judge her, but she certainly felt, after the second glance at Tom Drayton, that she was mistress of the occasion. No beautiful woman was ever unconscious of her advantage; she may not care to use it, but in her soul she knows her power. So Jennie sat, with her round white arm, looking as if it was polished against her black sleeve, with a bit of vapory lace falling around it, bewildering Tom Drayton. He noted the delicate blue-veined wrist, the faultless snowy hand, with its taper rosy-tipped fingers, and little knew that she was all the while conscious of his admiration. It is true, she kept her head turned part of the time to the stone face over her, but that only helped to show him the great rolls of her heavy brown hair. She laughed to herself, knowing the change his opinions had undergone, and he kept wondering whether she couldn't wear the odd glove he had at his room in that carpet-bag. But those enormous feet that he had seen the day before! He could not believe the evidence of his senses, when a slight movement of the skirt revealed the arched instep of a shapely foot, that might easily wear the blue embroidered slipper.

The ladies at last rose to go to the house, and Jennie heroically perched on her head the obnoxious wash-basin, and bid them good evening with the air of a queen just crowned.

Tom thought it was the plume of fern-leaves that Nora had stuck in, which made the hat look so much more becoming than it had done on the previous day; and as they walked back toward the Flume House in the gloaming, the ideal owner of the carpet-bag was fading away, and Mademoiselle Jennie was thrusting herself in her place.

"Two gentlemanly young fellows," was Mr. Harvey's remark as they left them.

"High-bred and intelligent," answered Mrs. Harvey.

Nora was not so laconic in her praises. "What an agreeable rattle-trap the one was who introduced himself as Mr. Saunders! I hope we shall meet them again among these hills. I don't like the other one so much, though, he seems as if he had gotten all the good out of life which he could, and was now dying of satiety. But he had magnificent brown eyes, hadn't he, Jennie?"

"Just like a spaniel's," answered Jennie, somewhat contemptuously, as she stopped to watch the eagles wheeling aloft in the gray of the twilight.

It was wonderful how often Harry Saunders and Tom Drayton managed to meet Mr. Harvey's party after this. At the pool, at the basin, at the lake, feeding the bears, on top of grizzly Lafayette; till at last it got to be, "We are going to such and such a place to-morrow, shall we see you there?" and they did always see them there.

There is nothing like the jolts and slips that one meets with in traveling to make one sociable; so much of our comfort depends upon other people when we are on neutral ground.

So it happened that the two gentlemen were added to the Harvey party when they started for the Crawford House. Harry Saunders and Nora had become sufficiently familiar to banter, squabble, and talk more nonsense in two weeks' acquaintance than we would like to record; and Drayton and Jennie talked Tennyson and Ruskin, art and literature, in a most edifying manner. The sociability had been helped on by the knowledge that Mrs. Harvey had of a first cousin of Harry Saunders' mother, or some other relationship about as near, and it was discovered that Tom Drayton's father had been a school-fellow of Mr. Harvey's. The absence of the family of the latter abroad, for many years, made them almost forgotten in the circle in

which they had formerly moved, and Harry called Nora the "lost Pleiad."

The party which assembled on the piazza of the Crawford House, for the ascent of Mt. Washington, was much more picturesque than beautiful. One by one little uncombed ponies were brought from the stable, and one by one they were mounted by the most *outré* looking individuals. Such an assortment of costume! Parti-colored skirts; pea-jackets; huge, coarse straw hats tied down close to the face with twine, ribbon, or pocket-handkerchiefs, whatever was most convenient; some ladies refusing to give up the much-loved crinoline; some few mounted, Amazonian fashion, astride the ponies; all unrecognizable almost to their dearest friends; the greatest beauty as odd-looking as the greatest dowdy. It was no place to show off elegant riding-habits and becoming hats trimmed with cock's plumes, the rocky ascent or top of Mt. Washington. The long skirt might have imperiled the life of the rider; and if the day was propitious, the sun would certainly blister face and neck under the becoming riding hat. It was a curious coincidence, but it seemed to happen that the longest legged gentlemen were always put on the shortest ponies, and the fattest ladies on those which seemed the least able to carry them. At last all were mounted, and the ascent began. The party looked picturesque enough as it filed off under the green trees, each pony stepping carefully along over the corderoy road, winding among wonderful mosses. Up and up they went till Clinton was scaled, and then down again to the ledge of Mt. Pleasant, and so on up and down Franklin and Monroe; sometimes on the edge of precipices more fearful than the mind can conceive; sometimes so enveloped with clouds, that as one looked back at the cavalcade, it seemed a ghastly train in the gray mist winding in and out around the huge rocks. Here and there the clouds would part like vapory curtains, and below, the earth seemed to be tossed up as the sea in a great tempest. Now and then the thick mists, drifting in their faces, would suddenly open and reveal such glimpses of scenery as the wildest dreams of beauty could not conjure up, but before they could realize it, the gray curtains had closed again, and that glimpse of what seemed a spirit land was lost forever. The ascent became bleaker and bleaker. Around, the trees at last dwindled to shrubs, and these to the mountain mosses; huge boulders of gray stone seemed impassable, but were nimbly climbed by the cheerful, enduring ponies, who

obstinately shook their heads and literally took the bits in their own mouths at any effort of the knowing equestrian to guide them. Up huge rocks they scrambled, down steep paths they jumped, knowing, careful, snorting in the exhilarating mountain air as if they enjoyed it. To those who were not timid that day, the ascent of Mt. Washington was a revelation of beauty never to be forgotten. To be up at last above where the lichens grow, above where the eagle builds; to gaze down the yawning ravines far below, at great masses of silver vapor surging up like a sea against the rocky mountain sides; to look off to where fair Conway sleeps, more beautiful than a dream, as seen through the opening and closing of the gray curtains; to come across the Lake of the Clouds, beautiful, solemn amid all this desolation; who that has ever made the ascent of Mt. Washington can ever forget it?

At last they came to a place where even the ponies could not climb, and the rest of the ascent had to be made on foot. To the gentlemen this was not objectionable, as it gave them an excuse to help the ladies over the huge stones, and show their zeal for their safety, a privilege of which they had been debarred, whilst going in single file, since they left the Crawford House. How tongues were loosened too—for the chances for conversation had been small—though Nora had kept up a chattering like a squirrel nearly all the way! The Tip-top House was at length reached—a low, long building, where they had the privilege of dining on such fare as could be obtained sixty-three hundred feet above the sea. But the gray mist closed in around them, blowing cold and damp on their faces, shutting out all the glorious prospect they had toiled so to see. There was nothing left for them to do but to clamber about among the huge rocks, that looked as if they had been thrown down, one by one, by the grand old Titans, when passing the cairn of some buried hero.

At last, Jennie, who was looking out toward where she had been told that Portland lay, gave an exclamation of delight; for the clouds lifted and displayed a scene such as no pen can describe. But it was as tantalizing as a dream; for before one could take in the chief features of the landscape, the curtain drew swiftly together, and they were in the same gray mist as before. And so it was nearly all the day. Now and then glimpses of mountain peaks, Madison or Adams thrusting up their heads close by, or Kearsarge and Chicorua, over which battalions of clouds were slowly marching and counter-

marshing. Sometimes a gleam from silvery Winnipiseogee would flash up, or a village appear, for an instant, like the mirage on the desert, and then vanish away. Well, perhaps the view was more enchanting than if the great panorama had been laid before them all at once; at least some of the party felt as if they had nothing to regret.

Of course the flat roof of the Tip-top House had to be ascended—that was part of the programme. Hats were held on by both hands, huge shawls were wrapped closer to keep out the cold, and the wind played such mad pranks as—having nothing else to do there—it always plays on the top of Mt. Washington.

Jennie had just taken her handkerchief from her pocket to tie around her throat, when a gust of wind sent it scudding along the oil-cloth roof. Two or three started in chase of the truant, but Tom Drayton caught it. As he handed it to the owner, he glanced down and found V. R. marked in the corner. He held it for a moment, forgetting, in his astonishment, to return it to Jennie.

"Is this yours, Miss Jennie?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Certainly; why not?" was the reply.

Tom said, mentally,

"How the deuce does V. R. stand for Jennie Harvey?"

But the party were beginning to descend, and all his attention was needed to land the lady safely on the stones again.

As soon as he got her down, he asked,

"Have you lost a carpet-bag lately?"

"Yes. I missed it the night we arrived at the Profile, and badly enough I have wanted it. I have been poaching on Nora's ever since. But what makes you ask?"

"The initials on your pocket-handkerchief. But I cannot understand it yet," answered Tom, still bewildered.

A gay laugh burst from Jennie, as she replied,

"Oh! I see. You have found my carpet-bag, and think I am either going around under an assumed name, or else that I've committed larceny. It's all right, though, I assure you; my name is Virginia Rogers."

Tom still looked puzzled, though Harry, who came up with Nora at that moment, seemed to understand the latter's not very lucid explanation, when she said,

"Why, it's all as plain as day: Jennie is mamma's daughter, and I'm papa's; though we are no relations at all."

Tom shook his head as if he still did not understand.

"Why, we're both step-children; don't you see?"

And she laughed and showed two rows of teeth as even and white as the grains on an ear of young corn.

Drayton had seldom performed harder work than writing a review or a poem, but Harry was a lawyer and was accustomed to sifting evidences, though he rarely had such a charming little witness as Nora Harvey.

"A widow and a widower, each having a child when they married the other, of course," said Harry, in a business kind of way. "But how did you happen to allow yourself to be called Jane Harvey, Miss? It looks bad to go about with an assumed name."

"If people will take liberties with my name, I'm not responsible," answered Miss Rogers. "Jennie is a common abbreviation for Virginia, and I really did not know that you thought my name was Harvey—in fact, I never thought anything about it. I remember once or twice that you called me Miss Harvey; but people so often do it, and soon find out their mistake, that I had forgotten all about it, and lately it has been 'Miss Jennie' altogether. But where is my carpet-bag, pray? I suppose we have made an exchange, Mr. Drayton, as I have one with shaving apparatus in."

Dinner was over and the descent soon began. Many were too fatigued to enjoy it; to those who were not so, the return was more wonderful than the ascent. The clouds lifted longer, and revealed the mountain peaks bathed in violet, rose color, gold. By a little after sunset the party was seen emerging in long file, one by one, from the woods, looking like a line of pilgrims as they rode.

Tom Drayton's first call, on his return, was to carry to Jennie her carpet-bag, and thus effect what Harry called "an exchange of prisoners." The bag had been repacked as carefully as a man can repack, but an odd glove was missing. Jennie had forgotten all about it, so the petty larceny was not detected.

The two gentlemen sat in their room, late in the evening, smoking the inevitable cigars: Harry rattling away, as was his custom; Tom pleading fatigue as an excuse for not talking, but really holding a glove in his hand, and thinking of how odd it was that the ideal heroine of the slippers, and the real one of the "wash-basin," were the same. Between two puffs, Harry suddenly called out,

"I say, Tom, wasn't it odd that you should find Victoria Regia cropping out from among the gray stones on the top of Mt. Washington?"

"Very," said Tom, blowing out the blue smoke in a delicate wreath around his head. He had just been thinking the same thing. "But it was a strange place for a water-lily."

"Oh! that makes it the more wonderful! You'll be placed beside Linnæus, or some of those old coves, some of these days, for your botanical discoveries."

And so the two retired—Harry to sleep soundly, notwithstanding his desperate flirtation with Nora, and Tom to lie awake and think of Virginia Rogers.

Six weeks more were passed among the White Mountains and their vicinity. No place in the world affords better opportunities for love-making. There are stones to be helped over, where hand meets hand, and one is wonderingly uncertain whether it was not just the least bit pressed; there are paths of quiet beauty, only wide enough for two with close walking; there are falls whose silvery voices chime in most musically with one other voice; there are dangerous precipices and mountain-roads, where one must be tenderly cared for; there are clouds hanging around Madison and Adams to be pointed out from the Glen; depths of amethyst and rose of a vividness seen nowhere else as at Gorham at sunset.

Day by day Tom Drayton felt himself more deeply in love. Jennie's wounded vanity had long since been mollified by his evident admiration. The circles of their sympathies touched in many places, their pride, their cultivated intellect, their poetic temperaments. He had long since discovered that her eyes had violet lights in them, and her cheeks were not always as cool in their flush as they had been on that evening at the Profile Lake.

As for Harry, he had startled Mr. and Mrs. Harvey out of their notions of propriety by asking for Nora's hand, by the time they had reached North Conway; but he declared that "the disease was a violent one—a clear case of contagion," and her parents were obliged to give a half-promise in his favor, provided that, upon inquiry, his antecedents were satisfactory, when they saw how subdued the gay, saucy Nora had become.

Tom Drayton was less impetuous—more fearful, perhaps, of losing what he so eagerly wished for. Day by day he watched his Victoria Regia—as he mentally called her—his "queen-lily and rose in one," catching the glances of her eyes less seldom than he had done. The cool, stately manner was beginning to flush and soften with a warm light, delicate, indescribable. If she did not turn her head,

or look up, when he entered the room or spoke to another, the color flew over the round cheek, and the sweet mouth trembled into a tenderer curve.

September was drawing to a close, and pleasure seekers were retiring to their homes. The boat on the Long Island Sound had passed away out of the twilight into the darkness and the night. Nora and Harry were promenading up and down the deck, both more subdued than usual, and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey had changed the seats which they had occupied by Drayton and Jennie for those in a more sheltered position from the wind. So the two were left alone, watching the long track of golden light made

by the moon on the water, seldom speaking, and at last falling into total silence.

Tom, at length, bent forward toward his companion, and, looking in her face, said,

"Jennie, I've something which belongs to you—a glove; but I vowed to myself never to return it without you gave me your hand instead. Do you want it?"

Well, we suppose that Jennie must have wanted her glove badly, if there was no other way to get it; for Tom Drayton certainly had her hand in a little while in his own, and took it, in a few months afterward, to keep "till death them should part."

CHANGE.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

Hours on hours will roll around,
And days and weeks their records keep;
And months to months be joined again,
And years with years together sleep;
And forms of friends will fade away,
And looks of love grow cold and chill,
And wake no song within the heart,
Or move one chord to passion's will.

And Summer days will come and go,
And Winter storms their revels keep;
And light and song will roll along,
And grief in mournful measures weep;
And change and death will write their names
On everything on earth below—
On pomp, and power, and pride—array—
On earth and seas, and heart and brow.

And places now our steps have known,
Will own no echo of them then;
And strangers fill the place of old,
Where kindred feet of yore have been.
And when these forms are in the dust,
And all that weep us, all that wept
Have folded up their hands to rest,
And, too, have with their sleepers slept.

What matters all this toil and strife,
And all this ceaseless care
That's making up this changing life
And writing Impress there?
What matters that this path was drear,
To gloom and sadness given,
If we but safely reach a port,
And gain at last a Heaven?

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

BY J. D. F., AGED 77.

I HAD a dream, a pleasing dream,
It was of long ago;
Methought I saw a rippling stream
Through flowery meadows flow.
And by that stream an angel bright,
Pure as the morning dew,
Shed on my soul celestial light,
In sweet effulgence too.

The form ethereal as the air,
A messenger of love,
(That mov'd amid the lilies there,)
Sent from the realms above.

Methought I heard a mellow voice
Sing sweetly in the breeze,
While tiny birds seem'd to rejoice
Amid the linden trees.

I oft had heard that voice of love
Within my cottage-door;
But now the spirit dwells above,
I hear that voice no more.

It vanished from my dreamy sight
Through the translucent air,
Where golden suns are ever bright,
Methought I saw it there.

A diadem upon her head,
Bright as the lightning's gleam,
I look'd again—the spirit fled,
Behold it was a dream!

And yet it was not all a dream,
Nor was it really so;
For it was like some by-gone scene,
But that was long ago.

SUCH A BORE!

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"How many women, Fred?"

"Only three, my mother, sister, and cousin."

"Oh! Fred, you really must let me off. I will go all over the world with you, if you insist; I will ride, shoot, hunt, do anything else; but you must not ask me to go home with you."

"You promised, and I hold you to the engagement."

"But you said the house was vacant, and we could go in a shooting dress from Sunday till Sunday, if we liked, and now you threaten me with a regiment of ladies; young ones too, who will expect a fellow to brush his hair, don his dress suit, and practice all his airs and graces before he ventures into their presence."

"Well?" said Fred, with a face full of fun, "it is time you began. You are, excuse me, a perfect bear. Why don't you dress like other men?"

"What ails my dress?"

"It does well enough for out here in the country I admit; but—I never go to town."

"No; there's another freak; you shut up a fund of social qualities, wit, good nature, generosity, and hospitality in this box, and never come out."

"Society is such a bore!"

"You don't seem to object to mine!"

"My dear fellow!" and in his earnestness Harry Gray sat up on the sofa, upon which he had been reclining, "I beg you won't——"

"I don't! Enough said."

"But really, Fred, I did not mean men. Give me a lot of friends ready for bachelor's hall, independent lives, and the exercises of out-door life, and I am ready for their society; but women—as you say, Fred, I am a bear, not fit for the blessed angels, and I don't mind confessing it; I had rather face a roaring lion in his native forests than a petticoat in a parlor."

"Nevertheless, you are going with me. I won't come here again to live months together on your hospitality if you never give me a chance to return it. So if you will let my mother's unexpected return from the Falls interfere with our summer's plans, this must be my last visit to Oakdale."

"You don't mean that?"

"I do."

"My dear boy, I could face all the women in America, drawn up in battle array, to prevent such a threat from being fulfilled. I am at your service, and will lay in any amount of broad-cloth and kid gloves you may think proper for the occasion."

"Bravo! We start for home then to-morrow."

"Yes, if you must go. It's a shocking bore!" and Harry fell back again upon the sofa, as if the very idea made him weary. His broad, full chest, long limbs, and large, but well-shaped hands, gave him, as he lay there, the appearance of great strength; while his closed eyelids, listless attitude, and the loose dress he wore, gave a counter impression of laziness. Both signs were true ones. An orphan, a bachelor, rich and indolent, Harry Grey had for six years led an utterly careless life. His estate in Oakdale afforded good hunting, fishing, and shooting grounds; and his house, well managed by the old colored servant who was housekeeper and cook in one, was always open to his old college friends, who thronged there through the summer months for shooting and fishing, and the winter ones for sleighing and hunting. A well filled stable, richly stocked room for guns, fishing-tackle, and other temptations for the sportsman, made Oakdale a most desirable resort; and the hearty welcome of the host, the perfectly "at home" liberty he extended to his guests, and the comforts old Rachel provided for the tables and bed-rooms did not detract from its merits.

Fred Vaux was Harry's school-fellow and college chum. Having studied law, he was now waiting for clients, and, in the intervals of office duty, Oakdale often resounded to his hearty laugh and firm, manly step.

With all his wealth and open hospitality Harry Grey was no "fast man." The old house might resound with cheerful talk, laughter, and music, but it witnessed no drunken revels, no gambling, no quarreling. Cards, if produced, were unaccompanied by betting; and the billiard-balls knocked together with no large sums of money depending upon the pockets they fell into.

According to their plan, the friends left Oak-

dale the following morning, to drive some ten miles to Mr. Vaux's country-seat, where the family were recruiting for the winter's gayeties in the city. One groan Harry gave as he packed an evening dress, or rather pitched it into his trunk; but he bore his fate with a grave resignation, which made Fred's lips and eyes quiver with merriment.

The ride in the early morning was delicious, and the young men chatted gayly.

"There's the house," said Fred, pointing to a white house visible among the trees; "and, hey! there's the girls on the lawn."

"Can't we drive round?" said Harry, nervously.

"Round? No, we must pass the house to reach the stables. They see us!"

The waving of two white handkerchiefs, as they approached, gave rise to the last exclamation, and, tossing the reins to Harry, Fred sprang out. A tiny, pretty blonde claimed her brother's kiss; but the tall, graceful girl who blushing welcomed cousin Fred, had a grasp of the hand, a look from the dark eye, and a few whispered words, that told of more love than even the warm embrace Fred gave his little sister.

"Who is your friend?" said Miss Vaux, after the first greetings were over.

"Harry, here!"

"Can't come! Must hold the horses!"

"Nonsense, the horses will stand!"

"Afraid to trust them. I'll drive round to the stable and join you afterward," and he touched the horses with his whip and left the trio.

"Who is he, Fred?"

"Harry Grey!"

"You don't mean it? I thought nothing could take him from his hermitage."

"He's hard enough to coax abroad; but here he is. He's as bashful as a school-boy, but a fine, manly fellow under it all."

They sauntered toward the house, and waited on the porch for the tardy guest, but he did not appear. Half an hour passed in cheerful chat; and then, blaming himself for his want of courtesy, Fred started to the stable. Here he found Harry fast asleep on a pile of hay. Laughing heartily, he woke him.

"Tired?"

"No, not particularly; but I was rather bored sitting out here waiting for you."

"Why didn't you join us? Bella, that's my cousin, says you are the handsomest man she has seen for a long time. Look sharp, I won't have you doing the irresistible in that quarter. You may flirt with Nettie, if you will."

"I flirt! Gracious! Fred, you might as well expect that famous donkey in the fable to grace a drawing-room, as to expect *me*, great clumsy countryman as I am, to flirt! I—I guess, Fred, after dinner, if we can dine alone, I had better go back——"

"Scared by the sight of the enemy, the wretch meditates retreat without an encounter," said a merry voice at the door, and turning Fred saw his sister. With a large flat hat over her sunny curls, and her full white dress, she looked as pretty and saucy a picture as can well be imagined.

Harry was on his feet in an instant, and his graceful bow, though his face flushed, was not a thing to blush for by any means.

Holding out a tiny white hand, which was quite lost in the one Harry extended to meet it, Nettie said,

"You are very welcome to our house. I need no introduction, for Harry Grey is the one theme of my brother's conversation. Don't run away until after you have partaken of the luncheon to which I was sent to summon you."

"After such a welcome, I defy any mortal power to make me run away," said Harry, offering his arm to the little beauty; "but this dress, Fred——"

But Fred was gone.

"Never mind the dress. We lunch early, for in the country one gets savagely hungry, and we do not dress for luncheon. I appear, as you see, in a wrapper," and she gave her embroidered skirt a slight shake, which showed a tiny slipper.

"Is that a wrapper? Savage that I am, I don't know it from a ball-dress."

Fortified by his interview with Nettie, Harry went through the other introductions with the courtesy of a man, whose politeness does not proceed from a knowledge of set forms, but is the result of a kind heart and a respectful deference for the other sex. After luncheon, the young men started for a stroll round the farm, and returned to find other additions to the family. One glance into the parlor revealed some six or eight ladies, and a corresponding number of gentlemen from the city, and Harry beat a hasty retreat to his room. Fred's announcement that they were to stay a week, was so alarming that it required all his eloquence to persuade Harry to remain in the house. During the week the family saw but little of the young men. Parties to ride, pic-nics, and parties to walk were formed; but Harry had letters to write, or a headache, or there was some other excuse ready; but after the parties

left, he generally went off not to appear again until dinner; the ladies decided that he was a handsome bear, and the gentlemen voted him odd, only Fred was the confident of the weary sigh that proclaimed pic-nics and parlor evenings "such a bore!"

One morning, supposing all the folks away, Harry sauntered into the parlor. He had advanced too far to retreat, when he discovered that Mrs. Vaux was lying on the sofa with a shawl over her, and Nettie was seated near her occupied with a piece of knitting.

"Come in!" said the elder lady, as she saw Harry; "I have a pain in my side, not enough to drive me to bed, only an excuse for laziness. Nettie here stays to play nurse."

"I am sorry you are ill," said Harry, his face expressing real sympathy. "Can I be of any use?"

"You may read to us," said Nettie, with a smile, as if she expected to see him vanish. To her surprise he assented immediately, and, selecting a volume of Tennyson from a pile on the table, began to read the "Lotus Eaters." The ladies listened in delighted surprise. To a musical voice he added the charm of perfect familiarity with his subject, and carried them with him to the dreamy delights of the poem. A good reader is not so common a person that he is easily parted with. After the gay guests were gone, many a morning found Harry reading to the ladies as they sewed, or conversing with an easy grace, which showed him at home in his subjects. In the long, lonely days, when Oakdale had no guest but its host, books were companions, friends that the young man valued and cultivated. Master of several languages, his stock of literature was large and varied, and he was truly, what so many aspire to be, a well read man.

Long walks, long rides, long drives varied

the morning's readings; and as Fred and Bella always had something of interest to say to each other, Harry found Nettie dependent upon him for escort. She was a tiny, witching girl, whose slight figure and lovely face contrasted well with his strong manliness, and he treated her with a mixture of reverence and protection which no woman can resist. He felt for her the courteous respect which her sex claimed from his chivalry; yet he watched her as if she were a frail child trusted to his care.

"A whole month to-day since I came here," said Harry, as the family assembled in the parlor, one evening; "to-morrow I must go home."

There was a chorus of voices entreating a longer stay; only one voice, the one for which he listened, was silent.

"I must go!" he said, sighing. "I expect company, and the host must not be absent when invited guests visit him. I must thank you for a most delightful four weeks; and," here he laughed, "also for humanizing me a little. I am afraid the first part of my stay must have shocked you very much."

"We have got bravely over it," said Nettie, with a little short, nervous laugh.

Somehow, in the twilight, Fred and Bella vanished into a corner, Mrs. Vaux nodded, and in one of the windows a tall, broad shouldered figure bent over a little, graceful one, as if some very earnest subject engrossed them both. What it was may be guessed from Fred's good-night parting, as he left his friend's room.

"Why, Harry, my consent was yours before you asked it; though how you can ever endure all the wedding fuss and consequent parties I cannot guess; and, Harry, I should think a wife, a woman always in the house, would be 'SUCH A BORE!'"

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY SEEING A LITTLE CHILD STRIVING TO GATHER THE SUNSHINE FROM THE FLOOR.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

THY fingers grasping vainly
At the pretty fleeting sprite,
Other hands have failed as sadly,
Mocked with gleams of dazzling light.

All around us lies the sunshine,
But we cannot pick it up;
Nor yet grasp the rainbow bubbles
As they sparkle in life's cup.

Weary pilgrim, journeying slowly
Through earth's tantalizing shows,
There's a glory ne'er eludeth
Waiting in reserve for those

Who shall reach the land immortal!
Fairer land than thought can be,
Where God's all-sufficient brightness
Is to His poor children free.

THE MURDER OF THE GLEN ROSS.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE tragedy I am about to relate occurred many years ago when I practiced law in Virginia, before removing to Philadelphia, where I have lived since I retired from the bar. All the facts, therefore, came within my own personal knowledge.

There is one case recorded on the criminal docket for C— county, which, although it has stood there for thirty years as one of the most important ever brought before that court, has sunk into a mysterious oblivion. No lawyer cites it as precedent, though there were intricate points of law involved in it. The judge before whom it came, the advocates who plead in it—old, gray-headed men now—if, by chance, it is named in their after-dinner gossipings, become suddenly gloomily silent. Even the old plantation slaves, grown gray with their masters, hint this forgotten story darkly to each other round the cabin fires at night, so that the curious young “picaninnies” shall not understand.

I am going to tell this story. Not its mere legal course, as it stands on the docket, but the soul of the matter; give you a hint of the shame, and love, and hate underneath; bare it all. I have a reason for this. It has been smothered down too long. It is time we should know how much shame and guilt there was: the innocent should no longer be condemned through ignorance.

I was senior counsel for the defendant in this case. For other reasons, which will appear hereafter, I am better qualified to explain whatever is untold in the technical record, than any of the other agents who bore part in its dark catastrophe. I alter the names, necessarily—except my own.

One still, sultry afternoon, late in August 1830, I sat alone in my office, writing. I remember I had been with the auditor all day, settling some puzzling accounts, which I was copying now, and was tired and thoroughly run down, ready for my cigar and whist at the club.

Lawyers, in those times, were not men of the stamp current now-a-day—keen, alert, solid in business habit. Cases lagged drowsily through

the courts. Great action for great emergencies was the motto of the craft; meantime slipshod walking and easy-chairs. The warm August civil courts were no spurs to such sauntering ambition.

I was tired, as I said. When, therefore, just as I was closing, I heard the customary signal of the office boy to announce a client, I stopped, impatiently glancing at my watch.

“Past business hours, Pine,” I said to the black face at the door.

“Yes, marster, tell ’um.”

But hardly had he disappeared, when one of the students from the ante-room entered.

“If you could, Mr. Page; it’s a lady.”

“Who, Flint?”

“A stranger, sir. From the West, I suppose; for she wears a flounced dress in a carriage.”

Some confused idea of Flint’s taste in flounces serving him but slightly in the legal profession crossed my mind as I rose to receive the lady, whom he ushered in with a profound bow.

She seated herself at the other side of the table, and, with only the preface of a quiet glance at my face, and the spectacles I held in my hand (as if, somehow, she had expected a younger man), went straight to her business.

“Mr. Page, I believe?”

I assented.

She unfolded a paper which she held, and handed it to me.

“Would such a certificate as that,” she said, “if filled with the proper names, be a legal document? Would it be worth anything in a court of justice?”

I looked at it. It was a copy of a marriage-certificate, in a delicate hand, informally drawn up, and dated, some fifteen years back, in a village in Georgia. The names of the parties were omitted.

“The paper is not couched in the usual form, madam,” I replied. “However, with the proper names and signatures it would be all that is requisite. Perfectly valid.”

She received the paper which I handed her, and tendered me the fee, which, of course, I declined.

“You will take it, Mr. Page, and oblige me,” she said, gravely. “I have a favor to ask of

you. I shall not have the courage to do so unless we close our business in the usual form."

I bowed, and expressed my readiness to serve her in the set terms.

"In October you attend the district court in C— county?"

"In November—yes."

"It is the same. I have understood that you usually are a guest of Dr. Berkley, while there; a friend of his?"

"A relative, madam."

She glanced at me keenly, and hesitated.

"A relative? It does not matter. Dr. Berkley's daughter is to be married while you are there."

I assented again. I did not like cross-examinations, especially when I did not know the object. Perhaps she saw this; for, throwing off her formal manner, she said, in a frank, careless way,

"You think me inquisitive? *Mon Dieu!* I have reasons." The accent suddenly became brusque, French.

I looked at her attentively now, for the first time I had leisure; for she was busied in opening a small package she held. She was a middle-aged woman, with traces of great beauty not well preserved, evidently wasted—how, I could not decide. A lady? I hesitated. No. Yet the pale, worn-out face, the rich dress, the slow, monotonous movements were stamped with an excessive quiet, even gravity. But the gravity seemed rather an iron mask than a natural effect of inward life. The woman repelled me instinctively, as something coarse, as a treacherous sham. Why, I could not tell. The ill-timed flounces hurt Flint's sense of the eternal proprieties. It may be some such trifle touched me unpleasantly in this sad, delicate woman. The hard bass voice, perhaps, unnaturally softened; or the stealthy, light eyes that did not meet mine.

She found some difficulty in opening the package.

"Yes, I have a reason to ask," she continued, in a disconnected way, dropping, now and then, into a French idiom—purposely, I thought. The intonation of her voice—that infallible test—was purely American. However, many of the inhabitants of Louisiana parishes had just such an accent. "I will ask a favor of you," she said, pulling open the strings with her ungloved hand. The fingers were white, loaded with glittering rings—but skinny, wrinkled, as if the pure, rich blood had been, as I said, wasted. "Miss Berkley marries—whom?"

"A Mr. Hope, Rector of C— parish."

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"Ah! surely. I forgot. *Bien, la voici enfin.*"

She drew out a small morocco box, papered and sealed, and laid it on the table; then, turning to me, with the same grave, monotonous manner, curiously at variance with her abrupt sentences, continued, "I am a friend—do you understand?—of Dr. Berkley, or—*sa fille*. An old friend, ah! for many years. When she marries, all who love her send tokens—*vous comprenez?* It is the custom in Virginia; with us also. I, too, would be remembered—would offer my tribute to the bride. My little keepsake—you call it? *Mon cadeau, oui?* Will you present it for me? It is here."

I took the box. "With pleasure, madam. But if you are a friend of the lady's, would not your gift be doubly welcome if offered by yourself? Why not be present at the wedding? Dr. Berkley——"

There was a curious change on her face. "*Mais non,*" in the same slow, hard way, affecting a Parisian shrug. "I have been there, in that country. My health is not strong; the hills do not like me; *l'air me tue, a vous parler ingenuement*. When the wedding is, I shall be——"

She stopped suddenly and rose, gathering her mantle around her, a complacent smile at some unspoken thought on her face.

I rose also, glad she was going. Doubtless she spoke truth; but the suddenly affected foreign expression puzzled me. She was *not* French.

"Certainly, I will offer your gift, madam," I said.

"You are kind. Let it be a surprise, I beg. It may be that I shall be there; otherwise I shall be remembered, *grace a vos soins.*" She bowed, and was turning away with the same cunning smile.

"Pardon me; but you send no message—no name?"

She stopped. Oh! *c'est egal*. The box will tell all. Let it be a surprise. If I were to tell it you, *il vous s'echapperait sans doute. Qu'on doit peu compter sur les hommes!*" There was an undeniable sneer on the thin, red lips as she said this, raising her light, confusing eyes boldly to my face.

I was silent: startled at the words, the tone that gave them sting, and the change which the eyes made in the woman's face. With all its pale, hackneyed beauty, it might have been that of a thief or a Messalina.

It was but an instant's flash, however. The lids fell sorrowfully again, and the face hardened into the cold gravity.

"*Adieu, monsieur. La porte? De grace——*"

I opened it, ushered her out into the ante-room, where Flint and Pine escorted her to her carriage, and, coming back, examined the box with a little curiosity. There was, however, no address on the paper in which it was wrapped; so, locking it up, I dismissed the matter from my mind, wondering where "Tom" (for Dr. Berkley, with all his white hair, was only Tom for me) had formed the friendship of this woman, with a slight shiver at the thought of such friendship.

CHAPTER II.

LATE in October, I left for C—— county. Court, I knew, would sit but for three days: then I was free. November was my open month in the fall, my vacation, into which I crowded all the reward for the hot work of the summer terms. This fall I had arranged to spend it all at Berkley place on account of Sarah's wedding. And she, good little soul! had deferred her wedding, I found out afterward, until November, that I might be present. God bless her! It was not the first unselfish kindness the child had showed to her gray-headed old cousin. When I arrived at Berkley village, (the plantation was distant some twelve miles,) I sent out my baggage, with a message that I would prefer to remain at the inn until court had adjourned; would go out on Saturday morning.

Friday evening court did adjourn. It was a gray, gusty day; the village lay on a bleak hill top: heavy snow-clouds were swooping low in the valley round it. A most cold, uncomfortable day. As I gathered up my papers to leave the court-room, and glanced out at the dull, inhospitable streets, I wished I had not postponed my departure until morning. I knew no one in the village, and few of the planters had attended court: the evening was long and dismal to look forward to. Pine, who had lounged all day through the dirty little tavern, the grocery, the blacksmith's shop, shared in my forebodings, it appeared; coming up with a most woe-begone aspect for my satchel, he said, "Court done gone, Mars' John? When we gwan out a' dis town? Tink it muss be de lass place in Virginny. Nuffin heah but pore white folks."

Sending Pine grumbling before me, I made my way through the crowded court-room out into the street. The boy had shrewdly hit the truth. The people of the village were of the lowest class, low in thought, habit, culture: a whisky-drinking, cock-fighting crew, living for the most part on the charity of the landholders

of the neighborhood. Pine went through them into the low door of the inn, with the supercilious contempt which the pampered house servants never fail to feel for the poorer whites.

I followed him into the passage way. It may have been the contrast with the bloated, dirty faces around me, that caused me to be struck with the peculiar air of a man standing in the back part of the bar-room, drawn back as if to avoid notice. A tall, dark man, past the prime of life. In any situation, the face and commanding figure would have demanded a second look; here they stood boldly out from the swarming crowd of half-drunken loafers, so curiously solitary, that I involuntarily hesitated as I passed. The face was strongly marked, sallow, the features cut clear and fine; according to a young lady's standard a picturesque, poetic face: the face from which a child or a dog would shrink away with loathing. I, with my lawyer's eye, thought I never had seen one stamped with deeper latent power of evil. The whole air of the man showed him to be a stranger: he had none of the careless ease of gesture of the Virginia "colonels" and "generals;" the heavy folds even of the black cloak, richly trimmed with sable, were totally different from the slouching Boston wrappers then in vogue among the planters.

When I came in, the man was looking intently at a C—— county guide, turning over the leaves hastily, his whip in his hand and spurs on, as if eager to be off. Dick Poole, one of the small farmers of the neighborhood, stood near, waiting, cracking his boot with his cane impatiently. In a moment the stranger handed the book back to the landlord, and the two men left the room, and, mounting their horses, set off.

The men idling in the bar-room lounged out to see them start. "De Lohd be good!" ejaculated Pine. "See dat fur, Mars' John? Touch abuv Berkley village, dat!" And he too went out for another look. Little thinking what terrible import even Pine's curiosity would hold hereafter, I turned to the fire.

"A curious head that, eh, Mr. Page?" said the landlord, coming up confidentially.

"Yes. Who is it?"

"Not in court? No? Thought certain 'twas a 'torney from up the country. Can't say then. Man came hyur toh me this mornin', said he wanted toh board in the country a spell. Dick Poole was hyur an' offered toh take him. So they're gone. Thought he shunned notice, like. However, allers a drunken set in this room disagreeable to a gentleman. Wun't you hev a drink o' suthin warm, now, Mr. Page?"

How far mine host's entreaties would have prevailed this deponent cannot affirm, for Pine suddenly broke up the colloquy, by coming in with a gray-headed coachman, and bursting out triumphantly, "Yur's uncle Jo, Mars' John, an' the kerridge, an' Mist' Sarah, and Marst' Harry an' all, for me an' you!"

"Uncle Jo," Dr. Berkley's coachman, who twenty years before was a boy fishing with Tom and me, came up with outstretched hand. "Mist' Sarah's kum for you, Mars' John," and when I reached the door, half a dozen little Berkleys were swarming out of the great old-fashioned family coach, and tumbling over the pavement to see cousin John, while a rosy, brown-eyed little face, in a cherry-colored hood, was put eagerly out of the door. "There he is. Oh! come on, cousin John!"

You may be sure cousin John went on. Of all the little girls in Virginia, Sarah Berkley was the honestest, and prettiest, and best. A chubby, bright-eyed, crimson-lipped little thing, with a heart just as full of warm, earnest love as it could be. Not a fool either. A pure-minded, honorable girl, with a chivalric scorn for everything mean or make-believe. (Women are your true chevaliers after all). With a quick temper, (she got that from her father,) you could see that in the sudden tear in the eye, now and then, and a quick, tender care for the feelings of others. Sarah was the eldest of a host of children: their mother died years before. Well, she took care of them, of everybody; house, servants, dogs—took care of all in the gentlest, tenderest way. People coming into the house put themselves into the care of this rosy, singing little girl "with a will," and felt themselves cosy and cheerful immediately. As for Dr. Berkley, one of the stiffest, hottest-headed men in the valley of the Blue Ridge, she wound him round her finger like a thread—so the people said, laughing as they said it.

It is no wonder that I left the dismal, dirty tavern and hurried to the carriage, leaving Pine to follow with my hat and papers.

"I'm glad you've come. Jump right in, cousin John. Papa was determined you should come out to-night and so was I. Oh! Charley, dear, come sit on my lap. Four is a little too many for cousin John. Look, Harry, there's Pine! I was afraid your master would bring some one else, Pine."

"Couldn't do it, Mist' Sarah. Couldn't take care o' hisself nohow, nor no other pusson." With which doubtful sentence, Pine shut the carriage door with a lofty bow, and, mounting the box, proceeded to display the latest Rich-

mond graces to uncle Jo; while the fat, old grays drew the unwieldy coach out of the village to the open country beyond. Such a noisy carriage load! There was so much to tell: how papa had the gout, or would have been in just at once; how Ned was coming next week from Charlottesville; how there was nobody come yet, but week after next the house would be full, and so would aunt Nelly's, and a dozen aunts beside, "Because you *know*, cousin John——" whispered Charley, with a significant glance at his blushing sister. How the four children and Sarah all laughed and talked at once, and then declared cousin John made the most noise of any! Which might have been a fact.

Berkley Place (we did not reach it until long after dark) would have cheered the heart of the crustiest hermit, much less that of an old lawyer let loose for his yearly vacation. As we lumbered through the autumn stained forest, the blinding snow drifting through the darkening twilight, we caught glimpses now and then of the long rows of red windows, miles away, for the house lay in the midst of the plantation. No doubt Berkley Place would have wrung the heart of a landscape gardener, for there were neither ravishing views, nor "picturesque possibilities;" the trees grew, the creeks ran as nature pleased. But the forests were centuries old; the creeks were dimpled with the rarest of trout, where all the world, black or white, was free to come and go, hunt or fish as it pleased. I suppose a canny New England farmer, fresh from his rich-ploughed farm of ten acres, would have shuddered to look at the great fallow fields, the broken fences, the dilapidated barns, the wild profusion, the riot, waste, thriftlessness. He would have reason. Over this plantation, almost equal in extent to a German principality, prodigality, careless idleness, unbounded hospitality, reigned as in an old Irish kingdom. The house, wide, rambling, stood in the center as warm and full of genial comfort as the heart of its owner. As we passed near the negro quarters that lined the road like straggling villages, I caught glimpses of hundreds of dark faces turning to answer the cheery smile that shone on them from out of the carriage window. She was nothing but a child to most of them this little "Mist' Sarah:" her father was still only "young Marster Tom" despite his gray hairs. Not a few of the patriarchs on the place would still take him to task for his hasty ways, reminding him of "what his father was afore him." Had not they as good a right to the place as he? Their grandfathers had served his grandfather, and so they thought it must go

on *ad infinitum*. For the Berkleys had pride in saying that no servant had ever been sold from their plantations.

The great hall at Berkley Place glowed with red warmth, as we drove up to the door. The very grays broke into a trot to express the general satisfaction. There were a dozen of black hands ready to open the carriage door, a dozen picaninnies instantly under the wheels, the horses' feet. The house steps were crowded with aunts and cousins, notwithstanding Sarah's assertion that there was "nobody come." In the midst of the light and confusion was old Tom Berkley himself, who had been wheeled into the hall in his easy-chair to give me welcome. And beyond all, and by no means to be despised after the cold, long ride, came a savory whiff of hot coffee, and turkey, and oysters, with the crowning rich steam of golden "Johnny-oake," perfection of edibles in this mortal life.

So I was installed chief guest for the present at Berkley Place.

I wish I could stop here, and plunge into the warm, spicy memory of the life there, in that most heartsome of all country homesteads. But I must be brief with my story.

Dinner was over. Dr. Berkley had been wheeled back into the drawing-room, where a great fire threw a ruddy light over the beaming faces gathered round it. "Push me into the library," he said to the footman. "Come on, John, where we can have some peace and talk things over." I knew what *that* meant, Sarah's wedding. I had noticed how his voice softened as he spoke to her in all the laughing, and how wistfully she looked at him when he did not see.

"I tell you, old boy," he broke out, when we were alone, "it's not an easy thing to give up my little girl. The boys are well enough in their way. But there's nobody like Sally." He stopped, looking in the fire, and I said nothing. "To be sure," he resumed, after awhile, "Geoffrey Hope is just the man I would have chosen, to make the child happy, if I had hunted the world over. Besides that, it seems natural somehow. There is nobody the Berkleys could marry with hardly, in the valley, but the Hopes." He spoke in all earnestness.

I did not smile. "There is Geoffrey now," I said, as a firm step struck the hall without.

"Never mind. Don't go out. You'll see him after awhile. He has been as impatient as we were for you to come. How long is it since you saw him?"

"Ten years. Before he left home; he was nothing but a boy then."

"He is altered now. Look."

I looked through the open doors, into the drawing-room, at the new-comer, who was bending, for the instant, over the back of Sarah's chair, with some laughing words that sent the pink blood tingling to her cheeks. There was a great disparity in their ages. Mr. Hope was a grave, stately man of middle-age, whose hair was already touched with gray. I spoke of this.

"Yes, I know," said her father, quickly. "There is a difference. I am glad of it. John, I think the child needs Geoffrey Hope. Something strong, and quiet, and noble to lean on. Somebody she can look up to. I'm hot and quick, you know, and we live in such a helter-skelter way, as the boys call it. It may be that he'll make Sally a happier woman than her old father could ever have done." His rough voice shook a little.

"Mr. Hope has charge of this parish?" I said, after a pause.

"Yes. Do you know, John," with sudden animation, "that I think our Sarah has made him a better preacher?"

"I don't doubt it," I laughed.

"You know what the Hopes are? Pierce, passionate, terribly strong for good or evil. Geoffrey is not this. Since he came home—I don't know what he was when a boy—but since he came back, after his ten years' absence, he has been a grave, sad man, tender hearted as a woman. Quiet, gloomy. Look at him now. See the difference, how proud and light his step is! It does one's heart good to hear a laugh like that."

"And you think Sarah has done it all?"

"Yes. A man may be too earnest, too grave in his good work. He needed fresh life to bring back his youth."

One after another sauntered into the library. Dr. Berkley began his nightly game of chess, and I had leisure to look at the inmates of the drawing-room. Mr. Hope was near Sarah, with the ubiquitous Harry and Charley on his knee, deep in a fairy story if I could guess from their wonder-stricken faces. There was nothing in his face to call for the words *grave* or *gloomy*. It was frank, manly, kind; with an honest smile ready trembling on the mouth. Sunburned and wrinkled, but that was owing to his years of travel and exposure. How fast he had grown old! I remembered him well, an impetuous, high-tempered boy, when he was left an orphan, master of himself and his estate, and had started out, like the prince in the fairy tale he was telling, to seek his fortune. If he had returned a sad, earnest man, as Dr. Berkley said, there was

no trace of it on his face now. A strong, kindly face, as I said before. Tender-hearted? I was sure of it. Just such a face as a beggar or a child would choose to turn to in a thousand.

"Why, cousin John!" He saw me suddenly, and sprang up with a hearty grasp of the hand. "Sarah told me some good news would turn up, this evening, but I never thought she meant you! What have your keen eyes been studying in there?"

"Only a face."

"I know!" laughed Sarah. "Geoffrey's own. What do you find in it?"

I smoothed her hair. "A good husband, Sallie dear."

Mr. Hope did not join in our laugh. A doubtful pain shot over his face, but was gone in an instant.

"You do not know," he said, quietly. "I will try." His voice sobered us. He was in deadly earnest now.

"Come back and finish," demanded the boys, pulling at his coat-sleeves. He went back, and Sarah and I sat down to listen. Very soon the old smile began to flash over his face, as he embellished his story for his new auditors, but not much to the satisfaction of the old ones.

"Why, Mr. Hope!" broke out Harry, "all your princesses have brown eyes and rosy cheeks just like other women!"

"And wear nothing but pink dresses like sister Sarah," grumbled Charley.

"Oh, Charley, Charley! come to bed." And the princess, with rozier cheeks than ever, carried them off captive.

That night, as Pine was distributing the contents of my trunks in wardrobe and bureau, the morocco box, with which I had been entrusted, fell on the floor. I had forgotten to mention my disagreeable visitor to Dr. Berkley, but picking up the box now determined to present the gift with the first of the bridal tokens. I wanted to know what appropriate offering this woman, who was so oddly repulsive to me, would send. Yellow, mocking topaz. I did not doubt if there were truth in emblems.

CHAPTER III.

We were alone for the next week. I never had known Berkley Place so quiet. The reason was apparent. Virginia weddings are solemn epochs to housekeepers. The festivities last for weeks; the bridal party visiting in turn every uncle or cousin who can present a claim, gathering as they go, until whole counties, if the clan be large, are in one ruddy glow of genial hos-

pitality and jollity. Etiquette demands a certain quiet before the turmoil begins. So it happened, that, although mighty preparations were convulsing the lower regions, where uncle Jo's wife held undisputed sway, the family routine was singularly undisturbed and tranquil.

Mr. Hope rode over in the mornings, and usually was surprised there by the night.

As time wore on, I noticed the changing smile disappear from Sarah's face and give place to a thoughtful gravity. The tears lay near the surface, those days, very ready to start out, at a word; she lost her free, light step, grew shy and timid. As for Mr. Hope it was far different. "Look at Geoffrey Hope," said Dr. Berkley to me. "Upon my soul, he grows stronger, and brighter, and fresher every day. Hear him with those boys. He is actually lighter-hearted than they. His very laugh, somehow, says, 'Thank God.'"

One Saturday evening, Mr. Hope asked me to ride with him. "I want you," he said, as we reached the park, "to come over to the parsonage, and judge of my talent for architecture and house furnishing."

"You have rebuilt the house then?"

"No," his eye saddened, "I could not. It was Will's house, you know: my brother. He died there. I could not take down one of the old stones. Sarah did not wish it; she understood." He was silent for a moment. "But I have built an addition, I think it is the very picture of a home."

I laughed. "Men who live single lives long, appreciate the ideal of such a blessing at least. I speak from experience. So can you."

His voice was almost bitter as he replied, slowly stroking his horse's mane, "I need a home. Yes. I have had none for many years, have suffered more chance and change than falls to the lot of many men. I can hardly realize now that my security is real."

"You have found work, comfort in your charge?" I said. "You had a home in the affections of your people."

"I do not know," he said, doubtfully. "The ministers of Christ need a mortal physician themselves, before they can cure others. They ought to go out among the people from a healthy, cheerful atmosphere of true love, not from the morbid remorse and doubts of their own hearts."

We were trenching on some deep and cankered feeling I saw by his face. I turned from it with a shallow jest. "I, at least, have not found that to be alone in life was to be miserable."

"Nor I," he said, almost fiercely. "God sends worse curses sometimes than solitude." I looked

at him questioningly; but, as if startled at his own words, he struck spurs in his horse and we rode on in silence.

It was a cool day in early November. The snow lay light and rose-tinted on the brown mould, or clinging in flakes to the dropping leaves. An hour's brisk riding brought us to the borders of the Hope plantation. The cloud was gone from my companion's face; he had banished whatever transient thought had caused it, and was genial and careless again. I was touched to notice the greetings of the people on the road to their pastor as we met them, how bright and cordial they were on his side and theirs. We turned at last from the main road and struck into a by-path leading directly to the parsonage. It ran along the base of a rocky hill for about a mile, and then divided, one part branching off into the valley of the Hope plantations, the narrower track winding through a ravine of the mountains. Ross Glen they called the ravine, a wild, solitary haunt of a few half-savage free negroes.

Just at the opening of the Glen, where the paths divided, one of the villagers was waiting our approach, a bloated, half-clad wretch known as Jim Blake, generally an inmate of the county jail. He touched his cap respectfully enough as we came up.

"Mr. Hope," he said, "you are wanted to-night at Lucky Jenkyl's, down the Glen."

"Is Lucky ill again, Blake?"

"No. You are wanted, I was bid to say, at ten o'clock, by a woman in need of help. In sore need." He recited it like a half-learned lesson.

"I will go. Some of the negroes, doubtless. Were you ever in Ross Glen?" he asked, stopping abruptly.

"No? Come down then a step or two. You can have an idea of what it is deeper in."

We turned our horses into the steep, slimy path and advanced a few yards. The Glen was a deep, winding chasm between two of the highest peaks of the Blue Ridge, dark at mid-day, overgrown to the very steepest summit with gloomy pines and gray spectral mosses. The Ross, a mountain stream, that gave the Glen its name, crept through it for miles sluggish and black, through tangled weeds and lichens grown in the dampness and darkness into monstrous forms. The slimy leaves of the trees brushed in our faces as we rode along; the air was filled with the poisonous effluvia of nightshade and purple fungi.

"There is something horrible in this place," said my companion, under his breath, "it

oppresses me like a nightmare. Look. Here, you could fancy dead men's faces peering out from under this pool." He struck the deep stream with his riding-whip. The black curdling water shuddered and lay still again. Our horses trod heavily through the thick under-wood as we turned to come out into the free air again.

"It grows deeper, darker, more ghastly farther in," he said. "I have a strange horror of the place. Unaccountable, but I cannot shake it off."

"Who lives there?"

"Only a harmless old negro, Lucky Jenkyl, about a mile down, and such free negroes as she may shelter, or runaways."

We rode out. Poor Geoffrey! No wonder that the damp, unnatural Glen warned him back as with a leprous cry of unclean! Unclean! the shadow of the valley of death was on him.

The evening air blew freshly in our faces as, emerging from the ravine, we galloped into the broad bridle path. Turning a sudden bend in the road, the parsonage lay before us, in the midst of its vineyards, and flower-gardens, and thick forests. I drew my bridle, while my companion looked down on the little landscape with a beaming eye. Every house and its surroundings express some distinct thought; the idea, the soul of this was easily read. Here was the dream of this man's life made real: the pure, strong love in his soul had worked itself into visible shape. God had given him, late in life, a great gift; here was the temple he had built to keep it in. Late in life, after he had borne heavy burdens, grown old with pain. He was grateful. There was not a trifling mark of his joyous toil that did not show it. The pure, fairly fashioned dwelling; the sunny sweeps of meadow; the very fountain springing out of the heart of the green hill, said, "God has been good to me, and I thank Him." An assured quiet sense of coming happiness seemed to breathe in the very air of the place, as in the face of its master.

We dismounted, and spent an hour going over the house, the gardens, and orchards. Sarah's name was never mentioned. Yet I saw how every minutest arrangement was ordered with reference to her pleasure or comfort.

When the evening was closing in, we went out to order our horses. The sun was setting, and the red glow fell cheerily over Mr. Hope's face, as he stood with a heart-warm smile in his eyes, glancing now and then back at the home "made ready for the bride." I stooped involuntarily from my horse and grasped his

hand. His face flashed with a quick, child-like pleasure, but he did not speak: his look showed that he understood all that I would say. We rode on briskly, for the night was coming on, and we had a long stretch of road before us; too briskly to admit of conversation. Mr. Hope, knowing the way better, took the advance, I followed slowly; my horse stumbled over the stony path. There was a little incident occurred during the ride which I scarcely noticed at the time, but which afterward, when the terrible drama of the night was unfolded, assumed a momentous significance. Mr. Hope, as I said, had ridden on before some two hundred yards; in the gathering twilight I could scarcely distinguish the figure of his horse. We were passing a close thicket of trees, which stood near the entrance of Glen Ross, or, to be exact, I was passing it, for Geoffrey was out of hearing. There was an old cabin just in the interior of the thicket by the side of the road; as I came up I heard voices in it, speaking in a smothered, passionate tone. One rose above the other, hard, monotonous, in abrupt French sentences. I drew my bridle unconsciously, startled. Where had I heard this voice before? The woman? Dr. Berkley's mysterious friend? Impossible. I touched my horse with the spur, ashamed of my absurd suspicion. As I passed the cabin, the voice rose. "Too late! You cannot hinder me," the tone was sharp with passion. "I will see him. I have not come so far to be balked here. By you, Gustav." The woman—if it were a woman—spoke in broken French. That of the man was pure, the voice quiet and low. "As you will, Gertrude. You know the end, I will not fail to do what I have said. It may be better after all. You tire me." Something in the low voice unspeakably cold, cruel, struck me. I did not wonder to hear it followed by a helpless, wailing cry, "I tire you! Gustav! Gustav!" I rode on. Some Frenchman quarreling with his wife, doubtless, I thought. And yet the voice was strangely familiar. Hurrying on, I joined Mr. Hope.

"You have French settlers among the villagers?"

"No; one or two Alsations. Among the roughest of the people."

I said no more, but was hardly satisfied. The voices I heard did not speak the guttural Alsatian patois: the cabin too was vacant; the speakers had met in it by chance it appeared. Then the voice so curiously recalled the woman who had visited my office. But with an impatient pish at my own idle conjectures, I dismissed the matter from my mind.

It was late when we reached Berkley Place. A cold, starlit night: the snow, as I said, lying light on the ground. Dr. Berkley had retired to his chamber and his gout, we knew by the lights in his window.

"Supper's waitin'," said Pine, as he helped me alight. "Mist' Sarah has it kep' for you and Mars' Geoffrey in the library."

Accordingly we found the little girl with an impromptu supper set out on one of the library tables. She sent out the housekeeper and insisted on pouring out our coffee herself, on making the tea, on conducting herself in such an earnest, anxious way to play waiter, that, hungry as we were, Geoffrey and I almost forgot to eat in our amusement. Do you think me prosy and maudlin, because I want to stop and linger a moment, talking of that last evening, and this child-woman with her winning, womanly ways?

My story, as you may see, is but an outline; brief to brusqueness; scarcely more than you could gather from the record of the criminal docket. Underneath the hints I give you lay whole volumes of unwritten tragedy, which I have no skill to unfold. My lawyer's pen, trained to the formal routine of briefs and deeds, has no delicate touch, no colors to paint love, or jealousy, or fierce, gnawing pain. Yet even I hesitate at this point of my story. This girl, with her fresh smile, her innocent love shining in every word or look, haunts the dry details of my memory with strange persistency, like the breath of a quiet song. I like to think of that evening. Sitting alone, sometimes, I find myself, like a doting old man, going back to the little cosy table in the library, and the faces that surrounded it then for the last time. I remember my own desperate attempts at wit, and Geoffrey's genial bursts of laughter; how Sarah sang "Auld Robin Gray" and "Roy's Wife" for my especial pleasure, and we—Mr. Hope and I—tried to join in with tenor and bass, and miserably broke down.

There is not a word which is not fresh in my memory, now, of the careless, joyous idleness; it may be because of the dark hour that followed so soon after, to blot out all future laughter and joy.

Just at the end of one of our discordant chorusses, the pendule on the mantle-shelf struck eight. Mr. Hope started up.

"I shall be late," he said, hastily. "I had forgotten my summons to Lucky Jenkyll's to-night."

"You have yet two hours. Ten was the time appointed," I remarked.

"I must return to my rooms in the village first. Not a word, Sarah!" he laughed. "I am too ready to be tempted, and I ought to go."

In spite of this vehement protestation of duty, he lingered for half an hour; by the fire, in the hall; at last on his horse, in the drifting snow, tossing back laugh, and jest, and good-nights to us, standing in the red light of the door. At last he was gone; we caught the last notes of "Roy's Wife," as he rode whistling down the avenue, and we turned shivering from the door.

"Oh! cousin John, I must show you!" broke out my impetuous little hostess, running into the drawing-room, and, returning with a morocco case, "Look! Geoffrey's present!" She opened the case and placed a small picture before me.

"A strange gift for a bride," was my involuntary thought, the first moment; the next, struck with admiration, and touched by the hidden delicacy of the meaning, I bent eagerly forward. It was an exquisite picture in cameo, by Giottura. The subject: *Von der Warl's wife*, in that terrible night, when, through the storm and darkness, she watched by him on the rack. Only the figure of the woman was seen, sharply relieved by the dusky night: her hands raised as if to wipe the death-drops from his forehead, the face calm in its perfect trust, save for a slight quiver of agony upon the lip.

I looked at it in silence; glancing up, I saw Sarah's eyes were full of tears.

"Can a wife's love reach so far as that?" I said, to try her.

Her eyes flashed an indignant answer. "It was a little thing to do," she said. "How could she do otherwise than stay by his side? She could not help it—she could not have lived elsewhere."

I smiled. "Yet the world thought him guilty?"

"She did not," she answered, impatiently. "She believed in him—loved him."

"Suppose," I persisted, "she had not believed in him? If she had known him guilty? What then? Would she have left him then?"

The girl's face colored. She said, in a low tone, "It would be the same. She would have loved him still. Why," she added, looking up quickly, "why do you ask such questions? Geoffrey did the same. Am I then so fickle, so variable, that you all must needs test my faith? Am I?"

"No," I said, seriously. "You would cling to Geoffrey—innocent or guilty—I do believe, until the death-end."

She blushed suddenly, and stooped over the

picture with a shudder at my words. "Until the death-end!" I heard her whisper, under her breath, as she folded up the cameo, and, with a light, loving touch, as if it had been a part of some one she dearly loved, put it away. Not because it was the work of Giottura—a prize for ducal cabinets—but because it was Geoffrey's present; that was all.

The little girl was nervous, excited. I blamed myself, and tried to turn back into the light, jesting badinage of an hour ago. It was easily done. The bridal gifts offered themselves as a happy expedient, and (why had I forgotten it so long?) the mysterious box which I was charged to deliver. She was amused, curious. I called on my imagination, dull as it was, to picture the oddly-repulsive woman who sent it, with her vulgar beauty, her treacherous, dramatic manner.

"But, cousin John," she said, earnestly, "she is an impostor, surely. Papa knows no such woman; nor I. Perhaps, however, your old bachelor prejudices blinded you? You did not like to be assaulted in your solitary den, and so have converted some *dame gracieuse* into this dreadful smirking woman. Who knows?"

I laughed with her. "No. To-morrow you will know. I will give you the box, and we will get down to the bottom of the mystery."

"Oh! if to-morrow were but come!" she sang, ringing the bell for her night-lamp. "I will sleep as fast as possible to pass away the time."

She stood by the fire for a few moments, her lamp in her hand, her brown hair pushed back from her forehead, curiously guessing like an impatient child. At last she turned to go.

"Sally," I said, "I will send the box to your room, if you choose. You must show its contents to me in the morning, however." She assented eagerly, bade me good-night, and ran up the stairs.

If I had waited! Only waited until morning, the terrible tragedy of the night might have had another ending. But I did not know. I do not think I was to blame.

Winnie, her maid, came down to carry the box to her. I found it in my trunk, and, giving it to the mulatto, returned to the library for an hour's quiet study. The fire was burning low; I threw on another log, and, drawing the lamp nearer, plunged into the midst of Dupont's *Criminal Practice in the Netherlands*.

I had read but a few moments, when a cold hand touched my arm. I started up.

"Sarah! Are you ill?"

She did not speak for a moment, though her

lips moved, but stood there, rubbing her hand across her clammy forehead in a wild, uncertain way.

"Sarah?"

"It is nothing—I know," trying to laugh. Her white, ghastly face terrified me. She held a yellow paper covered with faded writing out to me. "Cousin John, what is this? what is this?" Her voice went down into a hoarse whisper. She cleared her throat, smoothed her hair with her shaking hands, with the same unnatural effort to laugh.

I tried to take the paper; but she held it fast.

"Nothing! Nothing, I know. Only a jest. I do not believe it, you know. Did they think I would believe it? But it was a foolish jest! Oh! foolish! It hurt me so!" She put her hand to her side, with a sharp sob torn out of her lips by force.

"What has hurt you, Sarah? I will not believe it—do not be afraid—I will not! Give me the paper."

I took it out of her reluctant hands, seating her on a chair near me. She did not heed nor hear me; her eyes followed the paper with the same bewildered stare.

"Was it in the box?" I was afraid to open it. She nodded.

"Do not let Geoffrey know. It is such an idle joke; but it would vex him."

I opened the paper. It was the original of the copied marriage-certificate which the woman had shown me; dated in Georgia, fifteen years back: with the names of clergyman and witnesses—valid enough—the same as that I had

seen; only here the names of the parties were given. *They were those of Gertrude Parny and Geoffrey Hope.*

It may seem strange, but it is true: I never for a moment doubted the validity of this paper. Not only because it bore within itself the inherent proof of authenticity to a lawyer's eye, but by some unaccountable instinct I knew it was no forgery. In the brief moment in which I held it in my hand, the tragedy, past and to come, opened itself before me with the vividness of reality. Geoffrey Hope had been married, was married now: the woman, his wife, who had visited my office, was here in the village. I remembered the voices in the house by the wayside, as Mr. Hope and I rode past: the French accent, the man's cry to "Gertrude." And "Gertrude" here. It was Geoffrey Hope whom she had come to see. Then the appointment at Lucky Jenkyll's flashed into my memory. And Sarah! In an instant I saw it all. Whether my face told my conviction to the girl, or whether her strength had been too heavily taxed, I know not; but when I turned slowly to her, it was only to catch her head as it sank forward on the table with a smothered cry. I was glad she had fainted. Ringing the bell, I put her in the charge of her maid and the old black nurse. No kinder hearts could be found to care for the poor, motherless girl.

As for me, I had no time to spare. Charging the servants not to alarm Dr. Berkley, I summoned Pine to bring my horse, and, in a few moments, was galloping down the village road to find Geoffrey Hope. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A PETITION.

BY LOUISA SMITH.

Oh! keep me, gracious Father kind,
From envy's snares, ambition's strife,
Which cluster round the aspirant's mind,
And cloud his way with sorrows rife.

Take from my view the opening flowers
That twine an envied "wreath of fame;"
Dispel the charm the laurel wears,
And bid me see 'tis but a name!

Give me a home with joy replete,
Far from dame Fashion's darksome frown;
Where Nature smiles, her own to greet,
And scorns the icy world's renown;

Where, with beloved ones, life shall wane
In tranquil bliss, to fame unknown;
There, 'mid contentment's wealth to claim
A little world that's all my own!

Keep me, my Father, from the snares
Deception lures our steps to meet;

From the bland smile her calm lip wears,
While coiling serpents round the feet.

And give me friendship ever bright,
Unsullied by the storms of care,
Which, gleaming through grief's darkest night,
Will light the clouds that linger there.

Oh! let me in some floral dell,
Where the bright woodland songsters chime,
In the fair haunt, where Muses dwell—
The homestead of the fabled Nine—

There let me live and fade away
Like the fair flow'rs that round me bloom,
And priceless virtues but portray
On memory's page my "storied urn!"

And cleanse my heart, oh! Father, Friend,
And bid my sinful claims be riven;
Disperse the charms that earth can lend,
And fit my storm-tossed soul for Heaven!

ACROSS THE WAY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

My aunt Tabitha and I lived in a small house in a retired street, and made ourselves comfortable after our own fashion.

The neighborhood was a quiet, but exceedingly respectable one; aunt Tabitha greatly prided herself upon that fact, and thereby found consolation for the narrowness and darkness of our little dwelling. I am bound to say that it was somewhat consoling to me, although I could have wished for a sleeping chamber sufficiently large to have allowed me space to get into bed without climbing over the wash-stand; and the performance of my ablutions would have been an easier matter, if I had not been obliged to wheel aside a tall wardrobe every time I desired to reach the bath-room.

Still, everybody said the houses were delightful; perfect little bird-nests; and it would have been very bad taste for any new-comer to have disputed the fact, after the domicils had borne that reputation for nearly a score of years. The houses had innumerable balconies covered with creeping vines, which gave them quite a rural appearance; but I seldom sat in our upper piazza after the first week of my residence in our new house, having been startled by the sudden descent of the railing into the yard, upon no greater provocation than my having pushed a chair against it. But aunt Tab would not allow me to grumble. She said it was all my own awkwardness, and instead of shocking her ears with naughty words, I had better be thanking Providence and her, that she had saved me from following the railing by catching hold of my coat-tails.

The dwellings were exact imitations of large mansions in miniature. They looked like baby houses; and before I had lived there long, I got an uncomfortable feeling that I was a china doll, packed close in a case for fear of being broken.

Aunt Tabitha said that sensation was silly and ridiculous. I dare say it was, but I really could not help it; I have no other apology to offer for my weakness.

The houses had three stories and a basement; to be sure, the halls were so narrow that all the furniture had to be swung up over the balconies, but that did not alter the fact of there being halls. That there were staircases I had the

most ample proof; for the very first time I went up the principal one, I found myself wedged immovably between the wall and the banister, and was obliged to have the cook punch me out with a broomstick. But aunt Tab said that was because I had grown so preposterously stout—if I would eat hot suppers I must take the consequence—she hoped that would be a warning to me—it was a mercy the banister was not broken, and so on.

To such a tirade there was no answer possible. I rubbed my wounded shoulder in silence, and decided that it would indeed be necessary to avoid more, either of food or clothing, than was absolutely necessary to health or decency.

We dined, of course, in the front basement—
aunt Tab said it was exceedingly cosy. As my chair was placed in the china closet, and here in the window-seat, I could not deny the assertion; but charming as it was, and cheap as it was considered, I am sure that during the first month I broke dishes enough to have gone far toward paying the rent of a palace. After that I got accustomed to my quarters, and on an average did not break over one set of tea things each week.

The parlor was aunt Tab's crowning glory; it had a new Brussels carpet that she bought at a bargain, and chairs covered with her own needle-work. The room was not over warm, owing to the fact, perhaps, that we had to leave the back window open to make place for the sofa, which had two legs in the parlor and two in the balcony. But Tab said that made it look like a "teter-teter," whatever that might be; and certainly it was well named, for the balcony being several inches lower than the parlor floor, every time two people sat on this sofa, it see-sawed in a way that would have delighted me when I was a child.

The only possible fault which aunt Tabby could find was, that she had not a sufficient number of closets; while I, on the other hand, tried to convince her that our requirements in that respect were amply provided for. Upon that point Tab and I had disagreed for years, and we had been at daggers-drawing scores of times, but the spinster, woman-like, always came off victorious.

The truth was, aunt Tab had a mania for making closets, and of all insanities which can take possession of a female mind, that one, innocent as it appears, is the most atrocious and diabolical. Nothing pleased my aunt so much as to move in a house where there were few of those receptacles, and then she began at once. In every nook and corner, in the halls, over the fire-places, and under the beds, did aunt Tab establish her closets, or rows of shelves, with paper doors that never would remain shut, and sides that always would fall out.

Did I, by any ill-luck, chance to say that I had no place for a certain paper—"I'll build a closet for that special purpose," said Tab, and she would do it too in spite of all my remonstrances. The woman had become so insane upon the subject, that I believe on her death-bed she would have asked for a small closet to be tacked on to her coffin, in case she should desire to hang up her shroud during the hot weather.

So, as soon as we were established in our new quarters, she began in her old fashion. Every separate article must have its closet, where it never could by any possibility be found; and in less than a fortnight after our domiciliation, she had closets in every corner where one could turn; and had actually improvised a set of pockets for dusters in an old cloak of mine which hung in the upper hall.

Well, there we were, closets and all; and, as I said, we were very comfortable, except that, in spite of a course of judicious starvation, I occasionally stuck fast in the staircases like an uncomfortable peg, and had to be hammered out according to the best method that our old cook could devise; aunt Tab always standing by scolding me ferociously, and ordering cookey, no matter what else might be broken, to take care of the wall and the banisters.

I have mentioned the respectability of the neighborhood. There was scarcely a resident who did not lay claims to celebrity among a certain clique, or, at least, was related to some wonderful person; and one happy female actually knew a lady who kept her own carriage, as Tab informed me with great solemnity before we had been a week in our new abode.

I once saw that very carriage encounter a great cart in the street—it was impossible for them to pass each other—the carriage couldn't turn back, and the cart driver wouldn't; so there they stuck for full twenty minutes; the lady in the vehicle squealing dolefully, and the two men assailing each other in such dreadful language, that by the time they reached the

point when passion only repeats itself and employs the same set of words over and over, aunt Tab had to close the windows that her maiden ears might not be shocked by the awful sounds.

There was a painter in the street and a poet. I was little accustomed to such marvels of nature, and for some time I thought they were two crazy people rushing up and down the balconies; but Tab set me right with a deal of scorn, and demanded, with cutting sarcasm, if I never went to the Academy of Design, or read *Badger's Monthly*?

The street had three distinctive features, its cats, babies, and canary birds; every house, except our own, boasted at least a half-dozen specimens of each, and the music they kept up was appalling. Squalls to the right of us, squalls to the left of us, at all hours of the day and night; and at last my brain got so confused, that the people on the side-walk looked to me like Tom cats in babies' long clothes, with canaries' bills for mouths.

Tab said she had no pity for such ridiculous fancies, so I kept them to myself as much as possible; although in my bewilderment I made a great many singular mistakes, such as addressing several of Tab's maiden visitors as "Pussy;" and repeating the most choice of Mother Goose's melodies to a staid old bachelor, under the impression that I was soothing a restless infant.

As for those cats, they owned the whole neighborhood, and well they knew their power. I am satisfied that they were a cross between gipsies and ghouls; and they comprehended perfectly that I had a horror of them, and took advantage of my weakness. If I wished to descend the area steps, a trio stationed themselves in my way, hissing like young tigers, and plainly intimating that I must turn out or take the consequences. If nobody was looking, I usually turned back and fled incontinently, and then the conquerors would perform an infernal war-dance of delight.

Before I discovered that they were a race apart from common cats, I used to essay the ordinary means of driving off such nuisances, flinging brick-bats at them, or uttering ferocious yells; but their hides were invulnerable, and their screams so much more abominable than mine, that I gave up in despair. I once hired a man to carry three of them away in a bag, and paid him liberally when he returned with the sweet assurance that he had left them in an open field at least two miles off. But to my horror, in the middle of the night, those

very cats, or their ghosts, returned with three of their familiars, and, perching on my window-sill, did so make hideous the night and harrow up my soul, that I was fain to dress myself partially and take refuge in one of aunt Tab's paper closets. But I was too deep for the closet and too broad; crack went the sides with an immense *fracas*, and when Tab and the servant rushed into the room with a light and shrieks of fire and robbers, there I stood in my sparse attire amid the ruins I had caused: while those fiends of cats grinned at me from without.

I was severely rated by aunt Tab for destroying her valuable handiwork; although I considered that I deserved pity, since, besides my fright, I had caught my pantaloons on a brass-headed nail, and there I hung like a fowl on a spit, until that devoted cook rushed forward and rescued me.

I must remark in passing, that this was the only time I ever beheld aunt Tabby in the attire in which she sought her virgin slumbers. Since then, I have often wondered if it was a costume adopted by all spinsters, or only an emanation of her own genius; but as the question might have been indiscreet, I forbore to ask it; although I have never ceased to congratulate myself that I did not happen to have been born an old maid, if it is necessary for them to be swathed in such endless folds of speckled flannel, not to mention the knit jacket and list slippers.

Before we had been many weeks in the place, Tabby had formed a number of pleasant acquaintances among her neighbors; although she declared that my smoking a pipe in the front yard hurt our respectability very much. But there I was firm; I was willing to do a great deal to win the good opinion of those about me; but give up my pipe, never, and the bare suggestion agitated me so that Tab retired from the contest, only requesting me with mild indignation not to break the furniture even if I was angry.

She said that for her own part she was prepared to suffer; she knew that her best bonnet smelt like a tobacco-bag, and her new silk mantilla like a bar-room curtain, still she was prepared to endure in silence; only she would not stand by and see me break a table bequeathed to her by her sainted grandmother. That time, however, I was a match for aunt Tab, asking her how she knew what the peculiar odor of a bar-room curtain was; but she did not even hear, being occupied in shoving the table out of my reach.

Tab had a great many relics, and among them

that spider-legged thing stood prominent. It would tip over if you looked at it, and never could be induced to stand still anywhere; but Tab prized it—her grandmother had kept her knitting-work on it for many years—it was a sacred legacy. Sometimes I wondered if Tab recollected how cross the old lady used to be, making the whole house ring with her noise; but I said nothing, nor would it have been wise, for aunt Tabby had a proclivity to hysterics; besides that, the moment her relatives were under the ground she made angels of them. I have no doubt that if I had had the good luck to have died ten years ago, she would have made a saint of me of the very highest order, and even looked resignedly back upon my hatred of paper closets and disregard of relics.

Of those valuables what a store Tab possessed! shelves without number were loaded with them; and once every year they underwent a grand examination, during which season I usually dined out, for Tab got so absent-minded that she would put buttons into the soup, and dried leaves in the apple-pie. Now buttons are good things, and so are leaves; but any candid person will confess that it is not pleasant to bite into the former, believing them to be forcemeat balls, or to consume sentiment in bodily shape by feeding on the latter.

Tabby had locks of hair enough to have set up a moderate sized wig-maker's shop; old clothes sufficient to have made the fortune of a dozen Jew peddlars; piles of letters; broken furniture; to say nothing of curiosities collected from all quarters of the globe, and presented to her by different friends who had been travelers. She had an old shoe that was said to have belonged to the mother of St. Peter—there was a wonderful history connected with it which Tab used to relate with great unction—how it had been stolen from a convent in Rome, during the revolution, fallen into the hands of an American sailor, and at last reached her through the kindness of some old acquaintance. Then she had a feed cup that had once been the property of a canary owned by the Empress of Russia—to me a commonplace-looking, cracked cup enough; but Tab and her friends used to weep over it with delight, and it was always called the "Royal Vase." She had a hair out of the tail of one of Cardinal Richelieu's pet cats; a bit of embroidery from the petticoat of the Queen of Spain, caught on a bush while she walked in her garden, and picked up by some one happy enough to be near. She possessed a pin-cushion made from a bit of one of Washington's waistcoats; a brick from Virgil's tomb;

an odd suspender thrown away by Louis Napoleon when he lived in this country—very much torn and soiled—I mean the suspender, not the emperor; a fragment of Madame Sontag's dressing-gown; and a tassel from the night-cap of the Duke of Wellington.

I may as well pause, for it would require a volume to hold the catalogue of her treasures; although I think I know their names by heart, from the very effort I made not to listen when Tab talked of them in my presence.

We had resided, for several months, in our little home, when the dwelling upon the opposite side of the street was left vacant, and we waited with considerable anxiety to see who or what the new tenants would be.

Business called me out of town during the days they were moving in, and when I returned aunt Tab informed me that the strangers were all settled in their domicile.

"But," said she, with a peculiar shake of the head, "there's something about them which I don't quite like. They appear very respectable: their furniture is good—the lady dresses well—yet, you mark my words, there's something odd somewhere."

When I heard aunt Tab make that declaration, I knew well that there would be little peace for our neighbors. She prided herself upon her lack of curiosity, and her habit of minding her own business; yet, somehow, she always knew everything that went on in the neighborhood, and if any one was unhappy enough to excite her suspicions, she was certain to find them guilty of some atrocity in less than a month.

Not that Tab was censorious; it was only that she was wonderfully acute, and could scent a sinner as far as she could tobacco—and to her capabilities in that line I really believe there was no limit.

Still the people across the way behaved themselves as decorously as any of the neighboring households; yet Tab shook her frizzed head, and made unpleasant allusions to "whited sepulchres" and other similar unwholesome objects.

"Their name," said Tab, "is Moulson—so cook learned from their servant. My sainted grandmother used to say that there was names and names—and she had seen a great deal of the world; now Moulson is a name I never could abide, and I'm not going to begin either."

She shook her head again at the house opposite, and turned from the window with a dissatisfied gurgle. She had been standing there for a full half-hour—admiring the hyacinths, she said.

It appeared that several of the other residents shared in aunt Tabby's feeling; they agreed there was something mysterious about the new people, and our street did hate a mystery! It was a frank, open-hearted spot, where everybody was acquainted with everybody's affairs; and the strange lady had given great offence to her next door neighbor by sending her word that she didn't like to have people peep through the cracks of her balcony. I am sure she would never have done that if she had known the ways of the street; but she did, and hence all her troubles.

The clothes were always dried in the front yards, and it gave every woman a delightful opportunity to know just how many petticoats every other female possessed; and Tab was shocked at the number of ruffled ones which the new lady soiled each week.

"I pity their servant," said she; "seven this blessed Monday—the woman must be a Hottentot!"

Tab always sewed close to her window on Monday, while the Irish girls were hanging out the clothes all along the street, and so I noticed did every female I knew—probably to be certain that their own particular domestics performed their tasks correctly and didn't waste time in gossip.

Not many days after, aunt Tabby had a very sad story to tell me: nothing gathered from hearsay, no servant girl scandal, but a proceeding which she had witnessed with her own eyes.

"With these two eyes," said she, energetically; "and now let me see if you will defend these people any more. I saw it—myself—oh! the atrocious woman! She ought to be exposed—she—"

"But what has she done, aunt?" I interrupted, anxious to bring her back to the point in question.

"I am going to tell you if you will give me an opportunity," she replied, with a good deal of acerbity; but desire to relate her story got the better of her wish to gratify temper, so she softened her tone and went on. "For a day or two past, every time I have happened to go near the window I have seen over in those people's sitting-room a wonderfully beautiful little girl—"

"Well," said I, "you knew they had a baby; why not a little girl? I am sure enough of their neighbors' share in that weakness, and if their marriage-certificate is all right—"

"If you are going to be indecent, I will retire to my chamber," interrupted aunt Tabby, with great dignity.

"Oh! no, no," I returned, hastily; "go on, by all means."

"Well, then, as I said, I saw a wonderfully beautiful little girl"—it was a peculiarity of aunt Tab's that when she was interrupted in a sentence, she returned to the very beginning and repeated it with great deliberation and emphasis—"she looked so lovely and yet so sad, that I felt an interest in her, and cook took the trouble to ask Mrs. Moulson's servant who she was. The girl told her that it was her mistress' adopted daughter, and a little queer in her head; and she said it with a sardonic giggle that made cook's blood run cold—for whatever her faults may be, and I don't say she's without them, cook is not an unfeeling person."

I agreed in that sentiment, remembering how often she had punched me out of the stairway, and with what Amazonian nerve she took me off the nail where I had unintentionally hung myself; and Tab proceeded,

"When cook told me that, I watched the child with more interest than ever, and I have seen sights which made me shed tears of horror!"

She paused for breath at that climax, and when she considered that she had produced a sufficient sensation, continued,

"The child never stirred from her chair; the window was open, so I could see her plainly. She was prettily dressed, but she leaned her little hands on the table with a woe-begone expression that touched my heart. Suddenly that outrageous baby of Mrs. Moulson's began to cry, and that dreadful woman rushed up to the girl and commenced boxing her ears in the most violent manner, as if she had been to blame. Once she bumped the poor creature's head against the chair, pulled her beautiful curls, and then the little victim lifted her hands and cried out, 'Mamma, mamma!' in a way that would have softened a boa constrictor. But the woman only beat her all the more, and I heard her own child laugh and crow to see that poor creature tortured."

Tab broke off and hid her face in her pocket-handkerchief; I felt very indignant myself, and satisfied my relative with the sympathy I expressed. I knew the occurrence had taken place exactly as it was reported; for aunt Tabby was a truthful woman at all events, and, however much she might have been prejudiced, would not have exaggerated her account.

We talked about it all the evening, and Tab went to bed exceedingly pleased because I fully agreed with her in her condemnation of the Moulsons; she actually kissed me good-night—

a most unusual mark of favor—and her lips felt exactly like a fir cone pressed against my forehead.

The next morning, when breakfast was over, I went up to the little sitting room on the second floor to read the paper, as was my wont. In the perusal of some interesting bit of news, I forgot all about the story aunt Tabby had told me, when I was startled back to a recollection of it by a plaintive cry of "Mamma, mamma!"

I dropped the journal and went to the open window; looking across the street, I could see plainly into the corresponding apartment in Moulson's house. I beheld the little girl that aunt Tabby had described, sitting by a table, her hands resting upon it, while that fiendish woman pulled her long curls and boxed her ears in the most merciless manner. The girl did not make the slightest resistance, did not even stir; but at times she sent forth that wailing cry, in a tone which fairly wrung my heart.

My first impulse was to go out on to the balcony and call to the woman to desist; but that was useless, and as I turned away, unable to bear the sight, I heard the baby—a brat of eighteen months or so—begin to crow and laugh as if perfectly delighted at the torture which its mother was inflicting upon the defenceless girl.

At that moment up rushed aunt Tabby, crying, "She's at it, she's at it. Now what do you think, nephew?"

"That the creature ought to be horsewhipped," I said; "never, never did I witness such abominable cruelty!"

"Something must be done," returned my aunt, energetically; "while I have a voice to speak, I will not permit such things to go on in silence."

I am little inclined to meddle with anybody's affairs, but in a case like that I could not blame Tabby, although I advised her to be quiet; perhaps if the woman became conscious that we saw her, she would be somewhat more cautious.

"And so lock the poor thing up and beat her in private," returned she; "no, indeed; I shall talk to Miss Prynn about it this very day."

Miss Prynn—her baptismal names were Wilhelmína Ernestine—was one of our nearest neighbors, and my aunt Tabby's most intimate friend. Indeed, it was owing to her advice that we had moved into the street.

Now I stood a little in awe of Miss Prynn. She was a large woman—must have stood five feet eight in her stockings—very thin, very bony, with very short curls, and a very long

nose, very miraculous bumps on her forehead, and altogether quite a formidable specimen of a strong-minded female.

She wrote for *The Woman's Freedom Shriek*; she attended public lectures; she dabbled in politics; she was ready at any time to hold an argument with anybody upon any subject, and always conquered owing to the strength of her lungs.

She belonged to tract societies, and headed innumerable charitable associations; in short, she was always at some good work, and aunt Tabby considered her the most remarkable woman of her time.

I had an uncomfortable feeling that Wilhelmina Ernestine rather looked down upon me on account of my indolence, my dislike of politics, discussions, and, above all, my pipe; therefore, when my aunt brought her name so abruptly into the conversation I was a little confused.

"This very day I will go to her," pursued Tab; "she will act at once and with decision—no dilly-dallying with her—no hesitancy for fear that it may be none of her business," (here Tab gave me a withering glance.) "She will expose this shameless creature, drag her enormities before the world, and justice will exult."

In her excitement, she had caught Miss Prynne's voice, gestures, and style of language. I sat down quite overcome; and Tabby, unable to wait a moment longer, put on her bonnet and sped over to the lady's dwelling to communicate that dreadful tale.

Before many moments elapsed, I saw her come out of the house accompanied by Miss Prynne, who followed like a grenadier in the wake of Tab's mincing steps. I put aside my pipe in all haste, and ran to change my dressing-gown for a more respectable garment, lest Miss Prynne's indignation should be roused to a pitch where she would overwhelm me with her eloquence, and afford aunt Tabby models for innumerable lectures.

By the time I had settled myself a little, they entered the room; but Wilhelmina only gave me a nod in passing and rushed to the window. The little girl was still visible, sitting in her old sorrowful attitude, but the female had disappeared.

"What a seraphic head!" exclaimed Miss Prynne. "And you say there lives a wretch so vile she can ill-treat a being like that?"

"In that very house!" returned Tab, with solemnity, pointing her fingers warningly; "in that house."

"You saw this outrage too, sir?" demanded

Miss Prynne, turning toward me with the air of a judge about to pronounce sentence.

I bowed assent.

"He does not speak," said Miss Prynne, with withering scorn; "behold the natural pusillanimity of the masculine race. Heaven be praised, we women have other metal in our souls!"

"Beautiful! grand!" cried Tabby, clasping her hands in a fever of delight.

"I was greatly shocked at what I saw," I observed, anxious, if possible, to conciliate that formidable female.

"I am glad you were," she replied, emphatically; "very glad."

She sniffed a little and looked suspiciously about the room. I am afraid she scented the tobacco smoke—Tab thought so too, for she gave me a reproachful glance.

Luckily, Miss Prynne was too much excited by what she had heard, to have any time to waste upon so insignificant an object as I appeared in her eyes.

"Where is that shameless woman?" she demanded, with a good deal of violence. "Why don't she appear, I say, and let me witness her abominable proceedings?"

She looked hard at me, as if she expected that I could force Mrs. Moulson into public gaze at once; but as I was only a spectator, I sat quite helpless and felt very much confused, as I was sure Miss Prynne blamed me for the whole affair, though how or wherefore I could not devise.

At last Mrs. Moulson's baby began to cry; then the woman appeared, darted upon the unfortunate little girl, and once more did beat and pommel her in the most heartless and outrageous manner; while the child put up her delicate hands, crying piteously, "Mamma, mamma;" and the baby, precocious with the fiendish instincts of its parent, crowed and laughed in an ecstasy of enjoyment.

Tab wept abundantly; as for Miss Prynne, I thought she would have broken a blood-vessel in her horror and rage.

"Wretch!" she cried; "monster! fiend!"

But Mrs. Moulson paid no attention; she still beat the poor creature, and still the baby made manifest its satisfaction at the sight.

"What *shall* we do?" asked aunt Tabby.

Miss Prynne turned from the window, pale and resolute, with a glance of fire and a mien that would have become Boadicea herself.

"Do?" she repeated, in a voice which made me shrink. "There cannot be two answers to a question like that!"

"Wouldn't it be well to send for Dr. Caldwell?" asked Tab, timidly; he by-the-way, being not only a neighbor, but an admirer of hers. "He hasn't gone out yet, and his advice is always so good."

"I need no doctors, no lawyers, no male advisers," replied Miss Prynne, haughtily. "Send if you will, however; let the whole world behold and execrate this fiend."

Cook was dispatched in great haste for the gentleman; and very soon he came waddling across the street, such a mass of corpulency that he appeared to be rolling like a cask.

"He'll stick fast in the staircase," I said, feebly.

The two females turned so furiously upon me, that I apologized at once for my ill-timed jest.

"Let the stature be in proportion to the mind," exclaimed Miss Prynne, giving me a significant look; "Dr. Caldwell is a great man, mentally and physically."

Before I could answer, the door opened and in he came, puffing and blowing like a steam-boat anxious to empty its boiler.

They fell upon him—metaphorically—and Miss Prynne related what we had seen. While he was expressing his indignation, the girl cried again,

"Mamma! mamma!"

We all rushed to the window, Miss Prynne quite forgetting me in her eagerness, and witnessed once more that revolting sight.

"It's fearful!" gasped the doctor.

"Is it not?" whined Tab, sidling toward him, her eyes suffused with tears. "Oh! advise, sir, do advise us."

She laid her hand on his arm and looked pleadingly into his face.

"Really," said the doctor, puffing and wheezing; "really—I—I—suppose we write a letter of expostulation?"

"Excellent!" began Tab; but Prynne nipped her acquiescence in the bud.

"Another specimen of manly courage!" she exclaimed. "I expected nothing more!"

"Wilhelmina!" pleaded Tab.

"Don't Wilhelmina me!" cried the courageous woman. "A letter indeed! Poh! There are men—I blush for you—annihilate the race—wipe them out!"

She waxed so furious in her gestures that the doctor looked as frightened as I felt, and Tab did not even dare ruffle her feathers in defence of her favorite.

"Let us hear Miss Prynne's counsel," the doctor ventured to remark; "I am sure it will be excellent."

"You shall hear!" cried Prynne. "Tabitha, send for a policeman."

"A policeman!" we all cried at once.

"I have said it," she replied, sternly; "an officer of the law. Do you tremble? Then let me go—Wilhelmina Ernestine Prynne can act alone—she needs no counselors"—(a hit at Tab who shrunk away)—"she is not a man, and therefore has no fears," (a thrust with a two-edged sword that made both us males shiver.) "Will you send, Tabitha, or shall I go?"

Tab collected herself, went to the head of the stairs and ordered cook to go at once for the policeman.

"If he is in the drinking saloon," shouted Prynne, "bring him out; if he refuse, pinion him, and I will give you a dollar."

Away went cook on her errand, and during her absence we remained in breathless expectation; the doctor and aunt Tab trying to keep up a little cooing conversation, which died as soon as they felt Prynne's eyes upon them. That grand specimen of her sex sailed up and down the room, scattering the light furniture in a wonderful manner, and once planting her heel upon my slippered foot with a force which made me writhe.

For the first time in my remembrance, a policeman was to be found when he was wanted, and soon cook appeared, driving him before her in triumph.

Miss Prynne collared him in the passage, shook him violently by way of preparation and dragged him up into the sitting-room, in her energy forcing so many buttons off his coat, that he came rattling in like an unexpected hail-storm. The woman was at her work again, and the girl's screams rose more piteous than ever.

"Why she ought to be hung!" exclaimed policeman, who, having children of his own, was peculiarly affected.

"Arrest her!" said Miss Prynne. "Do your duty if you be a man! Do it, I say, or tear off those insignia of your office, and creep away into dastardly obscurity."

She menaced him with her clenched hands, till he looked as if he thought she was about to undress him in her fury. He muttered something concerning a warrant.

"I am your warrant!" cried she. "Wilhelmina Ernestine Prynne—a woman who never shrunk from her duty and never will."

Before the policeman could expostulate, she seized him by the collar once more, drove him down stairs, ordered us to follow, and marched across the street, still grasping the officer and shaking him at intervals.

We went after her in solemn procession, the doctor, aunt Tab, and I. As we mounted the steps, the girl cried out again, that wail set Prynne quite beside herself. She forgot to ring, and beat wildly upon the door with her fists, ordering those within to open the house in the name of the law.

An affrighted servant girl flung open the door—Miss Prynne dashed her back against the wall at once.

"Reptile!" she thundered, "where is that wretch?"

"There ain't none," faltered the domestic.

"Don't bandy words with me!" cried Prynne. "I come protected by the law, in the name of the law, and to vindicate the law!"

With every expression she shook the small policeman till his hair stood up right on his head, and his coat-tails fluttered like two flags of distress.

"What is the matter, Susan?" called a voice from the upper story.

"There she is!" exclaimed Miss Prynne.

We all ran up stairs, the Amazon heading the van, burst into the sitting-room, while the terrified lady hurried toward her baby who began to cry.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"Peace!" said Prynne. "Woman, we have come to save your victim—to expose your guilt. Officer, do your duty!"

Mrs. Moulson looked at us, evidently believing that a party of lunatics had taken possession of her house. Tabby ran up to the poor little girl, who sat in her helpless beauty by the table—the spinster gave a shriek.

"What is it?" we cried.

"Is she dead?" called Prynne.

"It's a doll," gasped Tabby; "it's a doll!"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Moulson, "it just came from Paris; it can cry and talk. Now, if you please, what brings you here? Policeman, what does this mean?"

The officer turned savagely upon Miss Prynne,

his anger increased by the suffering he had endured.

"Just you explain this," he said, "or it'll be the worse for you, lady or no lady."

The Amazon was completely subdued, she could not speak; the rest of us retreated step by step.

"I think I understand it," said Mrs. Moulson, struggling between indignation and laughter; "you thought I was beating a child—I saw you watching me."

"Your adopted daughter," moaned Tab, involuntarily.

"Ha! ha! ha! Yes, we always call it so—I beat her to amuse the baby."

The policeman turned so vengefully upon Miss Prynne, that I really believe he would have taken us in a body to the station-house, if that angelic Mrs. Moulson had not interceded in our behalf. She laughed till I thought she would have killed herself; then she gave Miss Prynne a little word of advice upon the propriety of minding her own business, and very politely showed us all out of the house.

I had to give the policeman five dollars to quiet him; Miss Prynne and aunt Tab had a violent altercation in the street and nearly came to blows; the doctor assailed me in the most ungentlemanly manner; while Mrs. Moulson stood laughing in her door, the neighbors gathered on their balconies, and a crowd of ragged boys hooted at us.

Tab and I got safe home at last—I cannot describe our feelings. She lost her admirer; months passed before Miss Prynne could be reconciled; and the story went abroad so magnified and distorted, that aunt Tabby and I found it convenient to emigrate from that quarter.

We have lived in several streets since then, and have taken great pains to keep our front window curtains down; but somehow the dreadful story always follows us, and we are forced to flit, and this has continued till I feel as if I were the Wandering Jew, and should never find rest again.

HE LOVES ME YET.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

He loves me yet! that sainted one,
Who perished in life's Summer-time;
Who left me standing here alone,
To breathe this simple, untaught rhyme.
I know not if he sleeps, or if
He walks above the stars in light;
Or if with me he dwells unseen,
To guide my straying feet aright.

It is no changeful dream that comes
To perish like an Autumn day;
No phantom which I cannot clasp
Before it vanish quite away;
But in my inmost soul I know
He loves me fondly as of yore;
This blessed thought is joy enough,
In life or death I ask no more.

HANGING HILLS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER I.

"GILBERT, Gilbert!"

I had just mounted my bay pony, when the sweet voice floated out through the sunshine and the fragrances of that summer morning; and she came to the front door, my girl-aunt, Grace Warren, her cheeks a bloom with roses; her lips a pair of June pinks; and her brown hair full of lights and shadows as a thicket at sunrise.

"Well, aunt Grace?"

"I wish you'd just go round by the turnpike to the brown house beyond the mill, and ask Miss Charity Dorman if she can come round to-morrow and set the flounces on my barege; I want it for the squire's, Thursday night."

"I'll go to Miss Charity Dorman's, if you'll make uncle Robert say I shall go to the squire's too."

A little silver current of laughter slipped out betwixt the twin pinks. "I declare, you rogue, you've learned to drive a bargain as sharp as any of the farmers round here."

"But will you promise?"

"Yes; I can't help myself."

I touched my pony with my aunt's dainty riding-whip and trotted down the road; and she stood in the front door and watched me, quite unconscious of the picture she made in that frame of honeysuckle vines, with the blossoms swinging their golden tubes of perfume about her. She flung me a kiss from her little pink palm, and she went into the house to chatter to her canary, just about as much of a child as I was, who kept on my way to Miss Charity Dorman's.

I, Gilbert Warren, was an orphan, a petted, spoiled, selfish boy of a dozen years; I had neither brother nor sister. My father's only brother, with whom I resided, was my guardian. I had been thus far reared in tenderness and luxury; but a fear that I might inherit the delicate constitution of my parents, had made my uncle prescribe a rigid course of out-door exercise, and this saved me from being effeminate.

I could remember both my parents. My young, sweet, fragile mother, who faded with the autumn of my fifth year; and my pale, studious, thoughtful father, who followed her three years later.

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My uncle Robert had kept me in the country until he was married, the third year after my father's death. He was past thirty, and his wife was a sweet, helpless, sprightly little creature, whom he took to wife on her eighteenth birthday, and loved, and indulged, and laughed at, in such fashion as men are apt to when they marry dolls and babies.

Yet my uncle Robert was not a weak man; he had a strong, robust character, with a great deal of practical sagacity. His small wife adored him; and "his two children," as he called her and myself, managed to make his life very happy.

He had unbounded faith in country air and exercise, in fishing, and riding, and boating, in early mornings and nights; and so it was that he bought the dainty little cottage, which lay like a white sea-shell just beyond the turnpike, amongst oaks, and alders, and elms, in the village of Hanging Hills.

You will not find its name in any atlas, but it sleeps on the Sound; and I have often thought a poet must have stood at the altar of its christening, when I looked off at the hills which locked in the village, and saw them transfigured and glorified by the mists which hung there, morning and evening, in shining raiment, until they seemed, in the distance, descended from the heavens, and hanging still and radiant betwixt the sky and the earth.

My uncle Robert was a man of considerable wealth, much occupied in commercial projects; but his heart was a strong, and gentle, and generous one; and the cottage home where he brought "his wife Grace, and his boy Gilbert," was a little paradise of comfort, and seclusion, and luxury.

It was a very old brown house, with one of those scarred and battered physiognomies which make us think of the Revolution, and of old muskets lying in dark corners, and oaken chests wherein lie heaps of bed-coverlets, fashioned with fragments of old chintz in flaming red and yellow flowers—fragments that are household biographies, and histories, and poems.

A "morning-glory" flaunted its blue and white blossoms about the front windows. On one side the old mossy roof leaned almost to the ground; and the gnarled and twisted apple

tree by the back door, looked as if the birds of a century of Mays had sung their jubilees amid its blossoms. I tied my pony at a post near at hand, and went up to the front door and gave a loud summons with the old brass knocker.

A moment later, a small head in bright, thick, yellow curls, with a pair of deep sky-blue eyes, presented itself, of whom I inquired if Miss Charity Dorman resided there, and whether I could see her.

"Yes;" the small, uncertain voice suited the wondering eyes, whose bashful beauty were fastened on my face. "Please to walk in, and I'll call aunty; she's beatin' up some eggs for a custard."

I followed the child into the parlor. I remember the pattern of the ingrain carpet, with its faded green vine; the mahogany table with its few books, in the centre of which was a Bible and Pilgrim's Progress; a half-dozen cane-seat chairs; and the snowy curtains, amongst whose folds the morning winds played hide and seek, as they came with their still feet through the open windows. The shining head went like a cluster of sunbeams out of the room, and fragments of the conversation floated in to me, as I sat by the window and watched the shadows of the apple tree moving with their restless feet to and fro.

"Aunt Charity!" the child's voice went like a sweet, tremulous tune along the words, "there's a boy in the other room wants to see you; and he's come on such a beautiful horse, and he's so handsome."

"Dear me, Anise, I've just got my hands in this flour. What shall I do?"

And I could hear a little flutter and excitement of steps and hands in the other room; and a moment later, Miss Charity Dorman entered the parlor.

Well, she was an old maid, far up into her forties, and whatever of bloom or grace her youth had owned they were all gone now; but I liked the glad, bright, courageous smile of Miss Charity Dorman. It told its own story of a heart whose springs of hope and love had not failed with her years. You felt that far down in the green glades of her heart the sweet tides were flowing, which refreshed and gladdened her life, and that flowers and birds sang there.

So I rose up, and, looking into the plain, kindly face, delivered my aunt's message.

"Miss Robert Warren! She's the blue-eyed, pretty faced woman I saw at the red stone meetin'-house Sunday afore last?" said Miss Charity Dorman, with her gray, bright eyes upon my face.

"The very same; and I am her nephew. We have come to pass the summer at Hanging Hills." I volunteered this statement of my relations and antecedents out of regard to that harmless curiosity, which in generous natures touches so close on sympathy.

"I promised to help Deacon Parsons' wife get her quilt on Wednesday; and it won't do, no-how, to put her off, coz Sophrony's goin' to get married next week; but I can come Thursday."

"Very well; 'tbat will suit aunty if she can't get you before."

And while we had been talking, the small, sweet, shy face by Miss Charity Dorman had been turned intently toward me, with those eyes which were like deep wells of water, growing darker and bluer the farther you looked down in them.

"Won't you take a saucer of strawberries and cream?" asked Miss Charity Dorman, as I rose to go. "I know boys al'ays have a great likin' for 'em, and these are very fine uns."

"Thank you, ma'am;" but I don't think she had heard my answer, she bustled out of the room so quickly, followed by the small, shining head.

In a few moments, Miss Charity Dorman returned and placed before me an old-fashioned china saucer, filled with wild strawberries, and a glass mug of fresh cream; and in a moment the fruit glowed like sea rubies on the snowy tide she dashed over them.

Just then she was summoned to the kitchen by some neighbor, and her little niece came to the table and watched me as I eat the delicious fruit—watched me with deep, shy eyes, with her young, sweet face.

"What is your name?" I asked, for my instincts were naturally social.

"Anise Willard."

"It is a pretty name; and I think, in that respect, it is like the little girl who owns it."

She understood me, I saw that by the pleased smile which crept about her lips, and did not pause there, but made a light in her face, and away up in her deep, still eyes.

"Do you like my berries?" after a little pause, which was evidently devoted to studying me.

"Yes; very much. What makes you call them yours?"

"Because I picked them, this morning, in Squire Thunson's pasture lot."

"You look like a very small person to go off strawberrying so early in the morning."

"Oh! no. I was nine last May."

She hardly looked the few years which her life had climbed; but the mingled stateliness

and dignity with which she told her age was quite amusing.

"Well, Anise, where are your father and mother?"

"Oh! I haven't any. Aunt Charity says papa died at sea; and mamma had a fever two years later; and I was only five when she kissed me the last time."

"And you have lived with your aunt ever since?"

"Oh! yes. I shall always live with aunty. She says I'm all she's got now."

"And do you go to school?"

"Yes; and I'm in the large geography class, and I have the prize for reading last term; but then, you know, I'm nine years of age, and one ought to do something by that time."

"I agree with you," hiding a smile in the corners of my lips. "And, on the whole, you have had a happy life of it?"

"Yes; all but one thing," with a little shadow coming over the bright, sweet face.

"Well, can't you tell me what *that* is?" inun-
dating the berries with another shower of cream.

She drew closer to me, and answered with a sweet, earnest gravity, "Once a week I go over to *Miss Hines*, to carry her a oustard that aunty makes for her, because she's a sick, bed-rid old woman. I have to stay two or three hours, and mend her stockings and take care of Johnny, her little grandson."

"And you don't like to pass your time with bed-ridden old women?"

"I should; only she's cross, and says children are a great bother, so I don't like to go there."

"What makes you then?"

"Oh! it does her good to have me; and you know if we can do others good, or make them happy, we mustn't mind about ourselves."

I looked at the child with a new wonder and reverence, very much as one would look on a small martyr. For the first time the true spirit and heroism of life dawned upon me, spoiled, selfish child of fortune as I was.

I did not know then that the little girl's words was the utterance of that great truth of self-renunciation, which the good men of all ages have sung and taught, and which was only lived perfect by that life "without sin," which shines down on us, serene and holy, through the storms and the darkness of more than eighteen centuries. And so it was given Anise Willard to teach me, in her small, sweet, faint-falling tones the alphabet of that lesson, which has made my manhood all that, with the blessing of God, it is this day!

"Then, Anise," smoothing the curls touched with bronze, flickering with gold, "you really expect all your life to do things you don't like to, just for the sake of making others happy?"

"Oh! yes; don't you?" with that sweet gravity on her face.

"I'm afraid not. I never did."

The blue eyes regarded me with wonder and sorrow.

"Well, what are you thinking?"

She shook her head slowly.

"Tell me, please, little Anise!"

She leaned closer to me, and the words came in a kind of frightened gasp from her lips. "That you could do so much good because you are rich."

"How do you know I am rich?"

"Ah! I can tell!"

At that moment, Miss Charity Dorman entered the room. I thanked her for her fruit and cream, and rose to go, for the morning was late. She followed me to the door, and her niece slipped her hand into mine, and accompanied me to the garden-gate to see me mount my horse.

"Some time, Anise, I shall come and take you to ride. Will you go with me?"

Her face leaped into a great sunrise of joy. She clapped her small hands.

"I never rode on horseback in my life!" she said.

"Well, you shall before another week is over," and I bent down and kissed the upturned forehead.

She put her small arms about my neck, and her soft lips pressed my cheek, and so we parted; but, looking back, I saw the little figure in its blue calico dress standing still and watching me, as I went down the hill, and I did not know that God had sent His angel to me that morning!

CHAPTER II.

"Isn't it a little beauty, Robert?" and my aunt Grace held up before her husband's eyes the pretty, shining bauble wrought of silk, and beads, and tassels.

My uncle lay upon the sofa, in the heat of the summer noon, in dressing-gown and slippers. He had just returned from the city, and his wife had just completed the pretty watch-case, which had occupied her thoughts and fingers for a week.

The gentleman regarded this achievement of feminine taste and skill with that half-solemn, half-mysterious expression, which men usually bestow on all such incarnations of the feminine

æsthetic element, and then he made some cautious tactile investigations of it with his thumb and forefinger.

"Yes, Gracie, it's a wonderfully pretty piece of nonsense. What is it, anyhow?"

The small rubies of lips put on a pout, but an arch smile broke it down.

"Do you call that pretty watch-case, which I've been working at for you a whole week, a 'piece of nonsense?' You're an old ogre, Robert, and I've a good will to stamp it right under my feet," and she made a feint of consummating her semi-threat.

My uncle caught the small hands and imprisoned them in his own. "Is it a watch-case, and did she make it for me?" he said, in that half-playful, half-tender tone which he so often used toward his child-wife. "Well, Gracie, you are the best little wife in the whole world."

A flush of wifely tenderness and pleasure went over the girlish face and hallowed it.

"Am I really all that to you, Robert?" And one of the little hands disengaged itself and went up into his hair, and fluttered amid the chestnut locks, amid which were a few faint tints and insertings of gray.

"Yes, my pet, you are really all that, and a great deal more to your husband. But that's only praise. Now what can I give you more substantial to prove my gratitude for that——"

"Pretty piece of nonsense?" archly interrupted the lady.

"What penance can I pay for that unlucky speech of mine? Hand me that basket, dear."

She reached him the basket, and he drew a small, exquisitely carved gold knife from his pocket; while she tore away the white wrappings from the top of the basket, and revealed a dozen immense oranges in the center of some large, yellow bananas.

"Oh! Robert, what delicious fruit!"

"Yes; it was all I could find in market that I thought you'd fancy," peeling the golden rind with his knife. "Gilbert, my boy, what are you about, that bananas and oranges don't tempt you from that window?"

The playful badinage of my aunt and uncle had floated in and out of my thoughts like a light air set to some serious poem.

"Yes." Aunt Grace's voice followed her husband's. "You sit there, Gilbert, perched up in the window, solemn as an owl. Do get down here and tell us what you're thinking about."

"Oh! aunty, you'd only laugh at me if I did;" but alertly obeying the rest of her command.

"You shan't have one of the oranges unless

you do," covering the basket with her hands, and arching her little, graceful head at me with a mixture of fun and defiance, which was most amusing.

"Tell us what you were thinking of, Gilbert, my boy, and we'll promise not to laugh," said my uncle, pulling the rind from a mellow banana.

"Well, then, I was wondering whether, in all my life, I had ever done anything to make anybody else happy—I mean, sacrificed my wishes or comfort for theirs."

"What in the world put that thought into your head?" and aunt Grace's light, silvery laugh flickered out again. She caught it in a hurry. "Oh! I forgot! Here, Gilbert, you shall have the biggest orange in the dozen," and she placed it in my hands.

"Yes, Gilbert, my boy, tell us what put that thought into your head," continued my uncle, as we sat together enjoying the delicious fruit.

So I related all the circumstances of my visit to Miss Charity Dorman, and my conversation with the little girl, Anise Willard; and even aunt Grace sat still and listened with a new, strange gravity on her face when I concluded; for the heart that lay under it had all a true woman's depth of tenderness, and sympathies, and heroic self-sacrifice.

There was a little pause: the lady broke it. "Well, Gilbert, I'll answer your thoughts. Don't you remember that day I climbed to the edge of the rocks, to gather those mosses, and the earth crumbled away, and I should have fallen over that terrible precipice if you had not caught and saved me? I think you made somebody happy that day besides myself!" with a glance which her husband met and answered as no words could have done.

"But, aunt Grace," laying my head back in her lap, "that wasn't really sacrificing anything, you see, because it would have made me miserable if any harm had fallen to you."

"You're an acute little reasoner, Gilbert, my boy," said my uncle, bending on me the light of his kindly smile. "But, one way and another, you do manage to give us a great amount of trouble, and a great amount of happiness."

"Yes, you dear, little, provoking tease, you do," subjoined my aunt, kissing my forehead as it lay on her lap.

"Isn't dinner almost ready? I'm a starving man, Mrs. Warren!" said my uncle, rising up.

Before his wife could answer, there was a sudden summons at the door bell, and a messenger was announced for my uncle.

He was closeted with him in the study for the

next two hours, and when, at last, he returned to us, he met my aunt's expostulatory, "Well, the dinner's spoiled now," with "I can't help it, Grace; I've had business news which will take me to England at once. I must start within ten days. Will you stay or go with me?"

Her face leaped into new light. "I shall go with you, Robert, my husband."

"And I, uncle, aunty?"

They both answered me, "You shall go with us, Gilbert."

"We must leave Hanging Hills to-morrow night," said my uncle; "there won't be any time to waste now."

Just then, the cook, whose patience was quite worn out, gave us a clamorous summons with the dinner-bell; but, notwithstanding our delay, we did not carry very alarming appetites to the table that day.

I looked at my watch as I rode past the mill; I had only half an hour. And I spurred on my horse, and in a moment I stood before the small brown house of Miss Charity Dorman. As I alighted, a little face glanced out of the window, and the next moment it came hurrying down the short gravel walk, and, full of eager, half-bashful joy, was at my side.

"Anise, I've come to see you a minute, and to tell your aunt——"

"Aunty's gone away," she interrupted.

"Well, I'll leave the message with you, then. We are going away this evening, and so your aunt need not come to us to-morrow."

"Are you going, too?"

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"Oh! for a great while! We are going away over the waters to England, and I don't know when we shall come back."

A grieved, wistful look came into the child's face. It touched me; I drew my arm around her waist.

"Anise," I said, "I shall not forget you, nor all you said to me yesterday; and when I return, I will bring you back a very handsome present. There's no time to talk now, for the train starts in an hour; but you must be a good girl, and not forget me. See here, what I've brought you; only you mustn't look at them until I'm gone." And I placed a small packet in her hands, containing a daguerreotype likeness of myself, and a couple of ten dollar pieces.

The child looked on the wrappings, half-wistfully, half-curiously.

Then she put up her little lips to my ear. "I

shall pray God to take care of you every night when I go to bed and you are out on the deep waters."

I looked at the sweet face, and, somehow, it seemed as if that small child's prayer would be strength and blessing about me.

"I thank you, Anise. I wish I could stay with you longer; but I shall come back some time."

"If God wills," said the child, soft and solemn.

I bent down and kissed her two or three times; then I mounted my horse, for the golden spears of sunset lay thick on the distant hills.

There were tears in the little girl's eyes as I rode away, and she watched me as I rode, with my gift grasped tightly in her small hand; perhaps there were tears in other eyes, also—I cannot tell.

CHAPTER III.

"GILBERT, do come here and see these sunset clouds!"

"Yes, do, Mr. Warren," fluttered in a sweet, eager voice; "they're magnificent!"

And I went to the parsonage window and looked, through the thick shrubbery, to the distant west, where, through a sea of gold, and across mountains of purple, the summer day was going, regal and stately, to meet the night.

Fifteen years had been added to my life. Twelve of these had been passed in Europe, mostly in Germany, where I had been educated. My uncle had settled in England, as the climate suited my aunt's health, but my heart had always a yearning for the country of my birth; and three years before I had returned to it, and entered the law profession, I was passing a week with my old class-mate in Germany, Frederic Loomis.

We had been like brothers in our love for years, and Frederic was now the pastor of a church in Woolcott; and it was very delightful to run away from the tumult and cares of the city, and open the east windows of my life—the windows which looked off to calm, to the dreams of my youth, to hope, and strength, and love—in that dainty little parsonage nest, wherein dwelt Fred Loomis and his small, graceful young wife.

Frederic was a real, true, manly, earnest Christian minister, and his religion had harmonized and beautified his deep, poetic nature; and his pretty wife and he were happy as the spring birds in the century-old trees which guarded their home.

"I have never seen that peculiar shade of

gold in my own country. It is like the sunsets on the Rhine, Fred."

"Precisely! If you and I, Gilbert, could only take one of our old sails on that river!"

"But you didn't have me along in those 'old sails,' Fred," interrupted Mrs. Loomis, looking up, with her arch blue eyes, into her husband's face.

"No, I didn't, dear. You're worth all the rivers and sunsets in the world!" catching up the small figure, and whirling it round until Mrs. Loomis cried out that she was dizzy.

I was looking at them and thinking what a handsome couple they made together—he, with his tall, fine muscular figure—and she, with her golden hair and girlish face—when Fred suddenly called out to me,

"I say, Gilbert, you ought to get married, and settle down in some country nest, with a little wife like mine, instead of letting your early manhood be slowly eaten out of you in the work, and tumult, and excitement of the Babel where you live."

"I know it, my dear fellow; but the 'little wife' hasn't come to me yet."

"Oh! you must go and find her!" said May Loomis, in her bright way.

"I've tried to, a good many times, Mrs. Loomis, both in Europe and America. I've seen beautiful, brilliant, accomplished, fascinating women; but, seeking, I have not found the one little, loving, home woman of my dreams, whom I could take into my heart and shelter from all harm in my strong, deep love."

At that moment the young clergyman was summoned from the room, and he returned to inform us that he had received a message from one of his parishioners, who resided at "Hanging Hills," and whose wife was very ill and desired to see him.

"I shall not be back until very late in the evening," he said, as he drew on his gloves. "Gilbert and May, you must take good care of each other."

"Hanging Hills." The name had been like a key which had unlocked a room long closed in my heart; and I looked across the years to that summer morning, when I rode past the old mill to Miss Charity Dorman's, and the little girl, with her shadowy eyes, and shining hair, and sweet face, came and stood by my side, and looked in my face, with her wistful gaze, just as she had done then.

"What are you thinking about?" said Mrs. Loomis, putting down her newspaper; for she sat opposite me, and had been running over the columns since her husband left.

"How far is 'Hanging Hills' from here?"

"The village is about eight miles; but several families from it attend our church."

"I lived there once."

"You did?" her eyes widening with astonishment.

"Yes; and I had a little bit of romance there." And then, while the summer evening dropped slowly about us, I told my hostess of that morning and evening ride to Miss Charity Dorman's, and of the little girl whose words had fallen into my heart and still shone there like pearls beyond all price or naming.

"And you have never seen her since?" asked the clergyman's wife, as I paused after picturing the child as I saw her last, standing at the gate, with the packet in her hand and the tears in her eyes.

"Never!"

"And you have forgotten her name?"

"It was Anise—Anise—Willard."

"Anise Willard!" She said it with an almost exultant cry of surprise, which I remembered afterward, and wondered that it did not strike me more forcibly at the time; but the night had shadowed the face of Mrs. Loomis, and she rose up, a moment later, to bring a light, saying, in a very quiet voice, "You ought to go to 'Hanging Hills,' as you promised the little girl, Mr. Warren."

"I will, before I leave Woolcott. I thank you for the suggestion, Mrs. Loomis."

"Dinner is ready, and we have company," said Mrs. Warren, as I entered the house with my fishing line and rod; for I had been passing a couple of hours with a small brook, whose waters made a silver inserting among the rocks a couple of miles from the parsonage.

There was an arch laugh in Mrs. Loomis' blue eyes, as she ushered me into the sitting-room. A lady sat on one corner of the sofa—or rather a girl-woman—absorbed in a book, from which she lifted her face, with a slight, nervous start, as we entered.

She was not beautiful, nor handsome, nor pretty; but she had a pale, thoughtful, oval face, most delicate and winning. Her hair, half-light and half-shadow, lay in thick, wavy bands about the face, and suited the deep, shadowy eyes. Her face spoke when her lips smiled—spoke the tenderness and sweetness which were in her soul.

"Miss Willard," said the clergyman's wife, with a somewhat unusual assumption of dignity, though a smile pulled the corners of her mouth, "allow me to present to you my husband's friend and mine, Mr. Warren."

The young lady rose and gave me her hand quietly, with no trepidation of tone and manner, and we exchanged a few remarks about the summer and the scenery; and then Mrs. Loomis suddenly exclaimed,

"Come right out to dinner. You ought to bring a good appetite to it, Mr. Warren, from the brook, and you, Anise, from 'Hanging Hills.'"

In a moment the truth flashed across me, and I knew that I looked upon the face of the little girl, who had made the one poem of my boyhood. A significant glance passed betwixt me and my hostess, but I saw her friend was not in the secret.

So we sat down to dinner, and Anise bore her part gracefully and composedly in the conversation—gracefully and composedly, until Mrs. Loomis said, with that flutter of a smile about her lips,

"I believe you were in 'Hanging Hills' once, Mr. Warren?"

"Yes; for a couple of months—in my boyhood."

"How long ago, if you'll pardon my Yankee curiosity the inquiry?" laughed Miss Willard.

"Fifteen years; and when I left, I gave my picture to the only friend I had there—a little girl, whose name was Anise Willard. I wonder if she has kept it!"

There was a quick start. The goblet trembled in her small hand. Swift changes fluttered over the sweet face. I knew there were tears in her throat; but she answered, in her own soft, gentle way, "I am glad to see you once more, Mr. Warren."

That afternoon I learned what those fifteen years had brought to the life of the little girl, whom I had last seen as the sun went over the

hills, standing at the front gate of Miss Charity Dorman's dwelling.

They had brought her work, knowledge, discipline.

She was now the Principal of the Academy at "Hanging Hills." Her aunt had been bedridden for six years, and during all this time her brave young niece had supported her by teaching. Miss Charity Dorman had only slept six months under the poplars in the village grave-yard.

Well, instead of one I stayed three weeks at the parsonage. Anise remained too, for it was vacation at the academy; and before those three weeks were gone, I knew that God had sent me the loving home woman my heart had so long sought after.

One evening, two or three days before I left, we had gone out together to watch the young moon come over the distant mountain. There it lay, amid the stars, like a pearly shell cast up by the surf.

"Anise," I said, "you have never told me whether you kept the picture I gave you?"

There was a blush in her cheeks; but she took out the small shell case and placed it in my hands.

"Anise, I should like to make an exchange with you."

"What one?"

"Will you give me this picture and take the original?"

What answer her lips made, betwixt her blushes and her tears, my pen will never write; but her life has since answered that question with such truth, and tenderness, and devotion, as only can "that most beautiful thing this side of Heaven—the heart of a Christian woman."

SUMMER NOON.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD.

THE soft and slumbrous air is strangely still;

The winds are hushed, there is no rustling now
Of leafy boughs; but, looking at yon hill,

The swift cloud shadows, gliding from its brow,
Seem full of life, and strangely out of place,
Here where the pulse of life you scarce can trace.

There is a drowsy murmur on the air,

A dreamy hum of million insect wings;

And now and then a bee, with little care,

Drops down among the clover blooms and sings
A sleepy canzonet. My heart beats low,
This dreamy languor overpowers me so.

There is no sound of toll, nor song of birds:

The world lies dreaming 'neath the mid-day sun;
My thoughts, too idle to be set to words,

Now here, now there, in sluggish ripples run.
Too bright to last, these hours pass quickly by;
I mark their flitting by a languid sigh.

With folded hands I sit, and downcast eyes,

Forgetful of the world and wearing dreams;

No thought of care within my heart but dies,

While this mid-summer sunlight round me streams.
I love this regal season all too well,
And bow, a willing captive, 'neath her spell.

THE BROKEN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 295.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE conduct of old Mrs. Bosworth made a profound impression in our family. Nothing could have been more unfortunate for Mrs. Dennison. Mr. Lee, up to that time, had been so occupied with the genuine grief which had sprung out of his wife's death, that he had evidently given little thought to the real condition of his household; but the grave look of disapproval which met Mrs. Dennison's entrance, when the dear old lady made her visit, was too decided for him or any one else to ignore. Jessie's ill-timed remarks had affected him but little, for, alas! he was prejudiced there; but the evident condemnation of this fine old lady had its effect. Mr. Lee began to understand that a guest in our house just then, not sanctioned by ties of blood, or even of old friendship, must have a strange appearance in the neighborhood. His own fine sense of propriety was disturbed, and this gave his intercourse with the lady, all the rest of that day, an air of constraint which she was not slow to comprehend. She grew more quiet and thoughtful, all her fine spirits vanished, and, more than once, I caught her lifting her beautiful eyes to Mr. Lee's with a sad, misty look of appeal, that would have touched the heart of a savage. It almost reached mine.

This lasted all that day and evening. There was little conversation, but the eloquence of that woman's face was above all language.

At night I went into Jessie's room, as usual, not to talk, everything had become too painful for those little confidential chats that make a home so pleasant; but Jessie was always sad now, and the sight of young Bosworth had affected her greatly, in what way it was difficult to determine; so I went to her room, knowing that the presence of an old friend would be some comfort to her. As we sat together talking in vague household affairs, Lottie knocked at the door and came in.

"I don't want you to be taken by surprise or anything," she said, bluntly, "but Mr. Lawrence will be here to-morrow; and, before twenty-four hours, he will beg Miss Jessie's

pardon for slighting her, on his bended knees, and ask her to marry him right out."

Jessie started up, pale as death, her eyes flashed and her lips quivered.

"Lottie!"

The voice was low, but it made the girl hold her breath.

"Don't let her get mad!" cried the strange creature, appealing to me; "I didn't bring him, gracious knows. Mrs. Babylon has done it, that's what you ought to know, and I've told it."

"But how did you find this out, Lottie?" I said, for Jessie had fallen back to her seat, and was shrouding her face with one hand in a dreary, thoughtful way.

"I won't tell you! If I did, some of your queer, old maidish notions would come in and I should catch it. Jest you take care of honor and dignity, and all that. I don't pretend to no such nonsense; I know he's coming, because Babylon sent for him; she's ready to take claws off now that—oh, dear! oh, dear!"

Here the strange girl flung herself down on the floor, and, burying her face, began to cry bitterly.

I knew how she would have finished that sentence but for Jessie's presence, and shrunk from drawing forth another word. At length Lottie lifted her wet face and shook the hair back from her eyes.

"I'm a queer jewsharp, ain't I?" she said, with a giggle that broke up the sob in her throat; "but it's true as the gospel. Mr. Lawrence is coming, and you mark if he don't go through with that very performance, kneeling and all!"

"Well, well! It was right to tell us, and Miss Jessie thanks you in her heart," I said, raising the girl from her lowly position. "Now go to your room."

She arose, looked wistfully at Jessie an instant; then creeping to her side, knelt down as she had often done at the feet of Mrs. Lee, and, taking the hand which fell listlessly down, kissed it.

Jessie started at the touch, and, gently

releasing the hand, laid it on the young girl's hair.

"I thank you," she said, looking down to the honest eyes into which great tears were crowding fast; "my mother loved you, and so do I."

"I—I'm a trying to do my best and be a mother to you myself, now that she is dead and gone," answered Lottie, with a look of honest affection beaming over her face.

Jessie almost smiled; at which Lottie blushed like a child, and, starting to her feet, went away, closing the door softly after her.

"Can you believe this?" said Jessie, after she was gone.

"Yes," I answered. "Whatever her sources of information may be, Lottie is always correct."

"And he will dare—at her request—by her consent, perhaps—he will dare!"

She arose and walked the room, her dark dress sweeping the carpet like an imperial robe.

I did not speak, anxiety kept me dumb. Was this a burst of anger that would pass away? When that man, with all his bewildering attractions, should stand before her—humble, imploring—how would it be? The hopes which had begun to dawn in my heart for young Bosworth faltered, notwithstanding this queenly manifestation of her pride.

"She has sent for him indeed!" burst from those curved lips; "there is nothing humiliating in this, aunt Mattie. She invites gentlemen to my father's house and allows them to approach me. Perhaps she has found out that half this property is mine now, and sent him word."

I started. This might be true. There certainly was something inexplicable in this evident understanding between Lawrence and our guest.

"Well, let him come," said Jessie, drawing a deep breath. "Let him come; I understand myself now."

"You will not accept him then?" I inquired, anxiously.

"Accept him!" she replied, with a calm smile, which told how deep and settled her pride had become, far more clearly than the flashing eye and writhing lip that had startled me a moment before. "You need not fear that, my friend."

"And you do not love him?"

"No, my friend, I do not love him; nor am I sure that he is worthy of respect."

I clasped my hands in thankfulness. Her words had lifted a painful weight from my bosom.

"Thank God!" I murmured.

She looked at me gratefully, and we parted for the night.

The next morning Mrs. Dennison kept up the subdued character of the previous night. Her eyes were heavy and full of troubled mist, her movements had lost their elasticity, and an air of touching depression had supplanted the graceful audacity of her usual manner.

Mr. Lee was grave and silent; he once or twice glanced at our guest, with some anxiety in his look, but made no comment on her changed appearance.

After breakfast I went out for a walk. The morning was bright and cool, inviting me to a long ramble. But my health was not altogether restored, and anxiety made me listless; so I walked slowly across the face of the hill, came out at the footpath on the ridge, and wandered on till I came to the rock which terminated it. I had been sitting on it a little while, gazing languidly down at the gleams of water that came up through the green hemlocks, some two hundred feet beneath me, when the sound of voices from the grove disturbed me.

I had a nervous dread of being seen by Mrs. Dennison or her friends, and let myself down from the rock on the face of the precipitous descent: a perilous exploit; for a false step might have sent me headlong to the river below. I became sensible of the danger of my position after the first moment, and, clinging to a young ash tree, pressed myself against the leaning trunk of a hemlock and waited for the persons, whose voices I had heard, to pass.

Directly two persons came winding down the path, and stood upon the rock I had just left. It was Mrs. Dennison and Lawrence, talking eagerly. The languor that had marked her appearance at breakfast was gone. She was sharp and animated, spoke with earnestness, and seemed now pleading, now explaining. I caught a glimpse of his face. It was flushed with anger, not to say rage.

"It is useless to upbraid me. I loved you; it was death to give you up. At a distance it seemed easy enough; but when I saw you together, and marked something too real in your devotion, it drove me mad. I could not marry you myself, poverty-stricken wretches that we are! but you cannot blame me if the trial of giving you to another was beyond human strength."

"But you were false. You told me that she also was false—that she secretly encouraged young Bosworth—that I was treacherously undermining my own friend."

Lawrence spoke in a loud, angry voice. The look which he bent on her was stormy with passion.

"Lawrence, this rage is useless. I did all that lay in my power to break up the work I had helped to do. For a time, poverty, anything seemed better than the possibility of seeing you the husband of that proud girl. Then my own future was uncertain—now it is assured. Between them the father and daughter have unbounded wealth. It is worth a great sacrifice—I make it. This is my first step, my first humiliation. It was false all that I told you. She did not love that young man, she did love you. I fancied—and here the trouble arose—that you were beginning to love her, that it gave you no pain to change. This embittered me. I misrepresented her, told you that she visited Bosworth's sick-chamber from affection, when I knew that it was only the persuasion of that troublesome old maid which sent her to the house. Now I take it all back. She is heart-whole save in love for you. She never cared for him in the least. It was you she loved."

I caught a second glimpse of his face as he turned it from her: a flash of triumph passed over it, breaking its frowns as lightning cleaves a thunder-cloud. My heart fell. The man evidently loved our Jessie. With his strength and power of character, would she resist a passion that was evidently genuine?

Mrs. Dennison looked at him sharply; but his face was dark enough under her glance, and she went on, perhaps satisfied of his indifference.

"There is no time for hesitating, Lawrence. It will be impossible for me to keep my post here many days longer. The young lady scarcely endures me, the old maid turns to marble when I enter her presence, and there is that imp of a girl crossing my path at every turn. I must leave the house—and that within a few days—that is, unless you forgive me and find means of appeasing the young lady. That accomplished, and I shall be more necessary to the household than ever. Everything will be on velvet after that."

"Are you so sure of the old gentleman then?" inquired Lawrence, with a half sneer.

She smiled and gave her head a disdainful movement.

"Am I sure of my life?"

He turned upon her with a look of scornful approbation.

"You are an extraordinary woman, widow."

"You have said as much, in a more complimentary fashion, before this," she answered.

"Perhaps," he answered, carelessly; "but we understand each other too well for fine speeches. Now, let us talk clearly. On your

word of honor as a lady, all that you told me regarding Miss Lee before I took that rude departure was false?"

"Yes; though you might use a softer word."

"And you believe she loves me yet in spite of my ungentlemanly withdrawal?"

"I am certain of it."

"You wish me to beg pardon and propose?"

"Wish!"

The woman locked her hands passionately and turned her pale face upon him.

"Wish! You know I *cannot* wish it; but it is inevitable."

"In order to smooth your way with this grand old gentleman."

The woman shuddered visibly, and linked her hands once more till the blood flew back under the almond-shaped nails, leaving them white as pearls.

"How indifferently you speak of a thing which drives me half-mad!"

"Indifferently? No. You have made your arrangements, and do me the honor to include mine with them."

"You are angry with me—hurt that I can decide on this marriage."

"No, neither angry nor hurt on that point."

She looked at him imploringly.

"Is this said in order to wound me?"

"It is said because I feel it."

"And you do not care that I bind myself for life to this man?"

"Care? Yes; why not?"

"I have thought it all over hundreds of times, when we talked of marriage those lovely nights on the beach. It was a sweet dream, worthy of two young people in their teens. We forgot everything: the luxurious habits which had become second nature to us both, the impossibility of making even love wild as ours suffice with everything else wanting. We were neither young enough nor foolish enough to carry that idea out."

"Or, even then, to entertain it seriously for a moment," said Lawrence, coldly breaking in upon her.

"Perhaps not," she said, mournfully. "It was a dream, and as such we discussed it; but the wish—oh! that was strong with us both!"

A cloud of disgustful feelings swept over the man's face, such as fill a refined heart while reviving some passion that has died out in contempt.

"Well, we will not dwell upon these moonlight dreams, but the future."

"Which will, at least, give us to each other's society forever; which will secure between us

one of the largest fortunes in the United States. If we cannot be all in all to each other, everything else necessary to happiness will be ours. Then," she added, with sinister thoughtfulness, "people do not live forever, and in this country divorces are easily attained."

Again that expression of disgust swept over his face, but she was not looking at him; the thoughts in her mind were such as turn the eyes away from any human countenance. I could read all this plainly in their two faces.

"Let us pass over these things," he said, gravely regarding her. "You and I ought to know that human will seldom regulates events; let us try to act rightly and leave them with a higher power."

She looked at him in amazement an instant; then answered, with a self-sustained laugh,

"Strong spirits make their own circumstances!"

"I know that is your opinion; but no matter, this is no place for discussion. Once again, let me understand. I am not disposed to criticise your motives for this—I will use the softer word—mystification; but now we must take clear ground. You again assure me that, in seeking Miss Lee, I shall not meet with a rebuff either from the lady or her father?"

"I am sure of it."

"Then I will go at once. But how can I explain?"

"Say that you were informed of her visit to Bosworth, and went off in a fit of jealousy."

"And if she asks of my informant?"

"Say that you saw her with your own eyes."

"Don't you think it would be as well to speak the truth for once?" said Lawrence, with a grave smile.

"That is the truth; you saw her returning home."

Lawrence sat down upon the rock, and, covering his forehead with one hand, seemed to reflect.

"You find this task an unpleasant one?" said the woman, touching his hand with her own.

He swept the hand across his forehead, scattering rich waves of hair over the temples.

"It is very painful," he said, bitterly; "but, thank heaven! the mischief was not of my own making. No matter; I will go now."

He turned to leave her. She grew pale and troubled.

"Where shall I see you after this is over?"

"Here, if you have the patience to wait."

"Yes," she answered, "I will wait; it will not be long. Oh, heavens! how little time it takes to separate us forever and ever!"

He did not hear this; but his footsteps were still heard among the leaves that had fallen along the footpath, and she followed his retreating figure with eyes so full of anguish, that I could not help but pity her.

When Lawrence could no longer be seen through the trees, she sunk to the rock, folded both her hands over her knees, and fairly moaned with pain. There was no weeping; but dry sobs broke from her lips like gushes of lava from its crater.

I remained still crouching at the foot of the hemlock, and sheltered completely by one of its wing like branches. I was safe from detection, so steep was the descent that, without stepping to the very verge, there was no chance that any person could discover me. I had no compunction or question of honor to contend against. The contest going on in our household had become too serious for shrinking at anything that was not absolutely criminal in our defence. So bracing my foot against the ash, and sheltering my presence under the dusky hemlock, I too waited, determined not to move till that wretched woman left the ridge. She was very restless, changing her position every moment, and starting up if the least sound reached her from the woods. As they wore on, she seemed to listen till the very breath upon her lips paused. The birds, that, as I have said before, were very tame on the ground, made her restive with their singing. She hated them for the sweet noise that prevented her hearing his footsteps.

I softly took out my watch and counted the time. He had not been absent more than fifteen minutes, when she sprang up, clenching both hands as if about to strike some one, and began to prowl up and down the path like a leopardess searching for her cubs. Now and then her voice broke through the foliage, and I could see her wringing her hands, or stamping her feet upon the dead leaves.

At last a footstep sounded from the woods—a man's step coming rapidly through the leaves. It had a hard sound, and I felt sure that the man was desperate. She evidently thought otherwise. Her arms fell helplessly down, and she crept back to the rock, white and still, but with her face turned away as if she would not let him see how anxious she was.

He came up to the rock from the woods, crossed the footpath with a single stride, and stood before her so stern, so bitterly incensed, that she shrunk away from his first glance, and yet a flash of irresistible joy shot to the eyes with which she eagerly questioned him.

"Well!"

The lips from which this word fell were almost smiling. Nature was strong in the woman, and, spite of her selfishness, she exulted over the ruin of her own plans.

"Well!" was the bitter response; "I have humiliated myself like a hound—proposed and am rejected."

The woman sprang toward him with both hands extended; but he stepped back, and she clasped them in an outgush of joy.

"Then it is over—oh! how glad I am—this hour has been such torture. What would a whole life be? I should go mad. Let the property go—sweep the whole thing aside! How many poor people in the world are happy! In poverty or out of it, you and I will be all in all to each other!"

She was "pure womanly" then, notwithstanding her crafty nature and bad heart; there was something in her abandonment that made my blood thrill.

But Lawrence stepped back, and his face clouded with repulsion.

She looked at him in amazement.

"What is this? Can wounded vanity affect you so much?"

"Wounded vanity, madam? Will you forever misunderstand me? How dare you consider me as an accomplice in your odious designs? If I have passed them by in contemptuous silence, it was no sign that I approved or shared them."

These words were uttered with the force of terrible indignation. The woman to whom they were addressed stood confounded before the speaker, whom she had evidently, up to that moment, believed to be her lover.

"Lawrence—Lawrence! can this be real?" at last broke from her quivering lips.

While speaking, she laid her hand on his arm, but he pushed it off loathingly as if a reptile had been creeping over him. At this repulse, all the queenliness of her air fell away, and she seemed to shrink into a smaller person. The anguish so evident in her face seemed to touch his compassion; his features cleared themselves of stormy passion and hardened like marble. He took one of her hands in a firm grasp, and addressed her from that moment in a low, concentrated voice, that thrilled through one as nothing but true feeling can.

"Mrs. Dennison, this is the last time that you and I shall ever converse together."

The woman uttered a low cry, and seized his arm with her disengaged hand. He paused an instant, glanced calmly down at her hand, which clung trembling to his sleeve, and went on,

"We met at a watering-place unknown to

each other, people of the world, adventurers if you will, and between us sprang up one of those flirtations which are so far removed from genuine affection, that the two never exist together. We called it love—perhaps thought it so—for a brief time; for I confess to a sentiment regarding you which no ordinary person could have inspired."

The woman lifted her eyes at his softened voice, and with an expression that must have gone to his soul; never in my life had I seen so much gratitude in a glance.

"But this was not love!"

The white hand dropped away from his arm; he grasped the other tighter as if to impress his words more forcibly on her.

"I never did love you, Mrs. Dennison. Such expressions which are admitted in society, without real meaning, I may have used, and you may have construed into deeper meaning than they possessed. I——"

Mrs. Dennison lifted her two hands with impatient deprecation.

"Enough, enough!" she said; "more words are useless; I comprehend you."

"And hold me blameless, I trust?"

"Blameless? Oh, yes!" There was a bitter sneer on her lips, and her eyes flashed fiercely.

The sneer relieved him. There had been something of compassion, even of regret in his voice till then; but the curl of her lips drove all such feeling away.

"At least," he continued, promptly, "any blame that I might myself feel it just to assume, has been a thousand times overbalanced by the fraud of your conduct, regarding one of the brightest and sweetest creatures that the sun ever shone upon."

The bitter sneer spread like venom all over the woman's face, leaving it cold and white.

"You speak of Miss Lee?"

The voice in which she uttered these words was fearfully concentrated, and her agitation kept her still as a serpent before it springs.

"Yes, madam, I speak of the lady who once, at least, received me kindly; but who, yielding to your machinations, has just sent me from her presence forever, a rejected, desperate man, for I love her better than my own soul!"

A faint sound, sharp as a cry, deep as a grave, broke from the woman. Lawrence did not heed it, but turned away and left her, seemingly forgetful that it was a farewell. She followed him with her great, wild eyes, struggled with herself, and evidently strove to cry out; but her locked features refused to stir. The cold lips took a blue tinge, but gave no sound.

She stood like Lot's wife, with all the vitality stricken from her limbs, till his footsteps died among the leaves. Then she uttered a low cry, sprang forward to follow him, and fell prone across the footpath.

I seized the lithe stem of the ash and lifted myself up the bank, prompted by one irresistible impulse of humanity. The woman lay upon the ground in a position so like death that it frightened me. Her white face was half-hidden by the turf. The folds of an India shawl were entangled around her, like the broken wings of some great tropical bird; one hand was clenched deep in a fleece of wood-moss, where its jewels flashed like rain-drops.

I attempted to raise her face from the turf, but it fell back like lead from my hands; the cheek which rested for a moment on my arm was cold as snow. There was no life perceptible; I looked around for water. A hundred feet below me it was rushing forward in abundance, but that was unattainable. The house was some distance, but there alone could I hope for succor. I detested that woman in my soul; but some pure womanly feeling impelled me to keep her terrible condition a secret. I could not find it in my heart to expose her humiliation. So entering the hall, unseen, I seized a pitcher of water that stood on the marble console and hurried back, carrying it so unsteadily that the ice-drops rained over my hands at every step. When I reached the rock, breathless with haste, the woman was gone, and but for the crushed grass, and a handful of moss torn up by the roots, there remained no proof of the scene I had just witnessed.

Where had she gone? Not to the house, I must have seen her had she taken that direction. Surely she had not followed Lawrence! I stepped to the rock, which gave me a view of the footpath and the precipitous river's bank. She was not in the woods, nor on the line of the ridge. Had she thrown herself down the bank, and so perished in the river below?

I seized the ash tree, and, supporting myself by it, leaned over, searching the depths with a trembling dread of what I might find.

Half way down the descent, I saw the gorgeous colors of a shawl shrouding some object crouched upon a point of rock that jutted out from the bank, and fairly overhung the black waters fifty feet below. In my fright, the ash tree escaped my hold, and, starting back with a sharp recoil, made a great rustling among the leaves. The woman sprang up, lifted her white face toward me, and for a moment stood poised over the water, with her garments fluttering in

the wind so violently that their very motion threatened to destroy her balance.

I threw out my arms pleading with her to come back; but she sprang forward into a heavy covert of pine boughs that swept the descent, and disappeared. I waited some minutes, hoping that she would appear again: but everything was still; and after lingering about the rock some time, I returned to the house.

When I entered the hall, Mrs. Dennison was leaning over the balustrade of the square balcony, gazing down upon the scenery of the valley, to all appearance tranquil as a child.

She looked around with a furtive movement of the head as I set the pitcher upon the console, and then I saw that her face was still deathly pale. I said nothing to any one of what I had seen; it could have availed nothing, my report would only have met with denial and discredence. I felt sure of this and went to my room, there most earnestly praying God to direct me how to act.

Mrs. Dennison did not come down to dinner that afternoon, and Cora reported that she was suffering greatly in her room. Something was the matter, the dear lady had been crying for hours together as if her heart were broken.

This was said in the presence of Mr. Lee, and I saw that he listened keenly.

"Do you know any reason for this distress?" he inquired of the pretty mulatto.

"No, sir; no reason in the world, without it is the high airs that old lady took with her. I was in the hall, sir, and saw it; since then my lady has been crying half the time."

We were at the table when Cora came down with this account of her mistress. Mr. Lee poured out a glass of champagne and placed it on the silver tray, upon which Jessie was placing some delicacies from the dessert. "Ask your mistress to try and join us in the drawing-room this evening," he said, kindly; "solitude will only depress her."

Cora bowed and went away; but returned directly with a message from Mrs. Dennison. She had a severe headache, and was afraid that it would be impossible for her to meet the family that evening. To-morrow she trusted to be better.

Poor woman! she was true for once; though even her real illness was afterward turned to account.

After dinner, I found myself alone with Jessie. She had been a little excited after Lawrence left; but as the day wore on her self poise returned, and a sweet gravity settled upon her. As I sat by the window she left the piano, from

which a plaintive air had been stealing, and came to my side.

"Aunt Mattie," she said, in her sweet, trustful way, "I have something to tell you. Mr. Lawrence has been here."

I did not express any knowledge of the fact, but looked at her, waiting for more. A faint flush rose to her cheek; but her eyes looked clearly into mine.

"You know what he came for?"

"I suppose so, Jessie; and that he went away disappointed."

"I think he loved me, aunt Mattie."

"And you?" I questioned, anxiously.

She shook her head and smiled wistfully.

"You remember the violets we took from the spring down in the meadow yonder? How fresh and hardy they looked! But we tore them up too roughly, and they never would take root again! They were young plants, you said, and hard usage withered them. The violets are all uprooted and dead here."

She pressed one hand to her heart, and, stooping down, kissed me to hide the sadness that had crept into her eyes.

"And you do not regret it?" I whispered, drawing her close to me.

"As I regretted the death of our violets with a little sadness for the perfume that is gone."

"And it is decided?"

"Nothing can change me. His intimacy with that woman, which gave her influence enough to poison his mind with thoughts that should never enter the heart of a true man, was reason enough if love ever reasoned; but his power is gone from here. I could never live with a man who had once been, even partially, controlled by a woman like that."

"Did you give him this reason?"

"As I have given it now."

"And he considers it as final?"

"Undoubtedly. I am glad he came—glad that he has spoken; for it sets me free—heart and soul."

I kissed her fervently, thanking God for this great deliverance.

That very evening young Bosworth came to the house, looking almost well, and so animated. It was not quite dark, and he saw me walking on the terrace; for I had need of air and solitude. He took my hand with the old cordiality, and would not let it go.

"Lawrence has been at our house," he said. "You know what has happened. She rejected him—she does not love him. This he told me with his own lips. It was generous; but he is a noble fellow. I could not but pity him."

I pressed the hand which grasped mine, and, reading the question that spoke from his face, told him to go in, that Jessie was in the drawing-room—and alone.

He listened for a moment to the music which came stealing through the windows, holding his breath in sweet suspense; then he lifted my hand to his lips and went into the house. The roses were bright on Jessie's cheek when I entered the drawing-room an hour after, and, for one night, we had something like a dream of happiness in that gloomy dwelling.

The next day Mrs. Dennison kept her word, and came out from her solitude. She must have suffered terribly; for I have never seen a face so altered. All her bloom was gone in one night; her eyes had grown larger and dark with hidden anguish. Both Jessie and Mr. Lee were struck visibly by the change.

We were all in the library when she came in, grave, sad, and with that look of deep sorrow in her face. Mr. Lee was greatly disturbed and went forward to meet her, inquiring anxiously about her health. The woman let her hand rest in his clasp a moment, and then drew it away with a sorrowful glance from beneath her drooping lashes. Advancing up the room, she leaned one hand on a table for support, trembling visibly from agitation or weakness.

"Mr. Lee!"

The voice faltered with his name, and once more she lifted those mournful eyes to him.

"Are you ill, or has some trouble come upon you?" inquired Mr. Lee, greatly agitated.

"Yes, I am ill, and in deep trouble," she answered. "Oh! Mr. Lee, let me beseech you to protect my good name from the enemies that have assailed it!"

"Your good name, my dear madam? Who would dare say a word against any one sheltered under my roof?"

"I do not know—the whole thing bewilders me; but some great wrong has been done—some cruel slander said, or I should not be called upon to endure such insults as met me from that proud old lady—should not be outraged by letters like this!"

She took a letter from her pocket and gave it to Mr. Lee, watching him as he read it.

The letter was a brief one; but Mr. Lee was a long time in reading it. His eyes went back upon every line, and the fire burned hotly in them when he came to the end. There was something very startling in the changes of his face as he glanced from the paper to Jessie and from her to me. Never have I seen a look so terribly stern.

"Where did you get this letter?" he inquired, crushing the paper in his hand.

"It came to me by the mail, you will see by the post-mark," was the reply.

He glanced at the post-mark, which was that of the nearest town; then, striding up to his daughter, held the open letter before her eyes. Jessie looked at it in a bewildered way till her features settled into a look of astonishment.

"Is this your writing, Miss Lee?"

"No," she answered, but in a fluttering way. "No, no; I never wrote that!"

She had read a portion of the letter, when this emphatic denial broke from her lips.

"And yet a disinterested person would swear that it was your hand-writing, Jessie Lee."

The color flashed into Jessie's cheek; but she constrained herself, answering calmly,

"I did not write it, father."

Mr. Lee searched her through and through with his stern glances; then, coldly taking the letter from her hand, he held it toward me.

"Say, madam, you should be acquainted with that young lady's hand-writing; is this hers?"

I took the letter and read it. The hand-writing was certainly like Jessie's, but with an attempt at disguise. The contents convinced me that she never wrote it. They ran thus:

"MADAM—You have wrought mischief enough in the family of an honorable man to be content without bringing disgrace upon your own name. It should be enough that you have broken the life of as good a woman as ever lived—that you have alienated a father from his only child, and separated Mr. Lee from his best friends. If you have still any regard for your own reputation, or for the welfare of those who have never wronged you, leave his house. A FRIEND."

"No," I answered, "Jessie did not write this; the thing is impossible!"

"I make no charges—heaven forbid!" said Mrs. Dennison; "but it is enough that a letter like that could have been written to me while under your roof, sir. Self-respect forbids that I should remain here another day. I have sent to the town for a carriage."

"You cannot intend it!" exclaimed Mr. Lee. "Not till this thing has been thoroughly explained and atoned for must you leave a house that has been honored by your presence. Jessie Lee, have you nothing to say?"

"Father, what can I say?"

"Nothing, my dear Miss Lee; I ask nothing, and accuse no one further than is necessary to my own exculpation," said Mrs. Dennison, in a grieved voice. "But I have been cruelly

assailed. One word more, Mr. Lee, and I am ready to go. Forgive me if I speak on a subject painful to us all; but the death of your wife has been alluded to in that infamous paper—alluded to in connection with myself. When Mrs. Lee was taken ill, she had in her hand a letter, which only left her hold in the last moment. It was open. You may remember I picked it up from the floor, folded it, and gave it into your own hands. Of course I did not read the letter, and am, to this day, ignorant of its contents; but I did glance at the hand-writing, and it was like this."

I felt myself growing cold; the faces before me swam in mist. Had not Lottie said that the envelop was directed in Jessie's hand-writing? Had I not myself recognized the fact?

Mrs. Dennison spoke again,

"Another thing has haunted me since that mournful day. As I bent over the dying angel, she whispered three words in my ear; they were: 'Read the letter.' Sir, there is a connection between this and the letter which your wife held in her grasp when she died. I entreat, nay, I demand that you tell me what the connection is."

"The letter!" said Mr. Lee, with a start. "She did hold a paper, and you gave it to me, I remember. It is here; I had no heart to read it." Thrusting a hand beneath his vest, he drew forth a small pocket-book, and took from it the paper which I remembered so well. It was crushed and had been hastily folded; but even from the distance I could see that the hand-writing was that of the note I had just read.

In Mr. Lee's eyes alone you saw the agony of astonishment that possessed him. At last he turned his gaze from the letter and fixed it on Jessie. She was greatly disturbed—the very sight of the paper in her father's hand was enough for this; but she met her father's glance with this look alone. There was neither terror nor surprise in it: simply deep sorrow, such as springs from a renewal of painful memories.

He walked toward her with the paper in his hand, touched it with his finger, and tried to speak, but could not—the anguish that locked his features chained his voice also. Jessie was frightened and sprang up.

"Father, father! what is the matter? What have I done?"

He laid his hand heavily on the paper, and bent his white face toward her.

"Girl! Jessie Lee, you have slandered the father that loved you better than his own life. You have killed your mother!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

HOW I CAME TO LIVE IN THE CITY.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

Mr husband and I lived, originally, in a very large house in the country; it was far more extensive than was required for a newly married couple without children, and it used to make me feel really mournful to wander through those great, cold-looking halls without ever meeting any one. And then, too, the rooms were large enough to accommodate an army, and cold enough to freeze it after it was accommodated. But then Mr. Jones would live there; his reply to all my pouting remonstrances invariably was,

"My dear, I was born in this house—and I have always lived here—and I shouldn't recognize myself anywhere else. Besides, what could be more lovely in summer time?"

True, it was charming at that season, when the flowers were all in full bloom, and the fruit was hanging tempting on the trees, and we could leave our doors and windows open to catch the breeze. Plenty of space is a luxury in warm weather. Then, too, the river that lay just in front of us was teeming with life; the little sail boats skimmed merrily along as though they had wings, while the larger vessels passed us with so many people waving their handkerchiefs, that we would catch the spirit and almost fancy that we, too, were sailing off somewhere. Then I could forget the long, dreary winters, when the frozen river forbade all travel in that way, and when the flowers were buried and withered beneath the snow, and the leafless trees served only to increase the dreary whistling of the wind; while list was carefully fastened around the doors to keep out, as much as possible, the strong currents of air; and we shivered over the fire, wondering whose invention it was to have such great, useless rooms; or looked out of the window at the trackless waste of snow, and wished that we could see some one passing. But we seldom did see any one passing at such times; for we were nearly a mile from our nearest neighbors, and country people are much more timid about venturing out in stormy or cold weather than city people.

One day Mr. Jones announced to me that it was necessary for him to go to the city, and it would be impossible for him to return before

the next day. I trembled at the thought of spending a night in that great house without a gentleman to protect me; but he merely laughed at my fears, exclaiming,

"You have your sister Bell with you; what more do you wish?"

"Bell is as great a coward as I am," I replied; "and I am sure we shall both of us be murdered before you return; and when you come back you will probably find us cold and lifeless."

"You paint rather a tragical picture," said he, contemplating me with an amused expression; "perhaps I had better take the sleigh and go over for your two friends, the Denmans, that they may share that interesting fate."

"I wish you would," said I; "the more there are of us the better we shall feel protected."

My friends accordingly came, and with them two little girls, who were especial favorites of mine. As Mr. Jones lifted them out of the sleigh, he exclaimed, gayly,

"I have borrowed a couple of children for you, too; for I thought it would require a great many to compensate, in any degree, for my loss."

My husband departed. As he left the house he turned and remarked, "You will find my revolver under my pillow; if robbers come, you might point it at them, and they won't know but that it is loaded."

I watched his retreating figure as far as I could see it, and then I stood with my face pressed against the window-pane. Bell had taken possession of my company, and I was in no hurry to join them. I gazed out upon the trees, clothed in their robe of pure snow, while long icicles hung from their branches, and sparkled as the sun went down behind the hills and threw its last rays of red, and purple, and gold over them. It was the first time since our marriage that my husband had spent a night away from me, and it is not strange if I felt a little sad at the separation. Presently an arm was thrown around my waist, and Bell's laughing eyes were looking into mine.

"Come, Mrs. Jones, we know it is a dreadful thing to be so cruelly deserted by one's worse half; but then, you know, we must get used to

trials, so let me wipe away the tears," and she demurely attacked my eyes with a huge blanket shawl.

"Go away, you saucy piece!" I exclaimed. "I have not been shedding any tears!" And I drew up my chair with the rest around the fire.

"It may be very unromantic," suggested Bell, "but I think an extra good tea wouldn't come amiss this evening; besides, we shall need something to fortify us against our fears now that we are alone."

I quite agreed with her, and departed forthwith to Biddy's assistance. By the time that supper was ready, I felt quite happy and like making myself agreeable, and I could even laugh about my husband's absence, and jest at the idea of robbers.

After tea we heard the merry sound of bells outside; the sleigh stopped in front of our door, and the knocker gave notice that we were about to have visitors. Presently Mr. and Mrs. Dustin—some friends of ours, who lived a few miles beyond us—were ushered into the sitting-room.

"How do you do?" said Mrs. Dustin, throwing her arms around me and giving me a rapturous kiss. "I heard that your husband was going to be away from you to-night, and so I thought I would come in and comfort you a little. Ain't you dreadfully afraid to stay in this great house without any gentleman?" she continued, at the same time extricating herself from a few of her numerous wrappers.

"Oh! no," I replied, very bravely; "I don't think there is any danger."

"Perhaps not," said she, shaking her head and glancing timidly into the dark corners, which our candles (we had no gas there) refused to illuminate; "but then I know I should feel afraid. You know you do sometimes hear of such awful things happening when the gentleman of the house leaves home for a night. I remember a story my mother used to tell about a family that lived very near her: The gentleman had gone away to spend the night, and when he returned the next day, he found everything so perfectly quiet through the house that it quite startled him; and when he went to his wife's room, he found her lying in bed murdered, and so were all his children and the servants; and the silver, and jewelry, and all the valuables were missing."

"Oh! well," said I, forcing a laugh in spite of my trembling, "I don't believe that tragedy will be repeated here."

"I should hope not," said she; "it would be

a dreadful thing. But then I should advise you to search your house well before you retire; for you so often hear of burglars secreting themselves in some dark corner, and coming out after all the family are asleep."

After considerable more conversation of the same kind, spiced with stories even more horrible, if possible, than the above, she arose to depart, saying, as she bade us good-night, "I hope you won't feel afraid all alone by yourselves."

She certainly had done all she could to make us afraid.

After the departure of our friends, we all stood and looked at each other as though a murder had been committed before our eyes. The two children, partaking of our fears, came and tucked their little warm hands in mine for protection. Finally I resolved to put an end to the predominant feeling, and I exclaimed, gayly,

"Come, girls, let us go up stairs to sit, and we will amuse ourselves with making molasses candy."

We, accordingly, adjourned to the second floor and gathered around a blazing hickory fire. We had put the molasses to boil, and, while we were shelling the nuts, it was proposed that each one in turn should tell a story; and, as is very apt to be the case at such times, ghosts, hobgoblins, and robbers figured as heroes in all our tales. Presently we heard Biddy's heavy tread on the stairs, and then a knock at the door of our room, and, in answer to our "Come in," Biddy entered and remarked,

"Faith, an' it's meself that's afeard to be after stayin' alone in the kitchen, an' the masher of the house away."

We were only too glad to be able to add another one to our now excited company, and we readily told her to stay with us. So the nuts and the stories progressed together until the candy was finally declared finished, and Biddy was commissioned to take it off the fire and pour it into the pans. As she was about to do so, a noise like a man's step was heard on the stairs. We all started, drew up to each other, and listened; then I glided softly to the door and gently turned the key. While Biddy, with her eyes opened to their widest extent by this act of bravery on my part, exclaimed,

"Shure, an' it's yerself they'll be after taking!" And at the same time her molasses candy was suddenly deposited on the hearth and ran in a wild stream over the carpet.

"Hark!" said Bell, raising her finger; "let us listen."

The two children drew up to us and covered themselves with our dresses. The step seemed to be light and springy, as it steadily ascended the stairs. Bell put her arm around me and whispered, "I am sure it is a man!"

I trembled and felt deathly sick as if I should faint away. I thought of my husband returning on the morrow, and how suddenly his happiness would be turned into sorrow when he saw only the body of his murdered wife. Steadily the fearful noise continued; we looked aghast at each other and almost held our breath.

"I'll jist call in one of the neighbors," said Biddy, steering for the window. She seemed to have been suddenly animated with new courage.

With a desperate effort I held her back. "You forget," I whispered, "that we are not within a mile of any human being."

"Let me look at him through the key-hole, thin," said she; "and if he comes near me, I'll jist pour this over him!" And she brandished the kettle defiantly, quite forgetting that she had already spilled the contents.

By this time the feet had reached the top of the stairs, and they were now stamping just outside of the door.

"What do you see, Biddy?" asked one of my guests.

"Shure, an' I see a white thing," answered our excited Hibernian; "an' I believe it's one o' the ghosts ye've been tellin' about."

We fully believed that it was something more substantial than a ghost. The steps outside continued—they were evidently just by our door. What should we do? A lock was no protection against a burglar.

"Suppose," said Bell, "that we open the door and tell him that we are all alone, and that there is no man in the house to protect us; and then, surely, if we throw ourselves so completely on his mercy, he will have generosity enough not to harm us."

I was too much excited, at the time, to be amused with my sweet sister for so innocently expecting to find such an amount of chivalry in a man of that description; but I realized that the course which she proposed would not be a wise one.

"Let us all arm ourselves," suggested one of my guests, "and put on an appearance of bravery, and we may succeed in frightening him away."

This seemed to all of us the best thing that could be done.

Bell caught up the revolver, having been first assured that it was not loaded, and placed her hand on the trigger as though she were about

to shoot. One of our visitors carried a poker heated red-hot, and the other, in the excitement of the moment, possessed herself of a pin-cushion; what use she intended to make of it I am unable to say. I took the candle, thinking we should need some light on the subject, and Biddy followed, affectionately clinging to her molasses-candy kettle. The two children, dreading equally to come to the door or to be separated from us, finally stood in the middle of the floor and began to cry.

We approached the door and drew back trembling: no one was willing to be the first. There was that fearful sound of feet outside—our enemy appeared to be careering up and down the hall. Would he shoot us on the spot as soon as he should see us? The suspense was intolerable. "He could but kill us," I argued with myself, and with one desperate effort, and a feeling of despair, I turned the key and opened the door. For one moment I stood, not daring to glance around in the dark, mysterious hall. But there was no report of a pistol—no dagger was plunged into our hearts—all of us were still living. This knowledge gave me courage to look around; but I saw no one. The tramping of feet became more distinct; I raised my candle to throw more light into that fearful darkness, and I discovered a—*rat!* the most enormous one that I had ever seen, which seemed to be making a desperate effort to get out of our way.

A heavy weight was suddenly lifted from my heart. I turned to communicate the result of my investigations to the small body-guard, which stood directly behind me; and then, as I felt myself safe from danger, the ludicrousness of the scene burst upon me. Bell stood, with lips compressed and her fingers clasped tightly upon the trigger of her revolver. One of my guests had her poker elevated high in the air, while the other was embracing her pin-cushion with a most determined expression; and Biddy was holding her kettle, upside down, above her, while the remains of the molasses candy were slowly dripping over her head and shoulders. And the children were standing in the middle of the floor, looking piteously at us through their tears. They all stood there, perfectly stationary in their respective positions, as if they were waiting to have their portraits taken. But when I announced to what species of the animal kingdom our enemy belonged, there was a general drawing of breaths, a putting down of weapons, and, finally, a hearty laugh.

Of course, there was but little sleeping done

that night; our nerves had been too much excited to allow of it.

When Mr. Jones returned, the next day, I related the story of our night's campaign to him, and he appeared to be supremely amused at our fears.

"You must move into the city," said I; "for another such night as that would kill me."

"I'll get you a rat-trap," said he, "to protect you."

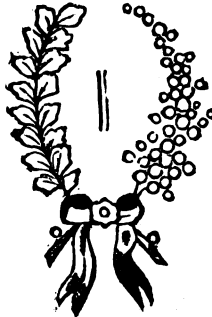
I tried to talk to him seriously, but my words were wasted; he had such an incomprehensible

affection for that house, that it seemed impossible to persuade him to leave it. At length I burst into tears. This is a woman's refuge, and seldom fails in pleading her cause. It succeeded in my case: I secured his promise and was contented.

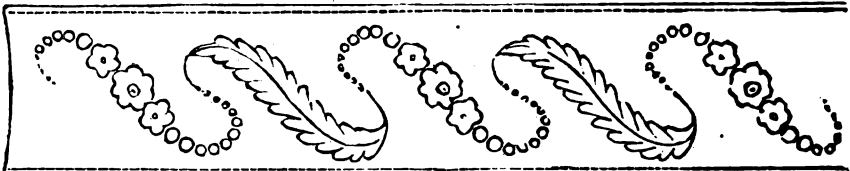
Not long afterward I became the mistress of a pleasant residence in the city. When my husband is asked, by his friends, how he came to give up his home on the river, he usually replies that "his wife and the country rats couldn't agree together."

VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.

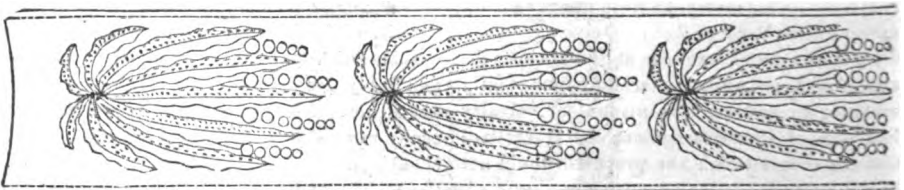
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



PATTERNS FOR PILLOW-CASE STUDS.



PATTERN FOR SHIRT FRONT.



PATTERN FOR SHIRT FRONT.

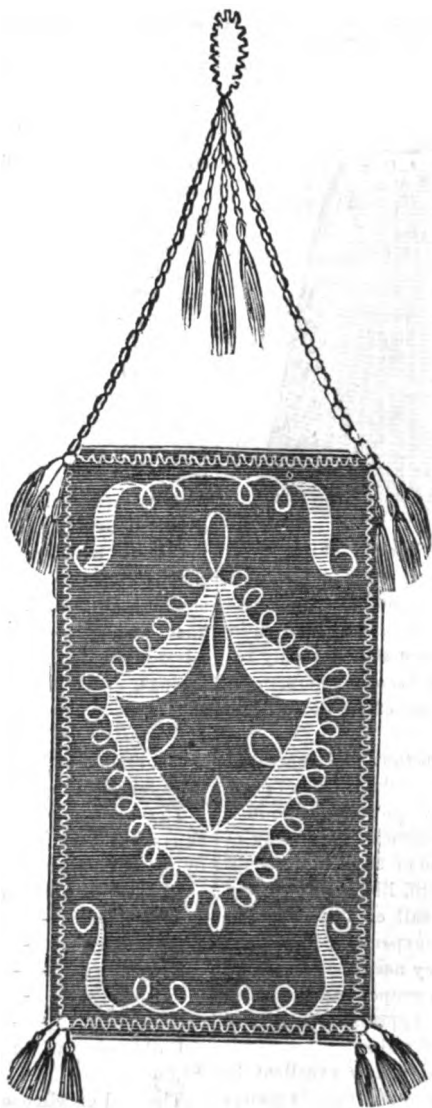
Fanny

Brace

NAMES FOR MARKING.

PENDANT PIN-CUSHION IN APPLICATION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—A piece of white silk or satin; ditto bright scarlet; one spool gold braid; cord and tassels.

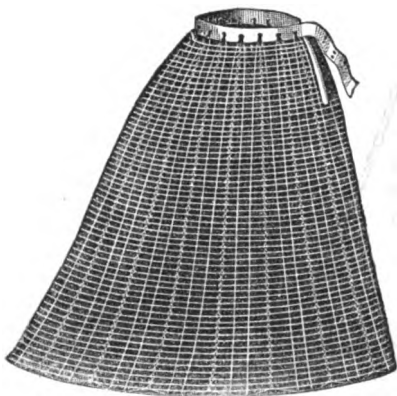
This cushion is intended to be suspended against the wall, by the side of the toilet-glass. It is very easily made. A piece of white silk or satin about four inches by seven, on which the scarlet is applique as seen in the design.

The edges of the pattern are finished with the gold braid, the pattern of which is very simple and easily followed by the eye. Make up the cushion in the usual manner, stuffing with bran.

Finish with a cord of silk and gold mixed, sewing it all round the cushion; also suspend it by some of the same, adding tassels to correspond.

DEMOREST'S PRIZE MEDAL HOOP SKIRTS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.



Five years ago when hooped skirts were first introduced, every one predicted for them a speedy decline, and fall; but after encountering the shafts of ridicule and opposition in every conceivable form, they still not only remain a fixed fact, but have become a permanent institution, which no caprice of fashion will be likely wholly to destroy.

The reason of this constant and increased appreciation is found in the acknowledged principle of comfort and utility upon which the idea was based. The first specimens were many of them very imperfect, some of them ludicrously so; but through all the stiff, ill-shaped, clumsy styles, which were the result of first efforts in the hands of ignorant, inexperienced persons, ladies recognized what they needed—something to extend their dresses to proper and becoming dimensions, and save the oppressive weight of a mass of clothing upon the hips.

When a mode, no matter how excellent in itself, becomes a fashion, the tendency is always toward an extreme, and it is not surprising that this was the case with hooped skirts, and that at a certain period the size became absurdly and preposterously large. At the present time a happy medium seems to have been reached; the

size near the waist is small, and the circumference increases, bell-shape, to the bottom, thus giving a natural and graceful flow to the outer garments, and affording in the gradually increasing dimensions a fine opportunity for the display of the ample coats and cloaks which form a peculiar feature of present attire.

Many of the former disadvantages in the manufacture of hooped skirts resulted, doubtless, from the fact of the designers and manufacturers being men, who, however well acquainted with mechanical principles, could hardly be expected to perceive at once all the nice adjustments necessary to so important an article of ladies' wardrobe. These difficulties being recognized by Mme. Demorest, she succeeded in producing a skirt, which, according to the testimony of the thousands of ladies who use them, combine, perfection of shape, graceful appearance, and great durability; and especially the advantage of the tapes not slipping on the springs, which is entirely obviated by a process that Mme. Demorest has secured by a patent, and consists in passing the standards through the covering of the springs, making it impossible for them to slip or break away.

The high price of the best kind of hooped skirts has been, also, a great objection to them by many persons of limited means. Skirts with

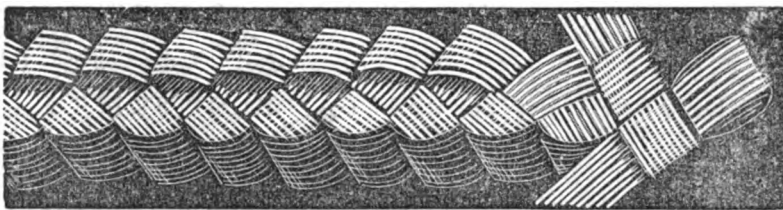
12 springs,	are now retailed at	\$.50
15 springs,	- - - - -	.75
20 springs,	- - - - -	1.00
25 springs,	- - - - -	1.25
30 springs,	- - - - -	1.50
40 springs,	- - - - -	2.00

Children's can be obtained from 19 cents to \$1.00.

The real excellence of these skirts, combined with the small cost, has established for them an unprecedented success. They took the first premium and prize medal at the Fair of the American Institute, and are now well and widely known as Mme. Demorest's Prize Medal Skirt.

BORDERING FOR MATS, CURTAINS, ETC.

BY MADemoiselle ROCHE.



THE want of a simple border for various articles is, we are quite aware, often felt by many ladies, and we are happy to supply one that can be produced with great rapidity, that is extremely economical, and well suited for many purposes. It makes a good edging for all mats that are wanted for real service, being very durable; and it also makes a good finish for Morocco curtains. The material is merely a worsted braid of the best quality, the color, of course, depending upon the article for which it is intended. The work is commenced in the following way: Double the braid into two equal lengths, and make a slip-loop in the middle;

then pass a second loop through the first, drawing down the cord of the first, so as to fix it in its right place. Continue to work in this way, making the loops alternately of the two lengths of the braid, first on one side and then on the other, keeping the work as regular as possible, as on this its good effect entirely depends. When the required length has been made, draw the end of the braid through the last loop without forming a fresh loop. This bordering, being very elastic, easily adapts itself to the curves of any article to which it is appropriated, although, at the same time, it is equally good as a straight line when intended for window curtains.

KNITTED SHAWL: STAR STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.— $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of colored zephyr; $1\frac{1}{2}$ pound of black zephyr; medium wooden needles.

With the black wool, cast on four stitches.

1st Row.—Make one stitch by taking up the loop under the first stitch upon the needle. Knit this loop, then throw the thread forward and knit three stitches. Bind the first of the three stitches over the last two knit. (This makes the cross stitch.) Knit the remaining

2nd Row.—Purl all the stitches.

3rd Row.—Make one stitch as in first row, then throw the thread forward and knit three, binding the first stitch over the last two knit, as before; again throw the thread forward and knit the two remaining stitches.

4th Row.—Purl.

5th Row.—Commence as in first row. Work in the same way, observing when there is but one stitch upon the needle, after knitting the last star stitch, to knit it off plain. If there

are two stitches, then throw the thread forward and knit the two stitches off plain. Knit ten rows of star, or pattern stitch, for the width of stripe. Tie on the colored wool at the beginning of the purl row. Knit the colored stripe the same width as the black one. Continue the stripes until you have the shawl long enough. End with the colored stripe. Bind off.

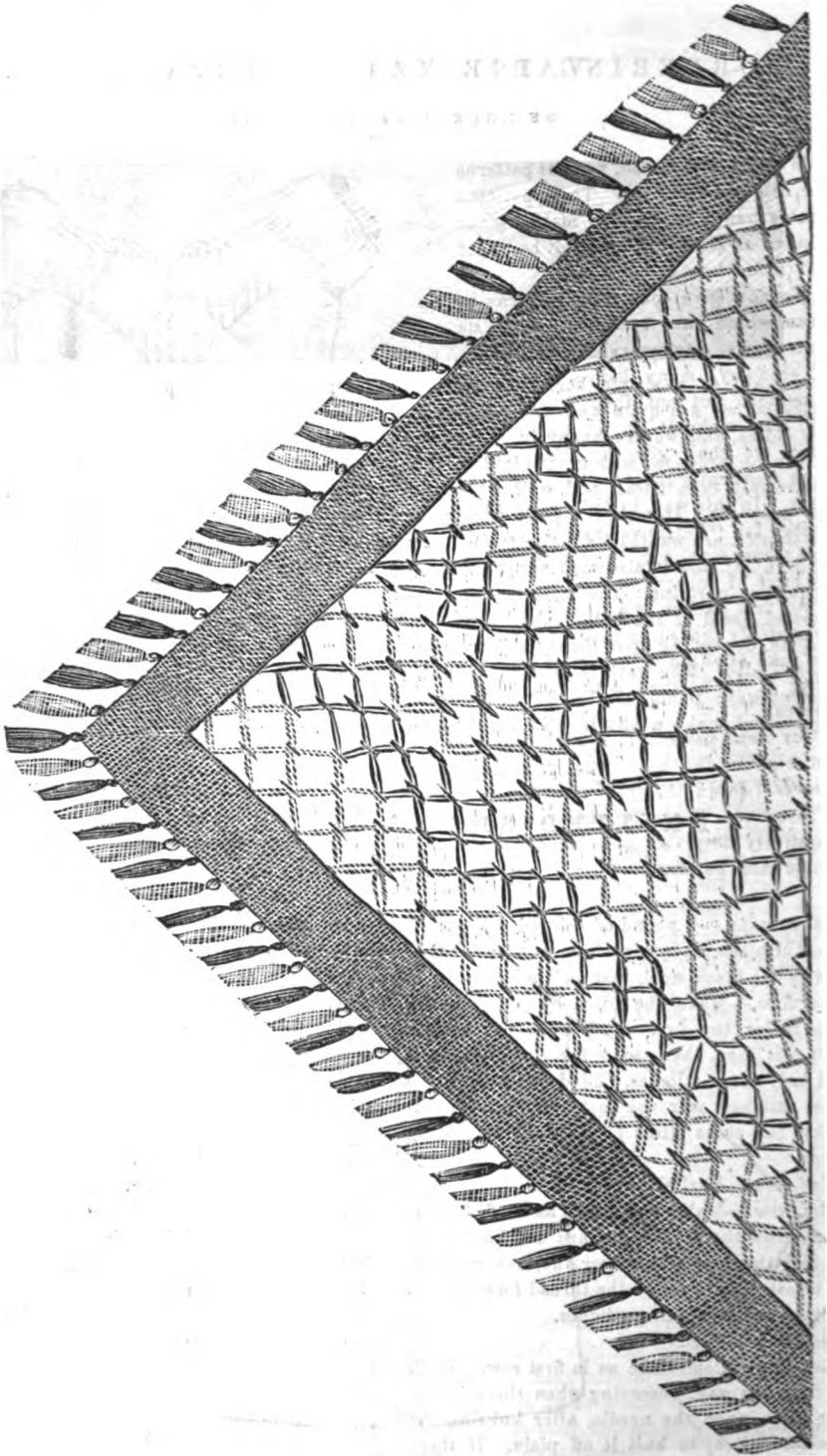
FOR THE BORDER.—With the black wool, cast on one stitch. Knit plain, placing the needle at the beginning of the row, under the thread, making one stitch.

2nd Row.—Knit plain, without making the stitch at the beginning of the row.

3rd Row.—Same as first row.

Repeat until there are thirty stitches upon the needle. Then knit a piece long enough to border two sides of the shawl as seen in the design. Finish with fringe tied into the border, alternate colored and black.

This is an original design.



VARIETIES IN LINEN.

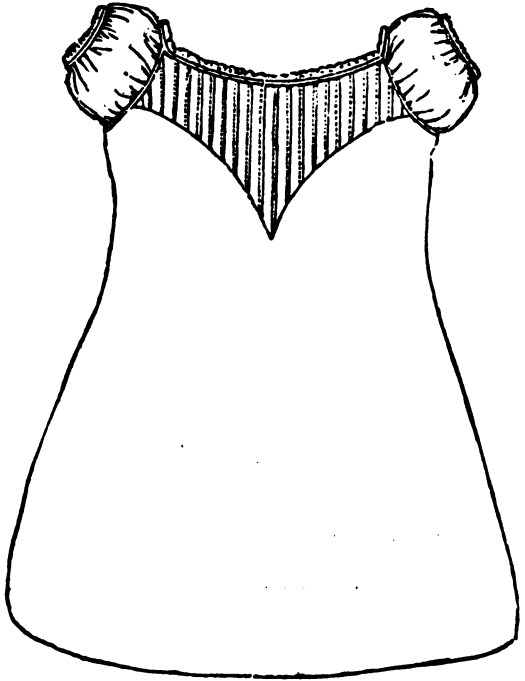
BY OUR "FASHION EDITOR."

We gave, last month, various patterns for children's clothes. These patterns enable handy mothers to make up the clothes of their little ones at home, or tell them where to buy them.

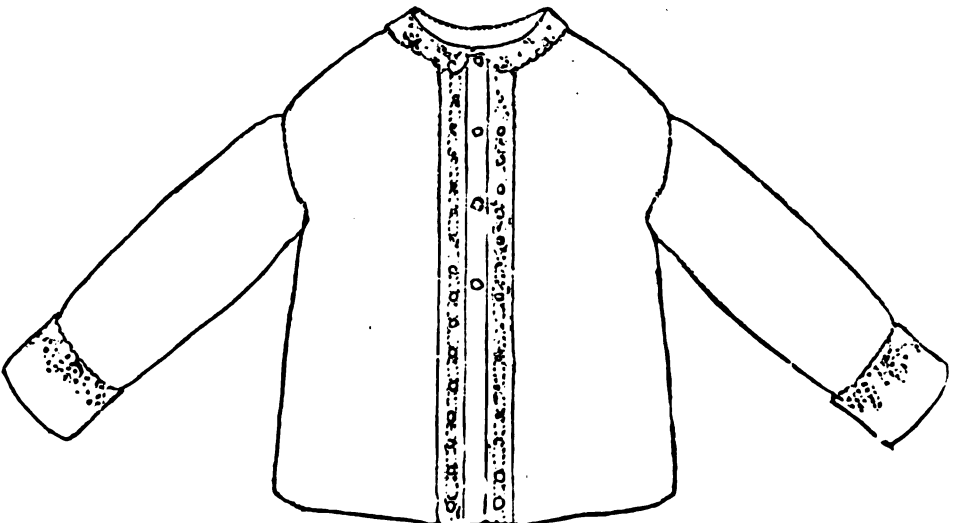
We now give some new patterns in linen, which have been sent out to us from Paris. As everybody is talking of economy, many ladies, who have heretofore put out their linen work, will now make it up for themselves: hence we shall give hereafter, much more frequently than before, such patterns. In this way, in 1862, every subscriber for "Peterson" will be able to save three, four, five, or even ten times the price of subscription.

Our first pattern is a chemise, with a yoke richly tucked in plaits, the top of the yoke is edged with narrow embroidery: it is finished with full infant sleeves.

Our next pattern is a night dress, cut high in the neck, and with long sleeves. Down the front are two rows of insertion. The cuffs, which are comparatively deep, are also embroidered in the same pattern.



CHEMISE.



NIGHT DRESS.



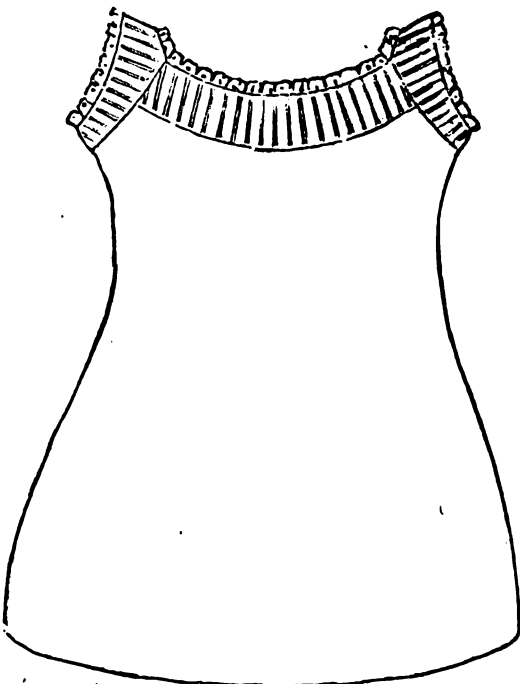
FRENCH SACQUE FOR A SMALL CHILD.

The third pattern is a Frenchsacque for a small child. It is cut rather low, round in the neck, and finished with embroidery on the shoulders and down the front. It is to be worn in the morning in place of a more elaborate dress.

The fourth is a chemise, with a yoke and sleeve, tucked and edged with embroidery.

Under-bodies, or spencers, as they are sometimes called, for keeping the bodies of dresses clean, retain their place much better, if made with a skirt coming down below the waist. These under-bodies should be cut something like old-fashioned basques.

The latest style for making pillow-cases is to run six or eight tucks around the edge, and embroider the initials, in large letters, not on the end, but directly in the middle of the pillow-case. If the pillow-cases are made with a plain hem, or ruffled, the stud-holes are prettier for being embroidered: for which we give patterns on a preceding page. The embroidery looks better on the pillows, if pink paper muslin is put over the ticking. But pillow-cases can be marked in indelible ink, if preferred.



CHEMISE.

It is customary now to embroider sheets, table-cloths and napkins, with red embroidery cotton.

THE KNICKERBOCKER SUIT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THE Knickerbocker costume is now the favorite style of dress for boys, when they are of that awkward age, too young to be breeched, and too old to wear frocks and pinafores. This costume has a great many recommendations: it can be made in almost any material; it always looks neat and tidy; and for the play-ground is peculiarly suitable, as it leaves boys the free use of their limbs, besides being rather more manly than petticoats, which used to be (particularly at school) a boy's abhorrence. The suit we have illustrated is made of cloth for winter wear. On the next page we give a diagram, as follows:

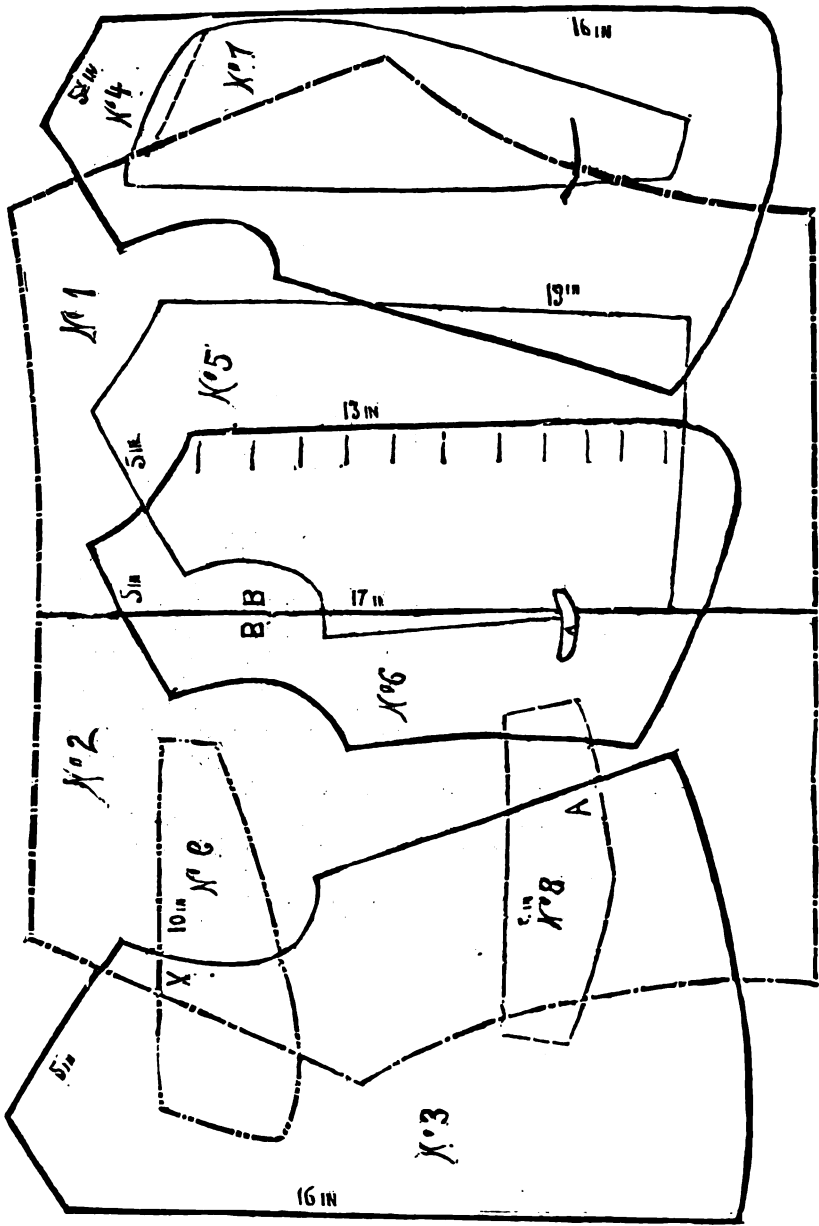
- NO. 1. BACK OF KNICKERBOCKERS.
- NO. 2. FRONT OF KNICKERBOCKERS.
- NO. 3. HALF OF BACK OF JACKET.
- NO. 4. FRONT OF JACKET.
- NO. 5. HALF OF BACK OF WAISTCOAT.
- NO. 6. FRONT OF WAISTCOAT.
- NO. 7. SLEEVE.
- NO. 8. CUFF AND SLEEVE.
- NO. 9. POCKET FOR KNICKERBOCKERS.

THE JACKET is bound at the edges with broad braid, and is trimmed above that with two rows of narrow; whilst down the front, on each side, nineteen round and stout buttons are

placed at regular distances, the jacket being merely fastened with a hook and eye at the top. The back is cut in one piece, with a seam down the middle, and each of the fronts has a pocket put in, bound with braid and trimmed with two rows of the narrow braid; a line, showing where the pocket should be put, is drawn in the diagram. The sleeves are made with a seam at the elbow, and with a turned-back cuff, also bound and trimmed; the line crossing the top of the sleeve indicates where the front half should be sloped at the top.

THE WAISTCOAT.—The fronts are made of cloth, bound and trimmed with braid, and are fastened with ten buttons and button holes. A piece of broad braid, doubled, is run on, to imitate a pocket, with a row of narrow braid run round it in the shape of the line shown in the diagram. The back is made in one piece, of double dark twill, and, in joining the back to the front, the seam is left open as far as the letter A, to give the waistcoat a little play in front, and make it sit well over the stomach. The back has two strings to tie it in behind to the size required.

THE KNICKERBOCKERS.—Each leg is cut in one piece, that is to say, there is no seam down the straight part; but it should be opened as far as the two B's, and a false hem made on each side of the opening. This straight part is trimmed with three straps of broad braid, with a button in the center, the braid being put on in a point at each end. The top of the Knickerbockers is gathered into a band, the length of the band being eleven inches and a half in front, and twelve inches and a half behind, to allow for buttoning over, and each of the bands has three button holes made in them of rather a large size. The bottom of the Knickerbockers is plainly hemmed with a hem half an inch wide, in which a piece of broad elastic should be put, so as to make them fit tightly to the leg, and this elastic should always be taken out, if the suit is to be washed. The pocket shown in the diagram is put in on the right side of the Knickerbockers, and the opening in it should be made as far as the cross. All these three patterns are drawn without allowing for turnings anywhere, or for the hem at the bottom of the trousers. In former numbers, we have explained how to enlarge these patterns.



In Remembrance.

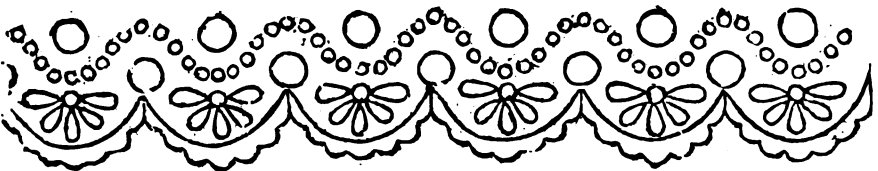
PURSE.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



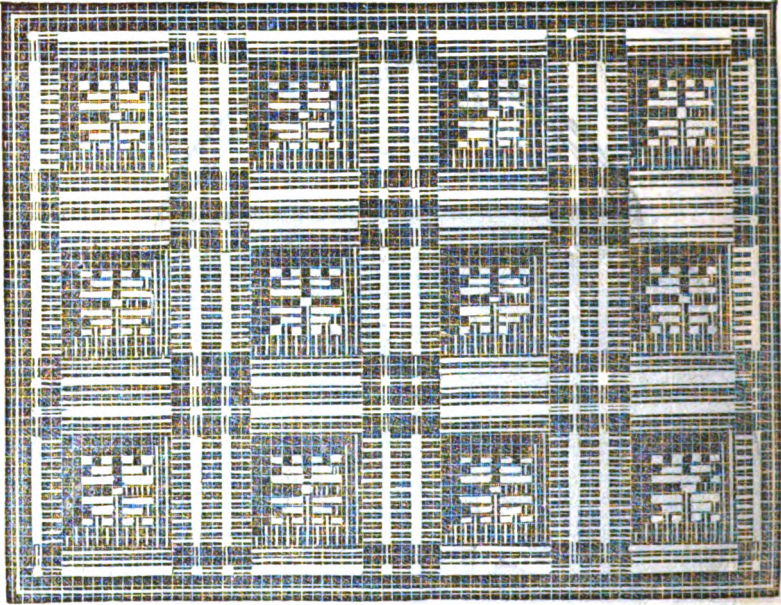
THIS sort of Purse can be made with very great expedition, and the materials are extremely simple. Cut the shape given in kid, velvet, watered silk, or satin. Stitch down upon it the number of gilt stars, as seen in our illustration, or any other arrangement or variety of the gilt ornaments, of which there are now so many manufactured. Stitch the back and front together twice, and line with silk. Then, with netting silk, buttonhole all round regularly, but with the stitches a little apart, and on this crochet a row of loops all round. Attach a silk cord at each side of the top, and two tassels. If further ornament is desired, place another tassel at the center of the bottom and one at each corner.

EDGING.



CARD-CASE.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.



THESE little articles are very useful productions of the Work-Table on various accounts. In the first place, they are inexpensive; in the second, they are more convenient for carrying, being flexible. The design given is to be worked on canvas, the cross bars being in deep maize-color silk; in the places where they cross the nine small squares formed by the crossing they are in a deep crimson Berlin wool, the remainder of the ground being in black Berlin wool. The larger squares, on which the pattern rests,

have the upper half of their ground in a medium shade of French blue, and their under half of dark, in Berlin wool, the pattern being in beads alternately of transparent and chalk-white. When this part of the work has been completed, the Card-Case must be closed up at each side, leaving the flap to turn over, lined with silk, and a line of the chalk-white beads carried up the seams and round the edge of the flap, to the center of which a loop must be attached to fasten with a large ornamental button.

BAG PURSE.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

A VERY useful sort of bag, being an easy and ready receptacle for all the materials of any moderate-sized piece of work, together with such accompaniments as require to be carried from room to room during its execution, may be made in the style of the Bag Purse, which is a little novelty of its kind. Work a piece of crochet in any simple and open pattern, sixteen inches wide and twenty-four inches long; close

this at each end so as only to leave an opening in the middle of the join; line with colored calico, and finish each end with a fringe or a crochet border. The same bag may be made either with silk or a pretty chintz: to the first of these a silk fringe must be attached to each end; to the second a crochet border in a mixture of white and colored ingrain cotton. Sometimes these bags are made a little smaller in crochet

silk, either in a slight, open crochet-stitch, or being ornamented with steel beads; and in both they are netted in silk, and are made to look of these last-mentioned styles there is a fringe ornamental by means of a stripe of the loops in which the steel beads are freely introduced.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



"BID ME GOOD BYE."

BALLAD.

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR BY SEP. WINNER.

BY PERMISSION OF SEP. WINNER, PROPRIETOR OF THE COPYRIGHT.

Voice: 

Guitar: 



Bid me good bye, mo - ther, bid me a - diew;



Kiss me a - gain, for I leave thee to - day. Sad is my heart, for its



joys are but few, And less may they be when I'm gone far a - way. It

BID ME GOOD BYE.

may be for years It may be for-ev-er. Grieve not to part, for thy

tears are in vain. 'Tis sad for the heart from its i - dol to sev - er.

Still may I live to be - hold thee a - gain. Still may I live to be -

hold thee a - gain.

21.

Bid me good bye, dearest, bid me adieu;
 Kiss me again for I leave thee to-day.
 Sad is the task for my heart, it is true,
 Yet still may I dream of thee when I'm away.
 But ere we must part I give thee a token;
 Close to thy heart wilt thou hide it away;
 Until I return may its charm be unbroken,
 True be thy heart, tho' far distant the day.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1862—BETTER THAN EVER.—On the cover, this month, will be found our Prospectus for 1862. Every year's experience teaches us how to do better for our subscribers. The proof of the superiority of this Magazine, *all things considered*, to other ladies' magazines, is in the fact that *it has now a larger circulation than any other in the United States, or even in the world.*

Prominent among our improvements, next year, will be those we shall make in the fashion department. Our colored steel fashion-plates are already very much more beautiful than those of others, and are universally newer and more reliable. Frequently, during the past year, figures and styles have appeared, in other magazines, which we had given, months before. Our literary department will also be improved. Without reducing the quantity of our other stories, we shall give *four original novelets*, and we may say, without exaggeration, that, in these new stories, Mrs. Stephens, Carry Stanley, and Frank Lee Benedict, at least, have surpassed themselves.

The cheapness of this Magazine is a point to which we wish particularly to direct attention. Everything that is to be had in a three dollar magazine can be had here for two dollars, and much of it, as the newspaper press universally declares, of a higher quality than elsewhere.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fairly presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other Magazine. *Be, therefore, the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

SILK A PROTECTION AGAINST INFECTION.—A silk covering of the texture of a common handkerchief is said to possess the peculiar property of resisting the noxious influence and of neutralizing the effects of malaria. It is well known that such is the nature of malaria poison, that it is easily decomposed by even feeble chemical agents. Now, it is probable that the heated air proceeding from the lungs may form an atmosphere within the veil of silk, of power sufficient to decompose the miasma in its passage to the mouth, although it may be equally true that the texture of the silk covering may act mechanically as a non-conductor.

CANARY BIRDS.—Having had much trouble in protecting canary birds from the attacks of the insects that infest them and the cages, we learned the following simple method of destroying these pests, which will no doubt be a useful piece of information to many readers. By placing every night over the cage a white cloth, the insects gather upon it, and in the morning may be seen by carefully examining the cloth. They may thus be soon removed, and then all that is necessary is to thoroughly clean and varnish the cage.

THE DEMAND TREASURY NOTES.—These are the best things to remit in, unless you can get a draft on New York or Philadelphia.

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YOUNG LADIES NOW-A-DAYS.—It is a common remark that girls, now-a-days, have not the health their mothers had. They are always complaining of headaches, or lassitude, or something else. We need not go far back for the cause. They violate, daily, the laws of health: how can they expect to be healthy? When we were young, daughters, even in families of wealth, took a share in household work. It was a necessary part of education to learn to cook. Every young girl was expected to make her own bed and to sweep and dust her chamber. The arts of preserving and pickling were among the mysteries all were supposed to understand. How is it now? Too many daughters are brought up to think these things unlady-like. We have seen young girls, after breakfast, sit down to read, or chat, or flirt, or idle away their time, leaving these household duties to servants, when we knew that the family income could ill afford any unnecessary expense. And we have heard the same young ladies wonder why they had so much headache, and why they could not have the complexions their mothers once had. What they wanted was work, good, hard work, such as making beds, or sweeping, would have given them. This, with a brisk walk, daily, in the open air, would have driven away their pains and aches, would have brought the color to their cheeks, would have rendered them less irritable. Their grandmothers and mothers were not ashamed to work. Why should they be?

We are not the enemies of intellectual culture, which is one of the highest charms in woman. A mere household drudge is a pitiable object. If she is such a drudge from choice, she is more than pitiable. But an idle daughter, such as we have described, is quite as bad. If people were all brain, and no body, reading and study, without exercise, might do. But unless the health of the body is kept up, the brain soon ceases to work properly. The most brilliant writers and speakers (all things else being equal) are those whose physical system is in the best order. That exercise is always the most effective which has a purpose: in other words there is no exercise like work. And for young ladies there is no work like household work. A couple of hours, daily, devoted to making beds, to sweeping, or to cooking, would actually enable a girl to do as much reading, or study, as if she gave her whole time to them, because she would be so much healthier and would enjoy recreation with so much more zest. She would converse, too, all the better and be all the livelier and sweeter tempered. People, who never work, do not know the real pleasure of play. We should like to see some sensible women, with social influence, take this matter up. It is snobbery of the worst kind to think household work unlady-like. Now is the time, too, to begin the reform.

DO YOU PREFER READING?—It will be seen, by reference to our Prospectus, that we offer a choice of three different kinds of premiums to persons getting up clubs. But if reading matter alone is preferred, we will send, instead of the extra copy, or mezzotint, or Album, a dollar and a quarter's worth of T. B. Peterson & Brothers' publications. A catalogue of these publications, (to choose from) will be forwarded, gratis, if written for.

LADIES' FIRE-PROOF DRESSES.—One ounce of sulphate of ammonia, dissolved in the starch necessary to stiffen a muslin dress, it is said, will render it incumbersible. A preparation of tungstate of soda is used in Queen Victoria's laundry in England, but the first named is better.

AN IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT.—A new and important attachment for sewing-machines has just been given to the world from Madame Demorest's establishment. It is a self-tucking and quilting invention of which madame has the exclusive right. A young lady, who does wonders of needle-work with her machine, sends us the following result of her experience with the *Self-Tucker* and her opinion of the *Quilter*:—"After a thorough trial of this tucker, we find its advantages so great, its operation so simple and perfect, and the facilities which it affords in doing the nicest kind of sewing-machine work, that I have not ceased to marvel at its simplicity and completeness. Tucking is one of the principal employments of a sewing-machine in every family. Tucked skirts, tucked under-clothing, tucked dresses for the little ones, with many other articles which might be enumerated, are among the dainty luxuries which the sewing-machine has made. Lady operators all know, however, that the ordinary process of 'laying' the tucks is just as tedious as it ever was, and that it takes double the time to accomplish it, which is required to stitch them afterward. The use of Demorest's Tucker saves all this time and trouble; the process of stitching one tuck *folds* and *creates* the next, so that nothing is required but to keep straight along until they are all done. The adjustment of the tucker to the machine is just as simple as the fitting of one part of the machine to the other. We have no hesitation in recommending your lady friends, who have sewing-machines, to adopt this simple, practical, and useful attachment." The quilter is very simple indeed. A tiny bit of steel holds a piece of chalk in its clasp, with which a dot is made with every stitch taken by the machine, and a new line marked out as the preceding one progresses, thus perfect accuracy is obtained.

"PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH."—An old subscriber writes to us:—"Last year, about this time, I asked a neighbor to join my club for 'Peterson.' She said hard times, she feared, were coming on, and that she wouldn't be able to afford it. So she gave up the Magazine. The other day, however, she came to me and said she wished her name put down for 1862. 'I would not be without the Magazine, for another year,' she said, 'for ten times its price. Nobody knows what they miss till they give it up. It is worth to any mother the entire cost for the patterns for children's dresses alone, and the Work-Table Department is even more valuable to women generally. Then, what a relief, after a day's hard work, to sit down and read the beautiful stories, or look at the pretty engravings, or talk over the fashion-plates and see what you would look best in! Giving up the Magazine is being penny wise and pound foolish.' These were her exact words, as near as I can remember. I send them to you because they may be applicable to others. For my own part, I would rather do without any one of fifty things I know of, than do without 'Peterson.' It is the solace of many a weary hour." We have thought this extract worth publishing.

INFALLIBLE CURE FOR DYSENTERY.—The following simple remedy, long known in family practice, was recently tried in the camp of the New York Twenty-second Regiment, where there were from eighty to one hundred cases daily; and with rapid cures in every case. *Recipe:* In a teacup half-full of vinegar, dissolve as much salt as it will take up, leaving a little excess of salt at the bottom of the cup. Pour boiling water upon the solution till the cup is two-thirds or three-quarters full. A scum will rise to the surface, which must be removed and the solution allowed to cool. *Dose:* Tablespoonful three times a day till relieved. The rationale of the operation of this simple medicine will readily occur to the pathologist, and, in many hundred trials, it has never been known to fail in dysentery and protracted diarrhoea.

WHAT IS SAID OF "PETERSON."—From every quarter commendations meet us. Says the Rockland (Me.) Gazette:—"For the beauty of its steel engravings, 'Peterson's' is pre-eminent above the other ladies' magazines. None of its cotemporaries presents so many gems in this department. 'Cobwebs,' in the January number, was worth the price of the Magazine for the year, 'At Mamma's Toilet,' in a later issue, was very pretty, and 'The Legion of Honor' cannot fail to please." The Weekly (Ind.) Guardian says:—"As if to welcome our return, this elegant periodical enters our sanctum all laden with good and beautiful things. Somehow or other 'Peterson' is the most successful of all his cotemporaries in obtaining the most beautiful engravings and the finest writings for his book. 'The Broken Life,' still continued in the present number, is a work of rare interest and great power; it is the first serial story we have allowed to beguile us for years, and we can scarce restrain our impatient longing for its conclusion." The Democratic (Ohio) Union says:—"If you want to be at the top of the fashion-land for this Magazine." The Neosho (Kansas) Register says:—"It is the best Magazine for ladies in America." We might quote hundreds of such notices, if we had space, or inclination. We cite these merely to show our friends, who think "Peterson" *the best and cheapest* of the magazines, that their opinion is that of the entire unbiased newspaper press.

THE EVILS OF A BAD TEMPER.—A bad temper is a curse to the possessor, and its influence is most deadly wherever it is found. It is allied to martyrdom, to be obliged to live with one of a complaining temper. To hear one eternal round of complaint and murmuring, to have every pleasant thought scared away by their evil spirit, is, in truth, a sore trial. It is like the sting of a scorpion—a perpetual nettle, destroying your peace, rendering life a burden. Its influence is most deadly; and the purest and sweetest atmosphere is contaminated into a deadly miasma wherever this evil genius prevails. It has been said truly, that, while we ought not to let the bad tempers of others influence us, it would be as unreasonable to spread a plaster of Spanish flies upon the skin, and not expect it to draw, as to think of a family not suffering because of the bad temper of any of its members. One string out of tune will destroy the music of an instrument otherwise perfect; so, if all the members of a neighborhood and family do not cultivate a kind and affectionate temper, there will be discord and every evil work.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR COLDS.—A remedy never known to fail: Three cents' worth of licorice; three cents' worth of rock candy; three cents' worth of gum arabic. Put them in a quart of water, simmer them till thoroughly dissolved; then add three cents' worth of pargoric, and a like quantity of antimonial wine. Let it cool, and sip whenever the cough is troublesome. It is pleasant, infallible, cheap, and good. Its cost is only fifteen cents.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of Civilization in England. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol. II. 8 vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—Mr. Buckle is incontestably a writer of ability, but he is very dogmatic, and, though he claims to be logical *par excellence*, abounds in sophisms. Indeed, the whole school of history, which he seeks to found, is, practically, a delusion. There is little doubt that any event, which happens to a nation, is partly the result of the sum of events that have gone before. We do not deny that the character of individual actors and of the people at large, and other influences that make history, are caused by antecedent occurrences. But as nothing short of Omniscience can

trace out all of these causes, many of them very remote, and all of them extremely complicated, any attempt by Mr. Buckle and others, to explain history, dogmatically, on such a basis, must abound in errors. If a boy at school was to undertake solving a mathematical problem, while ignorant of more or less of its parts, he would be sent in disgrace to his seat: yet Mr. Buckle essays precisely this absurdity in reference to history; and this, and his former volume, abound in examples of such attempts. The work, in our opinion, is one of a very dangerous character. Its practical effect is to create shallow and conceited historians, whose dogmatism is in exact proportion to their one-sidedness. It is, in its pretentiousness, yet weakness, on a par with those infidel treatises of the last century, which sought to explain the ways, and measure the justice, of an Infinite God by the incompetent processes of a finite mind. The volume is handsomely printed.

The Gipsy's Prophecy. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The chief merit of Mrs. Southworth's novels, and the principal cause of their popularity, is the briskness of their incident. From the first chapter to the last the interest never flags. Her great fault, as a writer, is improbability as to both events and characters. In this new fiction, however, her actors and incidents are unusually natural; while she maintains all her old, breathless power over the reader. Hence we regard "The Gipsy's Prophecy" as her best work. In the dearth of fresh novels this one is really an acquisition. It ought to have a sale second only to "Great Expectations."

Framley Parsonage. By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol., 12 mo. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A charming fiction, reprinted from the "Cornhill Magazine," and second only in merit to "Dr. Thorne," by the same author. But why do not Harper & Brothers, or some other firm, reprint "Barchester Towers," of which "Framley Parsonage" is, in part, a continuation, and which, if possible, is even a better fiction? The volume is neatly published.

The House on the Moor. By the author of "Margaret Maitland." 1 vol., 8 vo. *New York: Harper and Brothers.*—We have been disappointed in this novel, which is the worst its author ever published. Its influence, too, is unhealthy. The writer of "Margaret Maitland," however, cannot wholly forget her power, and "The House on the Moor" is, therefore, still a readable book.

HORTICULTURAL.

A FLOWER-STAND is a very pretty piece of furniture, which may be a little more simple or a little more ornamented, according to the degree of simplicity or elegance of the furniture around it, with which it should harmonize. It makes a necessary part of that furniture. There are two different ways of making use of it: these must be considered separately. If you merely wish flowers while you can get them from the gardeners, agree with a gardener by profession, and he will keep your flower-stand furnished at all seasons with blooming plants. Your care will be confined to watering them and keeping them free from the dust. You will enjoy them; but they will not be your work.

PLANTS TO CULTIVATE ON THE FLOWER-STAND.—You will do better than that, if, having the leisure, you have the will also, to give assiduous attention yourself to the cultivation of the plants that are to adorn your flower-stand. I imagine this to be the case—that you are disposed to take a little of that trouble which is a pleasure, and to make of your flower-stand a real garden of your own. We will begin, if you please, in the month of November—at the time when the fall of the leaves brings back to the cities those who have passed the fine season in the country.

CLIMBING PLANTS.—Choose a flower-stand as large as the space you have to give it will allow; keep it constantly with one side against the wall, so that you can put into it a trellis, shaped like a fan. The first thing now to be done is to cover this trellis with climbing plants; they will not be the least interesting part of this miniature flower garden. Plant a passion-flower, as the principal ornament of this trellis; let it be as wide and as high as it may, the passion-flower will soon cover the greater part of it. You must add to this a somewhat rare plant, the *Mandevilla suaveolens*, and a very common plant, the wood pink. These three plants—the passion-flower, the Mandevilla, and the wood pink—bloom principally at the top; and that the whole trellis may be ornamented equally with flowers, plant at each end a *Thunbergia alata*, and in the middle a double violet.

The *Thunbergia* lays hold of anything that is within its reach, without ever rising very high. It becomes covered with charming flowers, of a fine saffron yellow, set off with a black spot in the middle. You find it, as well as the passion-flower and the Mandevilla, at all the green-houses. The price of these plants is never very high, and they accommodate themselves very well to the artificial climate of an inhabited room. Take good care not to buy them in bloom, even though you should be able to get them in full flower; take them at most in the bud; it will be much more agreeable to make them bloom yourself.

CLIMBING DOUBLE VIOLET.—Possibly you may never have seen a violet climbing on a trellis. The culture of the double violet in this form is very common in Belgium and in all the north of France. It is not difficult.

The double violet produces naturally, every year, a certain number of runners, like those by which the strawberry is propagated. Attach to the trellis those runners which are so situated as to be able to take hold of it easily, and destroy all the others. The tufts in which each runner terminates will flower abundantly in this position. After they have bloomed, other runners will come out, which you must attach to the trellis as you did the first; so arranging them as that they shall not take possession of the space reserved for the other climbing plants. By this system, continued for some years, (time is necessary for everything in horticulture,) the runners which have been raised and attached to the trellis will become nearly woody; and every year, from the end of winter to the middle of spring, you will be able to gather from them a profusion of forced double violets, whose fragrance for you will far surpass that of the violets forced by the gardener, and which he makes you a present of for your money.

PLANTS FOR THE MIDDLE PART OF THE FLOWER-STAND.—The middle part of the flower-stand is yet empty. To fill it well, place in the center a fine camellia; a *Donkolerii*; or, if red-color be a favorite of yours, a marchioness of Exeter; if you prefer white, an *alba flore plena*, a *fimbriata*, or an *ochroleuca*. There are at least five or six hundred kinds of camellias, with flowers very different from each other. Make what choice you please; only avoid taking for your flower-stand a plant that is inclined to grow too tall; it will injure the ornamental effect of the occupants of the trellis.—*From J. E. Tilton & Co's Parlor Gardener.* (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

THE MAGIC CENT.—Procure a small round box, about one inch deep, to which fit accurately a copper cent: line the box with any dark paper (crimson, for instance), and paste some of it on one side of the coin, so that when it lays in the lower part of the box it shall appear like the real box. This cent is concealed in the hand, and before performing the trick, it will heighten the effect if a number of single cents are hidden about the room, in places known to yourself. Having borrowed a coin, you dexterously place this

on one side, and substitute the prepared one; and putting it gravely into the box, ask all to be sure they have seen it enter: when the lid is on, shake up and down—the noise betrays the metal; now command it to disappear, and shake laterally from side to side; as the cent is made to fit accurately, no noise is apparent—the coin seems to be gone; in proof of which you open the box, and display the interior; the paper on the coin conceals it, whilst you direct the audience to look into a book, or a pair of slippers, for the missing cent; the prepared coin can be slipped out, and the box handed round for examination, in which, of course, nothing will be found. This trick may be repeated two or three times with the greatest success, and is so simple that nobody guesses the manner of performance.

THE IMPOSSIBLE OMELET.—You produce some butter, eggs, and other ingredients for making an omelet, together with a frying-pan, in a room where there is a fire, and offer to bet a wager that the cleverest cook will not be able to make an omelet with them. The wager is won by having previously caused the eggs to be boiled very hard.

POPULAR GAMES.

COMPLIMENTS.—If there are both ladies and gentlemen present a circle should be formed by seating them alternately. When this done one of the party, a lady, says, I should like to be such or such an animal (insect or piece of furniture), and then demands of the person to the left hand what he can make of so strange a choice. In reply the person addressed must try to find some resemblance between the thing named and the lady, which would be complimentary to her. After doing this the gentleman in his turn says what he should like to be, and the one on his left hand must trace some complimentary resemblance between them, and then the lady on his left proceeds in the same manner, until the circle is completed. The more repulsive and unpleasant the animal or object selected, the more difficult will it seem to find a compliment. Suppose, for instance, a lady should say, "I should like to be a snake, what do you make of so strange a choice?"

The gentleman on her left might say, "Because you possess the art of charming." He in turn could say "I should like to be a book-case; what do you make of so strange a choice?" The lady on his left may be supposed to reply, "Because you are handsomely made, and contain much valuable information."

HUNTING THE RING.—All the company are seated in a circle, each one holding a ribbon, which passes all round. A large brass or other ring is slipped along the ribbon; and while all hands are in motion, the hunter in the center must try and find out where it is. The person with whom it is caught becomes the hunter.

RECEIPTS FOR THE TABLE.

Soups.—Although many prefer strong, rich, and highly-flavored soups, yet those may be varied by others of a plainer description—broths, rather than soups, containing only the pure juices of the meat, seasoned with vegetables; and, thickened with bread, rice, or vermicelli, will be found both palatable and wholesome. Housekeepers will do well to attend very closely to this branch of the culinary art, as the stock, or broth, may frequently be produced without the purchase of meat solely for the purpose. Thus the water in which a neck or a leg of mutton has been boiled, or the liquor from a calf's-head, will, with the addition of a little seasoning, form a good stock for a vegetable or thick soup; particularly if the bones be added when the meat is brought from table, they will produce a stiff jelly, and make quite sufficient soup for a small family.

Arrow-root, or the mere farina or flour of the potato, is far better for the thickening of soups than wheaten flour.

The trimmings of large joints of butcher's meat, the shanks of legs and shoulders of mutton, the remains of all sorts of poultry and game, the bones of roast meat, or, if boiled, then broken and broiled, should all be stewed down to a jelly—nor should the bones and remains of fish be neglected for the same purpose—and when strained and well seasoned, kept as stock for the foundation of soups, which may thus be prepared on sudden occasions in a much shorter time than if made from raw meat.

In Scotland, sheep's-heads and trotters are much used in soup. A clear jelly of cowheels is likewise very useful to keep in the house, being a great improvement to soups and gravies, as well as particularly nourishing for weakly persons.

Soft water should always be used for making soups, unless it be of green peas, in which case *hard water* better preserves the color; it is a good general rule to apportion a quart of water to a pound of meat, that is to say, flesh without bone; but rich soups may have a smaller quantity of water.

Meat for soup should never be drowned at first in water, but put into the kettle with a very small quantity and a piece of butter, merely to keep the meat from burning until the juices are extracted; by which means of stewing, the gravy will be drawn from it before the remainder of the water is added. A single pound will thus afford better and richer soup than treble the quantity saturated with cold water; but it will take six or eight hours to extract the essence from a few pounds of raw beef. *Bouilli* beef is rendered very rich and palatable, though a considerable quantity of soup may be made from it, by being stewed at first in a little butter and some of its own gravy.

Soup, if meant to be good, should be made of meat that has not been previously cooked; for although family soup of fair quality may be made in the manner above stated, yet, if cold meat be used, it will ever be found to have a vapid taste which seasoning cannot disguise, nor impose upon the palate of any person who is accustomed to broths made from raw meat: but we admit that, if only partially employed, the remains of roast beef, or the bones broiled, and a shank of ham, will commonly improve the flavor of soups made in the usual manner. The sediments of gravies that have stood to be cold should likewise be avoided, as they occasion the soup to become cloudy. Raw vegetables, with the exception of onions, should not be put on to stew at the same time as the meat, as their flavor will be exhausted by too long boiling, and the different sorts should be put in at different times. Onions, either whole or sliced and fried, at once; pot-herbs, carrots, and celery, three hours afterward; and turnips, asparagus-tops, and those of any delicate kind, only shortly before the soup is ready.

It is generally thought desirable to prepare soup the day before it is wanted, as the fat can be more easily taken off when cold than hot, and every particle of it should be skimmed from the surface, or it will render the broth unpalatable. When put away to cool, it should be poured into a freshly scalded, and thoroughly dried, earthen pan—which is preferable to any metal—and, when to be kept for some days, occasionally simmered for a few minutes over the fire, to prevent its becoming "motherly" or mouldy.

A common mistake in making soup is that of allowing it to boil too fast, and for too short a time; long and slow boiling is necessary to extract the strength from the meat, which, if boiled fast over a large fire, becomes hard, and will not give out its juices.

If coloring be wanted, a few slices of meat laid at the bottom of a stewpan with two or three ounces of butter, and left on the stove until the gravy is entirely drawn out, and nearly dried up again, will have the effect of browning; or even a piece of bread toasted as brown as possible—but

not blackened—and put into the soup to simmer for a short time before it is served, will generally be found sufficient: if not, take an ounce or two of moist sugar—the coarser the better; put it into a small saucepan, with a piece of butter the size of a walnut; melt together, add a glass of ketchup, and stir it well. A very small quantity may be made in an iron spoon. Burnt onions will materially assist in giving a fine brown color to soup, and also improve the flavor without either butter or ketchup. If coloring is meant to be kept for future use, it should be made in the following way:

Put four ounces of lump sugar, a gill of water, and a half ounce of the finest butter, into a small iron frying-pan, and set it over a gentle fire. Stir it with a wooden spoon, till of a bright brown. Then add a half pint of water; boil, skim, and when cold bottle and cork it close. Add to soup or gravy as much of this as will give a proper color.

Freshly killed meat is the best for soup; and the leaner the better.

When there is any fear of gravy-meat being spoiled before it is wanted, season well, and fry it lightly, which will preserve it two days longer; but the gravy is best when the juices are fresh.

When soups or gravies are to be kept, they must be boiled up and put into fresh-scalded dry pans. Do not use the sediments of gravies that have stood to be cold, nor any drippings but those of beef. Whatever has vegetables boiled in it is apt to turn sour sooner than the juices of meat.

If soups or gravies are too weak, do not cover them in boiling, that the watery particles may evaporate; but if strong, cover the stewpan close. If they want flavor, the gravy from spiced and hunter's beef, or most of the prepared sauces, will give it to meat-soups; and herring-brine, or anchovy, with walnut ketchup and soy, will add it to those of fish; but these must be used cautiously.

When fat remains on any soup, a teaspoonful of flour and water mixed quite smooth, and boiled in it, will make it rise as acum, when it may be taken off.

If richness or greater consistency be wanted, a good lump of butter mixed with flour, and boiled in the soup, will give either of these qualities.

Long boiling is necessary to give the full flavor of the ingredients, therefore time should be allowed for soups and gravies. Skim frequently and simmer slowly; but do not let the broth cool until it is completely made.

Be sparing in the use of pepper, salt, and spices.

If onions are too strong, boil a turnip with them, and it will render them mild.

Do not keep either soups or gravies in any vessel of tin or copper; and in stirring soup, do it always with a wooden spoon.

The use of *tomatoes* would be found a great improvement in many kinds of soup; and the *seeds of celery* may be used to give flavor when the root is out of season.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Make Wash-Balls for the Hands.—Shave thin two pounds of new white soap into about a teaspoonful of rose-water; then pour as much boiling water on as will soften it. Put into a brass pan a pint of sweet oil, four penny-worth of oil of almonds, half a pound of spermaceti, and set all over the fire till dissolved; then add the soap and half an ounce of camphor that has first been reduced to powder by rubbing it in a mortar, with a few drops of spirits of wine, or lavender-water, or any other scent. Boil ten minutes; then pour it into a basin and stir it till it is quite thick enough to roll up into hard balls, which must then be done as soon as possible. If essence is used, stir it in quickly after it is taken off the fire, that the flavor may not fly off.

To Make Court-Plaster.—Procure a small frame—that of an old sixpenny slate will suffice—strain tightly over it, in every direction, a piece of black silk. Prepare a size, by dissolving thirty grains, by weight, of the best small-ahed isinglass in six drachms, by measure, of common gin. Set this on the hob, in a teacup covered over, to acquire heat. When the isinglass is quite dissolved, add gradually thirty drops of compound tincture of benzoin, occasionally stirring the fluid or size, on every addition, with a strip of glass, or the small end of an ivory spoon. Then take a broad, flat camel-hair pencil, such as is used for the first wash of the sky in water-color drawings, and cover the silk with a coating of the fluid; then let it dry in a warm room. Repeat the coating as often as the silk shall become dry, and till the surface appears quite glossy. If the size should be found insufficient to finish the process, more must be prepared; eight to twelve applications of the fluid, according to the texture of the silk, will be required. Should the size become too thick, a few drops more gin may be added.

To Clean Marble.—Mix a quarter of a pound of soft soap with the same of pounded whiting, one ounce of soda, and a piece of stone-blue the size of a walnut; boil these together for a quarter of an hour; whilst hot, rub it over the marble with a piece of flannel, and leave it on for twenty-four hours; then wash it off with clean water, and polish the marble with a piece of coarse flannel, or, what is better, a piece of an old hat.

To Preserve Irons from Rust.—Melt fresh mutton-tail, smear over the iron with it while hot; then dust it well with unslaked lime pounded and tied up in a muslin. Irons so prepared will keep many months. Use no oil for them at any time, except salad-oil, there being water in all other. Fire-irons should be kept wrapped in hair, in a dry place, when not used.

Another Way.—Beat into three pounds of unmelting hog-lard two drachms of camphor, sliced thin, till it is dissolved; then take as much black lead as will make it of the color of broken steel. Dip a rag into it, and rub it thick on the stove, etc., and the steel will never rust, even if wet. When it is to be used, the grease must be washed off with hot water, and the steel be dried before polishing.

To Destroy Bugs in a few Hours.—Take a quarter of a pound of oil of turpentine, and, with a brush, rub the beds, walls, or any places infested with them; if they are in great numbers, brush the places over several times, which will not only destroy the bugs, but also their eggs. Although the smell of turpentine is strong, yet it is not unhealthy, and goes off in a short time.

To Expel Rats.—Catch one in a trap, muzzle it, and slightly singe some of the hair; then smear the part with turpentine and set the animal loose; if again caught, leave it still at liberty, as the other rats will shun the place which it inhabits. It is said to be a fact that a toad placed in a house-cellar will have the effect of expelling rats.

To Take Grease out of Silks or Stuffs.—Take a lump of magnesla and rub it wet over the spot; let it dry; then brush the powder off, and the spot will disappear. Or—Take a visiting or other card; separate it, and rub the spot with the soft, internal part, and it will disappear without taking the gloss off the silk.

To Take out Mildew.—Mix soft soap with starch powdered, half as much salt, and the juice of a lemon; lay it on the part, on both sides, with a painter's brush. Let it lie on the grass, day and night, till the stain comes out.

French Milk of Roses is made with rose-water, tincture of benzoin, and tincture of storax; of each of the two latter one ounce put into the rose-water; to increase the scent, a little spirits of roses is added.

To Whiten the Hands.—Sand balls, which can be bought at any druggist's, or sand soap, with warm water, will effectually whiten the hands. Glycerine soap is also good.

RECEIPTS FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

Mutton-Broth.—The best part for making broth is the hump end of the loin, but it may be made very good from the scrap end of the neck only, which should be stewed gently until it becomes tender, fully three hours, or longer if it be large, but not boiled to rags. A few grains of whole pepper, with a couple of fried onions and some turnips, should be put along with the meat an hour or two before sending up the broth, which should be strained from the vegetables, and chopped parsley and thyme be mixed in it. The turnips should be mashed, and served in a separate dish, to be eaten with the mutton, with parsley and butter, or caper-sauce. If meant for persons in health, it ought to be strong, or it will be insipid. Cooks usually skim it frequently; but if given as a remedy for a severe cold, it is much better not to remove the fat, as it is very healing to the chest.

Another Way, for an Invalid.—Boil three pounds of the scrap end of a neck of mutton, cut into pieces, in three quarts of water, with two turnips, and a tablespoonful of pearl barley or rice. Let it boil gently for three hours, keeping it cleanly skimmed. Serve with bits of toasted bread.

Water Gruel.—Put a large spoonful of oatmeal by degrees into a pint of water, and when smooth boil it. Or:—Rub smooth one large spoonful of oatmeal with two of water, and pour it into a pint of water boiling on the fire; stir it well and boil it quickly, but take care it does not boil over. In a quarter of an hour strain it off; when eaten, add salt and a bit of butter. Stir until the butter be incorporated.

Indian Cure for the Earache.—Take a piece of the lean of mutton, about the size of a large walnut, put it into the fire, and burn it for some time, till it becomes reduced almost to a clinder; then put it into a piece of clean rag, and squeeze it until some moisture is expressed, which must be dropped into the ear as hot as the patient can bear it.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF LIGHT GRAY SILK SPOTTED WITH BROWN.—The skirt and body are cut in one, with no seam at the waist. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a broad band of brown silk, cut in points at the top. Three rows of buttons ornament the front of the dress. The sleeves are round and open on the back of the arm. A small Zouave jacket with a short sleeve is worn over this dress, and trimmed like the skirt. Bonnet of white silk, covered with tulle spotted with black, and ornamented with black lace and flowers.

FIG. II.—HOME DRESS OF PURPLE CASHMERE, which is trimmed with an imitation of fur called Astracan cloth. The under-body or waistcoat fits close to the figure, and has long tight sleeves. The Zouave jacket is loose, with large flowing sleeves, lined with white silk, quilted. Cap of Honiton lace, trimmed with purple China asters.

FIG. III.—RIDING-HABIT OF DARK FOREST GREEN MERINO.—The skirt has three widths of merino, and is one yard and three-eighths long. The body is made quite plain. Sleeves nearly tight to the arm, but open above the wrist. Plain linen collar and under-sleeves. English hat and brown grenadine veil.

FIG. IV.—ZOUAVE JACKET, OF FINE WHITE MARCELLA, BRAIDED IN BLACK.—The back of this jacket is rather long; the sleeves have a deep turned-back cuff, slashed; and the neck is finished off with a narrow collar. The jacket is open all the way up the front, and is fastened at the neck only, with a single button. This jacket would be equally pretty, braided in white; and, for those who wish to be economical, perhaps the latter trimming is the best, as the

black never looks nicely after it has been washed two or three times. We can only say that a white jacket, braided in black, is extremely stylish, and that this mode of trimming is very fashionable.

FIG. V.—WAISTCOAT to be worn with the Zouave jacket. This is also made of white marcella, and is braided in black; it is rather long-waisted in front, the points being rather sharply sloped. A broad hem should be made up each front for the buttons and buttonholes, and the braiding design should be so worked, that, when the jacket is fastened, the buttons come exactly in the center. The tops of the pockets should also be finished off with braiding. The two fronts of the waistcoat are made of marcella, the back and the sleeves being made of Jaconet muslin. These latter are gathered in to a band, large enough for the hand to slip through, and are made with a slashed turned-back cuff of marcella, braided in black, to correspond with the rest of the garment.

These articles would look remarkably well made of black merino, cashmere, or silk, braided with crimson or gold color, for winter wear. The close waistcoat will supersede the Zouave skirt for cold weather.

FIG. VI.—THE MAGESTA is of light plaid cloth, the design is simple in form, and resembles a sacque; the yoke, sleeve, and pocket-piece are all cut in one: it may be bound with gray or black according to fancy. The present illustration is bound with a rich gray galloon, forming two rows of trimming around the yoke, sleeve, and pockets. This and the two following are from the well known establishment of John J. Benson, 310 Canal street, New York.

FIG. VII.—THE AZELINE is a full cloak of fine striped cloth made in the form of a circular. The back is laid in a large double box-pleat in the center, and one on each shoulder fastened by handsome ornaments of velvet leaves. The open front is surrounded by a full box-pleating of cloth edged with galloon; the arm-holes are surrounded by a similar trimming.

FIG. VIII.—THE EUDORA is composed of a fine striped summer cloth, like the last illustration. It resembles a circular in form, but with more style, the neck being formed by three full box-pleats, forming points at the neck; in the center of each pleat is inserted a point of black silk richly embroidered in grosille-color, and terminated by tassels of black and the same color. The neck is finished with a small collar of black silk similarly embroidered, and terminating in front in lapels ornamented by buttons corresponding in color with the embroidery. The Eudora is the most decided novelty introduced this season.

FIGS. IX, X AND XI.—HATS.—Our illustrations of hats are from Genin's, 513 Broadway, New York. The TURBAN riding-hat will be recognized as entirely new and original in design. The illustration will give the best idea of its graceful form. The material is moleskin and felt. The brim, which is of felt, is bound with black velvet. The right side is ornamented by long, black ostrich plumes, headed by pompons of feathers. The side trimmings are composed of full bows of black velvet, finished with broad, black strings. The infant's hat, designated as the PRINCESS ALICE, is a jaunty little affair. The material of our illustration is white velvet, the crown is turban shape, and so arranged as to be equally as suitable for girls as boys, by the addition of the cape seen in our illustration. The edge of the brim and cape are bound with scarlet velvet. The face trimmings are composed of a ruche of blonde, interspersed with tufts of narrow scarlet and white velvet ribbon: a similar ruche ornaments the outside of the brim, extending round the crown as far as the cape. The side rosettes are formed of ruches of blonde, and bows and ends of scarlet velvet ribbon. The left side is ornamented by a graceful white ostrich plume, headed by a bow and ends of scarlet

velvet. Fig. X is a new style of hat for a Miss, it is called "The Patented Venetia," the form resembles the Boulevard worn this summer. The bow round the crown is of fine moleskin with a felt brim made double, and in form nearly round; the front is ornamented by a bow of scarlet and black velvet overlapping the brim in folds on the left side: this bow forms a heading to a graceful black ostrich plume fastened at the side by a bow and ends of scarlet velvet. The side trimmings are composed of full bows of scarlet and black velvet, which form a heading to the broad black ribbon strings.

FIG. XII.—THIS PRETTY AND STYLISH BONNET is from the well known establishment of Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, New York. It consists of very fine white straw, trimmed in *ponceau* (scarlet) and black. A full rosette of black and white lace, intermingled with scarlet geranium leaves, ornaments one side of the brim, and a Heron plume placed over the front droops on the other. The black curtain is headed by *ponceau* velvet. The face trimmings are composed of black ribbon, looped in the center with a rosette of *ponceau* velvet; scarlet strings, edged with black and white.

FIG. XIII.—THIS BONNET, also from Mrs. Cripps, is designed for winter. The shape does not differ materially from those of last season. The brim is more open at the sides and deeper over the forehead, and is generally more becoming. The novelty consists almost wholly in color and combinations of colors; black and white, black and Marguerite, and black and scarlet being the leading colors. The material of our illustration is black velvet laid on the foundation plain. The brim is finished by two crescent-shaped ornaments: one is composed of plaited velvet, and the other of a succession of rows of narrow thread lace; a similar lace with a piping of black velvet finishes the edge. The left side is ornamented by a superb feather, Marguerite and black, headed by an *Aigrette* of the same color. The cape is composed of the two colors of velvet laid on in large plaits. The face trimmings are folds of velvet, edged with lace and intermingled with flowers. Broad black strings complete the bonnet. Nothing can be imagined more truly *recherche*.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We gave so full a description of fall fashions in the October number of the Magazine, that there is but little left to say.

SKIRTS are as long and full at the bottom as heretofore. Flounces are gradually creeping higher up the skirts, though as yet they are not very wide. One flounce of half a yard width at the bottom is sometimes surmounted by two or three quite narrow ones, and this is a pretty style of trimming, though not very new. We have no doubt but that plain skirts will be worn a good deal this winter, not only because it will be a decided change from the trimmings so fashionable of late, but from economy, which, we are happy to say, will be more studied than for some years past. In fact, a heavy silk, or any other heavy material, should never be ruffled, and in fact but little trimmed.

ALPACA is getting in very general use for dresses and mantles to correspond, and has the advantage of not rumpling or spotting with rain.

We have seen lately a dress of gray silk with white stripes presenting a gray mixture, which was trimmed at bottom with a deep band of black silk; the body had a waistband and square lapels of black silk; the sleeves were puffed near the top, had a small jockey, and ended in a rather loose wristband turned up with black silk.

Also a bride's dress, which was made of white moire antique, with one deep lace flounce at the bottom of the skirt, looped up on each side with bows of white ribbon. This dress was made with two bodies: the low one with a berthe made of puffs of tulle mixed with ribbon; and the high one trimmed with a broad lace to match that on the skirt.

Another bride's dress, very elegant, but much more simple than this, was composed of very clear white muslin, with nine very narrow flounces at the bottom of the skirt, each flounce having a heading, and trimmed at the top and bottom with narrow Valenciennes lace. The body was low, and covered with a little pointed pelerine, formed of puffs of muslin between lace insertion; the sleeves were puffed from the shoulder to the wrist, and the cuff was formed of a puffing between two pieces of insertion.

ROWS OF NARROW BLACK VELVET are again becoming fashionable for trimming dresses. Flounces set on in *waves* are also in favor, and have a very pretty effect. By young ladies a straight scarf of the same material as the dress is frequently worn.

SMALL SILK CHAVATS, embroidered at the ends, and trimmed with lace, are much in favor for the small stand-up collars. *Waistlets*, made of ribbon to match the color of the dress with which they are worn, are also very generally adopted. These are trimmed with lace. The *Medici* ceinture, made of black velvet, and pointed behind and before, although not quite new, appears to be as great a favorite as ever. It has the advantage of being rather economical, as it may be worn with any colored dress, and with all kinds of material.

These waistbands help to form a very pretty evening dress for young ladies, if worn with a plain skirt and this white body. They are rather wide, and some are pointed upward and downward, either striped or embroidered with jet; some present flowers in colored silk; others again are tied at the side with long embroidered ends and an edging of narrow lace or fringe. Some have points behind as well as in front and fasten at the side.

MANTILLAS AND CLOAKS will not be so much trimmed with white or colored silks as they were last winter. Very deep circular cloaks, reaching almost to the feet, and made of tweed or water-proof cloth, are very popular. These cloaks have round hoods lined with silk, which may be drawn over the bonnet in case of rain.

BONNETS are worn large; but little change is observable in them. One or two which we have seen of black velvet, have been very effectively trimmed with peacock's feathers, the blue feathers from the neck and breast of the bird being tastefully blended with the richly variegated tail feathers.

BLACK LACE has been for some years past a favorite trimming for caps and bonnets, of whatever colors they may consist, and it still continues to be employed in the same way by the most fashionable milliners. Few ornaments are more popular than black lace, in the form of ruffles, frills, caps, etc., or intermingled with trimmings of ribbons and flowers.

HEAD-DRESSES.—Many of the prettiest caps are formed of a combination of black and white lace. In Paris, peacock's feathers have been a good deal used for evening head-dresses. They are worn above the forehead, mounted in the diadem form. Sometimes they are made into wreaths, which encircle the hair at the back of the head, and many head-dresses are composed of peacocks' feathers intermingled with black lace. The newest fashion for evening head-dresses consists of a single tuft of flowers combined with peacocks' feathers, but without the admixture of foliage. The tuft is worn on one side of the head. Tufts of the same flowers and feathers as those in the coiffure are employed in ornamenting various parts of the dress.

The new mode of mounting field flowers, which are most in vogue at this moment, is remarkably graceful and true to nature. They present long strings negligently tied as if just put together in the field; some a mixture of poppies and wheat-ears; others of poppies, wheat-ears, and blue-bottles; others again are combinations of daisies and wheat-ears, or poppies and daisies.



Engraved & Printed by James Beith.

AT THE PRESERVED.

Engraved especially for the Edinburgh Magazine.



Engraved & Printed by H. Man. Boston

LES MODES PARISIENNES.

DECEMBER.

1861

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AT THE PRESERVES.

1891. No. 1. The Entertainers Magazine.





REVUE & FORTIF. LY. 1860. 10. 11.

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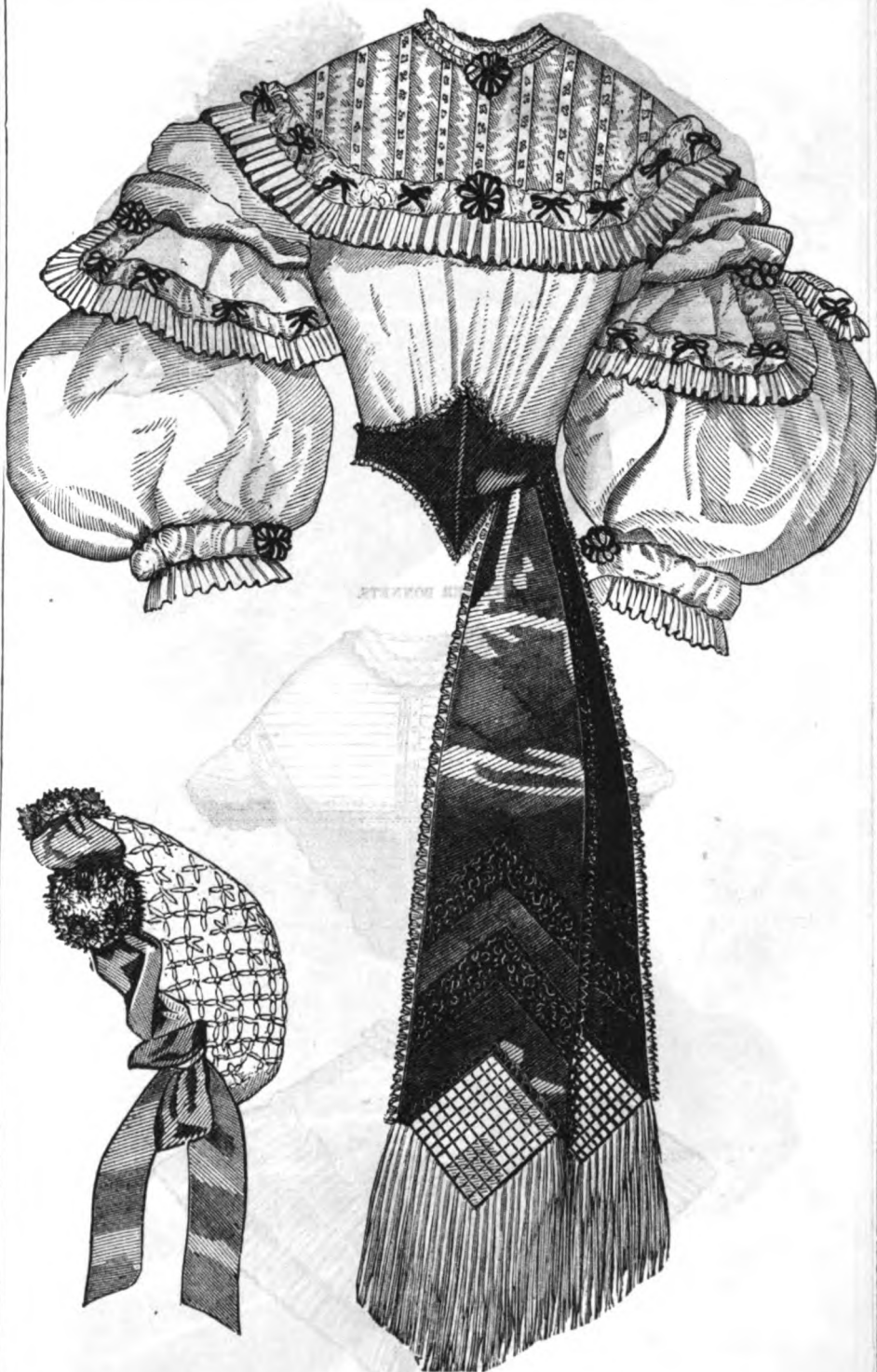


CHRISTMAS or NEW YEAR'S PURSE.





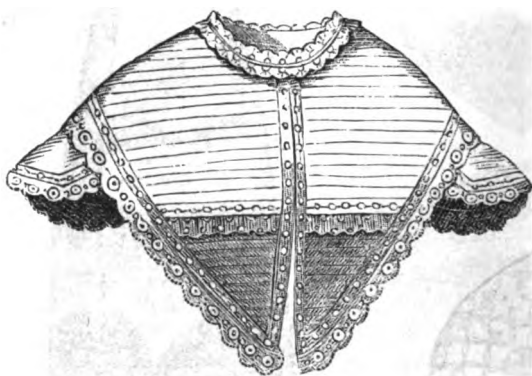
CARRYING HOME THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.



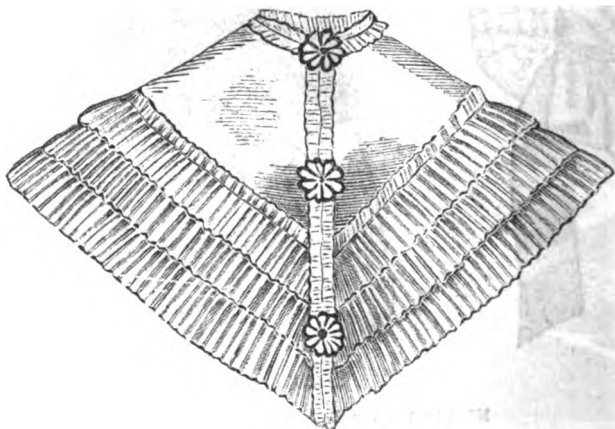
MUSLIN BODY AND SASH: NET FOR HAIR.



WINTER BONNETS.

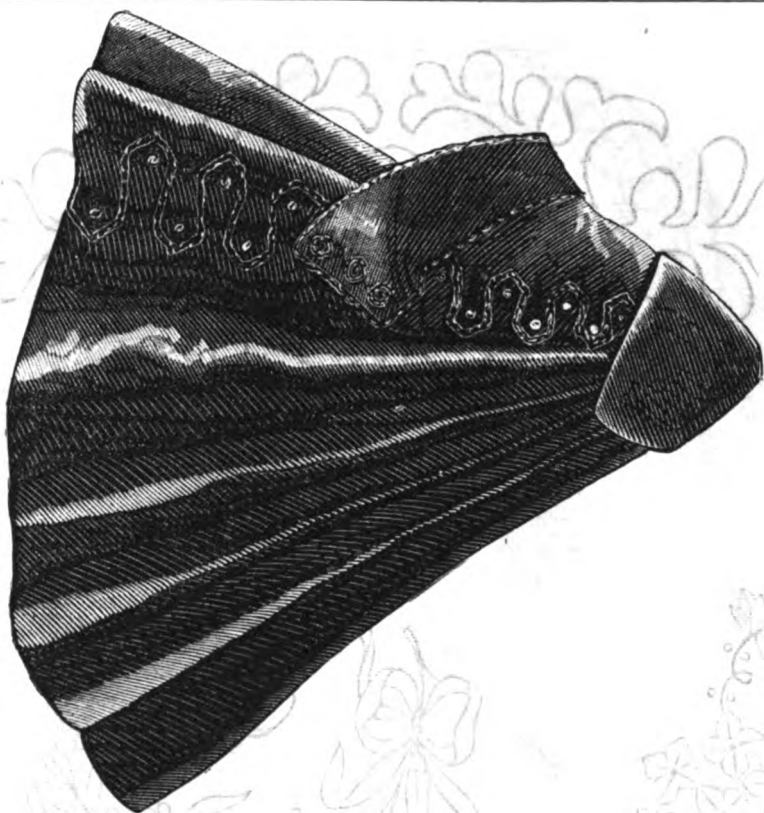


CAPE.

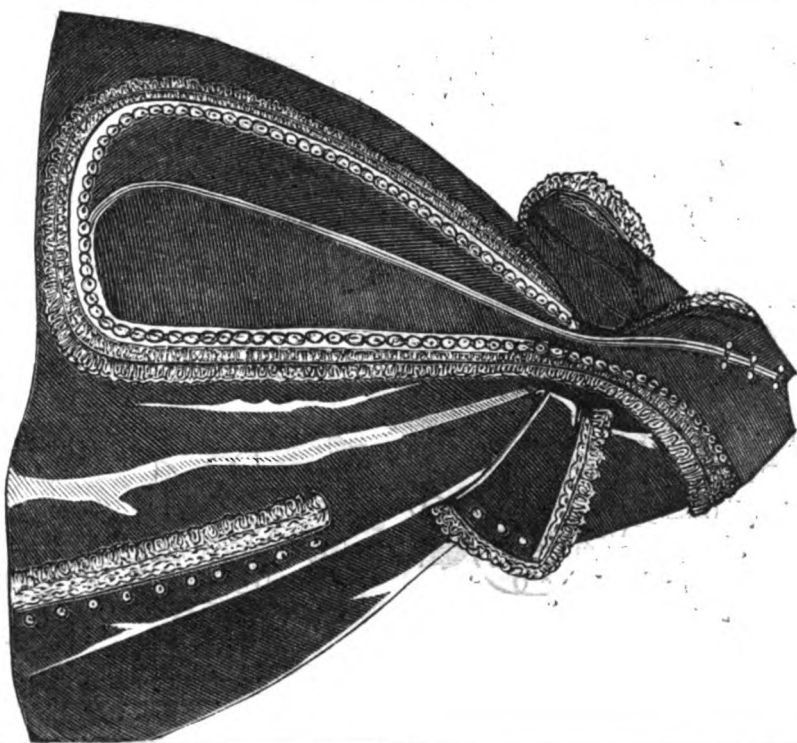


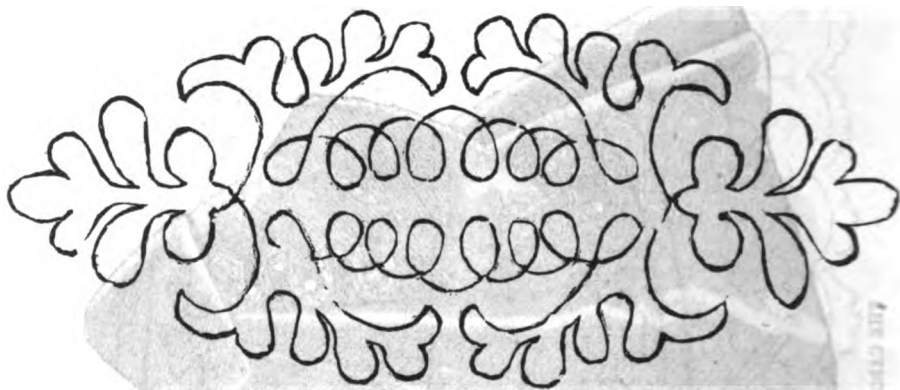
CAPE.

THE CAROLINE.



THE MARIANA.





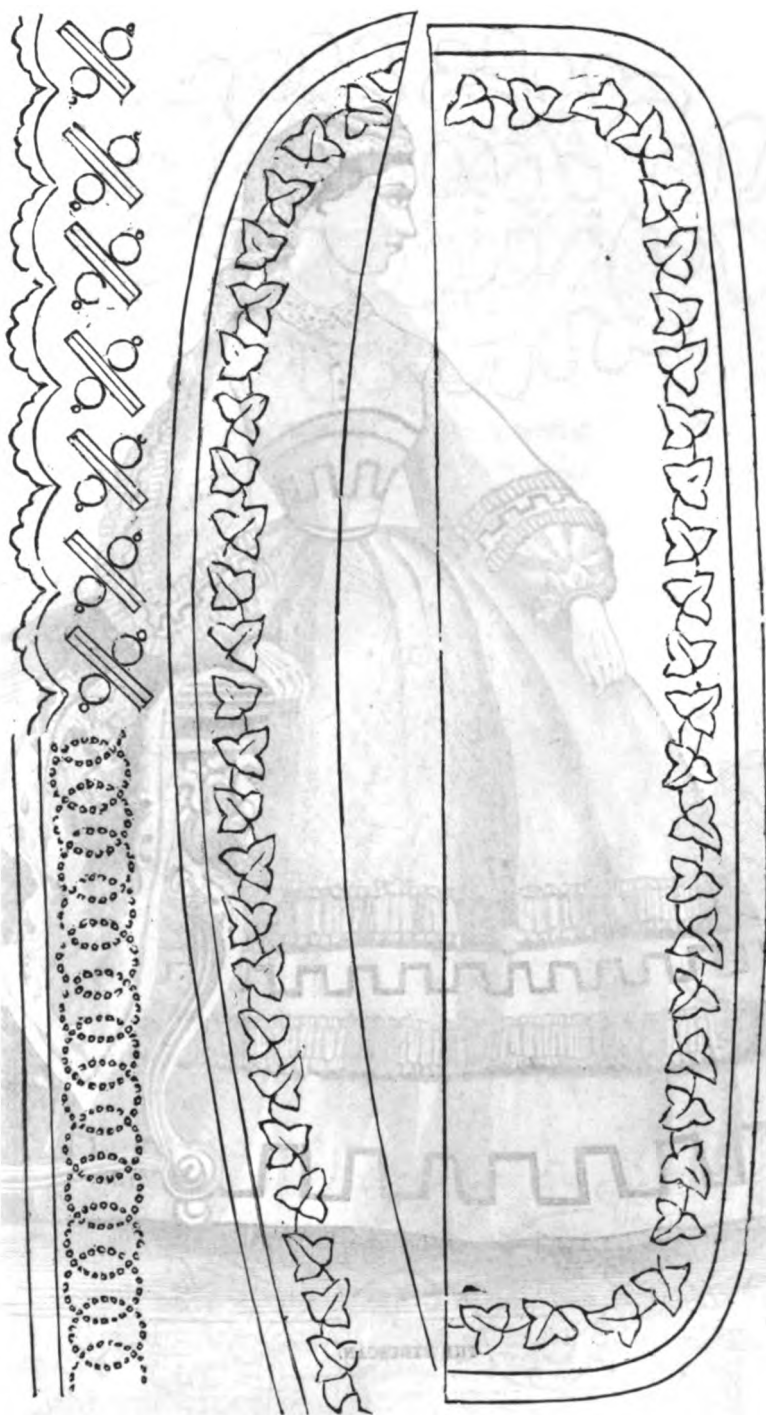
PATTERN IN BRAIDING FOR CIGAR-CASE.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER AND INITIALS.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.



COLLAR AND CUFF—EDGINGS.



THE ETRUSCAN.



THE AUGUSTA.

"Sliding, or One Finger Waltz."

AS PUBLISHED BY SEP. WINNER, PHILA.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is characterized by a 'sliding' effect, achieved through rapid sixteenth-note runs in the right hand, often spanning several octaves. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece concludes with the word 'Fin.' at the end of the fourth system.

SLIDING, OR ONE FINGER WALTZ.





LACE CAPE.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XL.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1861.

No. 6.

"THAT OLD MAN OF FORTY."

BY MARY E. CLARK.

"ONLY one more week, and then we shall reach home!" said Kitty Howell, as she threw herself down upon a sofa in the little tavern.

"Tired of travel, Kitty?" said her father, looking up from his newspaper.

"I'm tired of railroad cars and taverns, at any rate."

"I was thinking to stay here a few weeks."

"Here?" Kitty sat bolt upright in the excess of her astonishment.

"Not in the tavern. You like stories; come here and I will tell you one."

Tossing aside her bonnet and cloak, Kitty complied with the request; and while her father softly stroked and petted her long curls, he said,

"When I was in college, Kitty, I had a roommate to whom I was warmly attached. He was a shy, silent young man, very studious, rather good-looking, and with a love for quaint, out-of-the-way books and pursuits. My dear, to make a long story short, we both fell in love, and unfortunately with the same lady. He was so quiet, so reserved, while I was so impetuous and hot-headed, that I never dreamed of his passion, till I told him, one evening, that I was an accepted suitor, and then his secret came out. It was painful to me to be the rival of my warmest friend; but your mother loved me, and did not dream of Eben's passion, and he begged me to keep his secret. He left college to return home, and we did not meet again. When you were born, he wrote me a congratulatory letter; and two years later, when I lost your mother, he wrote again, but that was all. Being very rich, he has never had any business or profession, but lives a bachelor in his old shy, quiet way. To-day I met him, he resides near here, and he begs me to pass a few weeks with him."

"How old is he?"

"Let me see, Eben was nearly two years my junior; he must be about forty. Heigho! how time flies. Well, little Kitty, shall we pay this visit?"

"I suppose we must."

"How stupid," soliloquized Kitty, drumming impatiently on the window-pane, "an old man of forty in a country town! It's October, too, and I haven't a single thing fit to wear this winter. I wonder how long pa will stay. My first winter in society, too, and auntie promises an unlimited amount of parties."

Things looked brighter the next morning, for the drive to Mr. Scull's residence was through a lovely part of the country, and when they stopped, Kitty could not repress an exclamation of delight. The house, a large, beautifully built mansion, was nestled at the end of an avenue of tall trees, and at the base of a wooded hill which rose behind it. On the porch stood their host, still a handsome man, but with the shy look of a student.

"This is kind," he said, grasping Mr. Howell's hand; "and this——" He stopped and looked at Kitty, saying softly, "Very like, very like. I am glad to see you, my child."

Kitty, in all her life, had never heard a sweeter voice than the one that welcomed her, and she followed the fat, good-natured housekeeper to her room, thinking the visit might not prove so great a bore after all. The two gentlemen stood on the porch looking after her.

"Kitty! You called her after *her* then," said Mr. Scull, in a low tone.

"Yes, she is very like, is she not?"

"Exactly!"

"Just the age, eighteen, poor Kitty was when we were married. We are old boys now, Eben."

Kitty was soon at home at Moorsville. Now, in her pretty habit and hat, scouring over the country on horseback, or riding demurely beside her father through the town; now knocking at the library door, where Mr. Scull spent most of his time, and under pretence of finding a book, winning her host from his studies to explain to her the bits of stone on the mantle-piece, or the shells on the table.

"Do I bother you very much coming in here?" she said, one day, looking up from her low seat to the kind face bending over her.

"Bother me? No, dear! I am glad to have you."

"I like to come in, it is so cosy and home-like, and—don't be angry—I think you stay here alone too much. You are so wise and good, why do you shut yourself up so?"

He made no answer, but his pale cheek flushed: and here the conversation stopped.

They had been at Moorsville nearly six weeks when this conversation took place, and Kitty had been the object of the most tender care during all that time. But the pleasant visit was destined to come to a sudden end. That evening her father told her that Mr. Scull had made her an offer of marriage.

"Why he's old enough to be my grandfather!" cried Kitty.

"Not quite so bad as that, seeing he's younger than I am. And he's very wealthy."

"But you wouldn't have me marry for money?"

"No, dear; but it's only right to tell you all the advantages. You've been happy here."

"Yes; but I can't marry that old man of forty. I'm sorry he asked me, for we must now go home."

"Of course."

That night, Kitty went up stairs, feeling as if she should like to cry. Still she rather prided herself upon rejecting the rich owner of Moorsville. Like other girls of her age, she had her dreams of true love with an immaculate hero, young and handsome, poor perhaps, but perfect certainly. Yet Kitty, spite of all this, cried herself to sleep.

The parting next day was brief. But as Kitty stood on the steps, waiting for the trunks to be strapped to the carriage, a hand fell gently on her shoulder, and Mr. Scull said kindly,

"I am sorry I pained you, my child. But remember, if you ever want a friend, call on me." Kitty burst into tears for reply, and ran hurriedly down the steps.

In the whirl and tumult of a gay winter, Kitty looked in vain for her *beau idéal*. Beaux there were in plenty, for Mr. Howell was wealthy, and Kitty was his only child; but no one was

exactly what she wanted. She found herself contrasting shallow compliments with the earnest, deep thought which Mr. Scull's words betrayed; she missed his voice, his gentle, kind watchfulness, and she wondered if next summer her father would go to Moorsville.

Early in the spring, an uncle died, leaving Kitty a large fortune. Yet restless and at times sad, Kitty seemed to have left her girlhood behind her when she left Moorsville.

"Dear, dear, this is bad!" said Mr. Howell, laying aside a letter, one day at breakfast.

"What, father?"

"A cousin of Eben's has come home from India, and claims the property at Moorsville. Eben's uncle was a bachelor, at least they all thought so, and Eben succeeded as next of kin; but here's a private marriage proved, and this cousin is the only child. Eben says that, as the claim is just, he will not go to law, but give up the property."

"What, the house, and all—oh! father, how can he live away from all that he loves?"

"He writes to me to know if I can get him anything to do."

"He! so shy, so refined, so—oh, father!" and here Kitty burst into a flood of tears and ran away.

Mr. Scull had left Moorsville to come to New York, had gone to an obscure hotel, and from there had written his note to Mr. Howell. He was sitting, silently waiting, when there came a knock at the door, and Mr. Howell entered, and with him Kitty.

Before he could speak, Kitty was beside him, and had grasped his hand in both of hers, laughing and crying all at once.

"You will come home with us—forgive me—I didn't know I loved you—I will try to be a good wife, indeed I will—and you must help me if I go wrong. We will be so happy," and here she broke down in sobs.

"My wife—you—Kitty!" was all the bewildered man could say.

Mr. Howell persuaded the new heir to sell Moorsville, and invested part of Kitty's money in the purchase; and it would be hard to say which was the happiest in their beautiful house, the "old man of forty," or his little wife.

THE WREATH.

Yea, fling aside the drooping flowers,
Let them be scattered o'er the ground;
Though plucked from off the choicest bowers,
No fragrance now is in them found.
And oh! I feel that it will be
That she whose hand this wreath did weave,

Like it will wither, soon to see
That " 'tis not all of life to live!"
That though she's now in youthful bloom,
And bright as were those flowers at morn,
She soon will sleep—beneath the tomb—
To waken in another morn.

L. G. B.

HARLEQUIN IN LOVE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY J. SERGEANT MEADE.

CHAPTER I.

THE time once was when we people of Philadelphia, along with our other fun and frolic, used regularly, at Christmas, be presented by the managers of the theaters with a real old-fashioned pantomime. None of your French concoctions, abounding in ballet girls and stupid pierrots, but a jolly out and out extravaganza—such as Joe Grimaldi was wont to appear in at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and split his audience's sides with laughter when he sang "Tippitywitchet," or "Hot Codlins." We used to have a legitimate Clown, his pockets full of sausages, his toes turned inward, his ancient antipathy to the police, and his constitutional weakness for stealing shoulders of mutton and belaboring the other characters therewith. In the company of the Clown might ever be observed "the lean and slippered Pantaloon." I always admired the fidelity of the latter to his friend. It was so Damon and Pythias-like, notwithstanding the frequent practical jokes which the poor Pantaloon was compelled to be the subject of. Then that beautiful Harlequin and Columbine! I thought their manner of passing their lives was delightful above all other avocations. Just imagine the bliss of wearing that gorgeously spangled, diamond covered dress, and possessing that wondrous magic sword! Dear, dear! We seldom have a pantomime now! We seldom hear Clown's merry laugh. They generally celebrate Christmas at the theaters by performing "Rob Roy," "The Lady of Lyons," or some other drama which is acceptable to the public on account of its novelty and freshness. I beseech you, Hon. Mr. Mayor, arrest Messrs. MacGregor and Melnotte, and place them in the States' Prison for life. At least, transport the former to the Glasgow Tolbooth; whilst the latter might be immured in that "palace, lifting to eternal summer," he is always talking about, with instructions to his keeper to let him drown himself in the Lake of Como if he wants to.

It was on December the first, 18—, that two men were seated in the box-office of the most fashionable theater of our city at that period. One of them, busily engaged at his desk with

what seemed to be a ledger or account book, was large and stout, and his countenance open and good natured. A roll of play-bills lay near him, and a pile of pamphlets stood on the floor alongside his chair. This individual was Mr. Horatius Bosworth, the manager and leading tragedy man of the company. He was exceedingly popular among his brother actors, and well known for his genial and kindly disposition. The other gentleman, who occupied a chair in the office, was the light comedian and dramatist of the establishment. John Abbey Newstead, Esq., he signed himself. Reader, you have doubtless heard of, read, or seen acted his tragedy in five acts, entitled "Kakimokistikos, or the Pirates of the Grecian Archipelago?" You haven't! Bless my soul! I thought everybody had. Why, it is the greatest production of the age—so the author thought.

Ab, as he was called by his most intimate acquaintances, was tall and rather slim. His hair was always oiled and frizzled up to within an inch of his life, and he sported an immense turn-down collar, which overlapped his coat, and gave him an exceedingly *outré* appearance. Mr. Newstead labored under the impression that he bore a great resemblance to the author of "Childe Harold"—indeed he thought he was a sort of American branch of that distinguished poet. As this was a very harmless idea, his friends, though not entering into it themselves, permitted him to continue in his belief without opposition. Barring his vanity, he was a very good sort of fellow—at times, perhaps, a little dissipated, but, on the whole, clever. In light comedy parts he was quite a respectable actor, and his rendition of some *roles* in the "juvenile tragedy" *repertoire* was by no means bad.

"Newstead!" said the manager, looking up from his account book, "how much do I owe you?"

"Twenty dollars, I think it is; which includes payment for the comedy I wrote two weeks ago," answered Byron of the Western Hemisphere.

"Yes; that is quite right," said Bosworth, "exactly the sum total that I make up. Here it is." He handed Newstead the money.

"Thank you!" said the latter, as he pocketed

it; "much obliged. I will now be able to pay poor Mrs. Wiggles the washing bill she has been dunning me for." "Meroutio" in debt to his washerwoman!

"We have been doing well lately," remarked the manager; "that comedy of yours was a hit, and your 'Bob Handy' drew two good houses."

The author bowed, thinking inwardly that something very like "the new and original comedy, by J. A. Newstead, Esq.," had been played not long since at the Porte St. Martin in Paris. However he merely said,

"You flatter me. But, by-the-way, Bosworth, what are you going to do for a Christmas piece?"

"Ah! that is what I have been thinking a good deal about lately," answered Mr. Bosworth. "'Ali Baba' took well last year, and I thought we would try 'Aladdin' this time."

"Why not have a pantomime? They succeed at the other houses!"

"So they do," said the manager; "but then I have been afraid, for the two Christmases that I have had this theater, to play one. They are expensive, you know!"

"True," answered Newstead; "but they draw tremendously. You had better shelve 'Aladdin' and try a pantomime. Locksley would play Harlequin to perfection. You could not get a better. Sam Raggles is a tip-top Clown, and Emmy Bloomer could do the Columbine."

"I know Raggles is a good Clown," said Bosworth, "he played that part for three Christmases at the Surrey, in London. His *forte* is decidedly pantomime."

"Any one might know that who has seen him as 'Scaramouch' in 'Don Juan,' or 'Friday' in 'Robinson Crusoe,'" said Newstead.

"Well, I will try a pantomime," continued the manager; "I think it is a good idea of yours."

"That is right!" exclaimed the other; "just leave me to get you up one. I will have it written for you six days hence—that will leave plenty of time to make all preparations."

"A bargain!" said Bosworth; "and now a few words added to this evening's bill might not be out of place. We must prepare the public mind for the great forthcoming novelty."

"You're wanted, Mr. Newstead!" cried a little boy, who, at this moment, stuck his head in at the door; "'Bover' has been called, and Mr. Stickles is waiting for you!"

"Well, Bosworth, that will be ready for you in a few days!" said the light comedian, as he picked up his hat and left the box-office. In a moment more he darted upon the stage, where the rehearsal was going on, exclaiming, "I am

the bold Thunder!" While the manager wrote the following:

"NOTICE.—On Christmas Eve, December 24th, 18—, will be produced a magnificent holiday spectacle, which has been months in preparation. It will be placed upon the stage regardless of expense, with new scenery by Mr. Carmine, new costumes by Mrs. Bosworth and assistants, and new machinery by Mr. Cogwheel. For particulars see future small bills."

CHAPTER II.

MR. NEWSTEAD, true to his word, presented to the manager, on the sixth day after the conversation in the previous chapter had taken place, a manuscript containing his pantomime. Bosworth opened it and scanned the contents.

"*'Arma virumque cano: or Harlequin Kees and Infelix Dido,'*" repeated the manager, as he read; "why you have taken a classical subject!"

"Yes, sir, I have dipped into Virgil. An excellent title. Philadelphia is an eminently learned city, and when the scholars and savans see that, sir, they will cram your house to suffocation!"

"Well, I will read it immediately—but what is this?" continued the manager, as in turning over the leaves something caught his eye—"Scene tenth. The State House. Business by Clown, Pantaloon, and Harlequin. A Policeman disposed of. Entrance of the Demon of Pandemonium. Transformation of State House to the Golden Halls of Liberty and Virtue! Gracious, that will be costly!"

"Not a bit of it, my dear sir," answered the author, in some trepidation lest one of his best scenes should be cut out—"not a bit of it. It will produce a tremendous effect. Carmine can paint it, and Cogwheel will get you up something nice in the way of machinery. Depend upon it, Bosworth, this pantomime will do the treasury good!"

"Hope it will," said the manager.

It is unnecessary, however, to follow the arrangements between Messrs. Bosworth and Newstead. The piece was accepted, and costumers, painters, machinists—all set to work to have it ready by Christmas Eve.

It is ten o'clock on the morning of December the twenty-fourth. The time that the manager has informed his company will be the last rehearsal of "the great novelty." Mr. Bosworth seems in high spirits. Everything looks propitious. The weather is all that could be wished for. Although the ground is covered with snow, it is frozen hard and the walking is good, as

that there is no reason why he should not have a good house. Posters, with corpulent red and blue letters that look as if they had overeaten themselves, are distributed throughout the city, and cover every dead wall within ten miles of the theater. Let us proceed to the stage and see what is going on there. This is a rehearsal, is it? Very unlike the night performance, I hear you say! Indeed it is, as much as anything can be. The theater is very dark and dreary-looking, isn't it? And that daylight that struggles in from the top makes everything look very dismal. Now observe. That young man with a moustache, dressed in a loose shirt and trousers, is the Harlequin—Edward Locksley is his name. He is sitting on a tool-chest, and is arranging his mask so that it may fit him neatly. Every now and then he gives a hasty glance and a savage look at a young lady and a rather young gentleman, who seem to be carrying on a little flirtation. The young lady has a short skirt on and walks with a ballet sort of air. That is Miss Emily Bloomer. Her companion, who appears to be trying to make himself agreeable to her, is Sam Raggles. Samuel is not in Clown's costume, and seems at present to be forgetful of his red-hot poker and string of sausages. In the middle of the stage are about twenty men, in all kinds of dresses—some with tunics and helmets on, others in black coats and trousers (rather seedy), and stove-pipe hats. This motley group is the chorus, army and supernumerary etceteras. At present they are singing away at the tops of their voices, the leader of the orchestra directing them, and dividing his attention between his duties and a pot of lager beer beside him. Mr. Newstead stands at the back talking to some carpenters, who are nailing the golden halls of liberty and virtue to a wooden frame. The prompter, Mr. Noogs, sits at his table, which is placed at the front of the stage near the orchestra. The manager is engaged in conversation with three of the actors. These latter are, first, Pat Bloomer, a gray-headed, dried up looking man. He is to play Pantaloon, and at other seasons performs old servants, and such parts as "Seyton" in "Macbeth." The second is Mr. Tipton, the low comedian, and the third Mr. Browne, "heavy father." Both Mr. Tipton and Mr. Browne will act in "the introduction" of the pantomime.

When the chorus had sung three times, each time in a louder key, Bosworth (who, I must here remark, also held the post of stage-manager) dismissed them.

"Pantomime music now, if you please!"

said he to Herr Schneider, the leader of the orchestra.

That individual in response gulped down some more lager.

"Come, Miss Bloomer, and you, Locksley," continued the manager—"come, we will rehearse your part. I shall want you in a minute also, Sam!"

Locksley appeared to be relieved in mind when the manager called his Columbine away from Raggles. He started up from the tool-chest and went through the first dance with her in the most spirited manner. He was really jealous of that fellow Sam Raggles. "Now what had Sam to recommend him?" he thought; "he drinks a good deal, and has no idea of taking care of what little money he receives. Still the girls all like him. And, Emmy, I really believe she likes him. If I thought he meant any harm to her, by Jove, I would break his head for him. Now I'm a steady sort of fellow, and much better fitted for Emmy than Sam is"—but I will tire you, dear reader, with his cogitations. When Harlequins are in love, they reason pretty much as other folks do, and feel pretty much as other folks do.

Now don't throw up your hands in horror, my dear saintly friend, and exclaim, "What! You mean to tell me that those wicked, dissipated wretches have any hearts or any feelings?"

Indeed I do. That is exactly what I mean to say. They have hearts, and feel quite as keenly as either you or I would—we who pride ourselves on our excellent characters and unblemished lives. Let us allow a little charity to enter into our composition, my saintly friend, and we will be the better for it. What am I doing? Pretending to write a Christmas story about a pantomime, and here I have got to moralising! Let me return to my track immediately.

At about one o'clock, when the rehearsal was ended, the manager stepped into the middle of the stage and said to the actors and actresses there assembled,

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are requested to be here this evening at six precisely, so that we may all be ready to commence at seven. I beg you to be punctual!"

He then turned to Locksley, and spoke to him about the arrangement of some of the pantomime scenes, engaging the attention of the latter so much that he did not remark Emmy Bloomer, who was walking up and down at the back of the stage tying the strings of her bonnet, and looking every now and then toward the Harlequin. While she was so doing, Raggles approached her

and begged to be allowed to give her his arm on her way homeward. Emmy gave one more look at Locksley, who was still busily talking with the manager, and then took Sam's arm. They left the theater together. Old Bloomer trudging along after them.

Soon after this, Bosworth gave his final directions to Locksley, who, upon being freed from the manager, immediately began to look around that he might find his loved one. But she was decidedly "gone from his gaze." Nowhere could he see her or hear of her until, speaking to the door-keeper of the stage entrance, that functionary informed him of the fact that she had but just now departed in the company of Ragles.

If you had been present at this moment, my dear theater going friend, you would have seen a Harlequin mad. You would have heard a Harlequin, who is generally such a dumb personage, utter a naughty word, and say something not very complimentary of his rival. However it is as well that you were not present.

I cannot do justice to the intense excitement and suspense that Messrs. Bosworth and Newstead, manager and author, passed through on that day. From early in the morning until just before the curtain was about to rise they were fussing about the theater; one moment seeing to this, another to that. Mr. Bosworth, in the openness of his heart, proceeded to Market street with Mr. Stickles, walking gentleman, and purchased a quantity of evergreens. These were hung around the boxes and proscenium, giving the theater a truly Christmas aspect.

Six o'clock came. The doors were opened, and a great crowd of men and boys, who had been waiting for over an hour on the sidewalk, rushed in and well nigh filled the third tier. Shortly afterward, the second tier began to be crowded with family parties from Southwark, and hearty-looking laborers from the ship-yards of Kensington, their wives and children accompanying them. They even brought the poor little babies, who must on these occasions have very confused and indiscriminate ideas of what is going on, though their infantine squealings are usually pacified with an orange or a stick of candy. What excellent food that is to nourish a babe upon! It must add so to their health in future life.

This part of the theater was full also of weather-beaten and rum-smelling tars; side by side with whom might be seen sitting the red-shirted and soapy-locked members of the "Moya," or "the Goody," their boots elevated

upon the railings in front of them—a sweet and touching sight to any shoemaker in the pit, but rather objectionable to most persons.

In the first row of boxes, the better dressed and better behaved part of the community were out in full force, many of the latter being little boys and girls with their parents. Chubby little boys, rosy little girls. Brass-button-adorned little boys, ribbon-covered little girls. All of them asking questions which were puzzlers even for their learned pas and mas to answer. The pit was crowded with young men, most of them, no doubt, being clerks who rejoiced in their few holidays from that everlasting dry-goods store on Chesnut, or that wholesale drugstore on Third street.

Mr. Bosworth, in his Swiss patriot dress, (the performances are to commence with "William Tell,") viewed all this with intense satisfaction, from the hole in the curtain. He thanked his stars that he had permitted Newstead to prevail on him as to a pantomime.

The audience had already begun to be impatient, and several volunteers in the gallery had given "Yankee Doodle," and other national airs with stamping accompaniment, to the delight of their comrades, but to the terror of nervous ladies in the boxes, who thought the theater was falling down, or some other dreadful catastrophe was about to happen, when the clock in the green-room struck seven, and Mr. Bosworth ordered the prompter to ring the music bell. Then Herr Schneider commenced his "original overture, dedicated to the people of Philadelphia," and which bore a great resemblance to a general mixture of "Hail Columbia," "Fra Diavolo" and "Norma." The overture consisted in three taps on the drum, then an indiscriminate confusion for five minutes of four fiddlers, concluding with some unearthly noises on the trombone. The audience applauded, however, and seemed to be highly flattered by Herr Schneider's delicate compliment to their musical appreciation. When the last sounds of that sweet instrument, the trombone, had died away, and the members of the orchestra had left their seats and disappeared through that mystic door, (what do they do in there?) the curtain rose.

Enter Mrs. Bosworth as "Emma." Shortly afterward Miss Bosworth as "Albert," a youth with delicate legs in white tights. They said their say, and then Horatius Bosworth himself came upon the scene, being greeted with three rounds of applause.

Everything went smoothly until Tell proceeded to inform us how he sat

"In his boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring."

At this time the audience got rather clamorous, and seemed to be trying to give the Swiss Patriot an adequate idea of how the wind did come roaring down the mountain gorge, for they began to yell and hiss in a manner which prevented the actor from proceeding in his part. Twice he attempted to go on, but at last gave it up. He then walked down to the footlights and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am of the opinion, and I think I am right, that I am an old favorite of yours."

Cries from the pit and gallery of, "So you are, old boy!"

"I take this then, ladies and gentlemen," the manager went on to say, "not as a disapprobation of my acting, but of a desire on your part to see the pantomime without delay."

"Bully for you! That's the ticket, old horse!" exclaimed a man in the third tier.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I accede to your request," said William Tell; "down with the curtain, Noogs!"

"Three cheers for Boszy!" cried one of the gods.

It was given with a will.

"Now, lively, boys!" exclaimed Bosworth; "clear the stage, Frisby," (this was addressed to the carpenter,) "clear the stage and get all ready for the first scene in the pantomime!"

"What a good-natured man that is!" said Noogs, the prompter, to Locksley, who was standing near by in his Harlequin's dress; "just see how well he takes this putting down."

"Yes, very," answered Locksley; "but I say, Noogs, you haven't seen Emmy Bloomer this evening, have you?"

"I expect she's in the green-room by this time," answered the prompter, with a smile. The Harlequin darted off in that direction. As he entered the green-room, he perceived Miss Bloomer seated on a sofa, engaged in conversation with Raggles.

"By Jove! this is too bad!" muttered Locksley. "I'll pay Sam up for it, though, if I get a chance. Hang it! I won't speak to the little baggage!" So he commenced talking to an amiable-looking old fellow, who was putting on a hideous demon's mask that did not at all seem to be suited to the character of the wearer.

Mr. Newstead now rushed into the room in a great state of excitement.

"Are you all ready, ladies and gentlemen? We want to commence right off."

"We are all here!" exclaimed several voices.

"Where is Frank? I don't see him!" asked the author.

"Here he is," said Mr. Tipton, whose Christian name was Francois. He had just entered the green-room, and was dressed in an immense Grecian helmet with a white tunic and sandals. Mr. Newstead, himself in Trojan costume, darted off to the stage, after asking these rapid questions.

"Well," said the manager, "shall we ring up?"

"Yes; everybody's here, I believe," answered Newstead. "Mr. Browne, please look a little more royal."

This was spoken to a gentleman who represented Æolus, King of the Winds, and who was now seated upon a throne at the back of the stage. Eight green objects lay at his feet.

"Ring up, Noogs!" said Bosworth.

The curtain rose to slow music. The first scene, the bills informs us, is "The Cave of the Winds." Doubtless it is a cave, and some frequenters of the theater may, perhaps, have a dim idea that they have seen such a cave once or twice before in other pieces. But, my dear friend, this scene "was painted expressly for the occasion by Mr. Carmine." That is what the hand-bill says. Do hand-bills ever lie?

The eight green objects, that, as I remarked before, were lying at the feet of King Æolus, are the eight winds—Eurus, Zephyrus, Septentrio, Meridies, Boreas, Caurus, Vulturus, and Africus.

After the curtain has arisen, they jump up and go through some supplicating movements, which are intended to represent a desire, on their part, to be released from the cave; but their master will not listen to this, and rebukes them in rhyme. Then Juno enters in a golden chariot drawn by swans, and explains to Æolus how an audacious fellow, named Æneas, with a band of followers, is now sailing the Mediterranean, with the intention of founding a new Troy on the coast of Italy; how that her rival, Venus, protects him—"that scandalous creature, Venus!" as she calls her.

But I will not tire the reader with the plot of the Pantomime. To follow out all the scenes would be prolonging my story too much. It is sufficient to state that Raggles made an excellent clown. He stole sausages, fought policemen, and made grimaces in the most approved style. Old Bloomer assisted him creditably, and bore all his maltreatment with the usual resigned spirit of a pantaloon. Emmy looked sweet as Columbine, and made Locksley more in love with her

than ever. Whenever the latter had any raps to administer with his magic sword to the Clown, he gave them with such a will, that, on their coming off the stage together, at the conclusion of one scene, Raggles exclaimed,

"By George! you hit too hard, Looksley!"

"Not any harder than you deserve!" answered the Harlequin.

"Not any harder than I deserve! What do you mean, sir?"

"I shall not take the trouble to explain!"

"But you shall!" cried Raggles, with an oath.

"What do you mean by doing it, eh?"

"Oh, Sam! Ned! Do remember where you are! You will spoil all!" remonstrated the pretty Columbine.

"Mr. Raggles!" cried the prompter, "the stage is waiting for you! You must do the hot poker scene!"

But the hot poker appeared now about to be applied to another purpose; for the Clown had lifted it to strike Looksley.

Mr. Bosworth had seized hold of the uplifted arm.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" he said, "think of what you are doing! Go on the stage, or the whole piece will be ruined!"

"Ned, do go on!" whispered the Columbine; "I will explain everything to you when the play is finished!"

"I will do it for you, Emmy," answered Looksley, glaring at the Clown.

As the audience had been kept waiting for some minutes by this affair, they had become very impatient, and several hisses were already distinguishable to those behind the scenes. Mr. Newstead was in his dressing-room at the time of the difficulty, but heard the hissing and rushed down in great perturbation, with an overcoat pulled over his Trojan tunic, looking like Æneas in winter costume. As he reached the stage, however, everything was again running smoothly. The manager explained to him in a few words what had happened, and then told the comedian to run back and dress himself; for he would probably be called out at the close of the pantomime. No further trouble occurred. The hot poker scene went off with great success, the audience being highly delighted with the view of the State House, and laughing loudly when the amiable old gentleman in a demon's mask carried away Clown and Pantaloon to Pandemonium. "The Golden Halls of Liberty and Virtue" was applauded to the echo, and when the curtain fell, a perfect storm of approbation filled the theater. The author was loudly called for.

"Come, Newstead!" exclaimed the manager.

"I'm ready, old boy!" answered the author, as he pulled on a pair of white kids. Mr. Noogs drew aside the curtain, and Mr. Newstead stepped out before the footlights. He bowed. Tremendous enthusiasm. He bowed again.

"Speech! speech!" cried many voices. The author acquiesced and made a speech. Of course it was made up principally of "distinguished honor," "much gratified," "usual appreciation of a Philadelphia audience," "every evening until further notice," etc. etc., etc. Those are the ingredients of every theatrical speech under such circumstances. When the actor had finished he was again saluted with another round of applause. Then he retired.

As soon as Looksley had come off the stage, after the falling of the curtain, Emmy ran up to him and said,

"Oh! Ned, how could you?"

"You know very well, Miss," answered the Harlequin, "you brought it all about yourself!"

"I?—Ned!"

"Yes, you! Didn't you allow Sam Raggles to escort you home? Haven't you received all his attentions of late with favor? You have never even looked at me!"

"Oh! Ned, how can you say so? You know I could never like Sam! He has bored me to death the last few days, and I have been wanting you to speak to me all the time; but you never came near me!"

"Then you don't like him, Emmy?"

"No, indeed I don't, Ned; indeed I don't! Father doesn't like him either. He says he drinks too hard."

"I beg your pardon then, Emmy."

"You ought to beg Sam's pardon too, Ned. You were too hasty."

"So I was," answered Looksley. And he walked up to the Clown, who was standing near by.

"Raggles!"

"Well, sir. What do you want?"

"I want to beg your pardon for what I said to-night," answered Looksley, extending his hand. The Clown took it, though with no good grace.

"Well, let it be forgotten," said he.

Mr. Newstead now asked the actors and actresses, together with the scene painters, machinists, and carpenters, please to step into the green-room. When they were there assembled, he said,

"Ladies and gentlemen, you have all done your best for the success of this night. I, as

author, am exceedingly obliged to you. I shall be very happy to see you at my lodgings, to-night, to partake of a little oyster supper that I have prepared in anticipation of this event."

CHAPTER III.

"Won't you take my arm?" said Locksley to Emmy, as the whole party were preparing to leave the theater.

"Certainly," answered Columbine, who was now wrapped up in a thick shawl, and presented a very different appearance from the Columbine of the stage.

Raggles scowled when this proceeding met his eye. He walked sullenly along, not far behind them, with the daughter of the manager. The latter had his arm in that of Newstead's. Their conversation related to the grand success of the night; and Bosworth complimented the author again and again on his great dramatic talent.

It was a beautiful moonlight night. The ground, as I observed before, was covered with snow; and the long, drooping icicles, hanging from the eaves of the houses, glittered like diamonds in the silvery beams of the queen of the night. The merry, laughing voices of the gay troop of players alone broke the stillness of the streets. Mr. Carmine, the scenic artist, wished internally that he could paint such a scene for the next spectacle.

As the party were going along Fourth street, (Mr. Newstead's lodgings were situated in Lombard below Fourth,) the old, iron tongue of the State House bell tolled the hour of twelve. As the last reverberation died away, the chimes of St. Peter's church struck up the Christmas hymn. The gladdening notes of that beautiful air rang out a welcome to the anniversary of our Saviour's birth—He who came upon the earth to save poor players as well as their better-off companions in sin, who look with disdain upon the man that frets and fumes his life upon the stage.

All laughter and talking amongst our Theatians was hushed, as they listened to the chimes sounding through the still, frosty air of that winter's night.

When the party reached Pine street the old church came in view. What a splendid picture that was! That fine, old-fashioned pile, robed in white, with its quaintly-shaped tomb-stones and ancient brick wall, whilst all the time the ringers played the sweet, dear Christmas hymn!

Such a picture as the happy pencil of Birket Foster could touch off to perfection.

A few steps more brought our company into Mr. Newstead's house, and they were soon seated around a large table occupying nearly all of the little front parlor, adorned with pictures of various theatrical celebrities. The manager arose.

"I propose the health of our host!" said he, "the gentleman, the scholar, and the artist."

They all filled their glasses and drank it. Mr. Newstead rose to respond.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I cannot tell you what a deep impression this compliment has made upon my heart. You commend me above my deserts. I may say, without vanity, that our play to-night has been a decided hit; but, ladies and gentlemen, that is as much your doings as mine. (Hear! Hear!) For if I had not had your valuable assistance in acting the parts, where would my pantomime be?"

Mr. Newstead then went on to make some references to Byron and Shakspeare; though what either of those distinguished lights of literature had to do with Christmas pantomimes is more than I can say. Several speeches followed the author's. Then Mr. Tipton sang a song, and the company broke up and departed to their several lodgings.

Locksley again gave his arm to the Columbine and escorted her home. On their way thither, the Harlequin made bold to pop the question. It is needless to say that Emmy consented; and that, on the following morning, the rector of one of our churches united two more hands and hearts in the bonds of matrimony. Raggles was dreadfully disgusted when he heard it. And now in conclusion.

Newstead's pantomime had a great run, and did much toward replenishing the pockets of all connected with the theater.

The last time I heard of Mr. Bosworth, he was playing a star engagement in one of our Western cities. Raggles, I am sorry to say, I saw not long ago attached to a traveling circus company. Ned Locksley has grown very stout and lazy, and is the father of a large family. He and Emmy keep a grocery store up in Spring Garden. Neither of them look much like the Harlequins and Columbines they were wont to act in days of yore.

As to the theater, which was the scene of our story, it has disappeared, and a handsome block of stores occupies its place.

BETTER THAN ALMS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I HAVE a poor sick child at home," said the woman, in a weak, plaintive voice, that touched the feelings of Mr. Oldfield, and caused his hand to move, involuntarily, toward his vest pocket. A glance from his wife asked, as plainly as if words had been spoken, that he would not interfere in the case. So he lifted his book and held the page before his eyes. Not to read, however.

"What is the age of your child?" asked Mrs. Oldfield.

"Four years, ma'am."

"Have you a husband?"

"No—ye—yes, ma'am. That is, I had a husband; but he went off two years ago, and I've never seen him since."

"Why did he leave you?"

The woman put her hand to her face, as if overcome by feeling; in a few moments tears came over her cheeks. Mr. Oldfield was moved to deep pity, and showed his state of mind by crossing and recrossing his legs two or three times in quick succession.

"He wasn't a steady man," sobbed the woman.

"Too bad! Too bad to probe a poor wretch in this way!" said Mr. Oldfield to himself. "Why don't Fanny give her the help she asks for, and let her go? It seems to me downright cruel."

It was as much as he could do to keep from thrusting a dollar into the woman's hand, under the impulse of blind commiseration. But Mr. Oldfield had passed through some experiences in this direction, and the recollection caused him to remain passive.

"And since he went away," said Mrs. Oldfield, "you have had to support yourself and child?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the woman, in a tone that went to the heart of Mr. Oldfield; but didn't make any impression on the feelings of his wife.

"How have you done this?" There was nothing unkind, or even unsympathizing in the voice of Mrs. Oldfield. But she was in earnest in her inquiries.

"By sewing, ma'am, when I could get plain work; and sometimes by taking in washing and ironing."

"You can earn enough in this way to support yourself and child, I presume?"

"If my health was good, and I could always get enough to do."

"Then your health is not good?"

"No, ma'am." And the woman put on a look of suffering that would have been worth two or three dollars to her, if Mrs. Oldfield had not been in the room.

"We all have our trials in this way," replied Mrs. Oldfield. "There are very few days in which I do not suffer from pain, or an oppressive sense of weakness; and yet there are few days in which I am not employed in some way from morning till night. We cannot give up and depend on others merely for lack of health. Indeed, we feel better, in most cases, when usefully employed than when idle. This is my experience; and yours also, I doubt not. How is it? Think a moment."

It was not just agreeable to think in this direction; but she had fallen into the hands of a lady whose charity went beyond mere almsgiving, and who felt interest enough in her case to relieve it, if it were possible to do so in the right way. The woman did not present the appearance of an invalid. She had not a look of vigorous health, it is true; but it was plain to the eyes of Mrs. Oldfield that she was fully able, so far as physical strength was concerned, to maintain herself and child without the solicitation of alms.

"Your own experience, I am sure, is in agreement with mine," said Mrs. Oldfield, seeing that the woman did not answer. "And I am also sure that you will agree with me when I say, that the bread earned by independent work is as sweet again as that which comes through the humiliation of alms-seeking."

"If we are able to work, ma'am." The woman's voice was faint and pitiful.

"You are able to work." There was kind encouragement, not cold reproof, in the voice of Mrs. Oldfield. "Not as capable, perhaps, as some; but quite as able as several poor women I know, who have two, three, or four children to support; and who never ask help. You have entered the wrong way, depend upon it; and I beg of you to get out of it with as little delay as possible. Better take the barest necessities of life, honestly gained in useful work, than a

full basket at the price of womanly independence. Set your child a better example, if you desire him to become an industrious, honest, honorable man."

This last remark touched the right chord, and Mrs. Oldfield saw it.

"If," she added, "you do not, in your own actions, illustrate for your child the value of industry and independence, he may grow up an idler and a vagabond; a curse to you, himself, and society. Think of this. As a mother, I appeal to you. Take heart again; and for the sake of your child. Let no bread, except that procured by honest labor, pass his lips, if it be the coarsest bread, and scant at that. Let it never be cast into his teeth by wicked boys, to shame him, and, it may be, drive him to vice and crime, that his mother was a beggar!"

The woman's face flushed. Mr. Oldfield saw it, and felt still more provoked at his wife for what seemed to him little better than taking advantage of a poor wretch to lecture her, instead of extending the aid it was plain enough she needed. How his fingers itched for the privilege of thrusting a coin into her hand!

"I do not say this," continued Mrs. Oldfield, "to hurt you; but to help you see what it is best to be done, looking to the future as well as to the present. We gain present ease at too dear a price, if it be at the cost of misery in the future. Have I suggested more, in regard to your son, than is likely to happen? Will it not be known that you lived on alms, instead of procuring your bread by patient toil; and will there not be some to throw this stinging, humbling reproach into the teeth of your boy, causing him to blush in shame for his mother?"

"It shall never be!" exclaimed the woman, rising from the chair in which she had been seated, and showing much disturbance of mind. "I never thought of that. Throw it into the teeth of my boy that his mother was a beggar! No—not while I have strength to move a foot or lift a finger."

"Spoken like a true mother," said Mrs. Oldfield, encouragingly. "I was certain that you had not looked at this question on all sides. And now, if you are really in earnest, consider me your friend. Let me know your name and residence; and what kind of work you can do. I can and will aid you."

The woman looked grateful at these kind, assuring words, and gave her name as Clark. She lived not far from the neighborhood of Mrs. Oldfield.

"I have some plain sewing that I wish to put

out," said Mrs. Oldfield. "When you are ready for it, I would like to see you again."

"I will call, ma'am, in a day or two. I've got some work in the house that is not quite finished."

"So you have work? Ah! my good woman, your feet have stepped from the right way; get back again as quickly as possible. Think of your boy, and let the thought keep you moving right onward in the path of industry and independence."

"When I feel weak and sick, as I do, sometimes," said the woman, in a half-apologetic way, "I grow discouraged; it seems as if I had no strength in me."

"In those seasons of weakness, if they return to you again," answered Mrs. Oldfield, kindly, "come around and see me. I think, maybe, that I can always say something to help you; I will try at least. Only be resolute to do, while, as you said just now, you have power to lift a foot or move a finger, and, my word for it, all will come out right."

"Why didn't you give her something to make a start on?" said Mr. Oldfield, in an earnest way, as the woman left the room. His portemonnaie was already in his hand. "Here's a dollar. Call her back, Fanny. Don't let her, after all this long lecture, go without a farthing to help herself with."

Mrs. Oldfield smiled at her husband's kind-hearted, impulsive enthusiasm, and said,

"Put up your money. It would do her more harm than good just now. That dollar, coming in so easy a way, might suggest, at the wrong moment, too strong a contrast between the slow, wearying achievements of honest toil, and the quicker returns of beggary—and depress the good purposes which now rule in her mind. Don't you see how much is at stake? It is the question of saving or destroying a human soul. I choose to look at it so; for it may involve all this. We can have but little hope for a boy whose mother supports him by idle beggary; it may be worse, for idleness and beggary lead almost surely to crime."

"Well, well!" answered Mr. Oldfield, returning his portemonnaie to his pocket. "Perhaps you are right. But I can't do things after this cold-blooded fashion, as I call it. It isn't in me."

"It should be in us always," replied his wife, "to do as sound reason teaches. Unless we are thus guided, our good acts will, in most cases, be turned into evil consequences so far as the subjects are concerned."

"But you talk so to these people, Fanny.

You don't seem to have any regard for their feelings. You probe every spot you think diseased as sharply as if you were a surgeon, with the life or death of a patient on your conscience."

"True words are, in most cases, better than alms," said Mrs. Oldfield, in no way disturbed by her husband's remarks. "And, moreover, a human soul on the conscience weighs heavier than a human body in peril."

When the woman, who had come to Mrs. Oldfield for aid in her poverty, and received only words in place of alms, left the house, she went, with hurrying steps, homeward—new thoughts and purposes in her mind. The rooms she lived in were in the second story of a house in a narrow street occupied by a poor class of people, whose neglected children dwelt, for the most part, out of doors, engaged in the bad work of corrupting one another. As Mrs. Clark entered this street, she heard an outcry among a crowd of children close by her own house, and, on drawing nearer, saw two little things fighting, while older boys and girls were standing around and encouraging them to beat and tear each other. Such scenes were common in that neighborhood, but none the less agreeable to Mrs. Clark, who was always disturbed by anything like quarreling or fighting, whether among grown-up people or children. So she hurried forward to stop the cruel contest. What was her pain to hear, on approaching, one of the elder boys, who had been encouraging the fight, cry out,

"Run, Jack; here comes your mother!"

"No, he shan't run!" cried back another. "He struck Tom first, and he's got to fight it out."

By this time Mrs. Clark had pushed through the little crowd of children that surrounded the combatants. There was her child, a mere babe, with a passionate, fiery face, engaged in a fierce struggle with another child, about a year older. They were striking, biting, and tearing at each other in a blind way, eager as wild beasts to do harm.

"John!" cried Mrs. Clark, as she laid her hands upon her boy, and tore the little furies apart. "How dare you do so?"

"I'll kill him!" said John, as he struggled to get away from his mother.

Mrs. Clark, shuddering at this dreadful exhibition of evil passion, caught him up in her arms and ran into the house. She did not stop nor speak until she had gained her rooms up stairs, when she put the boy down on the floor, and, holding him from her, said, sternly,

"What is the meaning of this? How dare you fight that little boy?"

The child did not look shame-faced, nor frightened. Young as he was, a fierce indignation gleamed out from every feature.

"Tom Sikes said you was a beggar! And I hit him. You ain't a beggar; and I'll hit any boy that says so. Are you a beggar, mamma?"

And the child looked confidently into his mother's face. He did not know why she became so pale, nor why she turned her face away, so that the earnest eyes that were fixed upon it, could not see all the sudden tumult of feeling that was revealed therein.

"You ain't a beggar, mamma!" persisted the child. "You work, don't you?"

"Yes, Johnny, I work, and will work for you as long as I can move a hand." And Mrs. Clark drew her boy close to her, and held his head against her bosom. "It was naughty in Tom Sikes to say that. But you mustn't fight. That is wicked. His saying so don't make it so."

"You're as good as his mother, and a great deal better. She gets drunk!" said the child, whose indignation still boiled over.

"Hush, Johnny—hush! Don't say that again about the poor boy's mother. It's too dreadful to think about!" replied Mrs. Clark, who remembered, too sadly, the drunken father whose misdoings would, sooner or later, be cast into the face of her child.

It took some time for the disturbed feelings of both mother and child to get back again into calmness. Then Mrs. Clark took from a closet the half-finished work she had laid aside in a fit of weak despondency, and went to her honest task again, while Johnny sat down to amuse himself as best he could. Already he had tasted the pleasure of the street, and its rough, free companionship. During his mother's frequent periods of absence from home—and they had grown longer, and oftener repeated of late—Johnny had lived out-of-doors, and was beginning to harden in the active, rough-and-tumble life that was peculiar to the neighborhood—harder in mind as well as body.

"Can't I go down stairs, mamma?" he asked, soon growing weary of the still room and its few sources of enjoyment.

Now the timely spoken words of Mrs. Oldfield had not died in the memory of Mrs. Clark. They had quickened thought in a new direction, and awakened a host of anxious fears in regard to her child. But for this she would not have felt so keenly the reproach which Johnny had been called to bear on her account, nor so firmly

resolved that it should never again be spoken with a shadow of truth to give it venom.

"You can go down in the yard, Johnny, but not out into the street," she replied.

"I want to go into the street, mamma. Can't I go?" urged the child.

"Wouldn't you rather help mamma?" asked Mrs. Clark, forcing herself to speak in a pleasant way, though she felt anxious and disturbed.

"Yes," answered the boy, quickly.

"Then, as I have to work, you know," said the mother, "I want you to help me, by holding the end of this pillow-case as I sew the seam. Take hold just there and keep it out even."

Pleased at the thought of helping his mother, Johnny took hold of the piece of muslin, and stood by her side for nearly half an hour, patiently doing as she directed; while she, to keep him interested, talked to him cheerfully, and even told him little stories. Surprised at the ease with which she had, thus far, been able to hold the attention of her child, Mrs. Clark's thoughts began to reach out in the same direction, and she saw many ways by which he might be kept from the street. After the pillow-case was made, she had a skein of thread to wind off, and Johnny was well pleased to aid his mother by holding the skein for her. Then it came into her mind that it would be a very easy thing for her to teach him his letters, and then to spell and to read, while she sat sewing. So, to begin at once, she took from a shelf a card on which an alphabet was printed in large letters, and proposed to give Johnny a lesson. Nothing could have pleased him better; and, for nearly an hour, he went over and over the sounds, repeating them after his mother, until he knew many of the letters at sight. Pleased at his earnestness and attention, Mrs. Clark praised Johnny at every step of his progress, and suggested so many great achievements of learning in the future, that he was actually fired with a child's ambition to be a scholar. He did not ask to go into the street again that day.

When Mrs. Clark lay down that night, her boy asleep beside her, it was with a clearer, calmer mind than she had possessed for a long while. She saw, as a mother, only one right way before her—the way of honest industry, hard as the way might be—and she was resolved to walk therein, patiently, hopefully, though faint and weary at times, right to the end.

A few days after the little scene at Mrs. Oldfield's, Mrs. Clark called again upon the lady who had given her kindly spoken admonition instead of alms. This time she had her little boy with her, for she had resolved never again to leave him exposed to the evil influences that surrounded them. Mr. Oldfield was present as before.

"I will take that work, now, if you please, ma'am," said the poor woman.

"So you have thought well of my suggestions," remarked Mrs. Oldfield.

"Oh! yes, indeed, ma'am. You said just the truth," replied Mrs. Clark, with an earnestness that was not to be mistaken. "This is my little boy; and I thank you in his name."

Johnny was a handsome, bright-eyed little fellow. Mr. Oldfield held out his hand to him, and the boy came forward, in a manly way, giving his hand and answering, without bashfulness, any questions that were asked.

A few minutes' talk with Mrs. Clark brought out the whole story of what had occurred on the day of her previous visit.

"Was I right or wrong?" asked Mrs. Oldfield, after the woman had departed, with work enough to keep her employed for a week.

"Right, of course," replied her husband. "You're always right in these matters. But I can't be so cool and calculating. It isn't in me."

"And so, oftener do harm than good in your benevolent acts, I am sorry to say," replied Mrs. Oldfield. "It isn't money-help, you may depend upon it, that poor people want, half so much as to be shown how to help themselves."

TO ONE AFAR.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

I've missed thee, loved one, through the Summer hours,
When fluttering birds sang gayly everywhere;
And earth wore coronals of bright-eyed flowers,
And poems floated through the dreamy air.

I've missed thee, poet, when some music tone
Has thrilled my soul with thoughts I may not tell;
Thoughts, thou hast known them—they were all thine own,
The silvery chiming of a memory-bell!

I called the flowers, the stars, the singing birds
By thy dear name in happy waking dreams;
And whispered unto them my loving words,
At morn, at noon, when night fell on the streams.

And yet no answer came, save that rich tide
Of deathless love returning to the heart;
Quivering life's chords as when a leafy grove
To countless harmonies the night winds start!

THE MURDER OF THE GLEN ROSS.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 355.

CHAPTER IV.

THE thought of the girl I had left behind and her bitter wrong made even my quiet blood heat angrily as I rode down the village street. The snow lay light on the house roofs and bridle paths and still was falling softly. The church clock struck eleven as I reached the door of the cottage where Mr. Hope had his rooms. There was no light in his windows. I was then too late. Dismounting and knocking impatiently, I brought at last a sleepy negro to the door.

Mr. Hope was gone—had been gone an hour. To Glen Ross. I hesitated. It was impossible for me to follow him, ignorant as I was of the localities. Yet Sarah must see him. In spite of the heavy suspicion, I knew that he could clear himself. Erring he might have been—mistaken in concealing some dark passage of his life from her; but guilty—never! never! The frank, kindly face rose up before me to give the lie to any surmise of dishonor. And yet the proof was damning. I paused, my foot in the stirrup. I could not return to keep the child in suspense until morning.

"Mars' Geoffrey will soon be hyur," said the servant, opening the door. "Good plan t'wait, sah."

My resolution was taken instantly. I handed him the bridle of the horse. "Do you know Ross Glen? No? Can you send a messenger there then?"

"In 'minute, marster." He led the horse to the stable; then darted over to the door of the little tavern, in the bar-room of which still burned a furtive light.

When he came back he was accompanied by a lounging, half-asleep loafer, Joe Flynn by name, hitching up his trousers and pulling at his hat with an attempt at a bow.

"Hyur's de man dat knows dat place from Lucky's to the ford. He'll do yer business, mars'er, in a jiffy. Hyur's the man."

"Can you find Lucky Jenkyll's?" I asked, writing a line to Mr. Hope on a bit of torn paper.

"I know Lucky's, yes."

"Take this to Mr. Hope then, and come back

for your money. Take my horse. I will wait for you here."

"The parson; ye know, Joe?" said the negro.

"I know."

Joe was at home on horseback. He went down the street at a gallop. I followed the negro into the house and sat down in the little parlor to wait. He piled some wood on the fire and left me. A few books—the Virginia history, Hyatt on dogs, a map, and an old copy or two of the Richmond Inquirer—lay on the table. I was in no mood for reading. Pacing the floor slowly, I waited more than an hour. Less than that time I knew would not suffice for my messenger to reach the Glen. Another hour must pass before Mr. Hope could return. I tried to be patient.

The curtain was drawn from before the little window. It still snowed heavily enough to dull the sound of approaching steps. I sat down, trying to beguile the time with an old Congressional debate.

The village clock struck one. What could the delay mean? While my eyes had been passing over the columns, my brain had been busy with this strange revelation of the night. I could make nothing of it.

I went back to my first knowledge of Geoffrey Hope. A proud, impetuous boy he had appeared to me, though his temper and spirit were younger than his years. In a fit of moody gloom, after his father's death, (the Hopes had strong, deep feelings,) he had left home, and was absent many years. This certificate bore date in one of those years. I knew that during this time no trace of him was held by his friends; that, whereas he left home an eager, impulsive boy, with brain and heart on fire, he returned grave to sadness—his every thought and word devoted to the earnest service of God and his fellow-men. Impossible! It was against nature to believe this man capable of a crime so black as that of which he stood accused. The next hour crept slowly on. When the bell was on the last stroke of two, I went to the window. Down in the lower part of the village I heard a slight, confused noise; saw lights glancing in

one or two houses. There was a quick tramping of horses in the dulled snow, then sudden angry cries, oaths. Some drunken brawl, doubtless. But one figure on horseback rapidly approached, coming up the hilly street uttering a hoarse cry which I could not understand. I ran to the door. It was my drunken messenger.

"What do you mean?" I broke out, angrily, seizing the horse's bridle and pulling him from the saddle. "Have I waited here all night for you to go on a carouse? Come off. Where is Mr. Hope?"

The light from the window fell on his face. It was white with terror. "What do I mean?" he gasped out when he caught breath; "I mean murder! Murder!"

The frantic cry sounded through the streets. The village was awakened—the cry was repeated by a hundred frightened sleepers. The man yet had some reason left. "In the Glen Ross," he said. "Take your horse and go."

I waited to hear no more. She had killed him then, this woman. My horse was blown with the mad haste of Flynn's riding. As I went down the street he stumbled, but I struck the spurs in deep, and gave him his head. There was a crowd before me whom Flynn had roused first—two or three men on horses and others on foot; with torches, guns, pitchforks, whatever weapon they could first grasp, shouting, cursing, in an extremity of drunken fright and rage. The mounted men were the police. They at least were sober. They outstripped me soon, for my exhausted horse, in spite of the spurring, fell into a lame trot. I have no recollection of those four miles. I remember but the end.

At the entrance of Glen Ross I found myself alone; the men who had passed me some half-hour before were returning. I saw their lights slowly approaching in the hollow—and waited. Before them came two men carrying a board, on which lay a body, one arm dangling to the ground. They stopped as they came near me that I might see. There was a sweeping mass of light hair trailing on one side, bloody; a rich gaudily-colored silk dress, with the skirt turned up over the face. One of the men pushed it down.

"Through the heart the shot went, sir," he said, pointing to the hole.

I stooped. It was a woman. Merciful God! Geoffrey Hope's wife! The skinny, treacherous, smirking face! I drew back in horror. The men went on, and I rode to meet the party that came behind. They were gloomily silent. I knew them—the coroner of Pike, some constables, little Davis, and in the midst, alive and

well, thank God, Geoffrey himself. I spurred forward to meet him.

"Back, if you please, Mr. Page," said one of the men. "Mr. Hope is a prisoner. He did it."

The man's voice died out in a whisper. He was one of Hope's parishioners.

Geoffrey did not look up. His face was vacant, idiotic. I called to him, but he did not seem to hear, but sat twisting the mane of his horse in the bridle as he rode along. Davis took me aside, glad of a listener to the horrible story.

That night I was too bewildered to comprehend; afterward I found the plain statement, divested of exaggeration, to be simply this: Flynn had gone to Lucky Jenkyll's, but was told that Mr. Hope, on reaching there, had been sent to a house half a mile farther down the stream, belonging to a white man named Stone, to see a lady who lodged there. On coming to Stone's, Flynn had found the house apparently deserted, but discovering a light in one window, had forced his way in, where he saw the woman lying on a bench, insensible or dead, and Mr. Hope pacing the floor with the same vacant stare on his face that had remained ever since. He had returned, as I already knew. The police, on descending the Glen, had met Stone coming on foot to the village, who accused Mr. Hope of the murder; said that the woman who had lodged with him some days had sent for the minister, had received him when he came in a large outlying apartment called the keeping-room; that he (Stone), listening, had heard terrible words pass between them, then a shot, and, breaking in, had found the woman dying, and Hope leaning over her. Such was the outline. Horror-struck as the people were, no one at first seemed to doubt Geoffrey's guilt. Yet he had been an earnest, faithful minister, was beloved by them; but the old tradition of his fiery temper clung to them. "It's the Hope blood!" they said, gloomily shaking their heads. "Nothing will wash it out."

I find myself involuntarily hurrying over this part of my story. I cannot stop to paint the shame and misery that so suddenly fell among us, and seemed to spread and blacken in every fireside. In a month Geoffrey Hope was brought to trial. Let us pass over that month in silence.

There was a man, old before his time, sitting dumb and tearless in a cell in the county jail, whose hair grew whiter, whose limbs more bony every day; there was a girl hardly past childhood, lying sick unto death, and an old broken-hearted man watching over her day and night. Make a pitiful story of this if you can. I have not the heart.

CHAPTER V.

I WAS senior counsel for Geoffrey Hope. Two weeks before the trial, he gave me a letter for Dr. Berkley. To write it was the only effort made by the wretched man during his imprisonment. I give it without alteration.

"I have done you a deadly wrong," it ran. "No other man, living or dead, can accuse me of this. Yet you will be just to me. I dare ask it from you. I believe that you will take what I say for truth. I have no plea to make, no apology for the crime of which I am guilty. Only to tell the truth as God sees it. Then deal with me as you will. You know what I was when I left home fifteen years ago. A passionate, willful boy, ignorant of life as it was; morbid, solitary, with no guide, no helper. I went to New Orleans. With unlimited money at command, I plunged into every folly and vice. I drank, gambled, was noted as the most rash of the reckless men who haunted the hells. Through it all, my heart was sick to loathing of it all. I was intolerably alone, without a friend, I thought, on earth or in heaven. I was ill that summer with yellow fever. One of my companions, Parny, took me to his own hotel, and nursed me. It was kind in him; his sister was more than kind. She was a beautiful woman, Gertrude Parny, then; beautiful, at least, in a weak boy's eyes, fair, winning, treacherous, skilled to beguile men's hearts by a long course of subtle scheming. I was rich, young, it was worth her while to marry me. She was noted as one of the most brilliant women on the Gulf-coast. I was flattered, grateful for the love I thought she gave me. I did not know that at the very time she was betrothed to a Creole officer, Gustav Aix; I believe she loved this man with all the strength her treacherous nature possessed. In the fall we made a tour in the lower states. I married her in Georgia. I have no hope to palliate my guilt to you; therefore I shall not linger on what that marriage was to me. I suffered indescribably for two years. The woman was coarse, greedy, passionate. God knows I tried to do my duty to her. I was patient in my very desperation. Her indifference to me grew into contempt, hate. Even now I dare not trust myself to speak of what this woman became. There was no degradation so groveling, no treachery so public, that she would not wallow in it. We went to France. I could not breathe the air my mother had breathed while bound to so vile a wretch. In Bordeaux she met her old lover, Aix, secretly, and a month after eloped with him during my temporary absence in

Lyons. When I returned, I found they had sailed in a sloop for America. The vessel (l'Orient) was wrecked off the Brittany coast; few of the passengers were saved. I received a letter from the captain of the sloop stating that Aix and my wife were lost, and with the letter came whatever papers had been recovered from the wreck. I send you this letter. It will prove much that I assert. Before God I swear that until a fortnight ago I never suspected it of being a forgery. Freed thus, as I thought, from my burden, I came home, a poor man, but honest in my hopes, gloomy as they were. I hoped to do some little good, to gain a little late kindly regard from the people who knew me when a boy. You know what followed. You do not know what she, whom I have wronged so fatally, was to me. You thought me idly foolish in my love for Sarah, laughed at my care of her. I was an old man, Dr. Berkley, in feeling, if not in years. She was the first woman I had really loved. All that I knew of good, of rest, of whatever was fair or kindly in life, lay in her. Let me be silent here. It is all over now. I did not tell you of my history. There was my guilt. Only there! Except in that one fatal concealment, I have been innocent. I shrank from the vile story with too sharp a pain to willingly recall it. As time passed and it was yet untold, I weakly resolved never to reveal it. My happiness was too nearly within my clutch for me to risk it. I was wrong. Gertrude I thought lay in the bottom of the sea, would not return to tell of what had been: if my silence was a crime, my punishment has been sufficient. God, the all-knowing, all-pitiful, will forgive me, but—will you? Will she?

"Of the crime for which I am to stand my trial, I do not fear that you will hold me guilty for a moment. Yet I have no proof to bring of innocence. I went to the Glen, expecting to find a sick woman in need of aid. I found—my wife. I have no words to describe that meeting.

"I could not rid myself of the belief that it was some mocking, taunting fiend risen to drive me mad. God knows what malicious whim drove her here. My disgust and horror crazed her, I think. She came near me, caught my hand, and held it with jeering vows of wisely devotion. I thrust her from me, and, as I did it, a shot was fired and she staggered and fell. For a moment I thought she herself had discharged the weapon, but her hands were empty. She lived but a moment, cried wildly for Gustav—for help—pushed me from her with her last breath. I remember nothing more of that night.

"I will say no more. If I am condemned, you at least will not believe me guilty. One other. I dare not speak of her. God's will be done."

No trial in the valley of the Blue Ridge ever excited more gloomy consternation. No family whose plantation lay in the boundaries of the four counties whose blood was not mixed with the Hopes or the Berkleys. It was a season of mourning. I was touched to find how deeply Geoffrey had endeared himself to these people. Irresistible as the circumstantial evidence was against him, palliative as was the plea of fiery anger, uncontrollable passion, the mass of the people persisted in believing in his entire innocence. So strong had this feeling grown, and so intense was the excitement in his favor, that Hall, the prosecuting attorney, moved for a change of venue. It was granted, and the case was removed to the court of the neighboring district.

I never shall forget the day it came on. A gray, brooding day of early winter. The snow lay deep, the icicles hung heavy from the eaves. The little town of — was crowded from early morning, yet it was strangely silent. Men talked in whispers at the corners in eager groups. The feeling of excitement ran deep and still. One feature of the trial was peculiar. The gallery of the little court-room was filled with ladies, a thing unheard of in Virginia. No more real or delicate proof of sympathy could have been offered by the planters.

I had but one colleague, Hoyt of Marion. He came down the day before. I was worn-out. I had never worked harder on a case, or, let me confess it, with more hopeless effort. What will my readers think if I acknowledge that, before Hoyt's arrival, I had laid the bare facts of the case before another and very different counsellor? Pine. Never in white or black have I ever found a more subtle, acute genius for discovery, combination. Do you laugh? Then you do not know the instinct of the negro. It had often happened that some curious hint, some lucky hit, had gained me a victory, which was due to the intuitive knack of Pine for odd bits of knowledge. How or in what way he obtained his acquaintance of the leading points of civil cases was a perpetual mystery; in such trials as this, where the facts were patent, where every minutia of evidence told, I did not scruple to avail myself of his ubiquitous ear and lynx-eye. But Pine heard or saw nothing that would avail.

When the bell was ringing for court to open, I went to the jail to accompany my client to the court-room. He was calm, pale. A higher

trust than even faith in his own innocence supported him. I had planned words of encouragement out of my own desponding fancy; I uttered none of them; he had another aid that I, alas! knew not. The constables led him down the narrow passage leading to the prisoner's box. I followed closely. In the jail-yard, on the wall, were gaping crowds of men and boys, black and white; he did not seem to see them, passed on with a slow, firm step, and quiet face. The court-room was one mass of heads, of watchful eyes turned to the solitary man who came in with bent head, and took the place of shame. Used as I was to the scene, it took this day for me a new significance. I looked at it with Geoffrey's eyes, felt it with Geoffrey's nerves.

Court was opened. The jury empaneled. The prisoner challenged no one, but sat with his head bent on his hands, seemingly unconscious of all that was passing. While the jury was being sworn there was a slight pause. I saw a motion at one door, the crowd respectfully making way. A bluff, stalwart figure, halting slightly, came quietly in, leading a lady deeply veiled. Old Tom Berkley! With his face paler, sterner than usual. He made their way to the bench outside of the prisoner's box, and leaning over touched the bent shoulder. "Why, Geoffrey boy!" The prisoner started up. Sarah had seated herself by his side, quietly; it was her right. Her father crowded close on the other hand. One look into her face, and that was all; then Geoffrey's head sunk suddenly, lower than before. In what praise and thanksgiving to God, only He knows! It may be the brave, tender heart, beating beside him, could guess. The brave, tender girl! In all that crowded court-room there was not a heart which did not bless her then and there!

When the prisoner raised his head again, there was a change in his face. Before, his trust had been in the Unseen; now, this little touch of true, warm human love had fired his heart like new wine. The usual slow routine of the opening of the trial occupied an hour or two of the forenoon. I have no intention of dwelling on the technicalities of the case—it would but weary my readers; only the few salient points divested of legal verbiage. I left the earlier conduct of the case in Hoyt's hands, and studied closely the faces of the jurors. This is no subordinate part of a criminal pleader's duty, especially in a cause like this, where success depended on oratory rather than facts. But now my heart sank. The men were plain, common-sense farmers, or shrewd mechanics, upon

whom no power of pathos would outweigh a grain of evidence; men who would show their sturdy pride in the stern justice of their condemnation of one who belonged to the patrician class. (I may say here, by-the-way, that, despite the popular outcry against the influence of caste, I have found, in my practice, it was harder, for that very caste-reason, to obtain clear justice for the rich than for the poor.) While Hoyt was opening, with Hall, my attention was suddenly attracted by the face of a man leaning over the gallery railing, whose desperate, eager watchfulness marked him even in that intent mass of listeners. I recognized him instantly: the stranger I had seen at the village inn with Dick Poole. It is strange how floating trifles will impress the mind even in the most solemn moments. While my brain was busy with Geoffrey's imminent peril, I wondered who this man with the picturesque, sharply-cut olive face was, where he had been staying, what was his interest in this trial! Presently I missed him; he had left the court-room.

Hall rose after the indictment was read. He traced back Geoffrey Hope's life from the period when he first left Virginia; his mad career of folly in New Orleans; the kindness of the Parnys, brother and sister; his marriage in Georgia (producing an affidavit from the minister still living); the elopement of his wife, and his return to his native place. Hall was one of the acutest lawyers in the state. From papers left by the dead woman they had gained a knowledge of Hope's relation to her. Without bringing a charge against the prisoner of willful intention to commit bigamy, without calling a blush to the cheek of the girl beside him, he threw, in a delicate, covert way, a doubt of infamy over his whole life; upon his silence with regard to his first marriage; his sincerity as an humble, penitent Christian minister; his ignorance that the woman Gertrude still lived. Such doubts can be thrown, such deep, intangible charges can be brought as skillfully in an advocate's speech as in an after-tea gossip. He then proceeded to draw, as he said, this woful, life-long tragedy to its dark culmination, and summoned his witnesses.

Jim Blake testified to the carrying of the message to Mr. Hope on the evening of our visit to the Parsonage. "Had received the message from Lucky Jenkyll. Had not seen the woman who sent it. Thought it was some friend of Lucky's, or other poor white trash. Got a dram of brandy for bringing it."

Lucky Jenkyll, a slave was not admitted as evidence.

Peter Stone, sworn, testified: "Am a brick-layer by trade. Live in the hollow called Glen Ross. Two weeks ago deceased came to my house; said she had been told I had rooms to let. Told her they were not fit for such as she, being a lady and uppish-like. Said she did not care; wanted out of the town; would pay well. My wife was took with her odd French ways; so we took her in. She was very quiet; stayed mostly in her room; did pay well. Once or twice I undertook to pump some news out of her as to her business, but could get no satisfaction. She only left the house twice while she was there. Went out one morning early, and was gone all day. About noon I was coming past the Berkley plantations, and see her a-walking quick through the trees, hiding as it might be. I stopped to look, being curious. Saw Mr. Hope on horseback, coming down the road, by Dr. Berkley's carriage. Was talking to the young lady inside. After they were out of sight, the French woman came out, laughing to herself. Told my wife about it when I went home; said I didn't like her ways. She said 'long as she paid well to let her alone! The day of the murder my wife went over to her mother's on Sandy Creek, meaning to come back that night; but she did not get back until the next day. The deceased went out toward the village in the afternoon. Before dark I was sitting on the bench at the door, when I heard a noise in the apple-orchard like voices quarrelling in a whisper. Think it was voices I heard, but won't swear; it might have been something else; sounded like voices though. At last I heard a sharp sort of cry, and a name; foreign name it was; disremember it; and the French woman came hurrying up the yard. She was holding her hands as if she had been frightened, and had been crying; for the red paint on her cheeks was washed into streaks and looked bad enough. She was all of a tremble. I spoke to her; but she went past me in the house. Came down in an hour, dressed and painted again. Said that she wished I would stay around the yard, and, if any one came wanting her, not to let them in. She thought some of those negroes would be bothering her; for they came begging every day. I thought that was a lie, if she was a lady; but said nothing. Then she said the preacher was coming to see her, and she wanted the use of the keeping-room, as they had some business; to let him come there when he came. Thought it was very good in Mr. Hope to take some account of the foreign body; for I didn't think she was worth it. Waited round until nine o'clock; then went to bed. About ten I

heard a horse come to the front door; went down and found Mr. Hope. He asked how the sick woman was. Said she wasn't sick, but had business I believed. Took him in the keeping-room, and went out as the French woman came in the other door. Heard a curious noise like a moan; so stopped and listened. The woman was talking jeering-like, laughing now and then. Only heard Mr. Hope's voice once or twice; it sounded unnatural, smothered as if something hurt him terribly. Was just going to open the door, when I heard her walk over the floor. He said something loud as if he cursed her, and then I heard a shot. I was scared, stunned; did not go in for a minute or two. When I did, she was lying on a bench dead and Mr. Hope walking the floor. I only stayed a minute; asked him who did it. He said he didn't know; looked as if he had not his senses; was white, the big drops of sweat on his face. I started off to the town. I was afraid I would be took up for the murder myself. Met the officers an hour afterward in the Glen."

Such was his testimony. His cross-examination was as follows: "Where were you during that hour?" "Hiding in the thicket. I got scared, thought nobody would believe the preacher did it, and I would be suspected." "What kind of voice did you hear in the apple orchard?" "Will not swear that they were voices, thought they were, as much from the looks of the woman as from hearing; thought there must be some one there or she would not have cried out the name." "What name?" "One I never heard before." A sudden thought struck me. I leaned over the desk, and, in a voice inaudible to the audience, said, "Was it Gustav?" The face of the witness brightened. "Yes! that is it. I had disremembered it."

Flynn was then sworn. He testified to being sent by me after Mr. Hope, to arriving at Lucky Jenkyll's and learning there that the prisoner had gone on to Stone's. He described his entrance into the keeping-room—the position of the body, and the crazed appearance of Hope, as I have before stated. The evidence of Davis, the constables, and that of the coroner, Pike, followed; but they elicited nothing new to the reader. Albert Ward and John Hoge, physicians, severally testified as to the state of the body when examined by them. The shot, a pistol bullet, had taken effect almost instantly, lodging in the inner cavity of the heart. The bullet, when found, had been driven against the ribs with such force as to carry a bit of paper (part of the wadding) uninjured with it. They had found no other marks of violence.

With supplementary, unimportant evidence, the counsel for the prosecution closed. I never have known a stronger case of circumstantial evidence. Our rebutting testimony was meagre in fact, however strong we held it to be in inference. Hoyt summoned first a few witnesses to testify to the moral position of the prisoner. He had chosen them well. Their evidence was short, forcible, weighty. Geoffrey Hope, as he was, stood before the people, a lofty, high-souled Christian gentleman, bearing the weight of a great sorrow. The story of his first marriage was brought forward in its true light, by means of letters which he had fortunately preserved. The forged letter, proving his ignorance of the existence of this woman, told upon the jury. But alas! the stronger we made our point of his past misery with the dead woman, and his entire conviction of her death, the more probable appeared the fact that in a madness of desperation he had rid himself of the curse.

The former witnesses were recalled to prove that no weapon was found on the prisoner when discovered, nor in the room; but that we knew availed little, the pistol might easily have been flung from the window into the swampy ground.

It is easy for an experienced lawyer to tell the tone and temper of a jury. My heart grew more leaden every moment. Hoyt, summoning the witnesses, could hardly conceal his hopeless chagrin. Even if the evidence was not held strong enough to convict him, the verdict would be actually what it would nominally be rendered in Scotland, not "Acquitted," but "Not Proven." The man would go forth, if not to the gallows, to a worse fate—with blasted fame and fortune, the mark of Cain upon his brow.

The case was closed. The speeches of the junior counsel lasted late into the night, yet the audience rested in intent, unabated excitement. No finer forensic display has ever been made in a criminal trial in Virginia. The advocates who spoke that night were men who had earned an enduring fame, and the terrible emergency of the present cause called out every latent power. I saw the prisoner shudder as Hall sat down, and the judge rose to adjourn court. He was a doomed man. The ringing words, that had just died away, were like a peal of vengeance, inflexible, immutable. The court was cleared in deathly silence. One or two women in the galleries were carried out insensible—sisters, friends of the man who to-morrow was to be condemned to death, or worse than death. The group around the bar of advocates, judges, broke up gloomily and passed out. The prisoner was detained until the room was

emptied. He turned then and lifted the bent face beside him to his own. The face of the picture! White as death, radiant with perfect trust, the lips quivering slightly with agony. Watching, believing, until the death-end! Only one look, and then he turned away, and was led back to his cell.

CHAPTER VI.

I SLEPT but little that night. At noon the next day I was to close the plea for the prisoner. Wild as I knew the hope to be, I was aware that his friends did rest their hope on me. It was the straw of the drowning man. Yet I prayed for help as earnestly as if I had possessed the faith that my prayer could be granted. I never felt the weakness of my own powers so deeply as when conscious that so awful a confidence was placed on them.

The bell rang for court. From my inn window I watched the crowds pouring through the narrow streets, until the building was filled to suffocation. It was a day of clear, bewildering sunlight; how mocking it seemed!

I took my way slowly to court. Hoyt was speaking as I entered. Stamworth, on the opposite side, was to follow. I glanced at Geoffrey. Over his face there was a sickly pallor; his eyes were closed; he had bidden good-by to the fears and hopes of the world. Listening dully to my colleague's desperate effort to gild over the fatal facts, I leaned against the plastered wall.

A sudden wrench at my arm made me turn. It was Pine, his black face ashy with excitement. "Fur de lub o' God, Mars John! cum heah." I went hastily out of the crowd. He thrust into my hand a scrap of something black. "He's de murderer! Gor a Mighty be praised, he did it!"

"What do you mean? Are you crazy, boy?"

"He—de man at Dick Poole's. Look at dat stuff, marster—dat black fur, 'ud know dat fur in Ejup."

"Where did you find it?"

"Fund it dis mornin, me um Jim Blake, hangin to um bush outside dem window, where de woman was shot, marster."

A wild thought struck me—I had been dumb not to think of it before—I made my way hastily, though silently, to the witness-box. There was a small table below it. I looked upon it, under it. The room had been swept that morning; what I sought was gone. No! There it was on the floor—the crumpled, bloody piece of paper-wadding found in the body. I caught it, my old hand shaking with excitement.

What was gained I knew not—but everything was to be risked on the possibility of that gain. I scrawled on a slate, and handed it up to Hoyt: "Speak all day, if you can, and if I have not returned, sue for an adjournment on the plea of new and vital testimony."

Hoyt changed color, but neither by word nor look betrayed surprise. I hurried out.

It was growing dusk when I returned, and, pausing a moment in the jury-room, quietly entered court. It was even more densely crowded than in the morning. Hoyt was still up. I saw through his labored sentences an incessant, watchful glance to the door. He observed me; a significant motion was enough for him. A vague notion had spread through the people that Hoyt was speaking against time; that my absence had some important bearing on the case. The prisoner and his friends had caught the wild hope. Geoffrey, no longer self-possessed, sat nervously wiping his clammy face from time to time, his muscles rigid with a tense suspense. He was only a man; life was worth much—and honor!

Hoyt drew his argument to a sudden close, and, prompted by a look from me, quietly prayed the court for "suspension of rules and the admission of important and unforeseen evidence." It was granted. There was an eager breath of excitement over the room; then silence.

A few whispered words to Hoyt gave him his cue. Referring to the papers left by the deceased, he proved her connection with Gustav Aix as his nominal wife to have existed as lately as the second August just past.

I was then summoned as witness and sworn, waiving my position as counsel for the accused. I testified to the conversation overheard by me in the cabin by the roadside on the afternoon of the murder. This was proof that this man had followed her to the neighborhood.

Richard Poole was then summoned and sworn. Poole was one of the small farmers of C—county, the owner of one or two negroes, hardly a step above them in refinement, ignorant, cowardly, but honest enough. He trembled excessively on mounting to the stand, and for some moments was so bewildered by terror that his evidence was unintelligible. Patience, however, calmed him at last, and the assurance that his testimony should not be used against him. He then testified as follows: "Am a planter in a small way. Badly off. Like to make a little money honestly if I can. Was down in the Berkeley Town tavern last day of court in last month. Landlord Simms said to me there was

a man there wanted to board in the country 'count of fishing and gunning. I offered to take him. Thought I could make a raise, maybe. Man came out with me, tall, dark man he was; handsome. Been boarding at my house ever since. I saw little of him, being out on the farm most of the time. He hardly ever stayed in-doors; used to go out in the morning and not come home till night. Never brought any game though, which I thought queer. Day of the murder he came home early in the evening, looked flushed and angry. Went up stairs to his room. I said to my wife, 'There's something wrong with Mr. Thorne,' (for that was the name we called him by.) I went up stairs and looked in his room, out of curiosity-like, as I passed the door. He was standing with his back to me, but was loading a pistol. Tore a bit of paper for wadding out of a letter and threw it on the floor. When I came down I said, 'He's after no good.' Directly he came down and went out of the door. I don't know what made me follow him, but I did. Told my wife I was going out to see the stock foddered; but instead took after him a good piece behind. He kept on at a fast pace. He had on a black cloak, trimmed with fur. Went down the fields outside the village, through Starr's Thicket, then down through Glen Ross. It was getting dark, but I was curious to see the matter out; for now and then he would take out the pistol and cock it, as if he expected to shoot right away. It was somewhat late: it might be nine or ten o'clock when we got to Peter Stone's. He climbed over the yard fence and crept round the bushes. I got behind a linden tree and watched through a crack. There was a light in one window. He got up to it on the outside, hanging on to the beams. It is a wood house, badly weather-boarded. I saw him sticking there for a minute or two, clutching the chunks to keep himself from falling. Then he raised the pistol to a broken pane of the window and fired. I did not hear any cry inside.

"I made off as fast as I could over the hills, by a short cut I knew, and got home about three o'clock. I told my wife. We were afraid to tell. Thorne came home late the next morning. We were in-doors pretty constant since then. Only heard of Mr. Hope's trial last week. I felt awful, not knowing what to do, but thought as I had kept quiet so long I would be tried for accessory after the fact, if I said anything. Heard of such things in law. Besides, was mortal afraid of my life with Thorne. I am a poor man, have a family. Couldn't run the risk of bein' hung for Mr. Hope, though I like

him. Thorne hung round the house until yesterday, then was gone for an hour or two in the morning: came here, I think, to the trial. Came home about noon, went up stairs and got some money out of his trunk and papers, borrowed my horse, Morgan, to go back to the village, he said. Has never been back. This morning the horse came back, blown and sweating awful: must have been ridden almost to death. The constables came out an hour or two after, and brought me and my wife here. I have told the whole truth, so help me God." Poole here began to blubber for mercy, and his testimony being complete, was removed and his wife placed on the stand. Her evidence corroborated his in every particular.

During the time these witnesses occupied the stand, a silence, terrible in its intentness, reigned over the house. Men scarcely grasped the full force of what they heard. Hoyt availed himself of the dead stillness to produce his last conclusive fact. A cloak, trimmed with sable, was shown, and sworn to by Poole as that worn by his lodger on the night of the murder. A piece of cloth and fur attached, which exactly fitted into a rent in it, were found, as Jim Blake testified by him, clinging to one of the thorn bushes under the window. No papers or letters had been left by the fugitive which could give a clue to his identity save one; the paper from which he had torn the wadding of the pistol, and which the Pooles had secreted. It was a bill from a wine dealer in Mobile, Alabama, to Gustav Aix, receipted. The bloody fragment found in the heart of the deceased was produced, and made the torn paper complete. Hoyt closed the case with only these words, "Justice, gentlemen of the jury!"

I will not repeat the judge's charge. The old man, who had known Geoffrey Hope from boyhood, delivered it with a voice which he could not steady, so full was it of eager thankfulness.

The jury did not leave their box. "Not guilty" sounded through the court-room in a clear, firm voice, that was lost in one wild whirlwind of uproar. The tempest of enthusiasm, that had been restrained for two hours, broke out at last and swept all order, dignity, rule away. The sheriff vainly called for silence, scarcely able himself to keep from joining in the tremendous cheer ringing from court-room and streets, where eager crowds were waiting.

In the midst of it all the freed man stood silent, unconscious of anything but the pale, worn-out girl, who, with a shivering sigh, had sunk down, like one dead, at his feet; while old

Tom Berkley, sobbing like a boy, sat beside him.

The ensuing spring, I returned to Berkley Place from Richmond. The welcome I met was less joyous than the last, but more deep and feeling. There was a wedding in the old homestead in a few days. A quiet wedding, though the clans of Hope and Berkley were met together. But the shadow of the great danger, that had passed by so lately, rested over the house, over the faces and hearts of bride and bridegroom.

A grave, solemn wedding. In the darkness of that peril, man and woman had looked deep into the future that lay before them, and hand in hand dared it with slow, firm steps, trusting in the love within, the love above. The trust has never failed.

All that I have told in my story passed years ago. Whenever I can, I go to Berkley Place, where old Tom, genial and warm as ever, still holds open court. Pine accompanies me, a middle-aged "uncle" now, with gray hair and sometimes troublesome rheumatism; but after the first day, he hands me over to the care of some one else and is missing. When I go over to make my visit to the parsonage I find him there, established as major-domo of kitchen, buttery, and house, generally escorted by a troop of youthful Toms, and Geoffreys, and Johns. "Let uncle Pine stay with us, cousin John," coaxed one of these nuisances (my

namesake by-the-way), the last time I was there. "Yea," plead Sarah, "leave Pine with us, I think he will be happy here. And we owe him happiness such as we never can return." "What do you owe him?" persisted the curly-headed catechist. "Only a life, my boy," said his father, stroking the little hand with an unsteady touch. Pine's black face worked nervously, then he broke into a laugh, the negro's only concealment for excitement. "Guess Mars' John owes me two or three times dat. Got no more gumpshion dan dis chile 'bout keepin' hisself alive. No, no, Mist Sarah, muss stay with ole Mars' while um lives. Only he's got to cum down heah once a year, anyhow."

Some four or five years after the trial, in a Lynn paper, I read of the sudden illness of a man under trial for forgery, whose real name it was averred was Gustav Aix.

I started instantly for Massachusetts, and with some difficulty obtained from the dying man a full confession of the murder of the woman Gertrude. It was made public in those counties where the trial was held. I took the paper myself to Geoffrey Hope and placed it in his hands. He read it in silence, pressed my hand and said nothing.

But going into his study that evening, I found his book open at the words, "In the day of trouble I called unto Thee: And Thou hast answered."

SUCH THINGS ARE.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

Thus the youthful Harold said—
"Bride but thee I'll never wed.
Bright Niagara's crystal fall
First shall change to fiery wall;
Delaware's current Northward flow
Ere I break the faith I owe.
Trust what I have sworn and said:
Bride but thee I'll never wed."

First she smiled and then she sighed—
"Lover's vows are frail," she cried.
"Through December's darkness sky
Fast the quivering snow-flakes fly;
Ere their fall from earth be dried,
Thou mayst seek another bride."

"I have roamed through many a clime,
Tried the power of space and time;
Sought, amid the bright and fair,
Spells to break my bosom-snare;

Vainly strove I to be free,
Still my heart was chained to thee.
Trust what I have sworn and said:
Bride but thee I'll never wed."

First a sigh and then a smile—
"Harold's lip will speak no guile.
Joyful I receive the vow
Plighted once—re-plighted now.
Life is sweet, and hope is free,
Since thy heart is true to me!"

Ye who trust to lover's truth,
Learn how light the loves of youth!
From the dark and dying year
Scarce the snow-flakes disappear;
Scarce the Spring-buds deck the bow,
Ere she mourns a broken vow.
Love betrayed, and truth denied—
Harold weds another bride.

A LOSING GAME.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

On a pleasant August morning, a young lady was walking through the principal street of a village composed generally of white houses with green blinds, but which had, nevertheless, a very attractive appearance. The young pedestrian was attired in a white dress and black mantilla, with the inevitable round hat that seems indispensable to a country toilet, a blue veil, and a handkerchief carefully tied around her neck to protect it from the sun. A small umbrella completed her means of defence against that aggressive luminary; and thus armed, she pursued her promenade in a complacent frame of mind, until she reached a pretty cottage house that stood a little back from the road.

A sign between the windows had made its appearance there since the preceding day; and the young lady started in surprise that was quite unmingled with pleasure, as she read the name: "Robert Treadwell, Attorney at Law." She had unconsciously come to a stand still before the cottage, and was not aware that a gentleman, probably "Robert Treadwell," himself, who stood in the doorway, was attentively regarding her.

People generally show to better advantage against a background of trees and grass than one of brick and mortar, and Regina Marlbut would have attracted notice anywhere. Not on account of her exceeding beauty, for that she has not; she was unique-looking, rather than pretty, and had one of those puzzling faces that are pronounced not to have "a single good feature by critics who, nevertheless, acknowledge the charm of the *tout ensemble*. Miss Marlbut was called "stylish-looking;" her mantilla was worn with a sort of indescribable grace, and the soft, white dress floated around her in folds that were quite unattainable by the other female denizens of Unionville.

Thoughts of this nature were passing rapidly through the mind of the gentleman, who was looking at Miss Regina as attentively as she was looking at the sign; and becoming, at length, aware of his presence, an angry blush, and a hasty letting down of the blue veil, were preliminaries to "double-quick" retreat that plainly declared an indignant frame of mind.

And Regina was indignant; she felt herself

and her family to be exceedingly injured people, while she looked upon Mr. Robert Treadwell as an impertinent upstart. Ever since she could remember, her father, Judge Marlbut, had been the one lawyer who had hitherto proved sufficient to settle the difficulties of Unionville; and he was yearly in the receipt of a comfortable income through the quarrelsome propensities of his neighbors. Now, however, a rival had appeared upon the field; and as people are proverbially disposed to favor young aspirants, to the neglect of those who have the *prestige* of age and experience, Regina Marlbut foresaw a series of annoyances and disappointments that were highly exasperating.

In this frame of mind, she entered the pleasant, comfortable-looking house that Judge Marlbut prided himself on having procured through his own industry. It was well-shaded, green-blinded, and adorned with climbing vines and ornamental shrubs. The large, cool parlor was covered with matting, that always went down the first of May, and came up the first of November; Regina's piano occupied one of the recesses; and flowers, books, and knick-nacks displayed a much greater degree of taste than is usually met with in country villages. In fact, it was the "crack" parlor of Unionville; and parties there were always sure to be pleasant ones.

Mrs. Marlbut, a tall, thin lady, with rather an anxious expression of countenance, was flourishing a fly-brush over the various fancy articles on the center-table, when the daughter entered, with a face that plainly showed something had gone amiss. Every expression of that face was a matter of interest and speculation to the whole household; she had been named Regina—"little queen," and little queen she had always been.

"The Olmstead Cottage has been taken," observed Regina, in answer to her mother's inquiring look.

"Has it?" said Mrs. Marlbut, with considerable animation. "Well, that is pleasant, is it not?" for possibly one or two sons might be included in the family.

"Very 'pleasant,' indeed," continued the young lady, "especially as the person who has

taken it has mounted an imposing sign announcing that he is an 'Attorney at Law.' Papa, in particular, will consider it 'pleasant.'"

"Attorney at Law!" Mrs. Marlbut dropped the fly-brush in dismay, and sank down beside her daughter, who was tracing an arabesque pattern upon the straw matting with the point of her umbrella. Her tone would seem to imply that an attorney at law was as dangerous an animal as a gorilla; for, poor lady! she had never contemplated the possibility of a rival to the judge.

"Have you seen him?" was her next inquiry. "What sort of a person is he?"

"An exceedingly disagreeable-looking man," replied her daughter, "he was standing in the door, as I passed, with a sort of 'will-you-walk-into-my-parlor-said-the-spider-to-the-fly'-expression, and stared at me so impertinently that I had to drop my veil, and hurry on."

"One of those screwing pettifoggers, I suppose," said Mrs. Marlbut, disconsolately; "and a Yankee, I've no doubt—they are always roving."

It was a subject of congratulation with Mrs. Marlbut that Unionville was not within the bounds of Yankee-dom, which she regarded as a decidedly foreign country; and all obnoxious individuals of unknown antecedents were at once consigned to that much-abused section.

"It will be dreadful if this interferes with your father's business," continued the prudent mother, "I have a presentiment that this new man is one of those lawyers who will stop at nothing; and your father is so strictly honorable that he is no match for such people. There, too, is the Septon case that has hung on hand so long—suppose that he should get hold of that, and by some quibble, which these pettifoggers always understand, should bring it through triumphantly—what will become of our expected fortune then?"

It is a very pleasant thing to be comfortably situated, with every moderate want gratified, and a possibility, at least, of waking up some morning a comparative millionaire. This agreeable prospective had for some time past dazzled the vision of the Marlbuts, with the exception of the judge, who never expected anything until he saw it; and the phrase, "when we get rich," was so frequently employed in the family, that if some unfeeling, but truthful prophet had assured them that this millennium would never arrive, the death-blow to their hopes, and anticipations, and castle-buildings would have been too much to bear.

Miss Annabella Marlbut, aged twelve, had

long fixed upon this as the period when she intended to strike for new garments, made expressly for her, instead of putting up with Regina's old ones; Masters Allen, Henry, and Thomas discoursed eloquently of rabbits, dogs, guns, horses, and all the et ceteras indispensable to the happy existence of the noun masculine; while Mrs. Marlbut dreamed of new curtains, and carpets, and a wing; and Regina had played so often on an imaginary harp, and entered and alighted from a mystical carriage so many times, that she was frequently surprised not to see the one in the boudoir that was to spring into existence with the wing, and the other before the door.

"The Septon case," upon which all these future glories hung, was a very "hard case" in every sense of the word. The family to whom it belonged were also in a state of expectancy; but they differed from the Marlbut's in expecting what they had actually enjoyed, instead of looking forward to luxurious surroundings which they had never known. Their "place" was situated just beyond Unionville, that is, the place they had occupied for some years back; but floating stories of former grandeur, when they had resided with the grandfather of the family—who had always promised to leave them the bulk of his wealth, which he did to all intents and purposes; but other heirs, by some quibble of law, managed to defeat his evident wishes and obtain possession of the greater part of the estate—quite overwhelmed the denizens of Unionville with a feeling of profound awe and admiration.

The Septons did not "visit" in the village except an occasional stiff call at Judge Marlbut's, which always put Regina into a quib passion, and made her vow never to return. The vow, however, was always broken in obedience to her mother's commands; and every time that she saw the Septons, her desire for the successful termination of their everlasting law suit became more intense. If they succeeded, Judge Marlbut was to be rewarded for his persevering exertions with a comfortable slice of the personal property; and may we surmise, when his wife and children were fast asleep, did the worthy man pore over the wearisome papers in the hope of striking out a new idea in the chaotic materials before him. He consulted authorities, and investigated facts; but nothing definite had been accomplished, for it required a pretty powerful battery to be brought to bear against the nine points that are classed under the head of "possession."

Judge Marlbut was not one to neglect the actual bird in the hand for the possible bird in the bush, and he attended to his regular business as systematically as ever—only taking up the Septon case, like a piece of legal knitting, when he had nothing else to do. Time and patience had smothered out a few of the minor tangles, but the great body of the snarl remained in *statu quo*; and the whole thing appeared to the practical lawyer very much in the light of Western lots.

The judge was rather a heavy-looking, easy sort of man, who took things quietly; and when he came home to dinner, that day, the excited recital of his wife and daughter produced very little effect upon him.

"Live and let live," said he, cheerfully, "any one else has as much right here as I have—and I think that the best thing I can do is to go and call upon him."

"Call upon him!" exclaimed Mrs. Marlbut and Regina, in as severe a tone as though "Robert Treadwell, Attorney at Law," had been a fit subject for the States' Prison; while Regina added severely,

"I declare, papa, you are really too bad to go and take up with a stranger in this way! One, too, who will try to get everything away from you that he possibly can! I think that he ought to be frowned down instead of being called upon."

"I don't believe in frowning people down," replied the judge, good-humoredly, "it never did any good yet. I always find that if you treat people as though you expected them to act like pick-pockets, they are pretty sure to do it."

Mrs. Marlbut shook her head hopelessly at Regina, to intimate that she considered the judge beyond the power of moral suasion, and that they must act upon their own responsibility without expecting to find an ally in him.

When the *pater-familias* returned at tea-time, he had, evidently to his own satisfaction, "been and gone, and done it." His descriptive powers, however, were limited, or else he never indulged them; and the only account that the family received of the new attorney at law was that he was a very nice fellow.

"Has he his family with him?" inquired Mrs. Marlbut, disdaining to ask in plain terms if "the creature" were married.

"Family?" repeated the judge, in surprise. "Why, no—he is a single man."

"A wiry-haired, old bachelor, I suppose," observed his wife, contemptuously.

"He is not at all old," was the reply; "he is in the very prime of life."

As the judge applied this term indiscriminately to any amount of years under seventy, Mrs. Marlbut thought no more of the matter; but the glimpse that Regina had obtained of the "exceedingly disagreeable-looking man," did not exactly convey the impression of "wiry hair" or attendant wrinkles.

Very few evenings had elapsed, before Mr. Treadwell responded to the warm invitations of Judge Marlbut, by presenting himself in the comfortable parlor, where Miss Regina was "trying" the last new opera. The young lady rose in some confusion, as the very gentlemanly-looking stranger entered; and as she had quite forgotten the *physique* of "Robert Treadwell, Attorney at Law," she was somewhat at a loss in the dimly-lighted parlor.

The judge, however, came in just at the right moment; and with much cordiality, introduced Mr. Treadwell to his wife and daughter. The ladies were very much surprised, he looked so much better than they had expected; and the Unionville beaux suffered by comparison. Regina soon made the discovery that he had very fine gray eyes, splendid teeth, a carefully cultivated moustache, with a particularly commanding figure; and an air of power, both physical and mental, that made itself felt at once.

The young lady, however, was not subdued by these advantages; on the contrary, they appeared to increase her ire, and her manner, during Mr. Treadwell's very moderate visit, was chilling in the extreme. The judge, who appeared to be quite fascinated with his rival, volunteered to walk down the street with him, and Mrs. Marlbut and Regina were left looking at each other in silent astonishment.

"Regina!" exclaimed her mother, in an impressive voice.

"Mamma!" exclaimed the daughter, with equal impressiveness.

"The very one to succeed!" groaned Mrs. Marlbut. "The girls will all be crazy after him, and he will be spoiled in a very short time. We must set the fashion of putting him down without delay."

Regina did a little mental arithmetic.

"There are just thirty-three single females in Unionville," said she, "and exactly ten male individuals who are unappropriated. The probabilities, therefore, are decidedly in favor of Mr. Treadwell's being taken up instead of being put down."

Mrs. Marlbut thought so too; but she replied, energetically,

"We can try it, at any rate. People generally

follow one lead; and there is something about that man that exasperates me—he seems to be so very cool and comfortable.”

There was no denying this; and Regina quite echoed her mother's sentiment in feeling a strong desire to crush out the intruder. She would like to get the better of him in some way—what those familiar with horses term “the whip-hand;” and she could not regain her equanimity until she had accomplished it.

It might naturally be supposed that the advent of a young, unmarried man, so far superior to the native productions of Unionville, would have been hailed, even by the “little queen,” with much inward satisfaction; but her diminutive majesty was not left to the mercy of Unionville for the indispensable article of beaux: she had city acquaintances who were very willing to exchange a winter month in town for a summer month in the country; and both mamma and daughter would have scorned the idea of anything but a city match.

The ladies of the Marlbut family viewed Mr. Treadwell only as the would-be rival of the good-natured judge, whose wife angrily declared that “she really believed he would bite his own nose off if anybody wanted it”—which sacrifice he was not likely to be called upon for: first, because this feature, in the judge, was decidedly more useful than ornamental; and secondly, people of the most grasping natures are generally satisfied with one.

Mr. Treadwell remained in blissful ignorance of the strong feeling against him; and as the people of Unionville generally, and the women-kind particularly, endeavored to make him feel at home, he soon came to the conclusion that he had established himself in very pleasant quarters.

When the cool evenings of September arrived, Mrs. and Miss Marlbut determined to give a party; and this party was given for the express purpose of “putting down” Mr. Treadwell. Everybody was asked who could be thought of—everybody but the offending lawyer—and Regina had been assured that two or three gentlemen from the city would graciously condescend to “assist.”

The “little queen” was very lovely in her white dress, (she was partial to white,) with the wreath of geranium leaves in her dark hair; and Mr. Hummelford, the chief city grandee, had got himself up in magnificent style. But, unfortunately, he considered that his manner should match his dress: and he and his coadjutors drew themselves up loftily, and took distant views of the Unionville belles through their

eye-glasses, much to the indignation of the insulted damsels. Regina bit her lip in angry disappointment as she saw how things were going on. People did not enjoy themselves as usual; for the city exquisites threw an air of stiffness over the assemblage that fastened upon them like a spell.

After an hour or two of this purgatory, Mr. Treadwell entered the room, evidently as unembarrassed and sure of a cordial reception as though he had brought his invitation in his pocket. Mrs. Marlbut and her daughter exchanged glances, and were inexpressibly puzzled; for the young lawyer was certainly too much of a gentleman to force himself upon people who had studiously slighted him.

Before the evening was over, Regina unwillingly admitted to herself that she was glad he had come. Everybody brightened up at his arrival; there was so much life and geniality about him that stiffness and reserve could not exist in his presence, and the ice soon began to thaw and rapidly melted away. Under his excellent management Regina was speedily seated at the piano, and her music was always considered well worth listening to. Mr. Treadwell was prevailed upon to join his magnificent bass voice to her soft contralto, and all became good-humored over a ridiculous “medley,” which happily suited the voices of the entire company.

Then the young lawyer proposed plays, in which they all became so much interested that they romped like children; and the stately Mr. Hummelford found himself ordered about very much to his astonishment. But the gentlemen soon saw that those who would not enjoy themselves were quietly thrown out; and they entered into the spirit of it with hearty good-will. They had a jig and a country-dance, and were uproarious and happy in the highest degree. Everybody departed in a giggle, as they assured Regina that they had never enjoyed themselves so much; and Mrs. Marlbut and her daughter were left to talk over the events of the evening.

“I wonder what could have brought Mr. Treadwell here?” said Regina, reflectively. “It was certainly very odd.”

“Our evil genius, I suppose,” replied her mother; “I am sure that I didn't invite him.”

“Didn't invite him!” repeated her husband, in surprise. “Why, I thought of course you did, or else meant to and forgot it; so I told him that he must be sure and come to the fandango. I can't imagine why you didn't invite him; he was certainly the nicest fellow here this evening.”

"If that isn't exactly like men!" exclaimed Mrs. Marlbut, indignantly. "A person no sooner gets a little affair all nicely arranged, but some donkey of a man is sure to put his foot through it!"

Regina looked at her mother and laughed.

"It is no use, mamma," said she; "Mr. Treadwell is our fate, and we may as well accept him."

Not long after this the young lawyer dropped in, one day, at his friend's office, and found him poring intently over a bundle of papers.

"Here is the most confounded knot," said the judge, "that ever I attempted to untie! Just look over this mess, will you? and see if you can make head or tail of it."

Robert Treadwell began to read the particulars of the Septon case, and his fine countenance glowed with interest.

"Will you let me carry these over to my office for an hour or two?" said he. "I can collect my thoughts better when I am quite alone."

"Carry them where you please," replied the judge, good-humoredly; "I am not at all sure that I should mind your dropping them to the bottom of the ocean—they have been such a plague to me! I have always felt that something ought to be done, and might be done, if one could but get hold of the right thread; the property is clearly theirs in justice, if not in law."

Mr. Treadwell returned the papers punctually in an hour or two, and said that, with the judge's permission, he would study the case. In a few days the two lawyers held a long consultation over the matter, and the result of it was that Judge Marlbut packed himself and his coadjutor into a buggy and drove over to the Septon mansion.

Mr. Septon was a very dignified gentleman, and rather shy of new introductions; but when Mr. Treadwell's mission was explained, he received a cordial welcome and hearing.

Judge Marlbut kept his own counsel in his family, and they innocently supposed that "the Septon Case" remained just where it was before. But success finally crowned the efforts of the indefatigable lawyers, and then the judge went home and told what Mr. Treadwell had done.

Mrs. Marlbut turned pale with dismay.

"Is it possible," she exclaimed, at length, "that you have given up this case, on which we depended so much, to a perfect stranger? Actually taken the bread out of your children's mouth to put it into this adventurer's!"

"The 'bread' was never in the children's mouths," replied the judge, stoutly, "nor even on the road to them; for if I had potted over

the case a hundred years, I never should have hit upon the bright thought which Treadwell has just carried through. He is not 'an adventurer' either, but an excellent, well-connected young man from the old Granite state, where he has a father and mother, and other relatives, for whom he has no need to blush."

This was a lengthy speech for the judge; but Mrs. Marlbut merely said, "I *knew* that he was a Yankee!"—as though that explained all—and walked up stairs to tell Regina that they were ruined, and that the judge would probably be obliged to saw wood for the rest of his life, while the female portion of the family went out to service.

Mrs. Marlbut, however, had mistaken her vocation when she took to prophesying; for, instead of being ruined, they found themselves better off than they had ever been before. On coming into possession of his property, Mr. Septon scrupulously paid the commission that he had promised; and Mr. Treadwell and the judge quarreled about the appropriation of it—each disclaiming any right to the fee—until it was finally decided to compromise matters and divide the sum between them.

Mr. Treadwell's fortune was made; clients came from far and near, and Unionville could not make enough of him. Even Mr. Septon descended a little from his grandeur to pay the rising young lawyer marked attention; he had been seen walking and driving with the youngest of the three rather mature Misses Septon, and it was whispered that no very dreadful consequences would follow if he should aspire to the honor of becoming literally "one of the family." He appeared to enjoy himself extremely, and all ideas of putting him down had been given up in despair.

One winter evening, Regina was sitting quite alone in the parlor, suffering from a troublesome cold. The judge and his wife had gone to a lecture—the children were pulling molasses candy in the kitchen—and the "little queen" was in quite a despondent frame of mind. She had her harp, but the carriage had not come yet; and, somehow or other, she did not feel half as happy as she did before.

In the midst of these reflections, Mr. Treadwell entered the room; and as his eye fell upon the graceful occupant of the arm-chair, in her simple home dress, he thought of "Ik Marvel's" description of "a sweet-faced girl, with a pretty little foot lying out upon the hearth," and "a bit of lace running round the swelling throat," and inquired much more tenderly than usual after Miss Regina's health.

Her eyes filled with tears, she knew not why; and there was quite an embarrassing pause, until Mr. Treadwell proposed a game of chess. He had never offered to play with her before, and the young lady's face brightened with anticipated triumph; for she was an excellent player, and it would be *such* a triumph to achieve a victory over the provokingly cool young man who had foiled her so many times.

The young lawyer was not unobservant of the bright face before him, as he managed the men; and he smiled to himself as he read her thoughts. Regina opened the game quite fiercely, and swept off her adversary's pawns with great rapidity; while Mr. Treadwell was perfectly cool, and evidently knew very well what he was about. He admired the brilliant play of his antagonist, but did not seem at all discomposed as piece after piece disappeared, and even the queen was ignominiously lost. After this disaster, he patiently moved along a solitary pawn, until it had almost attained to royalty, when Regina's dimpled fingers closed suddenly upon it, as she remarked triumphantly, "I am determined that you shall not win a queen!"

Her companion made no reply, but attentively considered his pieces. There were very few of them left; and Regina rather impatiently awaited the next move, for she had an admirably arranged plan to checkmate him very speedily. But Mr. Treadwell's move disarranged matters a little. Rather recklessly she advanced a pawn.

"Stale-mate!" said her adversary, quietly; and the matter was ended.

Regina started in surprise, and almost returned to her first opinion that Mr. Treadwell was "an exceedingly disagreeable-looking man." She sat, for a moment, studying him—this exasperatingly successful individual, of whom she could never, by any possibility, get the upper hand; she was not accustomed to defeat, and she could scarcely understand it; but a blush of confusion overspread her face, when she saw the smile around Mr. Treadwell's

lips, that seemed to say, "Well, what do you think of me?"

She tried to move back her chair; but the gentleman had seized her hand, as he whispered significantly, "Are you 'determined that I shall not win a queen,' Regina?"

Not being prepared with any other answer, and still suffering from an angry feeling of being overreached, the young lady burst into tears. Mr. Treadwell came out and distinguished himself. He had fallen in love with Regina on the very morning in which she first fell into a rage with him; he could not rest easy until he had seen her again; and, in spite of her chilling manner, he vowed that, if it were within the range of human effort to accomplish, that girl should be his wife; it was for her sake alone that he had exerted himself in his profession; and "many other things too tedious to mention."

Regina asked rather maliciously what would become of Miss Septon; and Mr. Treadwell manifested a callousness to that young lady's fate that would have made her decidedly uncomfortable if she had known it.

What Mrs. Marlbut unexpectedly witnessed a few moments afterward, caused her to retreat suddenly upon the judge with "a tale of horror;" but he gave her no comfort at all, and said that he knew all about it, and that he had taken her to the lecture on purpose. That worthy, however, liked a little quiet fun occasionally; and the next time that he encountered his daughter, he said, very solemnly,

"I declare, Regina, you are really too bad to go and take up with a stranger in this way. I think that he ought to be 'frowned down,'" etc.

"Oh, papa! Don't!" she remonstrated.

Mrs. Marlbut was next shocked, by an announcement from the judge, that "he and Robert were going into partnership." And they went.

Also Robert and Regina, who managed to be tolerably happy, although she had married "an exceedingly disagreeable-looking man"—a Unionvillian, and a Yankee.

THE HEART THAT HAS ITS LOVE DECEIVED.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

THE heart that has its love deceived
In some unguarded hour,
Can never, never feel again
The magic of its power;
It would not have the giddy world
To hear one painful sigh,
But, like a wounded deer, it seeks
In loneliness to die.

Though years may speed on in their course,
That heart can ne'er forget—
The memories of its happy hours
Will come, though with regret;
For even as the sun retires,
The clouds his light retain,
So shall the memories of the past
Light up the clouds of pain.

SYBIL JAMES.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was a street near Broadway, but so narrow and dark that it seemed like entering a vault to pass from the sunshine of the great thoroughfare into its precincts.

Just beyond the corner of one of the cross streets which led to Broadway stood a tall tenement house, frowning darkly upon its neighbors as if oppressed with secrets of human misery, perhaps of human guilt, which it could not utter.

A window of one of the lower rooms which looked upon the street was open; and on that beautiful May morning the sun played so brightly into the little apartment, that it appeared changed from its usual aspect of unromantic poverty.

Small as the room was, it afforded ample accommodation for all the furniture it contained; but the bare floor was neatly swept, the bed in the corner was clean and arranged with care, and every little device possible to the feminine mind, even in the midst of penury, had been exercised to render the place habitable.

By the window sat a young woman, sewing with a dexterity and swiftness which only long practice could have taught. Occasionally she glanced from her work to look at a little rose bush in the window seat just bursting into bloom, or to enjoy placidly the warm sunshine that flickered about her as she sat.

She was past the first glow of girlhood—possibly she might have been twenty-five years old—but it was doubtful if her face had ever possessed much of the brightness which youth should give.

She was not handsome—few persons would even have called her passably well-looking—yet, to one who observed closely, hers was an interesting countenance. Her complexion was clear and colorless, her eyes and hair of a soft dark-brown, and the mouth had an expression of sweetness, of patient endurance, which elevated the whole character of her face, and lent it something preferable to mere beauty.

I have done now; I am not describing a heroine. Sybil James was a poor sewing-girl. The occupation in which she was engaged was that by which, during the past ten years, she had gained a livelihood. During a portion of

the time she had supported a sickly, fanciful relative; but she died at length, and left Sybil alone with her poverty and her hard fate.

Her life had been a very uneventful one. Neither great trouble nor strong temptation had come in her way; nothing from winter to summer, and summer back to the Christmas season, but work—dreary, commonplace work. Sybil did not murmur; never marveled why God had made her destiny so different from that of many of her age—from that, indeed, which she could recollect her childhood promised.

She had few acquaintances. She possessed a small store of books, which she managed to read over and over again; and there, in her little room, Sybil James worked the first freshness of youth away.

The pleasant afternoon wore on; the long shadows began to creep across the street, and still Sybil sat at her window, plying her needle with tireless industry. During one of the brief pauses, which she made to give her rose bush a caressing glance, as if it had been a human thing that could understand and return her affection, her look wandered out of the open casement.

Sybil's face changed. She did not color; but a new life brightened her eyes, and the sweet patience of her mouth softened into a smile. After that first start she leaned back in her chair, concealed by the checked window curtain, but commanding a view of the street, and still keeping her eyes fixed upon the object that had attracted her attention.

A gentleman was walking slowly by, and it was at him that Sybil James looked: a tall, sad-looking man, in deep mourning, who passed along with his eyes cast down, and evidently occupied by some mournful train of thought.

When he had disappeared, Sybil sat upright again, resumed her needle, and, with that half-smile still lingering about her mouth, went on with her work.

Twice before had Sybil seen that stranger, and each time his appearance attracted her interest as it had then done.

It was not romance—Sybil had no thought of that; but there was something in the melancholy

of his face so familiar to her mind, that she had begun to watch for his approach as for the one important incident of each day.

Not for the world would she have been seen; the idea of knowing him never entered her mind; but it was a sort of pleasure to look at him in secret, passing so near, yet as far removed from her life, or from all possibility of contact with her life, as would have been some star that she might have watched at night from her window.

Sybil James was not even a day dreamer, so that, when she returned to her labor, she did not take with her some improbable vision as a younger or weaker girl might have done. She was only thinking that, in spite of the station or wealth he might possess, sorrow had found him out as early as it would have done in a garret; wondering a little what his trouble might be, and out of the womanliness and great charity of her nature finding a prayer for the stranger, as a devoted Catholic entering a church and seeing before the altar an unknown corpse, might, in the midst of his litany, spare a supplication for the soul of the departed.

Several days in succession, Sybil James saw that man pass through the street; after that he came no more, and Sybil, deprived of her one gleam of poetry, sank back upon the actual, with the feeling with which one awakens to a dreary day of storm, after a week of holiday brightness and spring sunshine.

It might have been a fortnight later when Sybil went, one evening, to take home a quantity of work to a lady who gave her frequent occupation and had always been exceedingly kind. She had found something more for Sybil—an acquaintance of hers wished a seamstress at her house for several weeks—would Sybil go?

Of course the girl was willing enough, although she would have preferred to have taken the work home, but that was out of the question; the lady was elderly, very particular, and everything must be done under her own eyes.

The next morning, Sybil took her way toward the house to which she had been directed. It was far up town, and Sybil was glad of the walk; although, when she reached the place, she could have wished for something a little less lofty and elegant than that mansion; occasionally in such houses, Sybil had met with treatment which outraged even her patient disposition.

But there she was, she needed the money, and she was obliged to put her feelings aside, as she long before learned to do, and go in.

Once safe through the grand halls, beyond the eyes of servants, much more stately than

would have been necessary had they owned the dwelling, ensconced in a snug little room, Sybil felt more comfortable. After the waiting-maid had seen fit to leave her with such work as she was to do, until the lady of the house found leisure to come in, Sybil took off her bonnet and shawl, settled herself in a little chair by the window, and went to her task as diligently as if she hoped to accomplish the labor of a fortnight in that one morning.

It was not long before the door opened and a lady entered, who to Sybil's book-read fancy looked as if she had just stepped out of a picture-frame. She was past middle-age, but her face had so much grave, haughty beauty still, her dress was so scrupulously plain, yet rich and artistically chosen, that Sybil was quite confused as she rose to drop her little courtesy.

Mrs. Faulkner was very kind. Her voice was so low and gentle that Sybil soon took heart, and found courage to answer her questions without going into an incipient scarlet fever of blushes.

Enough of Sybil's story had been told Mrs. Faulkner, by the girl's kind friend, to interest the lady in her; and even without that, she possessed too much discernment not to have perceived the difference between her and the generality of her class.

Sybil James was as unmistakably a lady as if she had worn a coronet; very little intercourse with her proved that she was something better—a sensitive, delicate nature, to whom religion was more than a matter either of faith or duty, essential to the development of her character.

Sybil's next visitor was a little girl who danced into the room, and seeing a stranger there stopped abruptly, and stood regarding her with a certain degree of curiosity. Sybil smiled pleasantly at her. It did her heart good to look at anything so pretty—and the smile appeared to give the elf confidence in her at once.

"I am papa's little blossom," she said, running up and pulling Sybil's dress. "Now who are you?"

Sybil told her with as much gravity as if the small maiden had been a judge, and the child gave her another look, nodding her curly head in token of approbation.

"What are you doing?" she asked. "This is my grandmamma's room."

"I am sewing for her," Sybil answered.

"Can you sew nicely?" asked Miss Earnestness.

"I try to," said Sybil, quite blushing.

"But can you tell fairy stories?" she demanded, very solemnly.

Sybil brightened at once; if there was anything she could do well it was that.

"Yes; I know a great many."

"Then tell me one right off," said Missy; and down she crouched at Sybil's feet, her heart won immediately.

"What kind of story do you like?"

"I don't care, just so it's about fairies! Amanda's so stupid, she don't know any, and papa hardly ever has time to tell me any. So if you know plenty of stories, I want you to live here."

All this was delivered with immense energy and great shaking of the flaxen curls, and she was such a mite of a thing that the effect was very comical.

"Now begin," said she, striking her hands together impatiently.

Sybil complied at once, narrating the prettiest story she knew, one that had always fascinated her own imagination to a wonderful degree, and the child listened eagerly.

Before the tale was fairly concluded, a voice in the hall called,

"Miss Lilly, Miss Lilly! oh! where are you, you bad child?"

"That's for me," said fairy; "but I shan't go."

"Oh! I would," urged Sybil, "if you are wanted."

"It's only Amanda, and I want to stay here."

"But I can finish the story afterward—"

"Finish it now," said she, with the air of a princess, "and let Amanda wait."

But it appeared that the female mentioned had as great an objection to waiting as Louis XIV. himself, for the door opened and she came in, very fine in her dress, and very red in her face.

"So here you are," she exclaimed; "just come right away and have your hair fixed."

The fairy transformed herself into a small fiend without the slightest warning, and quite terrified Sybil by the change.

"I'll scratch you if you touch me," said she.

"Oh! you naughty thing," returned Amanda; "and do you know where naughty children go?"

"I don't care either," cried she; "any how, I don't believe you, 'cause you told a story the other day."

"Come, Miss Lilly, and don't be disturbing the young person in her work," said the female, giving Sybil a disdainful look.

"She doesn't disturb me," Sybil ventured to say.

The female turned the torrent of her wrath at once.

"Oh! don't she?" she exclaimed. "Some folks like to be disturbed; but Mrs. Faulkner's very particular who Miss Lilly talks to, and I'll be obleeged if you won't interfere with me when I'm at my dooty!"

Sybil was crushed immediately; but fairy had no intention of submitting to such indignities. She got tip off the floor and started out of the room.

"Where be you going?" asked Amanda.

"To grandmamma," said she; "I'm not going to be bothered."

"Oh, my! I wouldn't," said the young woman, who did not appear to relish the idea; but Miss Lilly bounded off without paying the slightest attention to her remarks.

After she had gone, Amanda stood eyeing Sybil unpleasantly, emitting little snorts and broken expressions, which plainly announced her disapprobation of the stranger. Her triumph was short lived; very soon back came the child; Amanda was to go up stairs—Sybil was to tell her, Lilly, just as many stories as she pleased.

"I never heerd the beat!" exclaimed Amanda, in a rage. "Wal, wal, here's serpents in the house, and now there'll be putty work."

But Lilly ordered her away, and she did not venture to remain; although the parting glance she gave Sybil clearly proved that she had by no means relieved her mind.

"Now tell the story," said the elf, subduing the demon as completely as if he never had existed; "begin way back at the beginning, do."

Sybil sewed and told her stories, and the child listened, still as a mouse, and looking to Sybil almost as unearthly as the beings her tales were about.

The next morning, Sybil was back at the house and at work at an early hour, according to her usual exact habits.

After a time, Lilly opened the door and peeped in.

"Oh! there you are," she cried, joyfully; "I'm coming to hear a story."

She ran away in great haste, and Sybil heard her talking to some one in the hall. In a moment she pushed the door open again.

"Come, papa!" she pleaded; "I want you to hear."

Sybil looked up in great consternation—there stood the gentleman whom she had so often watched—how devoutly she wished that the floor might open and allow her to drop comfortably, at least, as low as the cellars!

The gentleman bowed civilly, and evidently pitying her confusion, said,

"My little girl pulled me in here in spite of myself."

"Yes," said Lilly. "Now tell him that story, Miss James."

Sybil was on the verge of frenzy at once; but the gentleman prevented the catastrophe by saying,

"I am going into the next room; Lilly, to read the paper; I can hear the story just as well."

She was not quite satisfied at first; but finally consented, and he passed into the other chamber.

"Tell the story!" ordered Lilly; and Sybil, peeping through the door, saw the gentleman intent upon his paper, and, as she believed, beyond the reach of her voice; so, controlling the whirl in her mind, she did her best to gratify the impatient child.

After a time, Lilly became so absorbed in the story, that she forgot to call out to her father to know if he was listening; and Sybil herself forgot that he was there, and related her tale in her clear, sweet voice with simplicity and well chosen language.

Sitting over his paper, Warren Faulkner heard that voice, and something in its tone made him listen—the manner in which she told the story excited his surprise, and he sat there almost as much interested as Lilly herself.

When it was finished, he went away so quietly that they did not hear him depart; but somehow, even into the street, the echo of that pleasant voice haunted him, and he could not help but marvel concerning the poor sewing girl.

Warren Faulkner was a widower. His wife never did but two agreeable things by him—she left him that child, and she took herself out of the world—its portals never closed upon a more silly, ill-tempered creature. He had not loved her, and he could not mourn for her; away back in his early youth slept the memory of all that he had ever known of the beautiful passion, and his marriage had had nothing to do with such feelings.

He was a reserved, melancholy man, devoted to his child and his widowed mother. Since the death of his wife the three had lived quietly in their old home, and Warren desired change as little as the others could have done.

Of course, in half an hour he forgot that such a creature as Sybil James existed; but Lilly was determined that she should not be forgotten. She had taken one of her spoiled child's fancies for the girl, she sung her praises constantly,

she made her grandmother talk to her, her father listen again, and they were so accustomed to yielding to her whims that they could not refuse.

For three weeks Sybil James was daily occupied at the house; but the time came when her duties were over and she must go away. The grandmother really did not dare to let Lilly know that her favorite would not return; for the child's affections were even at that age so passionate and intense it made one tremble for her future.

Sybil went home—back to the little room that had grown so dreary—and closed the door between her soul and the sunshine of the past weeks.

She was overpowered and alarmed at her own thoughts. The poor girl loved Warren Faulkner, and she knew it. How mad it was! She knew that also; but did such knowledge ever teach any human being wisdom, or help to recall a heart that had strayed into a forbidden realm?

Sybil did not sit down and wail. She worked from morning till night; and while she worked her soul was full of prayers. But alas! for the first time in her life the supplications brought her little peace. She could not afford even to weep—the tears stopped her work. She must have slumber at night or she should fall ill; and yet the pain burned at her heart, and the scalding drops would not always be restrained.

We are wont to think and say, that active occupation is the best thing for sorrow. In certain stages of grief it may be so; but there is a time when an effort to repress the feelings and go calmly through the daily drudgery of a working life is worse than the agonies of death. The very monotony of labor is torture. To rush forth—battle with a tempest—rave like a lunatic—might bring a kind of relief; but to sit quiet—to force the hands and the brain to go on with the accustomed tasks—is an agony compared with which the laying bare of every muscle and nerve by the surgeon's knife would be a very pleasant recreation.

Yet men and women do it. Labor goes on—books are written—business transacted; and the most irksome thing of all is to feel that, no matter how terrible the pain may be, numberless creatures have suffered the same. While any new mode of martyrdom existed, its originality would have had something consoling in it. I can understand that the first man who was crucified head downward had a sort of triumph in recollecting that, at least, he was undergoing an experience no other mortal had ever known; but to sit all day, with a poor

human heart tugging, struggling, and aching—and to know that, perhaps, the vilest wretch who passes has experienced the very same sensations, denudes suffering of all its dignity, and makes one long to get at the miserable mass of nerves and arteries and crush it relentlessly.

Sybil James was too humble, too patient, to indulge in any such feelings of unregenerate nature. She was shocked at her own wickedness and completely overwhelmed with shame, so that when, by chance, she saw her own face reflected in the little glass, she turned away; and when anybody knocked at the door, she began to tremble as if she feared they should read her secret in her eyes.

She endured ten days of that pleasant torture which makes one marvel why the pangs of purgatory should commence on earth, and then an angel came with a gleam of sunshine.

Not exactly an angel either; for it was Miss Amanda, who brought the tidings which would call her back to that house—and the errand was a sad one. Still the very change had a sort of heaven in it.

With great disdain did Amanda look down upon the apartment and its owner, as, in her delectable English, she made known her business.

Little Lilly was very sick indeed; she did nothing but beg for Sybil, and Mrs. Faulkner desired the girl to come at once, and, if possible, remain until the fairy was recovered.

"Of course," said Amanda, tossing her head, "she don't expect you to lose your time for nothing; you'll be paid—and paid handsome."

"Tell Mrs. Faulkner that I will be there in an hour," returned Sybil, quietly.

"Excuse me," said Amanda, flirting her skirts; "I gives messages for my mistress, but I can't demean myself to offer them from deferiors."

Sybil did not even hear—she was busy making her arrangements; and Amanda, after giving several strangled squeals like a hen under water, removed her presence with great majesty.

When Sybil reached the house she found the child very ill indeed, and the grandmother and father were so terrified that they hailed Sybil as gladly as if she had been a queen.

Sybil was an excellent nurse, and, even in the midst of her poor little delirium, Lilly knew and was overjoyed to see her. So by the bedside Sybil was established; and for several weeks she watched there, while fairy's life hung by a thread so frail that it was won-

derful death did not snap it out of pity for her sufferings.

She lived, however, and began to recover at last, and the physician plainly said to all who chose to hear, that it was owing to Sybil James' wisdom and care.

Mrs. Faulkner actually kissed the poor, pale sewing-girl in her delight, and began resolving a different life for her at once: she should be Lilly's governess—she should be made happy—she—but alas! the proud old lady's magnificently kind schemes were doomed to meet with a severe check.

Sybil's conduct in that sick-room had been a new revelation of womanhood to Warren Faulkner. By the time Lilly was well again, his heart astonished him with a secret which he could never have dreamed possible.

There he was—a wealthy, intellectual man of good family, a station to preserve; and yet he loved the pale, quiet sewing-girl, who had watched over his child, and whom he had heard praying when she deemed herself unheard, as if the words that fell from her lips had been inspired.

Lilly would not allow Sybil to return home, and there she stayed. Faulkner could not leave his child; but he was still more powerless to uproot the affection which had taken possession of his faculties.

At last nothing remained but to acquaint his mother with the fact; and he went at it with the feelings a soldier might have when rushing to his first battle.

Mrs. Faulkner was incredulous; but his earnestness convinced her. Then she was shocked and indignant.

"I am disappointed in the girl," she said. "I thought her so innocent; here she has been laying a plan——"

"No, mother," he interrupted; "she does not dream that I care for her."

When Mrs. Faulkner learned that, she tried persuasion, argument—his position—his family. They all failed as signally as such arguments have always done during the unknown centuries they have been made.

"I can't help it, mother; I love her, and that is the end of it."

"You might make a great match."

"I made one," he replied, bitterly; "I have no desire to try that species of torture again. Sybil is a lady, you see that; better educated than half the fashionable girls I know—and I love her, mother."

During her whole life Mrs. Faulkner had never refused her son a request; it was too

late to begin then. Grieved and angry as she was, she could not withhold her consent—and Warren flew off to find Sybil.

She was in the sitting-room with Lilly when he entered, and he sent the child abruptly away.

He sat down by the girl. In a few hurried words he told her everything: he asked her to become his wife.

Sybil James listened and grew pale. That was a thing she never contemplated; its impossibility struck her clear mind at once. She tried to check him; but he would speak. She could only listen, shivering and white, holding her heart down with a strong hand.

"This cannot be," she said at last. "Mr. Faulkner, I never can be your wife."

He could not believe that he had heard aright. But Sybil would answer then, and he was forced to be convinced.

"I am not fit," she said; "I do not believe that we could be happy. Your mother would be dissatisfied—your friends would sneer—you would be angry with them to see me slighted; yet that very fact would estrange you from me."

He pleaded; but Sybil was firm. Strong in her sense of duty, she was pitiless to her heart and him. Much as she loved him—and the feeling that Sybil gave was not the shallow affection of an ordinary woman—deeply as it wrung her soul to part from him, she saw plainly that, by so doing, she consulted the only means of peace left her.

She knew very well that, in many respects, she was not fitted for the world in which he had lived: most of all because its amusements and busy idleness would only have wearied her. Better far that she should take her bruised heart home to her humble dwelling, and trust to time and heaven to heal its wounds, than wreck all chance of peace by becoming his wife, and living to watch how, day by day, love would fade and die under the chill winds of ridicule and the numberless unquiet guests which would be sure to haunt their household.

He left her at last and went back to his mother. She was waiting to see him enter and mock her trouble with a face of joy. He came in so pale and still, that she was startled.

"What has happened?" she asked.

"Sybil James has refused me," he replied.

The old lady looked as if she thought either she or her son had gone demented, and was not certain which.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"She has refused me. You talked, a little while ago, mother, of my wealth and my station.

I tell you, all my life they have been a curb and check upon me. Now they stand between me and my only hope of happiness in this world."

Mrs. Faulkner, woman and mother-like, was at once furious with the girl who could refuse her son, grieved that he should be crossed in anguish, and delighted, beyond measure, that he was prevented throwing himself away in that manner.

There was one more conversation with Sybil; then she left the house. That time she believed that she had parted from Warren Faulkner forever. Terribly as she suffered, there was a balm in the thought that she had not loved idly—his heart ached like her own, and there was no longer any shame mingled with her distress.

Warren Faulkner could not remain at home. His life of idleness had always been a curse to his active temperament; now he must have, at least, the distraction of change and travel.

He sailed for South America; and, sad as she was to part with him, Mrs. Faulkner was consoled by the thought, that, after an absence of a year, he would return cured of his idle dream and prepared to be happy in the old way.

After his departure, Lilly pined and fretted so much that her health suffered, and Mrs. Faulkner was forced to comply with her prayers and seek Sybil James. She was estranged from the girl now; still she recognized her sterling worth, and, since it must be so, was willing to receive her in the house.

She went herself to see Sybil, and asked her to come and live with them a year as Lilly's governess.

"I shall be all alone," she said, her face coloring with wounded pride; "so you need have no scruple."

Sybil pitied the lady and did go home with her. For a year she lived in the house, and before the expiration of the time Mrs. Faulkner wondered how she had ever managed to exist without her.

Always patient and gentle, kind in sickness, ready, at all times, to yield herself to the wishes of others, Sybil devoted her whole energies to making the old lady happy, and thus console her for the grief which she had unwittingly brought upon her.

Under her gentle but firm rule, Lilly improved rapidly; and, charming as the little creature had always been, it certainly did her no harm to get rid of her pettishness and willfulness, which might in time have ripened into such selfish, unlovable qualities as would have estranged the very relatives who fostered them.

The year expired. Mrs. Faulkner began to

look forward to her son's return, and Sybil to reflect upon her future course. Both were spared much thought—a higher hand had taken their destinies in charge.

One of those commercial crises, which have so often desolated our country, suddenly swept over it, and Mrs. Faulkner was an early sufferer by the panic.

Her fortune was invested in railways and stock companies, to which her husband had belonged. They all failed, and, almost without warning, she found herself penniless.

The shock, at her age, was so sudden and violent that she sunk under it. She took to her bed, was tended and nursed by Sybil, but within the week she died. Lilly was left friendless—the family had no relatives in the country. Of course no acquaintance stepped forward, and, at least until such time as her father could be warned, the little girl must remain wholly dependent upon Sybil.

She took Lilly to her home, and again set herself to work, with more energy than ever, for the child's sake.

Months passed before the letters reached Warren Faulkner, informing him of his mother's death; and they found him so ill that he could not be made acquainted with their contents for weeks after.

So, for nearly a year more, Sybil James took care of his child. It was a hard task. The most choice luxuries were simple necessities to Lilly from the manner in which she had been reared, and, in spite of her love for Sybil, she found it difficult to be patient and considerate.

Night after night, while she slept, did Sybil toil to earn for her the gratification of some

childish wish; day after day working with ceaseless zeal to make their little home more endurable to the girl.

Warren Faulkner recovered from his illness to learn the loss of his mother and to find himself ruined. The letters from his lawyer showed him how useless it would be to hope to save anything from the wreck, and he sat himself down to consider what should be done next.

It did not take long to decide. He found an opening to go into business in Rio Janeiro. He wrote to Sybil, requesting her to take care of his child, and was able to send such sums, regularly, as were necessary for her maintenance.

With that money and her own earnings Sybil was enabled to move into a pleasant little house just out of the city, and Lilly thought it a perfect palace from its contrast to the close, dark rooms in which the past year had been spent.

Several more years passed before Warren Faulkner was able to leave his business and return to his former home. He arrived without any warning, and, one pleasant summer morning, found his way to Sybil's dwelling.

It would not be necessary for him again to leave his country, arrangements having been made by which he would attend to the affairs of the house which his firm had established in his native city.

After the first few days of happiness at being once more near his child, the old wish, which time had only made stronger, rose to Faulkner's lips.

Once more he pleaded with Sybil to become his wife, and that time she did not refuse. In granting his prayer she not only complied with the dictates of her own heart, but the last desire which his dying mother had expressed.

THE BROKEN SPELL.

BY MRS. SARAH S. SOWELL.

Thou'rt fair, oh! maiden, thou'rt passing fair,
With thy clear deep eyes, and thy soft brown hair;
But a shadow rests on thy lovely face,
And thy form has a pensive, drooping grace;
In thy dreamy eyes is a far-off gaze,
Their light is veiled by a dewy haze
Of unshed tears. Thy voice hath a tone,
A regretful cadence not its own;
Thou hast not the buoyant, careless glee
Of one in life's bright Spring like thee.
Ah! what hath quenched thine eyes' clear light,
And clouded thy face so young and bright?

I know. Thou art mourning o'er blighted truth,
O'er the gilded dream of thy trusting youth;
Thou art rudely wakened from its sweet spell
To know thou hast loved too fondly and well:
And thy shattered heart breathes a wail of pain,

Mournful and sweet as a wind-harp's strain. .
But rouse thee now, and look on life
With a spirit strong for its earnest strife;
In secret sadness no longer pine,
Bow no more at a broken shrine;
Gather the aches—the withered flowers
Thou hast dewed with tears in thy lonely hours
Hide them away from thy spirit's eyes,
Let memory only guard the prize;
Seal up the fountain whose waters now,
Like the bitter waters of Jericho,
Spread desolation where they flow;
Drive the shadow from thy fair face,
Go forth in thy joyous girlish grace,
And in thy heart will new founts spring
Which will peace, and joy, and gladness bring;
Sweeter and rarer flowers will bloom
Than thou hast laid in thy young love's tomb.

THE BROKEN LIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 378.

CHAPTER XIV.

THEY were gone, and a gloom like that of the grave lay on that beautiful dwelling. While Jessie Lee lay cold and insensible on my bosom, smitten to the heart by her father's denunciation, Mrs. Dennison took the letter from Mr. Lee and read it from end to end. After that she uttered some words which I did not comprehend—for the cold head upon my bosom had frozen up my faculties—and went her way from the room, and oh! thank my God! from the house, I prayed inly forever and ever. I do not know when or how Mr. Lee left the room, but I was alone with Jessie, and she dead for the moment as if in her grave.

I had no strength to lift her, or remove her from the room, but I laid her gently on the carpet, and, taking the crimson pillows from a couch, laid her head upon them. All this had been done with great quietness, no unusually loud word had been spoken during that terrible scene—not a soul in the house, except us four, knew that anything had happened. Striving to subdue my agitation, I went up stairs in search of restoratives. The crystal flasks in poor Mrs. Lee's chamber had never been emptied of their contents, so I went there hoping to find something that would bring the stricken girl out of her deathly sleep.

The room was dim, but filled with the breath of flowers, as it had been in its owner's lifetime. Every article of furniture was in its old place. The white bed gleamed up from the midst of the apartment like a snow-bank; the soft lace curtains covered the windows, flowing down beneath the silken over curtains like ripples of frostwork. Everything was so natural, so almost holy in its stillness, that even in the terrible anxiety that filled my soul, I felt like falling down by the bed and praying that sainted one to help me save her child. A wild petition did spring to my lips; but it was a time for action; so, snatching a flask from the dressing-table, I was turning to leave the room, when Lottie arose from a stool, at the foot of Mrs. Lee's easy-chair, and stood before me like a ghost.

"What are you doing here, Miss Hyde?" she said, in a whisper. "She does not like people to come to her room."

I held up the flask and was going on; but she seized it between both hands.

"It is for Miss Jessie—for her child—she is ill."

The girl's hands dropped.

"Take it—take it," she said, and followed me from the room.

When Lottie saw her young mistress lying so still and marble-like on the floor, a cry of anguish broke from her. "Oh! my poor, poor lady! how much she looks like her—how much she looks like her!"

Jessie came to at last: that is, she breathed again, and her eyes opened once; but this was all. She had no strength, and all the rich, young life that made her so beautiful had left her frame. While she lay thus but half-vital, a rush of footsteps passed through the hall, and a spasm passed over that pale face, and Jessie made a struggle to move and get away from the hateful sound. It was but a faint motion, and she was still again. Then came that noise of wheels which I have spoken of, and all was silent again.

I had hoped that Mr. Lee would come back and help me save his child from the depths of her trouble; but he did not appear, and I dared not send for him.

"Lottie," I said, at last, "will you help me? Can you and I carry her up to her room, or must I call one of the people?"

"You and I—no one else."

We lifted Jessie from the floor, and carried her up stairs, meeting no one.

As we came to the passage which led to Mrs. Lee's chamber, Lottie paused and drew a heavy breath; then looking down on that still face, she turned toward the sacred chamber.

I did not protest. That room seemed the most natural place for Mrs. Lee's daughter when driven forth from her father's heart.

Poor Jessie! We laid her down on her mother's bed, and there she rested for many a long day and night—if rest was ever known

to a nervous fever like that which fell upon her from the hour of her father's wrath.

That night I received a message from Mr. Lee, and went to him in the breakfast-room. The passion that had locked his features so fearfully still kept their hold. He was not a man to be reasoned with, or touched by appeal in that state; the ice must melt, and the storm burst before human sympathies could reach him. I saw this, and stood silent in his presence—silent, but with a sort of solemn courage. The worst had come, and with that thought strength always lies.

"Miss Hyde," he said, in a voice of ice, "tomorrow morning I leave this house, and in a week this country, possibly forever. I do not stop to ask how far you are to blame for the evil developed in the person who was once my child; but she loves you, and I will not deprive her of any comfort. She will be left in full possession of this place, with everything that a woman can desire. The law gives her this and more. So long as she wishes it, stay with her; for myself I go alone wifeless and childless."

I was about to speak, for there was a touch of regretful feeling in his voice; but he motioned me to keep silent and went on.

"Let there be no explanation to the neighbors or servants. What has passed must rest with the four persons who parted in that library; for this secrecy I trust to you."

I bent my head and tried to speak, but could not. He looked searchingly in my face, and his stern eyes softened a little.

I went up to him, reaching forth my two trembling hands; the ache of pain broke away from my heart in a flood of tears. What I said, even a word I cannot recollect; but I have the remembrance of a frail woman standing before that haughty man, with her poor hands clasped and tears falling down her face like rain. She was eloquent, I know; for the man's face changed gradually, and his eyes grew misty as they looked into hers. But just as an out-gush of hope thrilled her heart, a name dropped from her lips—a name that she loathed and uttered bitterly no doubt; then all the gentle light left his face and he was iron again. So the woman went away wounded to the soul, and with limbs that almost refused to support her. She sat up all night watching with the sick girl and her own heart, which scarcely beat beneath its load of dull pain.

At daylight, this poor creature heard faint noises in the house; but she did not move. Then came the sound of wheels upon the road;

still she sat motionless. You might have shot her through the heart, and she would not have lifted a hand to put back the threatened death.

But the sound of those carriage wheels moving away through the pine grove aroused the beautiful invalid. She started up from her pillow, and, throwing out both arms toward the window, cried out,

"Father, oh! my father!"

No one answered. Her father was gone.

We were alone now—I had no explanations to make. All the family, except Lottie, knew that Mrs. Dennison had gone away, and that Mr. Lee had started on a long tour in Europe. She, good, noble girl, had been so busy caring for us, that the news only reached her after Mr. Lee had been gone some hours. Then she seemed greatly disturbed, and questioned me on the subject in her usual blunt, searching way. I told her nothing.

My conversation with Lottie passed in her own room, and I cautioned her against speaking of Mr. Lee in his daughter's presence; telling her truly that no one had an idea how ill her mistress was except ourselves.

There was something more than curiosity on the young girl's mind. I am sure of that, for she was like a wild creature, and seemed frantic to know which way Mr. Lee had gone. But no one could tell her. The coachman saw him take the train for New York, that was all he knew about it; only if she wanted to find out, it was not the road Mrs. Dennison had taken. She went the other way—no disputing there. He had taken pains to inquire.

That night, notwithstanding Jessie's illness was becoming more threatening each hour, Lottie, usually so kind-hearted, called me from the room to inquire if she could be spared for a day or two, and if I could lend her ten dollars. It was a great sum, she knew, but she'd pay it back faithfully; yes, if she had to sell the brooch and ear-rings that Miss Jessie gave her out of the dear lady's things.

Shall I own it? This hard-heartedness in Lottie gave me something like hope—the girl was sharp and courageous. She had some thoughts which no one could fathom, and which she was evidently hoarding for the good of her benefactors. Still I was left, in some degree, her guardian. Should I permit her to go off on some wild adventure, only from a forlorn hope that it might benefit her young mistress? She did not put me to the test; but judging from my hesitation that I was about to refuse her the money, flew off, saying it was no matter, maybe she should change her mind after all.

The next morning when I inquired for Lottie she was gone.

Three days after she came back, looking very much depressed and so cross, except in the sick room, that all the servants in the house were complaining of her temper.

She gave no explanation of her absence, except that, directly after her return, she gave me a New York paper—one that seldom reached our household—in which Mr. Lee's name was announced among the list of passengers in a steamer that had sailed the next day after he left home.

All this time Jessie had been delirious, and knew nothing of the trouble that had swept half our household away. It was a mercy. Had she comprehended everything as I did, that delicate organization, so unused to suffering of any kind, must have given way with more lamentable consequences; as it was, the young life was scarcely kept afire in her bosom. In her delirium, she was always wandering off into the past, and her pure heart broke forth in a thousand sweet fancies, in which her father and mother were always the moving spirits. Strange enough, she never once mentioned Lawrence or Mrs. Dennison, even in her wildest moments; but once, when Lottie came into the chamber, holding a bottle of perfume such as Mrs. Dennison always used, the dear girl fell back on her pillow and fainted quite away.

The moment news of Jessie's illness got abroad in the neighborhood, old Mrs. Bosworth came to see us—the dear, old motherly lady—how gentle and kind she was! There seemed to be a charm in that plump hand, with the old-fashioned diamond rings lighting up its whiteness; for when it had rested awhile on Jessie's forehead, the dear girl would drop into a soft slumber, and awake with less tremulous nerves and a clearer brain.

At last the fever burned itself out, and Jessie awoke to a consciousness of actual life. She was too weak for any powerful emotion; and when we were at last forced to admit that her father had gone, and that we had no means of communicating with him, she only heaved a feeble sigh, and, turning her head, lay, crying softly, till on her pillow the very exhaustion left her calmed.

Slowly, but with a steady progress, Jessie gained her strength; and, as her mother had rested among the crimson cushions of that easy-chair, sat one day, when Mrs. Bosworth came to spend the morning with us. We had braided her hair for the first time that morning, and prisoned its coils in a crimson net, with drops

of gold in the web, and flashes of gold in the tassels. The reflection of its rich Magenta tints gave a faint color to her cheeks; her white morning dress, with its profusion of Valenciennes lace about the sleeves and bosom, lost its chilly look under a rich India shawl that we had folded over it. Indeed, altogether, the dear child looked so like herself, that we were rejoicing over her when the old lady came in.

They had become very good friends during those sick hours—that dear old duchess and our Jessie. So when the lady came in, rustling across the floor like a rich autumn, our invalid smiled almost for the first time since her illness, and held out her hand.

I was in the habit of leaving Mrs. Bosworth and Jessie to themselves, and was stealing from the room, when the old lady called me back.

"Come, Miss Hyde," she said, "help me to gain a favor of our child. She is looking so well, her hand feels so cool; do you think a little company would harm her?"

Jessie colored faintly and lifted her velvety eyes to the old lady's face.

"He has been here every day—don't start, dear! What was more natural than that an old lady like me should want the care of a man strong enough to help her if her staff gives way? Nothing has been done that could wound you; but he is very anxious—and now that you are so well, and looking so pretty, what if we let him come up? Ha! Miss Hyde?"

Before I could answer, Lottie had left the room, with a chuckle and a leap cleared the staircase, and, finding young Bosworth in the square balcony, presented Miss Hyde's compliments and desired him to walk up to the tower-chamber. I was going down to perform the same ceremony, in a different way, when Lottie met me on the stairs. I stepped on the landing to let the young gentleman pass; Lottie followed, opened the door, closed it softly, and came back.

"What's the use of shuffling about in this way?" she said. "She wants him to go up, and he wants to go where people want a good slide down hill. What's the use of putting jumpers in the way? I'm getting sick of your old maid notions, Miss Hyde. Wouldn't give a copper for delicacy; and as for honor, see what it's done. Don't talk to me!"

With a sort of Jim Crow step Lottie whirled about on the landing, gave a leap down three stairs at a time, and went off somewhat in her former style.

I was glad to see a dash of the old spirit coming back to the strange creature; but a

moment after looked out and saw her crying like a child behind one of the large garden vases. After all, there was no real cheerfulness about Lottie. Spasmodic flashes of her nature would break out, but at heart she mourned continually.

When I entered Jessie's room, the old lady was busy arranging some flowers which they had brought in a vase near the window. She had put on her gold spectacles, and was examining the tints so carefully, that there was no room for attention anywhere else. Bosworth was sitting near Jessie, looking so pleased at being permitted to her presence, that I could not help a throb of sympathetic pleasure. He had, I am sure, been holding Jessie's hand; for as I came in, she withdrew it with a hasty movement, and its delicate whiteness was flushed as if warm lips had touched it. No wonder the young man was happy! Jessie Lee would never have permitted that bearded mouth to approach her hand unless a true heart had beaten quicker to the touch. Lawrence had gained no favor like that in the time of his greatest power. The old duchess was looking through her spectacles just as I came in; but not exactly at the flowers, or that bland little smile would never have made her mouth look so young, or that demure blush have settled on her soft cheek. Dear old lady! All those years, while they taught her limbs the uses of a staff, had left her heart fresh and modest as a girl's. How transparent was the gentle artifice with which she beguiled me out of the room, to search for some purple heliotrope that might soften the tints of her bouquet!

As Jessie grew better, these visits were repeated. Young Bosworth seldom failed to come with his grandmother; and after a little the old lady would often stay behind, contenting herself with some message or presents of fruit and flowers. Then no excuse became necessary except that Jessie required a stronger arm than mine to support her first walks in the garden; and after that the young man seemed more at home in our house than he could have been in the fine old mansion behind the hill.

Spite of the painful circumstances that had left us so lonely, we were beginning to feel the strength of our lives slowly returning. True, there was an undercurrent of deep, deep trouble all the time sweeping through an existence that seemed so bright to others. The cruel absence of Mr. Lee, his determined silence, always lay heavily upon us; but it was not as if we had deserved the stern displeasure that had driven him away; and if we mourned over this great sorrow, there was some relief in the oppres-

sion that Mrs. Dennison's departure had taken away.

Of this woman we heard nothing, and her name was seldom mentioned even by Lottie. We all shrunk from the reminiscences connected with her in terror. Still our lives were more endurable than they had been for many a month; and but for the aching pain which sprang out of that scene in the library, we might have been tranquil. Sad with the great loss which had fallen upon the house, but hopeful for the future.

But with that gentle woman lying in her last sleep down in the valley, and the power of our house gone from us, we could only wait and hope that God, in his infinite justice, would yet unfold the truth to Mr. Lee, and give him back to his home.

Sometimes Jessie and I would talk over these matters when quite alone in her room; but the whole chain of events was too inexplicable and full of pain for frequent mention. Jessie hardly yet comprehended the enormity of the charge brought against her. What was in the letter which her dying mother had grasped so tightly to the last moment? Who had written it? Was the hand-writing like hers—did I think? Her head had been so dizzy that she could not make out a letter of it.

These were the questions she would now and then put to me. I told her what the anonymous letter to Mrs. Dennison contained, but I had no heart to enlighten her with regard to my conjectures about the other. Nor could I for one moment guess what its import might have been, except from Mr. Lee's words and the terrible effect it had produced upon him. Never for an instant did I doubt Jessie's innocence in the matter, whatever it might prove. She was truth itself. Sometimes I wondered if Lottie had not written those fatal missives. The girl was bright and sharp as steel. She was not altogether without education; and I remembered, in confirmation of these doubts, that, of late, I had often found her writing something which she endeavored to conceal. Had she not, in her practice, copied Jessie's hand-writing and taken the same method? Nothing was more natural. The girl might thus unconsciously have cast suspicion on her young mistresses.

That Lottie was capable of writing the letters I had no doubt—not with malice, but from an ardent desire to drive the woman, who had wounded us so deeply, from the house. With her crude ideas and intense devotion to us all, she might have settled on this method of ridding the house of its torment.

I questioned Lottie on this subject, so far as I could venture, without informing her of what had passed in the library, of which she was entirely ignorant; but she declared her entire ignorance of the letter, which had been given to her mistress, till it was placed in her own hands by the man who brought our mails from the town. As for Mrs. Dennison, she would as soon touch a copperhead as write a word to that she Babylon. All this might be true. At any rate, Lottie looked truthful when she said it; but in her sayings and doings, the girl was not altogether as clear as crystal, and, spite of her protestations, I had some doubt left.

No person except Jessie and myself, either in the house or neighborhood, knew the reason of Mr. Lee's sudden departure. It was understood that, broken down by the death of his wife, he had sought distraction from grief in traveling. So the secret, growing more and more bitter every day—for we received no letters—rested between us two. As the time wore on, we became miserably anxious. Had Mr. Lee utterly abandoned his daughter? Would he never return to his home and prove how true and loving she had always been? His cruel anger had thrown her almost upon a bed of death, and yet he could go on without a word of inquiry or comfort.

Jessie was a proud girl, as I have said more than once, and as young Lawrence had good reason to know; but all her haughty self-esteem gave way where her father was concerned. She never blamed him, nor ceased to pine for his presence. What it was that had separated them she could not understand; but that her father could be unjust or wrong, never entered her mind for an instant. As for me—but what right had I in the matter? The right of anxiety such as eats all happiness out of a human life—the hungry feeling of a beggar that dares not ask for food.

I think we should have gone insane—Jessie and I—if this state of anxiety had been without its relief; but, as days and weeks passed by, bringing no letter, no message, we sunk gradually into a state of despair, not the less wearying that it was silent.

Thus six months crept by. The duties of life went on—the household routine met with no obstruction. It was wonderful how little change appeared around us. Yet the tower chamber was empty, and he was gone—we, two lonely women, lived on, to all appearance the same; but oh! how changed at heart!

One day, about this time, Lottie, who had been left a good deal to her loneliness in the

tower rooms, came to me with something of her old spirit. She was tired of doing nothing—tired of being alighted and made of no account. She had made up her mind to go away and do something worth while—would I ask Miss Jessie just to settle up with her, for she was in a hurry to get off?

Settle up! I should have been less astonished if the house dog had made a sudden claim for wages. Lottie had always been considered as a child of the establishment, to be cared for and petted beyond all idea of payment. She had never seemed to care for money, nor knew how to use it. But now, while enjoying her life in a state of luxurious ease almost equaling that of her young mistress, she descends upon us with a rough demand for wages—wages from the time she entered the house, a mere child, up to that very day—no inconsiderable sum according to her own estimate.

This singular outbreak of cupidity astonished me, and half-indignantly I expostulated with the girl. But though her cheeks blazed with seeming shame, and her eyes sunk under mine, she persisted in this grave demand. All that she had received, her dear, dear mistress had given out and out—that had nothing to do with wages; there was her bill—four hundred dollars—and she wanted it in gold—hard gold, nothing else.

I went to Jessie with the bill. She did not seem to heed the amount, but was distressed at the idea of parting with her mother's faithful attendant. Hoping that something had gone wrong, and that this was a sudden impulse, she sent for Lottie in order to expostulate with her; for it seemed like turning a bird, which had become used to its cage, loose upon the world, if we allowed the girl to have her way.

Lottie came in, looking dogged and shy; Jessie held out her hand, with a piteous smile, for she was thinking of her mother.

"Lottie, what have we done that you wish to leave us?"

"Nothing on earth, Miss Jess; I ain't mad at you, nor any one; but yet I want to go down to York and get a place. It's lonesome here."

Jessie's eyes filled with tears. It was indeed very lonesome.

"And will you leave us for that, Lottie?"

The girl was troubled; her color came and went. She was about to burst into tears—but answered still,

"It's lonesome, and I want to go. Why can't you let me without all this? I ain't made of cast iron, nor yet of brass. Please give me my money and let me go."

"But you are so helpless. What will become of you in a great city?" pleaded Jessie.

Lottie came up to her and knelt in her old way.

"Let me go, Miss Jessie, and don't try to stop me, for it'll be of no use, only to make my heart ache worse than it does now. Don't be afraid about me! If God shows the birds their way through the woods, He won't let me get lost."

"Poor Lottie!" said the young mistress, looking kindly on the girl through her tears, "I would rather give up anything than you."

Lottie seized her hand, pressing her lips upon it.

"Don't, don't!" she pleaded. "You would not say a word if you only——"

"Only what, girl?"

"Nothing, nothing. I must go, that is the long and the short of it."

Lottie shook off her tears as a dog scatters the rain from his coat, and, starting up, assumed her rude manner.

"I will not keep you against your will, my poor girl," said Jessie, sadly; "but how will you find the way?"

"Easy enough, Miss. 'I've been studying geography and the maps, these last three months, besides reading about everything.'"

"And have you got any idea of a place?"

"Plenty, Miss. I shall be settled the first week. Only give me my wages, and don't try to persuade me agin what my mind is made up to."

"Well, Lottie, you shall have the money. I am sure that can never repay all you have done for my mother!"

"Don't, don't, Miss Jessie! I want to make my heart like a grinding mill-stone, and you won't let me. Now don't!"

"Well, I will not distress you," replied Jessie, gently; "but remember, Lottie, when you get tired of this new life, or have spent your money, come back to your old home. No person shall fill your place."

"Oh! Miss Jess, Miss Jess! can't you stop?" cried the wild creature, absolutely flinging up her arms in desperation.

Jessie looked at her thoughtfully a moment; then, unlocking her desk, counted out the gold Lottie had demanded.

"Be careful that the money does not get you into trouble, Lottie," I said, really anxious about the young thing.

Lottie took the gold in her apron, and great tears dropped over it as she turned away. She really seemed heart-broken.

"If anything should happen," said Jessie, regarding her trouble with tenderness—"if you should lose it, or fall into want, and still not wish to come back, write to me and I will send you more."

"Would you?—would you?" cried Lottie, with quick animation; "then oh! Miss Jess! make it six hundred now. I never, never shall want money so much again in my life."

"Six hundred, Lottie?"

"Yes, six! I tried and tried to cipher it out that much; but it wouldn't multiply or add up to the mark; but if you would now——"

She paused and looked wistfully at the gold through her tears.

Jessie looked at me for encouragement. Dear girl! she had less idea of the value of money than Lottie herself.

"She was so kind to *her*!" whispered the mistress, drawing close to me.

"Or if you'd just lend it to me," pleaded Lottie. "Now, Miss Hyde, don't go to killing the white dove that I see spreading its wings in her bosom this very minute; I wouldn't turn against you, nor tell anything, you know that."

"I will give her the money—the good child—how could it be in my heart to refuse her?" said Jessie.

Lottie went to the open desk and began to count out the other twenty pieces of gold, which she jingled one by one against their companions in her apron. Her breath came quick; and when she had done she came toward us eagerly, gathering the apron in her hand, and hugging it with the gold to her bosom.

"Oh! I'm ready to jump out of my skin with joy and thankfulness!" she exclaimed. "Good-by, young mistress—good-by, Miss Hyde, I'm so sorry that I ever twitted you about being an old maid and writing poetry, and some other things I won't mention."

Lottie went out of the room in great excitement, and left us astonished and very anxious. We talked the matter over without result. If Lottie was determined to go, we had not a shadow of power to prevent it, and we could not yet make up our minds that she was absolutely wrong. There was something in the bottom of her heart that we could not fathom.

But we determined that night to make another attempt to detain the strange girl; if that proved impossible, to send a trusty person to protect her on her way to New York and bring back news of her safety. Somewhat consoled by these resolutions, we separated for the night. The next morning, when we sent for Lottie, the servants told us that she had been gone two hours,

having ridden to town with the man who brought over the morning papers, before any one but the servants was astir. We sent over to the town immediately, and learned that she had left by a train that passed ten minutes after she reached the depot.

We were doubly depressed and lonely now. It was hardly to be believed how much we missed the presence of that wild girl. Weeks went by and we heard nothing of her. She had not promised to write, but we had anxiously expected to hear of her welfare; but nothing came. Like Mr. Lee, Lottie seemed to have been swept out of our lives.

All this was very sad; but we received a little sunshine in the constant visits of young Bosworth, who was so happy now in his but half-acknowledged engagement to our Jessie, that all our troubles were chased away in his presence. As for the old lady—but it is impossible to explain what a protection and comfort her society proved to us at this time.

A month—six weeks went by, and still nothing of Mr. Lee or of Lottie; both had deserted us, and we were indeed alone. Jessie had some consolation in the dawning tenderness of her second love; but I—oh! those were dreary, dreary days to me!

One morning, I found a letter on the hall table, which sent all the blood from my heart. The hand-writing I did not know, but it had a foreign post-mark, and that set my hand to trembling as I touched it. The address was to myself. Jessie was still in the room; so, like a thief, I snatched the precious messenger, and went off to my old place on the ridge, where I could be sure of solitude. I was breathless on reaching the rock, and sat down with a hand pressed hard against my heart, which throbbed with suffocating violence.

I sat down and tore open the envelop. It was a long, heavy letter, closely written, but not by any hand that I could recognize. With a sinking heart, I turned over the pages and saw "Lottie" written on the extreme corner of the last sheet.

"Lottie!" and the letter dated in Paris!—what could it mean? It was some moments before I could compose myself sufficiently to make out the first few lines, though they were characteristic enough.

"My very dear Miss Hyde," the letter began, "I ain't much used to writing letters, and it seems to me as if this would be long and hard work; but things must be told, and if I don't write them, who will?

"You thought hard of me, I dare say, for leaving you just as I did; but I thought just the other way about it, and haven't changed my mind yet. It was tough work, though, to get away from home and bid you both good-by as I did. I hope to goodness you will never have to go through with anything like it. I could not tell you then what it was that set me off; but I will now.

"That very morning before I came down on you for the money, the man from town brought over some things done up in a newspaper more than six weeks old, and in it I read that Mrs. Bab—I beg pardon—Madam Dennison had set sail in a steamboat for a place called Havre, across the Atlantic Ocean—I know more of places and things than you might believe. I was sure that Havre was in Europe, and knew well enough that Mr. Lee was there—a rich widower—with no one in the wide world to keep him from getting into scrapes. Of course, anybody that could see through a millstone might have known what that she Bab—no, I mean that lady and servant—went to Havre for. Well, I thought it all over, and made up my mind what to do. First, I concluded to keep a close mouth in regard to Miss Jessie, for I was sure that she would wilt right down; and as for you—well, no matter, that little secret lies between you and me. Silent was the word then; but I had made up my mind to travel, and was bound to do it. But people can't sail across oceans, and gulfs, and inlets, and such kind of waterworks without money, and I hadn't but two half-dollars in the world. You know how I came down on you and the dear young lady, like a roaring lion, and got that six hundred dollars; I'd rather have danced on red-hot coals an hour than do what I did. It was just highway burglary, and nothing less. I hate myself for it yet.

"Well, after I got the money I made quick work of it, sat up all night, did a little packing, a little praying, and a great deal of crying till daylight came, then I put for the railroad and flashed down to New York. A newspaper that I bought of a little boy, in the cars, told me that a steamer sailed for Havre that very day. The minute we stopped in New York, I got lost in a crowd of carriage drivers and long whips, that seemed terribly glad to see me; and one of them took me on one side, as kind as could be, asking where I wanted to go, promising to take me right there—that is, to the steamer—trunk and all in no time.

"The man kept his word. I got into his carriage, and we drove through long streets, and cross streets, down among acres of ships that

looked like blasted trees, and at last we got to a steamer with stairs down its black sides, and smoke puffing out from its chimneys in a frightful way. The man climbed up the stairs with my trunk on his shoulder: I followed. He sat it down, and I sat down on it. Then the man wanted two dollars, and I gave him one, at which he grumbled a little, but I told him that I had traveled and knew what was what. Then he went away and left me alone in the crowd; so I had a good cry all to myself, thinking of you folks at home, and wondering what would become of me in the end.

"While I was sitting there so heavy hearted, the bells started out a ringing, the steamer began to heave and groan, half the people went helter-skelter down the side of the vessel, and the other half crowded toward one end. Then we began to move, and I felt the blood creep up and down my limbs as shivery as ice. I remember seeing, through the tears that almost blinded me, handkerchiefs waving and people crying on the deck and down on the wharf; but there was nobody to cry about me, nor shake away their sorrow from a white handkerchief, so I just huddled down on the trunk and gave right up.

"Oh! how my heart sunk as the steamer swung round and dashed out into the great river; and, to scare me worse, a gun went off bong, sending a stream of smoke behind us. I covered my face in my hands and cried—oh! how I did cry.

"When I looked up again, New York was a great way off; the ships looked like a forest of dead pine trees, and everything else lay in a blue fog. I looked the other way where the sun was going down in the deep, deep water. There everything was lonesome as the grave, and I almost wished that I was dead. But the steamer kept on prowling along the water, like a great wild beast, worrying us all into the next world. It seemed as if I was going off, far, far away from where my mistress had gone. I had been lonesome before in my life; but this was worse than that. I wanted to creep into some corner and die. Then I remembered that I had promised *her*, when she lay dead in the tower chamber, to be a mother to you and Miss Jessie, and made a little prayer to God that He would help me in the thing that I was going about. It was all I could do.

"When the steamer was out in the deep waters and the dark came on, a man stood by my trunk and asked why it was that I staid out of my room. Then I told him my trunk was room enough for me just then; so he went away

and brought another man, who asked if I had a state-room and a ticket.

"I told him the truth—that I didn't know what a state-room was; but that something I had eaten must have made me sick, and I wanted to lie down dreadfully.

"The man told me that a state-room would cost more than a hundred dollars; so I told him I'd rather stay on deck, for there was no certainty how much money I might want to spend before I got back.

"Then they began talking about second cabins, and asked how much money I could pay; but, somehow, I was too sick to care much and let 'em pay themselves; so they took me down into a room with beds made like shelves along the sides, and I fell into one. Oh, mercy! I can't think of it now without being dizzy.

"Day and night—day and night—rock, rock—plunge, plunge—till at last there was an end of the eternal waters, and we landed at Havre, an old fussy place that seemed as unsteady as the ship.

"Europe is a large place, Miss Hyde, and I didn't know whereabouts in it Mr. Lee or that woman was to be found; but I had money, and the mistress always taught me to trust in God when I couldn't do anything on my own hook. So I watched everything that went on among the passengers, and kept a prayer for help stirring in the bottom of my heart. At first I was about to ask some of the passengers which way I'd better turn, but concluded to wait. So I followed the crowd when it left the steamer, and it took me into a hotel as old as the hills, where women were running round in their night-caps and chattering like tame crows. I went into a room with the rest and sat down with my carpet-bag on my lap, keeping a keen eye on everything. We had to wait a good while, for the men at the wharf wanted to see if everything was put up nicely in my trunk; and as they promised to give it back, and a passenger said he would send it with his to the hotel, as I was alone, I had to wait.

"As I sat there watching, some gentlemen came in that seemed to know some of our passengers. They had just run down from Paris, I heard them say, to meet their friends on landing. They were nice, genteel men, and I listened to their talk, having nothing else to busy myself with. After a good deal of shaking hands and questioning about the voyage, they began to talk about Paris—especially about its hotels, and what Americans were at them. I held my breath and listened. Maurice, they said, was the hotel where Americans went most. There

was a great number of distinguished persons there now, and they went over a list of names. When they came to that of Mr. Lee, I caught my breath and sprang up, dropping my satchel, with the gold in it, with a clank to the floor. No one minded me; so I sat down again, trembling all over, and listened. Then Mrs. Dennison's name was huddled in among the rest, and I knew that the persons I was in search of were in the same town together, and very near too; for the men who had run down from Paris didn't seem out of breath or the least tired. So I made up my mind to go there at once and come back in an hour or two after my trunk.

"Please, sir," said I to one of the gentlemen, "can you tell me just how far Paris is from this hotel, and which way I must turn?"

"He looked at me a minute and smiled with his eyes.

"It is about six hours, I think," he answered; "any coachman will take you to the depot."

"I was rather discouraged. If it took him six hours to run the distance, I should find it a long walk. So I concluded to hire a carriage and take my trunk along.

"After awhile my trunk came up with a heap of other baggage, and, as everybody else was starting off in carriages, I hired one too; and when the man asked where I wanted to go, I told him to Mr. Meurice's hotel in Paris. He drove away at once, and after a few minutes stopped at a railroad depot and opened the door for me to get out.

"This is the right train," he said, in the queerest English I ever heard. "I will get you a ticket."

"I felt myself blushing, but said nothing. He didn't know that I had thought of walking. In less than ten minutes I was whizzing along like anything over the most beautiful country, and through the queerest old towns, and by the strangest houses with points, and caps, and corners like great table-casters out in stone. Then the dark came on, and I fell sound asleep till a great crash and jar awoke me in a depot right in the midst of a city larger than New York all blazing with lights and crowded with folks.

"I had learned a thing or two by this time, and when a driver put himself in my way told him that I wanted to go to Mr. Meurice's hotel, and that he'd better get my trunk. He didn't seem to understand a word except the name of Meurice; but he caught that at once and nodded his head,

"We, we!"

"Yes," said I, "both of us. You couldn't

very well drive me without going too, I should think."

"So up he came with a little one-horse concern, and in I got. Oh! what streets, and lanes, and roads of lamps I went through! What crowds of people—what tall, tall houses! They made me more dizzy than I had been, and that was bad enough.

"At last we reached the hotel—a great, grand house that frightens one by its size, the number of lights, and crowds of people going up and down the stairs. They took me into a room half-way up to the sky, and there I sat down with my head aching and clear tired out. You didn't know, I suppose, that I have learned a good many French words from the mistress: such as *du pain*, which means bread—and *le thé*, for tea—and *sucre*, which ain't much different from our sugar, only you mumble it up in your mouth before speaking, and let it all out at once.

"Well, I was dying with thirst and my head throbbed terribly. The man called me *mademoiselle*, and looked polite and sorry; so I said,

"Donna moia a cup of the, if you please, *mousheu*."

"He looked bewildered a minute, and then brightened up so pleasant.

"Ah! *le thé! We, we!*"

"No," said I, thinking how improper it would be for that strange man to sit down to tea with a young girl in her room that time of night; 'only for myself; one cup will do. Excuse me.'

"He did not stop to hear, but went off and came back with a china cup and saucer on a little silver tray, as if I had been a born lady. I stirred up the tea and tasted it.

"Donna moia un petite more *sucre*, if you please," said I.

"We, madammoiselle, *toot sweet*," says he.

"The fellow pronounced too as if it had a *t* in it; but then, how could he understand good English?

"No, no—not too sweet," said I; 'the contrary way. I want more *la sucre*—sugar, you know.'

"The fellow really did not understand his own language, but stood there looking wild as a fish-hawk. All at once he brightened up and ran out of the room. Directly he came back with another man. The moment I saw his face I jumped up, ready to scream with joy, and—and—yes, Miss Hyde, don't blush! but I sprang right into his arms and gave him a kiss. Who was it? Why James, Mr. Lee's own man—a person—well, Miss Hyde, we all have secrets;

but if ever a girl had a right to kiss a friend in a strange place, I had—that's all.

"Oh! James, James Grant! It's Providence that sent you here!"

"No," he said, holding me tight and stopping my mouth while choke-full of words, 'I rather think it was your bad French, Lottie.'

"I would have struck him; only he held me so near and so tight it was impossible.

"The waiter went out softly. What sensible people these Frenchmen are! Then I forgot my headache and everything but the business in hand. James is a good scholar, you know, and understands French like a book. If ever Providence sent a friend at the right time, He did it that night. First I began asking questions. Mr. Lee had been away down East in Jerusalem, Palestine, across deserts, and over Pyramids for almost the whole time since he left home. Sorrowful as a man could be, but always going ahead as if comfort lay in sharp work. Then he had come back into Italy, and so into France, which is Paris, you know. Mrs. Dennison was in the hotel when Mr. Lee got there; James thinks, unexpectedly to his master, but is not certain. He knows that she wrote letters to him any way.

"She is here then—she has been setting her traps,' I said. 'Tell me everything, James, if you ever loved the dear lady who is dead, or her child, who is pining herself to death at our own dear home. Tell me everything!'

"Yes,' he said, 'it's no use going over the tracks; but she's got him, and to-morrow they will be married at the American Embassy.'

"To-morrow! Married, to-morrow!' I almost screamed.

"Yes,' he answered; 'nothing can stop it. I passed a woman who brought home the wedding-dress as I came up stairs.'

"I caught hold of James and held his arms down tight.

"Nothing can stop it, James? Yes, sir, you and I can stop it; you and I *will* stop it! I never promised right out before, James; but if you'll help me to expose this woman, I'll—I'll—yes, you and I'll take their place and be married at the American Embassy right off ourselves.'

"He—well, Miss Hyde, I won't worry you by telling what he said or did just then; but my face burned like fire half an hour after.

"Now comes the hardest part of my story. Don't clasp your hands and pray for me as the worst sinner that ever was; for I ain't quite that! Still, you think so much of a little fib, and listening, and breaking open seals, that I'd rather not write it if a great deep ocean of

water wasn't rolling between you and me. Miss Hyde, I own it, lies ain't my delight; but I can tell 'em. Peeping through keyholes and windows isn't my nature; but, anyhow, I did it. More than that: I never let one of Mrs. Dennison's letters leave our house without reading it, nor any worth while without keeping a copy; that was why you caught me writing so often. One or two letters I kept back altogether. They are with me here; so are the copies. It was to give them into Mr. Lee's hand that I came across the wide ocean. She suspected me—or her girl Cora did—and hired one of the men to mail them safely; but I knew a better way of bribing him to give them up. True, it made James jealous to see how thick I was with the man; but I couldn't help that.

"Babylon was cute, though; she wrote carefully. It was to some old mother—who was as bad as herself—to whom the letters were sent. I have some of her answers too; and these were the papers that I laid before James Grant that night. They told the whole story: how Mrs. Babylon had come on a visit to our house, because Mr. Lawrence was going to spend some time in the neighborhood, and she could not bear to live away from him. This was the first letter. Then she found out how very, very rich Mr. Lee was, and began to write about him and the family—speaking of my angel mistress as a poor, weak thing that would be better dead than alive. After this the letters grew darker, and more cautious. She hinted of things that might happen before she left the house—of sudden deaths being common in cases of lingering disease—and said, that, of late, she had been interesting herself in chemical experiments, and believed that chloroform, persistently administered, might have a beneficial effect.

"After this I could only get hold of two letters; but they were written in French, and I could only make out a word here and there. If you hadn't been so crank about honor and all that, I would have brought them to you; but I couldn't make up my mind to take the preaching. But I watched. You know, Miss Hyde, no dog ever kept watch as I did over that angel!

"She died. The worst came while I was wondering what to do. There was no use in telling what I had done. She was dead; and I thought then that the woman would go away and leave us for a little time to our mourning. If she came back again, I meant to give the letters up and have you read the French ones. You know how she left, and why it was Mr. Lee went off in that strange way; I could only guess.

You wouldn't trust me; so I wouldn't trust you. But when I found that Babylon had followed after Mr. Lee, just as his year of mourning was over, I followed her.

"I gave these letters to James; and we read them over together, according to their dates, till the two French ones came in turn. James reads French, and can turn it into English as easy as talking. So he gave me the English.

"She was afraid that her letters were tampered with by the servants, and so wrote in a language they could not understand. Her chemical experiments in favor of the invalid had failed in consequence of the girl, who watched the sick-chamber like a house-dog; but a sudden inspiration had pointed out a safer and not less certain method. The next blow should fall where it was sure to tell—it should strike through the soul. Words killed, but left no death marks upon which either society or the law could seize. The invalid adored her husband; convince her that he loved another—under his own roof too—and the work was done, the estate free. The letter she would cause to be placed in that lady's hand should be a two-edged sword, sharp enough to free the man and disinherit the daughter, with whom there was no hopes of living in friendship.

"This was the first letter in French. It ended with saying she had written the letter, charging herself with having fascinated the master of that house, calling the lady's attention to many a proof of this passion rendered forever hopeless from her pertinacious hold on a life that had become a burden to herself and a torment to her family. The letter spoke contemptuously of Mrs. Dennison, charging her with a deliberate attempt to win the husband's love from his invalid wife, and pointing out the way in which she had succeeded.

"This letter, which Mrs. Dennison wrote to her mother, had been got up carefully, and, as near as possible, in Jessie Lee's hand-writing. It was a safe precaution, and could be used or disproved, as the case might require. It had been taken to the post-office by Mrs. Dennison herself.

"Then we come to the last letter which this wicked woman wrote to her mother. Oh! Miss Hyde, it was too horrible!

"The letter had done its work. Mrs. Lee was dead and buried. It had been a frightful scene, and Mrs. Dennison had been hardly able to write, or even sit up after it. Still the poor lady was better off—what enjoyment could she have of life? But one thing had happened to trouble her. Miss Lee held a considerable por-

tion of the property in her own right, a thing that had but just come to her knowledge; and, though immense, the princely estate must be divided; and, coming from the mother, Jessie would naturally be heiress to the whole at Mr. Lee's death. Still that need not prove without its remedy; Jessie's portion might be secured through Lawrence. It was a bitter alternative, but would be preferable to eternal separation or poverty together. She had sent for Lawrence and expected him hourly. There was a break in Mrs. Dennison's letter here; then a few lines that James could hardly make out.

"Lawrence had answered her letter in person and offered himself to Jessie Lee, who had refused him. In a fit of pride and anger he had gone away—she would never see him again. Jessie Lee had separated them forever. Before many hours were over her revenge should be complete. Then she would leave that house and Mr. Lee should follow.

"These were the French letters as James read them to me. I gathered them all together, but my hands shook so that James was obliged to tie them up for me.

"Where is our master now?' I said. 'What time is it?'

"It is nine. I think he may soon be in Mrs. Dennison's parlor, for Cora told me that her lady wished to try on the wedding dress, and hoped Mr. Lee would come in when it was complete. I took the message, and he answered, 'Very well.'

"James,' I said, 'we have no time to lose. Is there no way by which I can get into Mrs. Dennison's rooms before the master comes in?'

"James thought a little, and said, 'Yes, it will be easy. When Mrs. Dennison is dressed they will go into her parlor. It opens from her bed-room by an arched doorway hung with silk curtains. When they leave the bed-room I will let you in.'

"He went out to reconnoitre, and came back, all in a hurry, opened the door and whispered, 'Come, quick.'

"I went, and in two minutes was in a large bed-room, warmed up like a sunset with the light that came pouring through the broad, red curtains which hung between it and the next room.

"Step softly and hide somewhere if they come in,' whispered James.

"I will,' says I.

"Then I crept up to the curtain, pushed the red folds back a trifle, and walked in.

"It was a large room, lighted like our draw-

ing-room with a great chandelier, and furnished beautifully. *She* and Cora were standing under the blaze of lights all in a flutter of pride. It's no use, Miss Hyde; I've wanted to think that woman wasn't good-looking, but it's fighting against one's own eyes. There she stood with that wedding dress of white moire antique, a sweeping down her tall figure, and lying behind her like ridges of snow on the carpet. All down the front and around the neck, which was smooth as a japonica leaf, lace was fluttering, till the whole dress looked soft as snow. On her head she wore a sort of crown, made of pearls like the mistress' necklace, that she thought so much of, and from under that fell a lace veil that looked like frostwork on a window, and covered her from head to foot.

"Cora was spreading down the veil as I looked in. Then she stepped back and had a good survey.

"Will it do?" said Mrs. Dennison, drawing herself up proud as a peacock.

"It's superb!" answered Cora.

"We will make it a little more perfect before he comes in," says Babylon; and, going to a desk, she took out a long morocco case and opened it under the light, where a flame of fire flashed out of it.

"Cora took the box out of Babylon's hand.

"From him," says she.

"Yes," answers Babylon, curving her neck.

"How much did they cost?"

"Of course he did not tell me that, Cora. Six or seven thousand dollars, I suppose; but they are nothing to what I'll yet have."

"You will not wear them to-morrow?"

"Well, no. It would be a little too much, I fear; but we will put them on now just to try the effect."

"No," says Cora, looking very stubborn, "I want these. It's no more than fair."

"Cora!" cried Babylon, with fire in her eyes.

"Why not?" says Cora. "You have promised over and over again to provide for me when you had the means. Here is something sure."

"Cora, this is too impudent!"

"Why? Is it wrong for sisters to share each other's good fortune, especially when one has done as much to earn it as the others?"

"Babylon doubled up her white fist, and looked a whole thunder-gust from under her bent eyebrows.

"Sisters! How dare you?"

"Because I am your sister."

"You! whose mother was a black slave!"

"And my father your father! What will you say against him?"

"Babylon seemed to struggle against her temper and conquered it.

"Give me those diamonds, Cora. Of course I do not dispute what you say, and always meant to make you independent, but not after this fashion; wait till this ceremony is over and I have control of sufficient means. You must see that it would be ruin to part with these."

"I cannot help that. What security have I that you will keep your word then? It never has been kept. The truth is, I mean to stay in this country where my color is not sneered at, and I must have the means."

"But have I not promised?"

"Yes, a good many times; and I mean that you shall perform too! This ceremony shall never take place till I am sure of that."

"Babylon grew pale as a ghost, something seemed to swell in her throat.

"Give back the diamonds," she said, speaking as if she had a cold, "and you shall have a written promise for twice their amount three months after I am married."

"When?"

"Now. I will write out the paper at once."

"Well, but remember it is made out to Cora, your half-sister, or I will not take it!"

"Mrs. Dennison came to a little table that stood close by the arch, and, kneeling down on one knee, began to write. She seemed to hold her breath, and was pale as the pearls on her head. I could have touched her with my hand, but I stood still as a mouse until the paper was written. Cora came and looked over her shoulders as she signed her name. Just as it was done, there came a sharp knock at the door, and both the women started away from the table, leaving the paper on it. I reached my hand softly through the curtain and got it safe just as Mr. Lee came in.

"Babylon was white as a sheet, and shook so that the dress rustled around her.

"Is she not beautiful, sir?" says Cora, looking as innocent as a lamb.

"Mr. Lee smiled. Oh! Miss Hyde, isn't he grand? But in a minute his face changed, and, coming up to Mrs. Dennison, he took her hand and kissed it.

"How pale you are! Does the thought of to-morrow terrify you so much?"

"She gave him one of her looks, and drew closer to him timidly. He bent toward her, and, as Cora slid out of the room, put his arm round her waist, whispering something that I was too mad to hear.

"I couldn't stand it. My poor mistress seemed to whisper, 'Now, Lottie, I trust to you!' I

pushed the curtains aside, and, walking right straight in, stood before them.

"‘Mrs. Dennison,’ says I, ‘let go of my dead lady’s husband. Mr. Lee, an angel has just come down from heaven to save you from a wicked, wicked fiend. I, a poor girl, am doing her work. Step back, Mrs. Dennison, till my master reads these letters, and this paper; then look into his eyes if you dare.’

"The woman turned on me with her great, scared eyes—saw the papers in my hand—gave a wild look at the table—staggered toward the curtains—flung them back with an outward dash of her arms and fell upon the floor of the other room. As the red curtains closed over her, I put all the papers in Mr. Lee’s hand and whispered, with tears in my eyes,

"‘Oh! master, read them for her sake, who loved you so dearly!’

"He took the papers and went away. In half an hour James called me to his master’s room. He was white as marble, and tears stood in his eyes. He took my two hands in his, pressed them hard; then, leaning one elbow on the table, covered his face with his hand. I saw great tears drop through his fingers; they broke my heart. The first thing I knew, down I had fallen on my two knees, and was kissing his other hand as if he had been my dear mistress who is dead and gone. That night I told him everything about Miss Jessie and all your goodness. Oh! how he thanked me! Miss Hyde, don’t ever want to see a man cry; it’s enough to break one’s heart!

"The next morning Mrs. Dennison and her servant had left the hotel. In three days I shall be on my way home. Do be glad to see Lottie, for she feels like a bird far away from its nest. Your old friend till death,

LOTTIE."

She came back, that bright, heroic girl! and took her old place in the family. The blessings of a happy, happy heart rest upon her forever.

A month after, he came home. We entered into no explanations, and never, for many a year, spoke of Lottie’s visit to Paris. But his tenderness for Jessie was such as I had never witnessed before; and he was very gentle and kind to me.

A few months after Mr. Lee’s return there were wedding preparations in our house. Our Jessie would leave us on a bridal tour and then come back to the old mansion behind the hill, which the two Mrs. Bosworths had vacated for a pretty cottage on the grounds, and refurnished sumptuously for the young people. Everybody

was pleased—everybody was happy, except myself. What would become of me? When Jessie was gone, my home would be broken up again. I must be cast forth a waif upon the world. How could I help being sad?

Just a week before Jessie’s wedding, I sat alone in the deep window of the drawing-room, thinking of my desolated future, and weeping those still tears that one learns to shed after much sorrow. It was sunset. Young Bosworth and Jessie were in the garden, and I could hear their happy voices coming up from among the flowers.

As I sat there, so dreary and loveless, some person entered the room. I knew by the tread that it was Mr. Lee, and tried to conceal myself; but he came directly to the window and stood at my side, looking out upon the glorious view. In those times I was timid, and almost afraid of his presence; so, rising quietly, I attempted to leave the window. But he spoke, and begged me to remain. There was something that he wished to say.

I sat down trembling, and rose again, an hour after, the happiest mortal that God ever blessed. One week from that day, two weddings were solemnized in that house; but only one couple went away. That home was too dear for any thoughts of fashionable travel with us.

But last July, after a summer of travel, in the White Mountains, we reached New York on our way home. Having nothing to occupy us, one evening, we joined a party at the hotel and went to hear a discourse on Woman’s Rights and Human Civilization by some celebrated female lecturer, whose name we did not hear nor inquire about. But when the lecturer entered from one side of the platform, her presence drove the blood from my heart. She wore a black lace dress richly flounced, with crimson flowers on her bosom and in her hair. Her white neck was exposed, her arms uncovered to the shoulder. She approached the reading-desk, rested her hand on a volume that lay upon it, and looked around on the audience.

It was Mrs. Dennison.

While her hand was on the book, and her bold eyes wandering over the crowd, a cry broke over us from the street. Some news boy, shouting as he sped along, sent his voice ringing through the open doors,

"Further particulars of the battle of Ball Run—death of Col. Lawrence!"

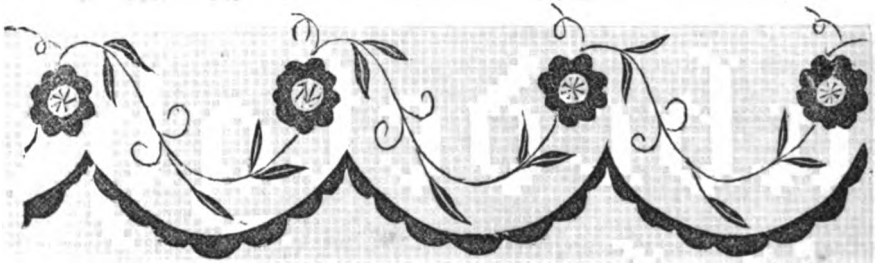
The woman heard this cry. Her hand fell heavily away from the book it pressed, her face grew livid under the gas-lights—she staggered a step back and fell dead to the floor.

GIPSY PIN-CUSHION.

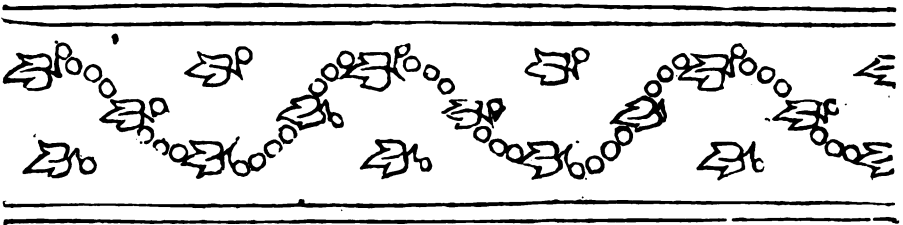
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This quaint little image is very easily framed and fitted up, and is quite pretty. The head is one of those made in gutta-percha, so full of character and expression, and is to be fastened on to a cardboard body, cut in two or three thicknesses, which is then to be covered with scarlet merino, or any other gay-looking material, and closed up the front with a row of gold beads for buttons. Cut a round of cardboard the size of the top of a tumbler, cover it, and sew round it a piece of the merino, so as to make it into a sort of bag; stuff this with wool, gather the top, and place the upper part of the figure in this, drawing in the gathers, like the fullness of a skirt, round the waist. Then cut the arms with the elbows bent, attach doll's hands in kid, cover the arms with wide sleeves drawn in round the wrists, and fasten on at the back of the shoulder. Put gold bead ear-rings, a little white or colored wool cap, and a gray cloak with a hood, lined with red, drawn over the head, and fastened under the chin. Place a little basket over the arm, which may be either a miniature wicker one, purchased, or made by cutting a small round or oval in cardboard, covering it with silk, sewing a row of straw round it as the rim, placing a piece of straw as the handle over it, and then filling with little morsels of cotton, etc., as for sale. A pretty apron may be attached in front. These figures admit of many little inventions, according to taste, and are good articles for fancy fairs. The height of the whole should not exceed eight inches.

PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.



EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



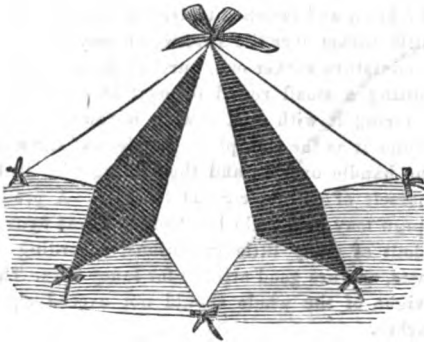
INSERTION.



EDGING.

TOILET PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pretty Cushion is to be made of merino, red, white, and blue. It consists of eight points, two red, two blue, four white. These points are made by taking a square of eight inches, fold in half, making a triangle. Sew all around, leaving a small space for turning and stuffing, which latter may be done either with wool or bran. Eight of these points complete the cushion. Arrange the red points opposite, the blue ones the same, the four white ones dispose of between the others, joining all the parts together at the top, as seen in the design. Finish with rows of red, white, and blue ribbon, one at the top, and one at every point.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING: OLD ENGLISH.



THE DORMEUSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

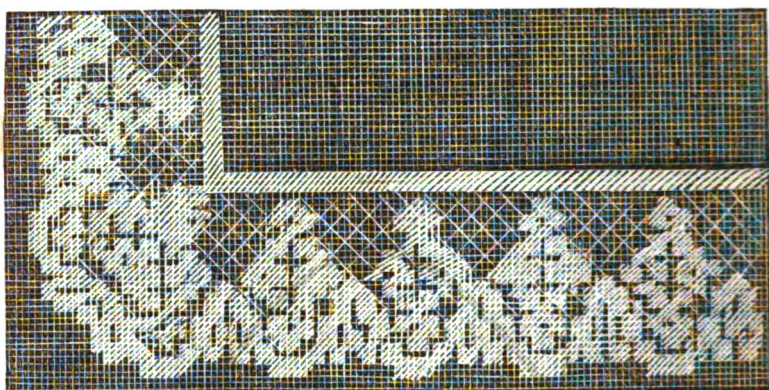


THE Dormeuse is intended for those who take a nap in easy-chairs after dinner. The cushion is put round the neck and the cord goes underneath the arms, which are crossed; the advantage is that the cushion keeps the head from nodding or slipping down. Cut a piece of coarse linen or ticking about half a yard square; make a long pillow by sewing the sides together and gathering one end up, leaving the other open; fill this pillow with feathers, hair, or the chaff of oats, then fasten up the end. Take a thick girdle cord about one yard in length and sew to each end of the pillow. The pillow must then be covered with silk, which will look well with the rest of the furniture. Make a covering of zephyr to go over the silk, either a common mesh or open crochet. (It must be quite open to show the silk.) Finish with tassels at each end. The tassels, cord, and silk, the same color. The net looks best black or nearly so.

BLACK LACE BORDER FOR BERLIN WOOL-WORK.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

MANY of the prettiest pieces of Berlin wool-work, intended for various purposes, are now in Paris surrounded with a border in imitation of black lace. We insert a simple design for this purpose, which can be executed with ease and rapidity, and which is suitable for the completion of many different articles. The ground of these laces is in cross-stitch, but a fine netting silk is used, so as to give it a light appearance, and separate it more distinctly from the pattern, of which the whole is worked in black Berlin wool. The style of this sort of bordering is very effective, and contrasts well with either a group of flowers as the center ornament, or with a simple pattern composed of any number of colors, whether few or many. It will be seen that we have supplied the corner, and all that will be necessary for the outer edge is to work three rows of plain stitches beyond the outer line, consisting of three shades of the same color, selecting that which may best harmonize with the interior design. In undertaking any



work of which this border is intended to form a fabric is observable under the grounding of part, plain white canvas must be chosen, as the black silk.

BAG IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

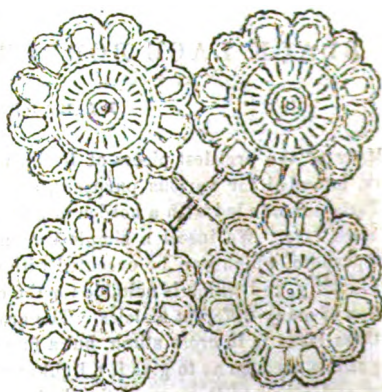


THIS is a very pretty bag and easily made. It is just the thing, therefore, for a Christmas, or New Year's, present.

It is made, as the reader will see, by crocheting a series of wheels, like those given in the opposite column; in two colors: the colors to be at the choice of the person making up the bag.

But the wheels are to be arranged, however, in alternate colors. Our specimen bag, before us, is made in green and white, thus: first, white, then green; then, under the first a green, and under the second, a white; and so on. Finish with cord and tassel.

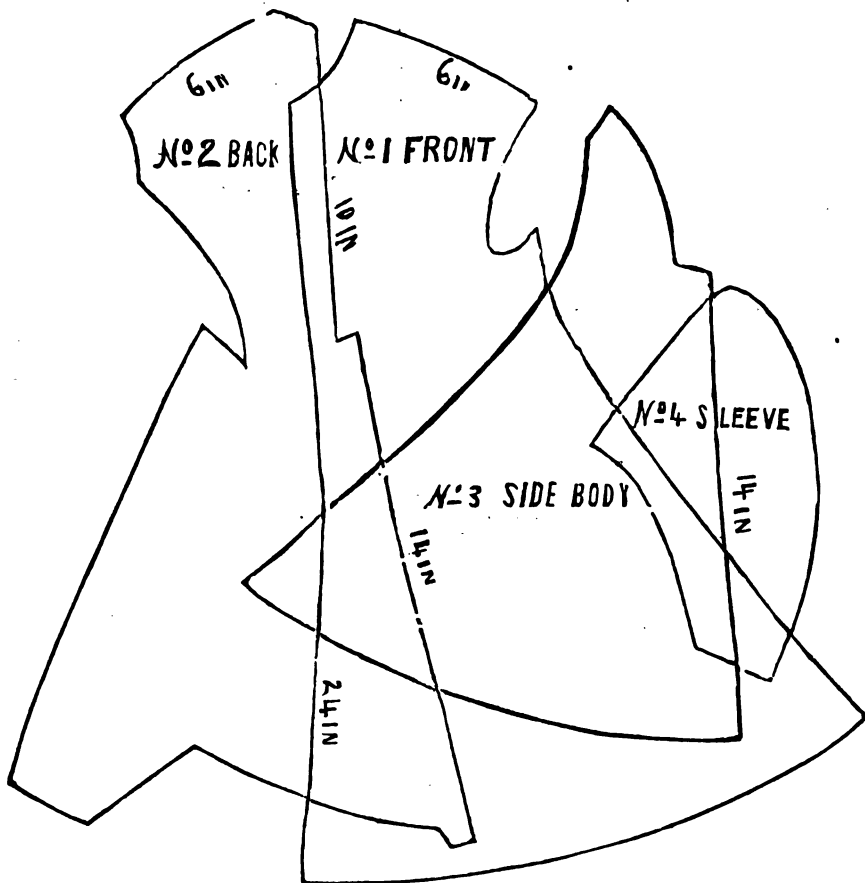
These bags are very fashionable, just now, as they are at once economical and pretty.



CASAQUE FOR LITTLE GIRL.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

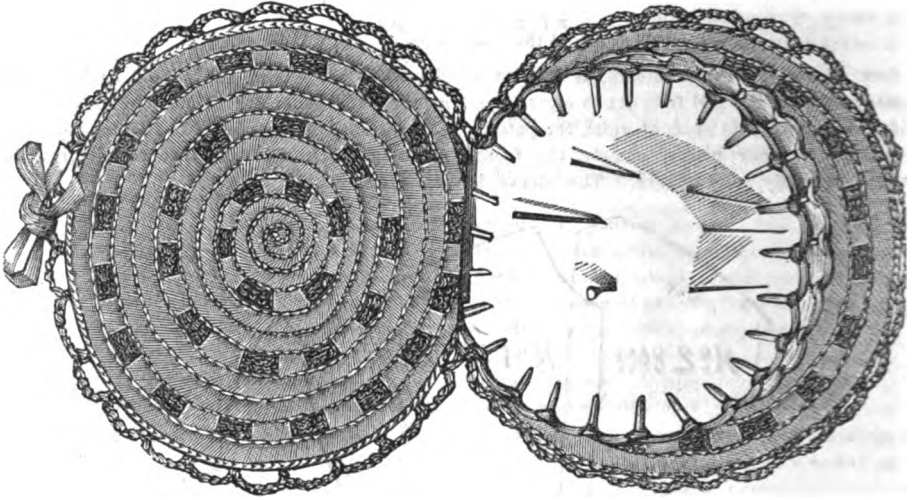
Our diagram, for this month, is that of a shaped at the elbow, and should be left open Casaque for a little girl from six to eight years at the back seam for about four inches, the old; it is cut without seam at waist, the pattern corners slightly rounded. It is intended to be consisting of four pieces, namely, the front, made in black silk. Enlarge the diagram to back, side-body, and sleeve. The sleeve is the size indicated.



NEEDLE-BOOK IN CROCHET.

BY MADEMOISELLE ROCHE.

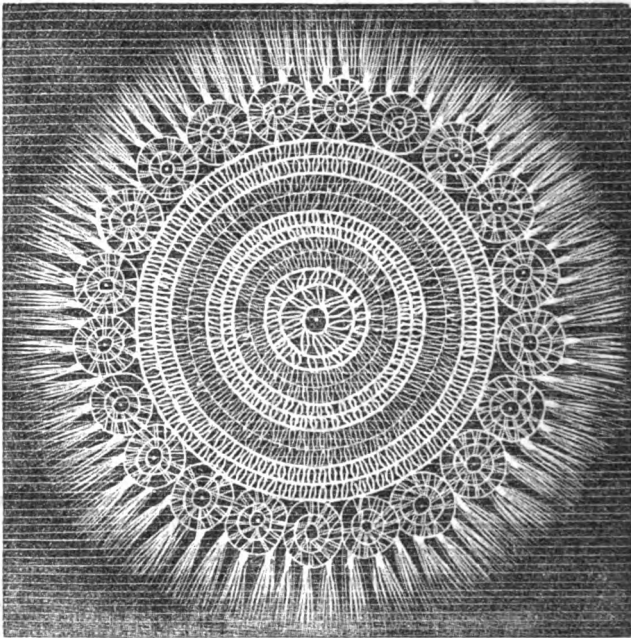
THIS little article, so simple and expeditiously made, is extremely pretty when seen completed, and is well calculated for a young lady to present to her friends, or to work a number of them in various colors, as contributions to charitable bazaars. It is nothing more than plain crochet worked over a fine cord, and going round and round until the size of our engraving is reached, or a very trifle larger. Two threads are employed for the crochet, and when one of these is gold the effect is greatly improved. Violet and gold, blue and gold, green and gold, all look rich and handsome: but two silks of well-contrasting colors are also in good taste. Our engraving shows when the dark and light succeed each other, and we need scarcely say that where the one appears it is worked over the thread of the other, which is resumed in its turn after the



proper interval. When the round has been completed; it is edged with a row of loops, which forms the border. Two of these fastened together form the needle-book, the leaves between being of fine cloth or cashmere worked round the edge with a row of open buttonhole-stitch in colored silk. We have rarely published a prettier pattern, or one more easily made.

TIDY IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—4 spools pink crochet cotton, No. 16; 4 spools white crochet cotton, No. 16; fine steel hook. With the white cotton, make a ch of 6. Join. Work 8 rows in dc stitch, widening enough to keep the work flat. Join the pink cotton, and

in every stitch of last row work 2 dc stitches, 1 ch stitch between. Repeat all round the row.

2nd Row.—* work 4 dc between the 2 dc stitches formed by last row *.

3rd Row.—* work 4 dc between the 4 dc stitches of preceding row *.

4th Row.—* 6 dc between the 4 dc of 3rd row *.

Join the white cotton, work * 1 dc (between 3rd and 4th stitches in the group of 6 stitches made by last row), 4 ch, 1 dc between the groups *. Work 3 rows in this manner, widening enough to keep the work flat. Join the pink cotton and work 3 rows of shells, 4 dc stitches to each shell; then join the white cotton and work 4 rows in dc, 4 ch stitches between each stitch, as directed above; then 3 rows of shells as before with the pink cotton, 4 rows in white

cotton as before. This completes the center-piece.

FOR THE BORDER.—With the pink cotton, make a ch of 6, join, into it work 22 stitches in dc for 1st row.

2nd Row.—* 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, * all round the row.

3rd Row.—4 dc between every stitch of 2nd row.

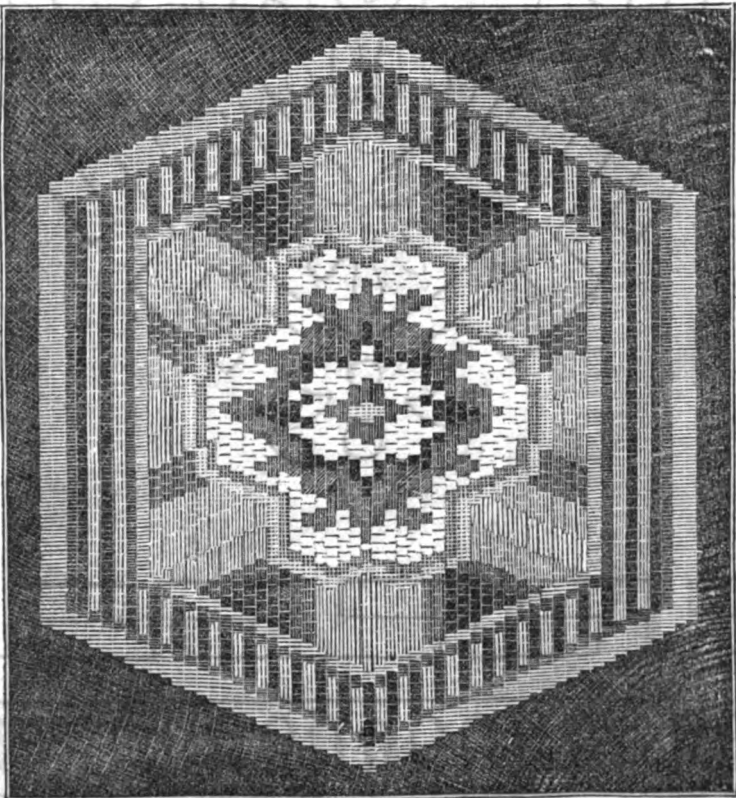
4th Row.—White, 4 dc between every 3rd stitch of 3rd row.

5th Row.—Pink, 4 dc between every 4th stitch of 4th row.

This completes one of the small circles forming the border: 20 are required to border the tidy. Into these tie the fringe, alternate white and pink, about one-eighth of a yard in length when tied.

GLASS BEAD MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

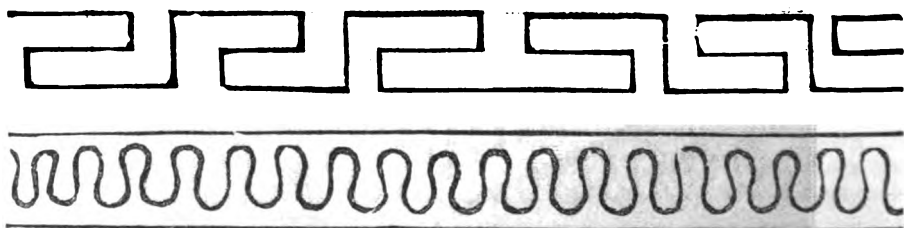
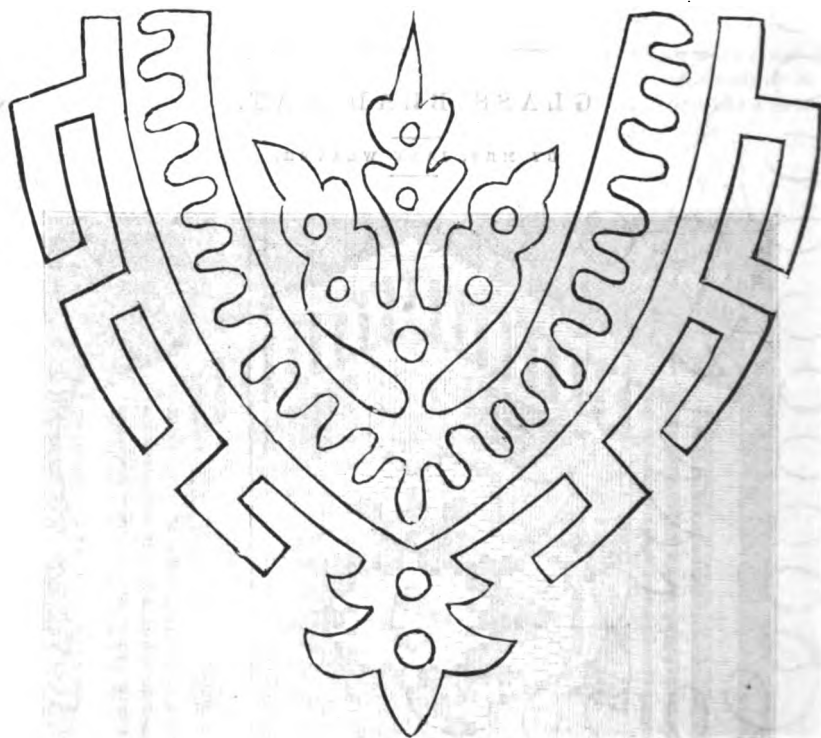


MATERIALS REQUIRED.—6 rows dark blue light red, 2 light red, 1 light red, 2 amber, 1 beads; 7 rows middle shade; 10 light blue; 6 dark yellow, 2 white, 1 dark red, 2 dark red, 1 rows dark red; 6 middle shade; 7 light red; 2 dark red; then one black on the right hand needle and 1 red on the left hand needle, then 1 black, 2 black, 1 black; 1 black on the left hand needle, 1 white on the right; then 1 white, 1 red on right hand needle, 1 white on left, 1 red, 1 yellow on right hand, 1 red on left, then 1 yellow.

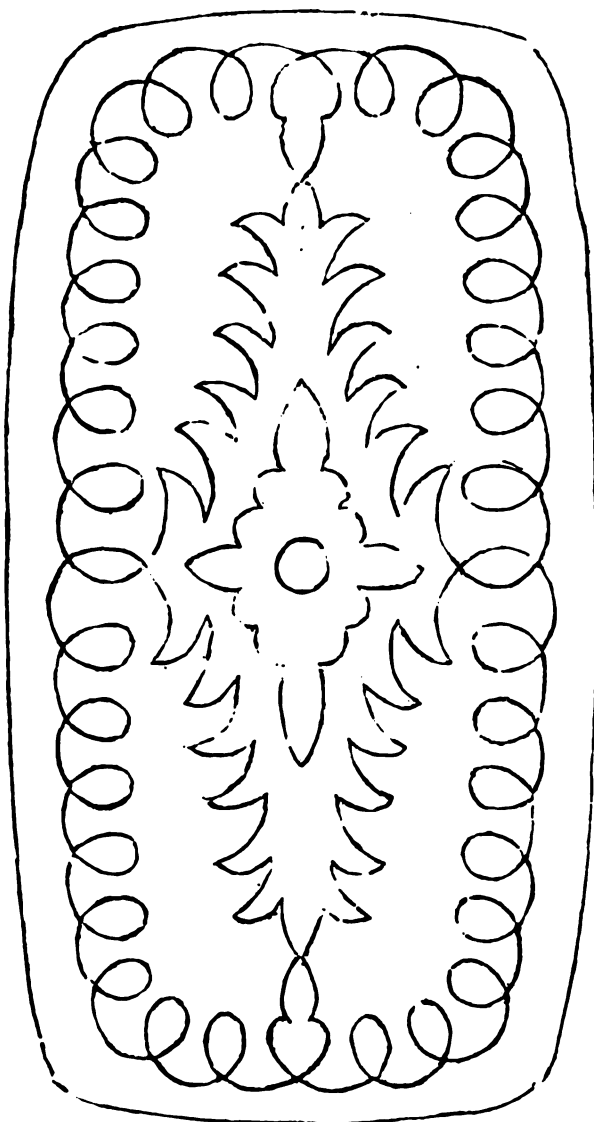
Commence working this mat at the center of the left side, marked A, by taking 1 light blue bead upon each needle; draw them to the middle of the thread; then pass both needles through 1 light blue, then take 2 next shade of blue, one on each needle; then pass both needles through 1 dark blue, then take 2 light red, 1 dark blue, 2 light red, 1 second shade blue, 2 light blue, 1

This brings the work back to the center of the mat; and by reversing the work, it will bring you to the opposite side, finishing with two, the same way as the beginning.

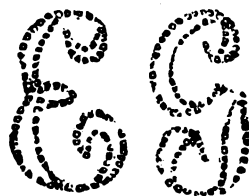
LADIES' BRAIDED SLIPPER: TOE AND HEEL.



VARIETIES IN BRAIDING, EMBROIDERY, ETC.



CIGAR-CASE: IN BLACK VELVET AND GOLD BRAID.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.



INSERTION.



EDGING.



NAME FOR MARKING.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1862—BETTER THAN EVER.—On the cover, this month, will be found our Prospectus for 1862. Every year's experience teaches us how to do better for our subscribers. The proof of the superiority of this Magazine, *all things considered*, to other ladies' magazines, is in the fact that it *has now a larger circulation than any other in the United States, or even in the world.*

Prominent among our improvements, next year, will be those we shall make in the fashion department. Our colored steel fashion-plates are already very much more beautiful than those of others, and are universally newer and more reliable. Last month, figures and styles appeared, in another magazine, which we had given, months before. Our literary department will also be improved. The author of "The Murder in the Glen Rose," will be a regular contributor next year. Without reducing the quantity of our other stories, we shall give *four original novelets*, and we may say, without exaggeration, that, in these new stories, Mrs. Stephens, Carry Stanley, and Frank Lee Benedict, at least, have surpassed themselves.

The cheapness of this Magazine is a point to which we wish particularly to direct attention. Everything that is to be had in a three dollar magazine can be had here for two dollars, and much of it, as the newspaper press universally declares, of a higher quality than elsewhere. On this point see the "Notices by the Press," printed on our cover for this month.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fairly presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other magazine. *Be, therefore, the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

OUR CHRISTMAS PURSE.—Appropriate to the season is "The Christmas and New Year's Purse," printed in colors, and inserted in the front of this number. It was designed expressly for us, by the accomplished editor of our Work-Table Department, Mrs. Jane Weaver. But beautiful as it is, it falls far below the colored pattern we shall give in our January number for 1862. Our old subscribers remember the gem, in this line, we gave in the January number for 1861. Well, that to be given in our forthcoming January number is even more splendid, as everybody will admit after they have seen it. These patterns, bear in mind, appear in no other magazine. "Peterson" alone is willing to pay the enormous cost of them. The pattern, in this number, is printed, it will be seen, in five colors. But that, in the January number, will have thirteen. It would frighten our fair readers (as it frightens other publishers) to know what such a pattern costs. But no expense deters us. And the system we have pursued for years, of cash in advance, enables us to bear expenses that other magazines really cannot afford.

CARRYING HOME THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.—This spirited wood-engraving tells its own story.

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HOW TO KNIT STOCKINGS.—A fair correspondent asks for directions how to knit woolen stockings. Take bluish gray yarn, No. 22, and needles, Nos. 14 and 15. Set up twenty-seven stitches on each needle; knit two plain and two seam rows alternately, until the ribbing is three inches long; then knit plain seven inches for the leg, remembering to seam one stitch at the end of one needle. To form the heel, put twenty stitches on two of the needles, and forty-one on the other—the seam stitch being in the middle. Knit the first row plain, the next row seam, and so alternately until the heel is three inches long; then narrow on the plain row each side of the seam stitch for five plain rows, which will leave thirty-one stitches. To close the heel, knit the last seam row to the middle of the needle; knit the seam stitch plain; then fold the two needles together, and with another needle take off the seam stitch. Then knit a stitch from both needles at once, and bind the seam stitch over it. Continue knitting in this manner until but one is left and the heel closed. Take up as many stitches as there are rows around the heel; knit one round plain; then widen every fifth stitch on the heel needles. Narrow once on every round at each side of the foot until there are twenty-seven stitches on each needle; knit plain six inches, narrow at the beginning and end of each needle on every third round, till you have seventeen stitches on each; then narrow every second round till you have seven—then every round until the foot is closed. One pound of yarn, costing from seventy-five cents to one dollar, will furnish four pairs of socks.

THE LARGEST EDITION IN THE WORLD.—We have now the largest edition of any lady's magazine in the world. This is a pre-eminence we have been striving after for years, and which we felt sure we should sooner or later attain, because we were resolved to give more, and of a better quality, for the money than anybody else; that is, to publish the cheapest and best Magazine to be had anywhere. This large edition enables us now to put competition at defiance. We can afford to make a better Magazine than others, and, rely on it, we shall use our advantages. If you hesitate what magazine to take for 1862, take "Peterson," because it will be, more emphatically than ever, the cheapest and best.

HINTS TO FAMILIES.—It is better to accomplish perfectly a very small amount of work than to half do ten times as much. A bonnet and trimmings may be worn a much longer time if the dust be brushed well off after walking. Regularity in the payment of accounts is essential to house-keeping. All tradesmen's bills should be paid weekly, for then any errors can be detected whilst the transactions are fresh in the memory. Allowing children to talk incessantly is a mistaken indulgence; we do not mean to say that they should be restricted from talking in proper seasons, but they should be taught to know when it would be proper to cease.

OUR TITLE-PAGE FOR 1861.—We think this the most beautiful title-page we have ever published. It is really half a dozen pictures, instead of one only, and cost proportionately to engrave. Every part of it will bear scrutiny. This, and "At Mamma's Preserves," are an earnest of what we intend to do next year in the way of original steel engravings.

UNITED STATES TREASURY NOTES.—We will take these (the ones payable on demand) at par for single subscriptions and clubs. So also we will take the notes of solvent banks; but of those Eastern are preferred.

"THE SONG OF THE CAMP."—Bayard Taylor has written many poems that will not soon be forgotten, but he has never written one that will continue more popular than the following, founded on a well-known incident in the Crimean War.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mouth of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The guardman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon—
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame—
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voices after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose, like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle eve confession.

Dear girl—her name he dared not speak—
Yet, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim,
For a singer, dumb and gory!
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Ah! soldiers to your honored rest
Your truth and valor bearing:
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring!

WHAT HUNDREDS WRITE.—A lady writes to us as follows:—"I have taken the best Magazine in the world for the last nine years, and that Magazine is 'Peterson's.' But I have never belonged to a club, for I have been where I could get it monthly at the book-stores. This year (from having moved to a place where there are no book-stores) I have been deprived of it altogether. I have not even seen a number, except one in a lady's hand in the cars. I cannot tell you how I have missed it. I cannot possibly do without it. I would much rather be without my winter bonnet, than without your Magazine: it is truly the best monthly I have ever read." And this is substantially what hundreds write.

TAKE EXERCISE.—The venerable author of the Music of Nature, Mr. William Gardiner, has written a paper recommending "exercise." "My father (he says) was remarkable for his lightness of step at the age of ninety-four. He was regular in taking his walking exercise every day, sometimes twice a day. In approaching a similar age, I look back upon many of his actions as a guide, and have scrupulously adopted his habits. In summer time I walk before breakfast, as I dine in the middle of the day; and, after tea, I enjoy a ramble in the evening. In the winter I avail myself of the prime of the day. A little rain never stops me; if I am caught, I accelerate my pace, and return with

a slight perspiration, instantly changing my dress for dinner; hence, I never take cold. The best pace is that which accords with the motion of the pulse; if you hurry beyond that you are sooner fatigued. My pulse seldom varies from sixty to sixty-four. What Handel terms *Tempo Ordinario*, or Common Time—that is my natural pace. If you walk slowly, you may walk all day. I never walk with a stick: anything carried in the hands destroys the erect position of the body, and interrupts the swing of the arms. The arms are pendulums, which act like the fly-wheel in machinery, to steady the motion. In my walks, I prefer undulating fields to a plain road. If windy I meet it, and return home with the wind at my back. Walk once a day, and you will never have occasion for a doctor and his calomel."

OUR JANUARY MESSOPHINT.—The principal engraving in our forthcoming January number will be a match-picture to "Cobwebs," which appeared, it will be remembered, in the January number for this year. It will be from an original picture, painted by the artist who painted "Cobwebs." We may safely promise our friends that nothing equal to it will appear in any other magazine. Look out for this forthcoming January number! In every respect it will be unrivaled. It will be ready by the first of December, so that no time should be lost in getting up clubs and forwarding the money.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Cloister and the Heart; or, Maid, Wife, and Widow. By the author of "Never Too Late to Mend," "White Lies," etc. New York: Rudd & Carleton.—In the dearth of new books, this novel, by Charles Reade, ought to have a very large sale. We receive it, just as we are going to press, and cannot, therefore, speak of its merits; but if it is half as good as his former fictions, it will prove to be, after "Great Expectations," the best novel of the season. It is handsomely printed, and appears from advance sheets received direct from the author. Probably, next month, we may speak of it at length.

Edwin of Deira. By Alexander Smith. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—In this new poem, Mr. Smith has fully justified the promise, which his earlier productions held out. It is, in every respect, his best work. The edition before us is in the usually neat style of Ticknor & Fields. A portrait of the author graces the volume.

The Lady Maud. By Pierce Egan. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The author of this work belongs to the sensation school; and "Lady Maud," among readers fond of intense interest, will, therefore, find numerous admirers. It is a good novel of its kind.

The Silver Cord. By Shirley Brooks. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Hurper & Brothers.—A novel of very considerable merit, which, for many months, has been running through "Once A Week," an English weekly periodical. Numerous excellent illustrations accompany the text.

Great Expectations. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a cheap edition, price twenty-five cents, of this new novel by Dickens. It is really a miracle how it can be afforded for such a price. We thought the fifty cent edition too cheap.

The Lamplighter's Story and other Novels. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A collection of some of the latest of Dickens' shorter stories. The volume is published in cheap style for fifty cents.

The Dead Secret. By Wilkie Collins. 2 vols., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is by the author of "The Woman in White," and is hardly inferior to that thrilling work. Price one dollar for the two volumes.

HORTICULTURAL.

(CONCLUDED FROM THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.)

MANAGEMENT OF CAMELIAS.—When you buy your camelia it should be full of buds that have attained to about half their size. If there are too many buds, above all, if there are two or three in a bunch close together, you must not hesitate to sacrifice a portion of them. But, as the very short stem by which the flower bud of the camelia is attached to the branch, is precisely the most delicate part of it, unless you observe great caution in detaching the superfluous ones, all will fall, one after the other, and you will not obtain a single flower. Happily, it is easy to avoid this annoying result. With a very sharp penknife, cut off, horizontally, the upper half of the buds which you do not wish to preserve, taking care to shake the plant as little as possible, and especially not to touch the bud stems. The remaining half of those buds will very soon fall of itself, without occasioning the fall of the entire buds. These will bloom perfectly a month or two later. Moreover, take care not to water your camelia with water that is too cold. This injunction is so important, that I am not afraid of repeating it too often. Should its vegetation seem to you not vigorous enough, give to it, now and then, half a tumbler of the water that the dishes have been washed in. Frequently wash and wipe its leaves on both sides. Do all this, and it will bloom as beautifully in your flower-stand as if it had never quitted the green-house of the gardener who sold it to you.

MIGNIONETTE AS A TREE.—Some pretty plants of Erica (cape heath) of the medium size varieties, and one or two pimeless—one with a white hanging flower, the other with a rose-colored, upright one—will complete the filling of the flower-stand. Do not fail to reserve, at each end, a little place for a plant of mignonette as a tree. You have probably never seen mignonette otherwise than in the ordinary form of an herbaceous plant; and, as you do not live in the north of France, where these pretty shrubs are very much in fashion, it will be difficult for you to procure two tree mignonettes already formed. You must, therefore, form them for yourself. To do this, proceed as follows: Buy a pot of ordinary mignonette. This pot will probably contain a tuft composed of many plants, produced from seeds. Pull up all but one; and, as the mignonette is one of the most rustic of plants, which may be treated without any delicacy, the single plant that is left in the middle of the pot may be rigorously trimmed, leaving only one shoot. This shoot you must attach to a slender stick of white oser. The extremity of this shoot will put forth a bunch of flower buds, that must be cut off entirely, leaving not a single bud. The stalk, in consequence of this treatment, will put out a multitude of young shoots, that must be allowed to develop freely until they are about three inches and a half long. Then select out of these, four, six, or eight, according to the strength of the plant, with equal spaces between them. Now, with a slender rod of white oser, or better, with a piece of whalebone, make a hoop, and attach your shoots to it, supported at the proper height. When they have grown two or three inches longer, and are going to bloom, support them by a second hoop, like the first. Let them bloom; but take off the seed pods before they have time to form, or the plant may perish. It will not be long before new shoots will appear just below the places where the flowers were. From among these new shoots choose the one on each branch which is in the best situation to replace what you have nipped off. Little by little, the principal stalk, and also the branches, will become woody, and your mignonette will no longer be an herbaceous plant, except at its upper extremities, which will bloom all the year without interruption. It will be truly a tree mignonette, living for an indefinite period; for, with proper treatment, a tree mignonette will live from twelve to fifteen years. I have seen them in Holland double this age.

RESOURCES THAT THE FLOWER-STAND OFFERS.—Ornamented and managed as I have directed, your flower-stand will be a continual source of agreeable recreation. There will always be work about your plants. The pleasure of providing for their wants will be as agreeable to you as that of seeing them flower, one after another. Their bloom will be the fruit of your own labor; it will have been merited by the act of cultivating them. They will have for you a hundred times the value that the most beautiful plants would have which you bought, in bloom, from the gardener, and replaced by others without your having a hand in producing them.

Moreover, young ladies, besides the plants with which I have just advised you to adorn your flower-stand, you have an immense latitude and many resources—unlimited, we may say—in the many varieties of the different species of other plants, equally worthy of your care.—*From J. E. Tilton & Co.'s Parlor Gardener.*

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

THE APPARENT IMPOSSIBILITY.—You profess yourself able to show any one what he never saw, what you never saw, and what nobody else ever saw, and which, after you two have seen, nobody else ever shall see.

After requesting the company to guess this riddle, and they have professed themselves unable to do so, produce a nut, and having cracked it, take out the kernel, and ask them if they have ever seen that before; they will of course answer, No; you reply, neither have I, and I think you will confess that nobody else has ever seen it, and now no one shall ever see it again; saying which, you put the kernel into your mouth and eat it.

AN OMELET COOKED IN A HAT, OVER THE FLAME OF A CANDLE.—You state that you are about to cook an omelet; and you break four eggs in a hat, place the hat for a short time over the flame of a candle, and shortly after produce an omelet, completely cooked, and quite hot.

Some persons would be credulous enough to believe that by the help of certain ingredients you had been enabled to cook the omelet without fire; but the secret of the trick is, that the omelet had been previously cooked and placed in the hat, but could not be seen, because the operator, when breaking the eggs, placed it too high for the spectators to observe the contents. The eggs were empty ones, the contents having been previously extracted, by being sucked through a small aperture; but to prevent the company from suspecting this, the operator manages, as if by accident, to let a full one fall on the table, which breaking, induces a belief that the others are also full.

GO IF YOU CAN.—You tell a person that you will clasp his hands together in such a manner, that he shall not be able to leave the room without unclasping them, although you will not confine his feet, or bind his body, or in any way oppose his exit.

This trick is performed by clasping the party's hands round the pillar of a large circular table or other bulky article of furniture, too large for him to drag through the doorway.

POPULAR GAMES.

ZOOLOGICAL RECREATIONS.—The names of each member of the party must be written on slips of paper, and the whole placed together in a hat. Each person is then to choose a beast, or bird, and write its name on a slip of paper, its size and colors on another, and its habits on a third. The names, the sizes, and the habits are to be placed, each by themselves, in three different lots. This being arranged, one of the party draws out a name from the first hat, and reads it aloud, and then draws out and reads a slip from each of the

other hats, and much merriment will be caused by the odd associations; as when Mr. Smith, for instance, is described as ten inches long, with a green head and brilliant eyes, and prettily marked yellow and purple, with a tail of beautiful blue feathers, and lives on slugs and snails. The hat containing the names of the animals should be placed aside until the conclusion of the game, when some knowledge may be gained by the attempt to arrange the descriptions under their proper heads.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

HOW TO BUY THOSE THINGS THAT ARE TO BE WORN.—One of the most important departments of household economy is to know how to buy those things that are to be worn. The deceptions that are practiced in the manufacturing world render it extremely difficult to form a correct judgment of almost every kind of human production; consequently, a few hints to purchasers of such articles of wearing apparel as are almost in daily use will enable them to detect the qualities of many things that are spurious, and yet submitted to them as genuine:—

STOCKINGS.—It is almost the universal practice to judge of the goodness of stockings by examining the calf, as it is called, and makers take care that they shall be stoutest in that part. An intending purchaser should take the strength of the foot, and especially the heel, for his guidance. Another deception is resorted to in making the stockings have a stout appearance, and this is not so easily detected. The bleachers use stoves, in which they burn brimstone, and it is this that imparts that stiffness which is frequently felt on handling new stockings.

WOOLLEN CLOTH.—In the manufacture of coarse woollen cloth, it is common to introduce quantities of fuller's earth, and to finish the pressed side with fine oil, so as to give the cloth a delicate, soft, and smooth appearance. It is advisable never to make choice of cloth that is glossy and stiff.

MUSLINS.—No one ought to buy a piece of muslin that appears highly glazed, thick, or stiff; as to give it these qualities the bleacher has resorted to the use of pipeclay, and other deteriorating ingredients. When this kind of muslin is washed, it is poor, thin, and rough; the fibres of the cotton, instead of being dressed off, as was formerly the case, serve only to hold the composition with which it is stiffened. It is also a prevailing practice to cover very thin muslins with the pulp of paper, to deceive the ignorant.

LACE.—Formerly, lace was made upon cushions, etc., and no person was afraid of tumbling it about; nay, the more it was tossed, the better it looked; but now that machinery is employed, instead of making it from real good double thread, large quantities are made from single cotton; and to make it look clear and fine, it is stiffened with starch, and no sooner is it washed than it falls to pieces. In some articles of lace, particularly veils, many of the sprigs and flowers are so contrived as to be only put upon the lace with gum, so that when they become wet, the sprigs and other adornments fall off, to the great disappointment of the wearer.

These are things which are very necessary to be known by all those who have to do with the management of a household.

BILLS OF FARE FOR DINNERS IN DECEMBER.

Soups.—Baked soup, barley soup, cabbage soup, soup à la Cantatrice, soup à la Crécy, egg soup, soup à la Flamande (Flemish) two, leek soup, onion soup, soup à la Reine, mulligatawny soup.

Fish.—Cod, crab, eels, garnet, haddock, lobsters, oysters, pike.

Meat.—Beef, mutton, pork, house lamb, veal, venison.

Poultry.—Turkeys, geese, chickens, ducks, fowls, pigeons, rabbits.

Vegetables.—Broccoli, cabbages, carrots, beetroot, celery, cucumbers (forced), lettuces, potatoes, savoy, spinach, turnips.

Fruit.—Apples, grapes, nuts, oranges, pears, walnuts, crystallised preserves (foreign), dried fruits, such as almonds and raisins, French and Spanish plums, prunes, figs, dates.

RECIPES.

Creamed Apple Tart.—*Ingredients:* Puff crust. To every pound of pared and cored apples allow two ounces of moist sugar, half a teaspoonful of minced lemon-peel, one table-spoonful of lemon-juice, half a pint of boiled custard.

Mode: Make an apple tart, with the exception of omitting the icing. When the tart is baked, cut out the middle of the lid or crust, leaving a border all round the dish. Fill up with a nicely-made boiled custard, grate a little nutmeg over the top, and the pie is ready for table. This tart is usually eaten cold; is rather an old-fashioned dish, but, at the same time, extremely nice.

Time: From half to three-quarters of an hour.

Sufficient for five or six persons.

Seasonable from August to March.

Apple Tarte or Cake. (*German Recipe.*)—*Ingredients:* Ten or twelve apples, sugar to taste, the rind of one small lemon, three eggs, one-quarter of a pint of cream or milk, one-quarter of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of good short crust, three ounces of sweet almonds.

Mode: Pare, core, and cut the apples into small pieces; put sufficient moist sugar to sweeten them into a basin; add the lemon-peel, which should be finely minced, and the cream; stir these ingredients well, whisk the eggs, and melt the butter; mix all together, add the sliced apples, and let these be well stirred into the mixture. Line a large, round plate with the paste, place a narrow rim of the same round the outer edge, and lay the apples thickly in the middle. Blanch the almonds, cut them into long shreds, and strew them over the top of the apples, and bake from half to three-quarters of an hour, taking care that the almonds do not get burnt; when done, strew some sifted sugar over the top, and serve.

Time: From half to three-quarters of an hour.

Sufficient for two large-sized tarts.

Seasonable from August to March.

TOILET, SICK-ROOM, ETC.

Receipt for Making the Hands White.—In order to preserve the hands soft and white, they should always be washed in warm water with fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately coarse towel, being well rubbed every time to insure a brisk circulation, than which nothing can be more effectual in promoting a transparent and soft appearance. Almond paste is of essential use in preserving the delicacy of the hands. It is made thus:—Blanch and beat up four ounces of bitter almonds; add to them three ounces of lemon-juice, three ounces of almond oil, and a little weak spirits of wine. The following is a serviceable pomade for rubbing the hands retiring to rest:—Take two ounces of sweet almonds, beat with three drachms of white wax, and three drachms of spermaceti; put up carefully in rose-water.

Deafness in Old Persons.—This is usually accompanied with confused sounds, and noises of various kinds in the inside of the ear itself. In such cases, insert a piece of cotton wool, on which a very little oil of cloves or cinnamon has been dropped; or which has been dipped in equal parts of aromatic spirit of ammonia and tincture of lavender. The ear-trumpet ought likewise to be occasionally used.

Bleeding at the Nose.—When this occurs without violence, it is generally an effort of nature to relieve the body from a superabundant portion of blood; but when it becomes habitual, or when it is the result of a blow or other violence, it ought to be put a stop to as soon as possible. The best means are the introduction into the nostril, by means of a probe, of a small piece of surgeon's lint or soft linen, previously dipped in a solution of alum, white vitriol, or even cold water. This will, in almost all cases, put an immediate stop to the hemorrhage.

Wearing of Flannel.—"Is there any harm in leaving off flannel garments in summer? and in what way is flannel useful?" To any persons of delicate frame, flannel worn next the skin is essentially necessary throughout the year. Many diseases have been avoided, and death has been prevented, by this simple precaution. The ordinary effects arising from sudden changes of the weather, may be prevented by a due attention in this respect.

Cure for Rheumatism.—Take cucumbers, when full grown, and put them into a pot with a little salt; then put the pot over a slow fire, where it should remain for about an hour; then take the cucumbers and press them, the juice from which must be put into bottles, corked up tight, and placed in the cellar, where they should remain for about a week; then wet a flannel rag with the liquid, and apply it to the parts affected.

RECEIPTS FOR GAME.

Roast Partridge.—*Ingredients:* Partridge; butter.

Choosing and Trussing: Choose young birds and let them hang a few days, or there will be no flavor to the flesh, nor will it be tender. They may be trussed with or without the head, the latter mode being now considered the most fashionable. Pluck, draw, and wipe the partridge carefully inside and out; cut off the head, leaving sufficient skin on the neck to skewer back; bring the legs close to the breast, between it and the side-bones, and pass a skewer through the pinions and the thick part of the thighs. When the head is left on, it should be brought round and fixed on the point of the skewer.

Mode: When the bird is firmly and plumply trussed, roast it before a nice, bright fire; keep it well basted, and, a few minutes before serving, flour and froth it well. Dish it, and serve with gravy and bread sauce, and send to table hot and quickly. A little of the gravy should be poured over the bird.

Time: From twenty-five to thirty-five minutes.

Roast Pheasant.—*Ingredients:* Pheasant, flour, butter.

Choosing and Trussing: The cock bird is generally reckoned the best, except when the hen is with egg. They should hang some time before they are dressed, as, if they are cooked fresh, the flesh will be exceedingly dry and tasteless. After the bird is plucked and drawn, wipe the inside with a damp cloth, and truss it in the same manner as partridge. If the head is left on, bring it round under the wing, and fix it on the point of the skewer.

Mode: Roast it before a brisk fire, keep it well basted, and flour and froth it nicely. Serve with brown gravy, a little of which should be poured round the bird, and a tureen of bread sauce.

Time: From a half to one hour, according to size.

CHRISTMAS ICE-CREAMS, ETC.

Strawberry Ice or Cream.—If for a quart mould, rub through four or five ounces of the scarlet strawberries into a clean basin; sweeten it with some good thick syrup, the juice of a lemon, and a half-pint of cream, a glass of clear jelly, if you have it, in dissolved isinglass; in freezing, work it well and repeatedly with your spoon, when it begins to

thicken and stick to the sides of the freezer, do not let it be too hard before you put it into your mould, and color it, if not a good color, with prepared coloring; paper the top and bottom of your moulds, bring them in small ice and plenty of salt, and let them remain until dessert is called; wash well the moulds from the salt and water, as the least drop will spoil your ice; cut off the projecting top and bottom before you dish them.

Cherry Ice.—Stone two pounds of ripe cherries, bruise and set them on the fire, with a little water, and a half-pound of sugar; when they have boiled, pass them through a hair sieve into an earthen pan; pound a handful of the kernels, put them in a basin with the juice of two lemons, add to the cherries a pound of sugar *au petit lisse*, and strain on them the lemon juice and kernels; mix the whole together, and put it into a sorbettiére with pounded ice; work the cherries up with it well until it has set, then place it in glasses.

Water Ice Generally.—If made from jams, you must rub them through a sieve, adding thick boiled syrup, and lemon juice, and some jelly and coloring; if for pink, add the white of an egg whipt up, before you add it to the best half of a pint of spring water; if of jam, you must have a good pint of mixture in all, to make a quart mould; if from fruits with syrup, you will not require water.

Pineapple Cream.—Have some pineapple prepared in syrup, and cut into small dice, putting it in your cream with a little of the syrup; the other process as before.

Lemon Ice Cream.—Take the juice of four lemons and the peel of one grated, add two gills of syrup and one pint of cream, mix it all together, pass it through a sieve, and freeze it.

RECEIPTS FOR CAKES, ETC.

A PLUM CAKE.

There are few who can make what I term a good cake,

And as such I intend to explain,

Without further parade, how 'tis done, with the aid

Of a little attention. Obtain

Half a quarter of dough, which, when worked to and fro,

May be placed by the fire to rise,

Where permit it to stand, while you beat up by hand

Sixteen eggs of a moderate size;

And, when finished, procure fourteen ounces—not more—

Of fresh butter—the best you can buy—

With about the same weight of loaf-sugar, and eight

Of large currants, picked, washed, and wiped dry.

Having added all these to the dough, by degrees,

With four ounces of sweetmeats, select

A small tin, deep and wide, buttered nicely inside,

That, when baked, it may turn out correct.

Preserving Fruit Without Sugar.—Place some wide-mouth bottles, filled with fruit, upright in a saucepan of boiling water (the fruit ought not to be quite ripe), and let them remain boiling for ten minutes; have ready another supply of boiling water, and fill up the bottles as quickly as possible, and tie them down immediately quite tight. The important point is to cover the fruit with the water at boiling heat, and to tie them down so that the air cannot enter. Many kinds of fruit may be kept, prepared in this manner, for a time.

To Make a Rich Seed Cake.—Take a pound and a quarter of flour well dried, a pound of butter, a pound of loaf-sugar, beat and sifted, eight eggs, and two ounces of caraway seeds, one grated nutmeg, and its weight in cinnamon. Beat the butter into a cream, put in the sugar, beat the whites of the eggs and the yolks separately, then mix them with the butter and sugar. Beat in the flour, spices, and seed a little before sending it away. Bake it two hours in a quick oven.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Make a Knife-Board.—Cover a deal board about four feet long, one foot wide, and an inch in depth, with thick buff-leather, on which put emery, one part, crocus martis, three parts, in very fine powder, mixed into a thick paste with a little lard or sweet oil, and spread on the leather to the thickness of a shilling. This kind of board gives a far superior edge and polish to knives, and will not wear the blades nearly so much as the common method of using brick-dust on a board. A hole should be bored at one end, and a string inserted, by which the board may be hung up out of the way when not in use.

To Keep Apples and Potatoes.—It is stated by those who have had the advantage of experience, that if apples which have been frozen are thawed in the dark they are uninjured; but if in the light, they very soon become unfit for use. We should suppose the same result would most likely appear if the experiment were tried with potatoes. It is a very simple one, and certainly worth the trouble, as at the present season potatoes are extremely valuable as an article of food.

To Clean Turkey Carpets.—To revive the color of a Turkey carpet, beat it well with a stick till the dust is all got out; then, with a lemon or sorrel juice, take out the spots of ink, if the carpet be stained with any; wash it in cold water, and afterward shake out all the water from the threads of the carpet. When it is thoroughly dry, rub it all over with the crumbe of a hot wheaten loaf; and if the weather is very fine, hang it out in the open air a night or two.

To Renovate the Tops of Kid Boots.—Defaced kid boots will be greatly improved by being rubbed well with a mixture of cream and ink.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—CLOAK OF BLACK VELVET, with flowing sleeves, and trimmed, as seen in the engraving, with black lace.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF PINK SILK, cut with a slight point behind, as seen in engraving.

FIG. III.—HOUSE DRESS OF DOVE COLORED SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with two rows of black velvet put on as a Greek border, the lower one being the widest. Above and below the upper velvet trimming are wide quillings of silk. The body and sleeves are trimmed with velvet to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. IV.—AUGUSTA MANTLE OF BLACK VELVET, cut in a loose sacque style. The sleeves are very wide and lined with quilted silk. The shoulders and upper part of the sleeves of the coat are embroidered in a grape pattern.

FIG. V.—THE MARIANA.—A rather close fitting sacque of black velvet. A gimp trimming, finished with a narrow black guipure lace, reaches from the shoulders to the bottom of the cloak in the apron style. The same trimming ornaments the sleeves and front seams of the cloak.

FIG. VI.—THE CAROLINE.—This cloak is of cloth, trimmed with handsome gimp and buttons. It hangs loose, both back and front, from a deep pointed yoke. Large sleeves.

FIG. VII.—A WHITE BODY for evening wear made of very thin muslin. There is a deep Raphael yoke formed of insertion and puffings, and ornamented with rosettes and bows of narrow black velvet. The very full sleeves are made to correspond. A black velvet *Medici girdle* finishes the body.

FIG. VIII.—CAPE OF WHITE BOBBINET, trimmed with black velvet, lace, and puffings.

FIG. IX.—CAPE OF WHITE MUSLIN, trimmed with three fluted ruffles and black velvet rosettes.

FIG. X.—A BEAUTIFUL SPENCER CAPE, of very thin muslin, tacked in very small tucks crosswise. A row of insertion and trimming is placed about where the dress reaches, and

the neck, edges, and jockey sleeves are also finished with the same thin insertion and edging.

FIG. XI.—A NET HEAD-DRESS OF PURPLE BRAID, trimmed with purple ribbon and bunches of violets. All these styles—eleven in all—are Parisian.

FIG. XII.—WINTER BOXNET, from Mrs. Cripps, 312 Canal street, New York. This pretty affair is of plain brown velvet, the top ornamented by a rich velvet, and steel flower finishing on the right side, with a golden pheasant feather which sweeps down to the shoulder. The cape is plain velvet faced with black silk. The inside is ornamented with a plaiting of black and white blonde lace up each side, terminating over the head in a band of brown velvet, which is trimmed with a bunch of purplish-black grapes, a maize-colored flower with brown and steel center, and leaves and buds of the same color. On the left side is a large, brown velvet-looped bow. Brown strings; also long, narrow white ones.

FIG. XIII.—WINTER BOXNET, from Mrs. Cripps, is made of black velvet and white satin, arranged with singularly beautiful effect across the front; the velvet is cut in double vandyke points, through which puffings of white satin gleam richly out. The cape is of white satin, covered with black lace and bound with black velvet; over the center of the cape falls a black velvet point, edged with narrow lace and corded with white satin. The velvet of the crown ends in a point in front, which terminates at the row of vandyke points. The trimmings are exceedingly rich. On the left side is a cluster of purple velvet flowers and leaves, the flowers have steel centers, and a cluster of steel-sprinkled balls glitters in the midst, and from the whole springs a cluster of marabout feathers. The inside of the front is faced with white satin, edged with plaitings of black and white lace; on each side is a second plaiting of lace which terminates in a band, which is trimmed with a small plaiting of purple velvet and white lace, which terminates on the right side of the band with ends of purple and lace; on the left side is a cluster of purple and red velvet flowers, which sparkle with a silver glazing, and are entwined with another flower of brown velvet with a steel center.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Merinos and alpacas are very much worn this winter. Many of the alpacas are of dark grounds with small figures over them. Repe, poplins, and many other woolen materials are also much worn, and will take the place of expensive silks.

There is but little change in the style of trimming dresses. Skirts are still ornamented at the bottom, and the newest style in Paris is that of the third figure in our present number, called the Greek trimming.

Narrow ruffles are still worn; but merinos, poplins, and all woolen material are never trimmed around the skirt, and but little on the body and sleeves. Front trimmings, called *tablier* trimmings, are still used. One of the prettiest in this style is of pearl-gray silk, and has been trimmed in front with narrow flounces, or frills disposed in the tablier form, and on each side of the tablier there is a pinked ruche of silk passing from the edge of the skirt up to the waist. Another dress, composed of black silk, has a front trimming consisting of rows of black velvet, placed one above another; each row of velvet is terminated at both ends by a button of black silk, with a velvet star in the center. An in-door jacket costume, just completed, consists of a skirt and vest of green merino, trimmed with bands of black velvet. A morning dress of gray mohair may also be mentioned. It is made in the peignoir form, with revers of violet silk, and a large pelerine.

Another dress is of pomona-green silk, having the front of the skirt ornamented with a tablier trimming composed of ruches of silk of a darker tint of green than the dress. The corsage is trimmed with ruches disposed in the form of bretelles in front and behind. Another dress, composed of blue silk, is trimmed with one broad flounce, bordered

with two rows of black velvet, and surmounted by a plaiting edged with black velvet.

No further novelty in the trimming of dresses has occurred beyond what we have already mentioned. Many corsages are made low, and over them are worn fichus of the same material as the dress, or one composed of tulle or muslin. We have seen some fichus of black tulle trimmed with crossings of narrow black velvet. These are pretty as well as fashionable.

One of the newest silk dresses has been made in a style to serve either for walking or for evening costume. The dress consists of violet silk, and is ornamented with a front, or tablier trimming, formed of frills headed by notched ruches, the frills and ruches being alternately composed of violet and mauve-color silk. The tablier is finished on each side by a mauve-color ruche passing from the edge of the skirt to the waist. The corsage is low, and has short, puffed sleeves. When worn out-of-doors, the low corsage is heightened by the addition of a small square pelerine; and long open sleeves, finished with a frill, are attached to the short ones.

White muslin and tarletane are among the materials employed for some of the newest wedding dresses. We have seen one made of plain India muslin. This dress has two skirts, the lower one being trimmed with a broad flounce set on in large fluted plaits. The upper skirt is a tunic, and is looped up on one side by a large bow of white satin ribbon. A dress of white tarletane, trimmed with several narrow flounces, pinked at the edge, and worn over white satin, is very elegant. The corsages of wedding dresses are now frequently low, and worn with fichus, or pelerines *Louis-Treize*. The pelerine *Louis-Treize* is square, and buttoned and trimmed round with a frill of either of Alençon or Honiton lace.

Several dresses of white silk have been trimmed with flounces of black lace. We must not omit to mention that satin has regained its former standing in the domain of fashion. Trimmings of lace are much more effective on satin than on silk, the former material showing the pattern of the lace to great advantage.

A much-admired dress of white tarletane is made with one skirt trimming with nine gauffered flounces. The corsage, plain and pointed at the waist, has a berthe lined with tulle, and pointed in front and behind. The berthe is trimmed with three frills. Sleeves short, puffed, and edged with two frills. In front of the corsage, and on each sleeve, there is a tuft of red corn-flowers and wheat-ears. Head-dress, a wreath of the same. Ceinture of white ribbon. A ball-dress for a young lady has been made of organdy, sprigged with mauve-colored flowers. The skirt is trimmed with seven flounces, and the corsage has a berthe of the same material as the dress. In the hair is worn a wreath of Parma violets.

Swans-down is very much used for trimming either wedding or ball dresses.

The new cloaks will generally be long and full. Velvet, plush, and cloth are the material used. We have seen one of black velvet trimmed with jet and lace. Another is a pelisse of black velvet. On the lower part of the skirt, and up each side of the front, there is a band of black velvet, ornamented with passementerie and piped with violet; the sleeves are slit up to the elbow on the outside of the arm, and edged with bands similar to those on the other parts of the pelisse. A cloak of brown cloth is trimmed with bands of plush. Some of the sleeves on the cloth and plush cloaks are made nearly close at the wrist, but flowing gradually about the elbow, and cut with a seam on the back like a gentleman's coat sleeve.

THE NEWEST BONNETS, like those worn for some time past, have the center of the brim projecting a little above the forehead. The curtains are rather long, and set on in

large plaits. Strings of velvet will this winter be fashionable, and they will be worn very wide. Among the bonnets received from Paris, there is one of azuline-blue velvet, trimmed with a white rose and two marabout feathers. A bonnet composed of white terry velvet is trimmed on the outside with rose-color velvet; in the inside there is a diadem of pink chrysanthemums, and the brim is edged with feather fringes. Another bonnet of white terry velvet has the curtain formed of cerise velvet, and the trimming consists of white feathers and ribbon, with a large rose composed of cerise velvet.

HEAD-DRESSES for ordinary wear still continue to be made of ruched silk, which is finished off, sometimes, by a row of lace; for the cache-peigne behind, a fancheon, or bows, or rosettes are used. The following are a few of the many which we have noticed:

A wreath of silk bows, coming rather forward in front, and finished off behind by black and colored bows. This head-dress may be made in any color, and ought to match the dress with which it is worn.

Another, a diadem of black and lilac silk rosettes, placed alternately on a ribbon foundation, with a large lilac bow at the back.

Another, composed of black and white rosettes, mixed with yellow roses.

All these head-dresses should be made rather pointed in front.

FEATHERS are as much worn as flowers for evening collures, unless for very young people, when the latter are preferable; feathers being more suitable for older persons. Wreaths are made high in the front, diadem shape, with few flowers at the side, and a full bunch at the back forming a cache-peigne behind. Feathers are mounted on black or colored velvet coronets, trimmed with gold ornaments or velvet bows, etc. Gold combs have also become exceedingly fashionable for evening toilets.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—COAT OF GRAY CLOTH for a LITTLE GIRL, trimmed with blue silk bands and buttons. Crimson silk dress. Hat of black beaver with a plume.

FIG. II.—LOOSE COAT OF BROWN PLUSH, trimmed with bands of black velvet. Gray plaid poplin dress. White beaver hat with flowers and lace.

GENERAL REMARKS.—From the newest juvenile costumes yet prepared we may select the following for description: A dress of blue Foulard, figured with a sprigged pattern, has been made for a girl of about ten years of age. The edge of the skirt is bound with black velvet, and at some distance above there are two plaitings of blue silk, edged with black velvet. The corsage is low, and, like the sleeves, it is trimmed with frills of silk. A high chemisette is worn under the corsage, and the under-sleeves consist of white muslin. A Tudor hat of black beaver, trimmed with a feather of the same color, and a pardessus of black silk, completes the costume for out-door dress. For a very little girl a dress of mauve-color chequered silk is neatly trimmed round the lower part of the skirt with two bands of plain mauve-color silk, the lower one broad, and the upper one narrow. The corsage is low and plain, and the sleeves short. The corsage has a berthe trimmed with two rows of plain silk. A green silk dress for a little girl has the corsage high, and the sleeves half-high; the skirt edged round with a plaiting of silk. A paletot and trousers of gray Orleans, with a necktie of black silk, is one of the costumes prepared for little boys. A pretty dress for very young boys consists of a vest and skirt of black velvet, trimmed with rows of grosseille-color velvet. Another costume is composed of a jacket and trousers of dark-gray cashmere embroidered with black.



